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THE
TEETOTALER,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

EDITED BY

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS,

AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c.

VOLUME I.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

IN bringing the First Volume of "The Teetotaler" to a close, the Editor, according to the invariable rule, begs leave to return his most sincere thanks for the favour which the journal has experienced at the hands of the public. "The Teetotaler" has acquired a considerable and most respectable circulation beyond the sphere of that world to which it is especially addressed, and has therefore enjoyed the felicity of carrying the principles of Teetotalism into those quarters where the doctrine had been previously known only by name. During the existence of eleven months, "The Teetotaler" has made many thousands of converts to the principle which it advocates; and numerous have been the letters received by the Editor from individuals who owe their present happiness and prosperity to the columns of this journal, and who have felt it to be their duty to thank while they acknowledged the source of their regenerated condition and habits.

The generality of Temperance, or Teetotal journals are the organs of particular Societies and Associations, and are merely the vehicles of reporting the progress of the bodies to which they are attached. They seldom, if ever, contain any original articles in which the principles of Teetotalism are considered, explained, or discussed in their several relations with physiology, morality, domestic and national prosperity, &c. &c.; and they are therefore by no means adapted to spread the good cause. The object of the Editor of "The Teetotaler" has been chiefly to consider the doctrine of Teetotalism in all its bearings and applications, to inculcate its efficacy in the minds of the uninitiated, and to strengthen its votaries in their adherence to the principle. With this aim, the Editor has endeavoured to render the First Volume of his journal a complete Encyclopædia of Teetotalism. The reader will find, by a reference to the Index and to the Volume itself, that Teetotalism is considered in every light in which it is possible to consider it,—that the nature and principles of Alcohol are minutely explained,—that the delusion attached to the use of intoxicating liquors is boldly and unanswerably elucidated,—that the effects of Alcohol upon every part of the human frame are developed,—that all the adulterations, to which intoxicating liquors are subjected, are exposed,—that Teetotalism and Moderation are frequently contrasted, in order to render apparent the truth of the former and the falsity of the latter system,—that the application of Teetotalism to the Working Classes is particularly and elaborately dwelt upon,—that the best medical authorities are quoted to throw additional testimony into the scale of the arguments adduced,—that every objection has been met and successfully combated in this journal. The Editor has also endeavoured to inculcate the principle of Teetotalism by means of amusing fictions as well as in serious essays and dry dissertations; and he has reason to believe that the effects of this plan have been most successful. He may therefore assert, without fear of being reproached for an undue manifestation of vanity, that he has succeeded, by his own exertions, and by the aid of some talented contributors, in presenting his readers with the First Volume of the most complete Encyclopædia of Teetotalism extant.

At the same time that "The Teetotaler" strenuously advocated the cause which its title expresses, it also supplied the reader with a Miscellany of Literature, conveying amusement, instruction, and morality at the same time. It will be perceived by a reference to the First Volume, that the subjects of the general literature of "The Teetotaler" have been most miscellaneous and diversified. The arts and sciences—biography—ethics—and sketches of men and things, have each and all received their due attention. The style, in which all the articles are written, is in perpetual reference to the cause of morality and religion, but without any ostentatious display of an extreme sanctity which is too often assumed to cover the most narrow-minded prejudices and the most inveterate malignity, rancour, jealousy, and uncharitableness.

Particular attention has been paid to the condensed Report of Teetotal news, progress and assemblies, in each number of this journal; and the aim of the Editor has been devoted to the execution of this portion of his task with impartiality and strict justice to all Societies, and all Correspondents. He has never refused the insertion of one single Report which may have been forwarded to him, whatever might be the source from which it came; and to this straightforward line of conduct he has received innumerable testimonies from those who have naturally felt disgusted at the gross partiality exhibited by other Temperance publications. The Editor has moreover sustained a vast correspondence with the leading supporters of Teetotalism in the provincial cities and towns of the empire; and, upon an average, has privately answered upwards of one hundred letters every fortnight. In a word, he has endeavoured, by the most unwearied exertions, to obtain the most satisfactory intelligence for the hebdomadal Reports of the Progress of Teetotalism, and to secure by courtesy and attention to his correspondents, a continuation of those sources of exclusive information.

The Proprietor of "The Teetotaler" has most liberally aided the exertions of the Editor to diffuse the salutary doctrine of total abstinence, as much as possible. Impressed with the conviction that the horrors of Intemperance and the blessings of Sobriety should be presented to the minds and eyes of society in all their varied hues and garbs, the Proprietor determined upon publishing this series of Lithographic Drawings which have depicted the career of the Working Man and of the Gentleman, and which have so considerably augmented the popularity of "The Teetotaler," placing it beyond the probability of competition, and increasing the sphere of its usefulness. There is scarcely a Teetotal Hall throughout the country, in which these plates are not suspended in neat frames to the walls; and the evident truths, which are developed in those pictorial histories, serve materially to assist the arguments and reasoning of the Teetotal advocates.

There is a class of men, from whom, with few exceptions, the Editor has experienced the utmost courtesy, and at whose hands "The Teetotaler" has been received with the kindest favour;—this class is the most really useful one of all those into which Society is divided, and of whose favour the most haughty Paladin might well be proud:—the Editor alludes to the Working Men; and to them does he express his gratitude for the patronage they have bestowed upon this journal. It ever has been, and ever will be, the constant endeavour of the Editor to promote the interests of the Working Men to the utmost of his power, and to use his constant exertions to minister in a satisfactory manner to their intellectual wants. Would that he could ameliorate their political condition, and raise them at once to that proud eminence in Society which they ought to occupy, and to which the Genius of Teetotalism will assuredly lead them!

The Roman Catholic Teetotal Societies, and the Honourable Orders of Rechabites, have also obtained their due share of attention in the pages of "The Teetotaler." We conceive that the former are all, collectively and individually, honoured in the veneration with which the illustrious name of FATHER MATHEW is mentioned; and the latter deserve universal commendation for the charitable views which actuate the operations of the Fraternity.

To each and to all of his readers does the Editor now once more return his thanks for past favours, and solicit a continuation of that same kind patronage to those Numbers of "The Teetotaler" which will form Volume the Second.

London, April, 17th, 1841.

G. W. M. RENOLDS.

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George W. M. Reynolds.

THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No 1.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"The Teetotaler" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the London United Temperance Association; the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of TEETOTALISM, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the Journal for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of Teetotalism, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by MR. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, No. 12, Basing-Lane, Bread Street: MR. J. H. DONALDSON, Hon. Sec., No. 1 Seckford Street, Clerkenwell: MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: MR. STRANGE, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and MR. WILSON, Printer, 58, Red-Cross Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund*, will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

VICTOR MELVILLE.

OUR English readers, who have visited Paris, are doubtless aware,—and if not, they will be relieved of their ignorance by the time they have reached the end of this sentence,—that the Chaussee d'Antin is the most fashionable portion of the French metropolis, and, since the glorious Revolution of 1830, has totally eclipsed the Faubourg Saint Germain. It is to a small room, on the uppermost story of one of the largest houses in that splendid quarter of the first city in the universe, that we intend to introduce our readers.

The room was small, but would have been decently furnished, had not the whole appearance of the chamber indicated a certain negligence or slovenliness on the part of its occupant. A bed, with disordered curtains suspended over it from a *fliche* nearly touching the ceiling, stood in a kind of alcove: a good Brussels carpet was stained with red wine in various parts: the blue-damask cushions of the chairs had been subjected to the same process, doubtless to match with the carpet; and a number of empty bottles stood upon the table, the chest of drawers, and even the washing-stand. The same confusion, which reigned

throughout the little room, might also have been traced in the person of its inmate, who was a young man of about three or four and twenty.

This individual was sitting at the table; and from time to time he sipped the glass of Bordeaux which stood before him. A few books and papers lay, pell-mell, amongst the glasses, the corks, the remnants of cigars, and the pieces of a broken bottle, upon the table; but his eyes were turned away from them; his head leant upon his left hand; and his whole attitude indicated the profundity of the mental affliction to which he was the prey. Frequent sighs escaped his breast; and the traces of tears lingered upon his countenance. The fingers of the hand, which supported his head, played negligently with his dark-black hair; and from time to time a nervous compression of the lips bore full evidence to the infelicitous nature of his meditations. Occasionally an expression of despair appeared to settle upon his really handsome countenance; and then he ground his teeth together, and clenched the hand that hung over the arm of the chair, as if he were only waiting for the presence of a foe upon whom to wreak the passion and the vengeance that seemed to occupy his bosom. Alas! misfortune's barbed arrows pierce the hearts of the young, as well as of the old,—of the beautiful as well as of them with whom we can scarcely sympathize,—of the innocent as well as of the guilty!

"Ruined,—totally ruined!" said he, at length, musing aloud: "not a *Louis* left to ensure myself a meal! Ruined,—and without a friend to assist me! without a relative in the wide world to relieve me from my embarrassments! O fatal education,—dangerous acquirements, that induced me to seek after literary fame, instead of embracing some profession which might have ensured me my daily bread! Whither can I go? what can I do in this great city? 'I cannot dig: to beg I am ashamed!' O God! thought is maddening!"

As he uttered these words, he caught hold of his hair with both his hands, and pulled it violently. And, in truth, the unfortunate young man had enough to drive him to the verge of despair. Presuming upon the excellence of the education which he had received, and actuated by a desire of following the path that leads to the temple of Fame through the fertile fields of literature, he had been induced to embark the few hundreds of pounds which he possessed, in a literary enterprise that was represented as eligible to him in two points of view. He was led to believe that his capital would be productive of a considerable interest; and, in the second place, a chance was offered him of introducing his own writings to the notice of the public. For a few months he dreamt and thought of nothing but the future fame, the foundation of which he fondly imagined himself to be then laying; he had fed and existed upon hope,—that aliment which is the most nourishing, the most general, and yet the least substantial of all food! Hope creates fortunes, fabricates crowns, defeats armies, inspires the most timid with the courage of the lion: hope throws down all obstacles with the force of a battering-ram against a castle-wall; it fills the purse of the miser with gold in

the great city, and the cup of the traveller with water in the desert: but the gold slips from the hand, and the water from the lip; and hope proves to be nothing more than a delusive phantom, with a will-o'-the-wisp lantern in his hand, leading its votaries along paths which terminate only in pools and marshes.

And amongst the number of the votaries and the victims of hope, was Victor Melville, the hero of our tale. He was an orphan,—he had not resided in Paris long enough to make many real friends; and his acquaintances were not likely to assist him. There was, however, one individual who would afford him sympathy and consolation for his misfortunes, and who would have given him the wealth of Golconda, had that individual possessed anything beyond sympathy to give: but this sympathy would flow from a sincere affection; and Victor felt himself less miserable as the idea suddenly entered his mind.

Under the impulse of that idea, the young man seized his hat and gloves, and hastily retreated from the little apartment, where his hopes had germinated, and where they had been so cruelly withered. When he reached the street, he was about to hire a public vehicle; but, recollecting the condition of his pocket, he determined to walk to the place which he had thought of visiting. The day was remarkably sultry; and as he proceeded at a rapid rate, the perspiration poured down his forehead. He felt thirsty, and could not resist the temptation of encroaching upon the few francs he possessed in his pocket, to procure liquor at a coffee-house, although he was already overtaken by the hand of poverty. Poverty! the word grated upon his ears, as he muttered it between his teeth, like a sound that affected his nerves; and as the idea entered his mind, it was accompanied by all the sad escort of its infelicitous associations. Hunger, the chances of a sick bed, homeless wanderings, mendicity, the iron bars of a debtor's gaol, all these were the visions that crowded with the horrors of reality, upon the mind of the poor young man, and induced him to repeat his libation ere he left the coffee-house to proceed on his way.

With no other companions than his cheerless ideas, Melville hastened along the Boulevards towards the Place Louis Quinze; and it would almost seem that he hoped to outstrip those sad companions by the rapidity of his pace. But, alas! vain was the attempt; there is no adherent to the steps of a man more faithful than misery; for misery accommodates its pace to that of him whom it accompanies, whereas happiness hurries onward, and out-steps us, seldom if ever, to be again overtaken!

Victor pursued his way along the banks of the Seine, towards Auteuil. In a short time he accomplished a long distance; and, on his arrival in that beautiful little village, which stands between Paris and the Bois de Boulogne, he proceeded straight to a small dwelling, the garden of which communicated with the wood. The house was that which might be termed a cottage; but its appearance was exceedingly neat and picturesque; and some choice flowers were culled in the garden to

longing to it. Over the door hung clusters of ripe grapes, from a fruitful vine that entirely covered the front of the dwelling; and the garden was well provided with fruit-trees.

The moment Victor appeared at the garden-gate, a young female, who had been busily employed in tying up some favourite flowers for the previous half-hour, hastened to welcome him with a joy that would not have been experienced by a sister; nor did the kiss which the youth imprinted upon her chaste brow, resemble that which is usually given by a brother. The maiden was not more than eighteen years of age; but her form already possessed the voluptuous proportions of womanhood. The figure was rather inclined to embonpoint, but was so symmetrically modelled that the most fastidious could not have wished to change its proportions from those of a Hebe to the more delicate ones of a Sylph. Her feet were small, even to a fault; her ankles were beautifully turned; her hands might have been the envy of a queen; and her neck was like that of the swan. Her large blue eyes and light brown hair seemed to proclaim her to be one of England's daughters; but she was of French extraction, and welcomed the youth in the latter language. When she spoke, her lips revealed a set of teeth that were as white as the pearls of the east; and the tones of her voice possessed the peculiar softness which usually characterizes the accents of the Italian. There was a halo of innocence, and a glory of beauty about that young maiden, which, in spite of the native modesty of her disposition and the proper reserve evidenced in her manners, fascinated the beholder to such an extent, that he would almost tremble in the presence of charms seldom united in one person. Her voice appeared to touch chords which oscillated to the very heart. The glance of her eye inspired feelings which the most indifferent could not repress, nor the most experienced explain; and, in the presence of that unaffected and retiring girl, a greater awe would be felt by the libertine than that which would take possession of him at the footstool of an empress crowned with the insignia of her power.

"Louise," said Melville, as he led the fair creature towards a seat beneath an arbour of clematis and roses, at a little distance from the gate of the garden, "I was not deceived in my evil presentiments of yesterday."

"Do not tantalize me, Victor," exclaimed the beautiful girl, gazing anxiously upon her lover's countenance: "but, alas, I see no ground for hope!" she added, after a moment's pause, during which she endeavoured to read in his eyes all that was passing in his mind.

"It is too true," cried the young man; "and I am totally ruined!"

"Say not so, Victor," ejaculated Louise; "all cannot be so bad as you anticipate; you must recover some of your money, if only a little."

"Not one fraction!" said Melville, impetuously.

"Oh, do not despair on that account," cried Louise, with the consolatory manner and voice, which women know so well how to assume, even in cases of desperation where no remedy or relief is apparent: "my guardian is attached to you,—he is poor, but he has enough for us all,—you can make our house your home until happier times, and—"

Louise cast down her eyes, for she felt that a blush had suddenly suffused itself over her features.

"Dear generous girl!" exclaimed Victor, clasping her to his heart; "I care not for all the persecutions of my adverse fortune, so long as you love me! Oh, without your love, Louise, I should not be able to support this cruel, cruel blow! My hopes blasted; my resources dried up! and I,—Oh, Louise!

how shall I ever confess to you the terrible secret?"

"A secret!" ejaculated Louise, in a tone which indicated alarm; "a secret,—and connected with yourself? Oh, Victor! you surely have no secret with which I may not be acquainted?"

"Ah! Louise, it is dread, a terrible secret; a secret, the full extent of which, even when revealed to you, you cannot understand!" cried Victor, striking his brow frantically with his clenched fist.

"Victor, Victor!" cried Louise, in a voice that was scarcely audible through deep emotion, "keep me no longer in suspense, let me be the confidant of your thoughts and of your afflictions; and if this secret be anything so very terrible—"

"Terrible!" almost howled Victor, as he interrupted the beautiful girl, "yes, yes, it is very, very terrible! But you will partially understand me, Louise, when I tell you that there are hours in a man's existence, when he knows not himself, when he dares not leave himself alone with his own thoughts, when a dread for the future sits upon his mind like a remorse, and when no hope illumines his soul! In those hours, he has but one consolation, one means of solace,—for he cannot even sleep!"

"And what then are those means?" demanded Louise, now as much astonished as she was before alarmed at the strange language of her lover.

"What are those means?" repeated Victor, with a sickly smile; "what are those means, Louise?" he added in a hoarse voice, and after a moment's pause. "In those hours, when the unhappy man cannot sleep, when he dares not leave himself alone with his thoughts, and when he sees naught but horror should he glance into the future,—in those hours of anguish, of doubt, and of dread, he seeks the only consolation that is left to him; he seeks artificial joys in the bottle!"

A deadly pallor overspread the countenance of Louise, as her lover thus confessed his weakness to her. He did not notice the effect his language had produced upon her; she could not answer him; and he continued as follows:—

"I know that this habit is only contracted by those who have not a sufficiency of moral courage to support their misfortunes; and I know that such men will never be suicides, because they have not the magnanimity to die. But, alas, it is a failing of which we cannot divest ourselves at will; for, O Louise, there is such sovereign virtue in the juice of the grape, such charms in the rich red wine, that despair cannot grapple with those remedies. Alas! often and often, during the last few months, have I drowned all my miseries in complete oblivion of this world and its woes; and then, when I have awoke on the ensuing morning, feverish and more dispirited than ever, I have sworn to abandon this vicious, this ruinous pursuit. But it is impossible! I have not courage enough to remain alone without that jovial companion, whose presence can awake all the mirth and joy which misfortune has overshadowed, and whose society is full of the happiest delusions."

"Victor," said Louise, who did not altogether comprehend the impassioned language of her lover; "you must renounce that vice which you yourself condemn; you must make this house your home; you must seek no other companion than my guardian and myself; you must abjure the rich red wine which you praise so much; and—"

"And what?" cried Victor, somewhat impatiently. "Again, I say, all my hopes are defeated."

"Your hopes, in this instance, are defeated," interrupted Louise, continuing her part of comforter, "but there are still modes and means

of exercising your talents, and making yourself known to the world. Others have risen to eminence in the sphere of literature, over the obstacles which they encountered: why should not you?"

"Alas! my dearest Louise," replied Victor, softening in his manner, "what can I do in Paris? I am not sufficiently acquainted with your language to write it, although I speak it tolerably fluently; because," he added with a faint smile, "I have had so good a tutress; and, therefore, in London alone do I stand any chance of seeing my desires eventually fulfilled, or of meeting with any immediate encouragement."

"You are right," murmured Louise, tears starting into her eyes, as the thought of a separation entered her mind: "your native land must be the theatre of your exertions. Perhaps you were wrong ever to have visited Paris!" she added mournfully.

"Wrong, Louise!" ejaculated Victor, "oh, no,—not since I have met you! Dearest girl, we must part for a time. O God! the idea is distracting; but the necessity is imperative! I could not consent to become a burthen upon your guardian; and I would not wed you now even were he to assent to our immediate union. I should only be connecting you with my poverty, my vices, and my misfortunes!"

"It is hard to part; but it is necessary that we should make this sacrifice of our present feelings to our future prospects," said Louise, her voice almost stifled with sobs, for she now required consolation in that hour of her troubled spirit and early afflictions.

"Dry those tears, Louise," exclaimed Victor, "or the hour of separation will be dreadful to us both! We will correspond often; I will write to you as if I were conversing orally with you; and I will make you acquainted with all my hopes, and my fears, my prosperity, and my adversity, as I do now. Perhaps, I may yet do well—could I only renounce the terrible vice which has become my habit."

"And you will not forget your own Louise?" said the beautiful girl, smiling amidst her tears at the gleam of hope thus held out; "I have heard that the ladies of your country are exceedingly beautiful, Victor, and you are very young—"

"Oh, it is cruel of you to torture me with the doubt, relative to my love, which is implied in your remarks, Louise," interrupted Victor; "I never can love any one but you; I could not live without you; for even in my debaucheries have I raved of you."

A sudden phantasy struck the poor girl, as her lover thus essayed to soothe her mind; and, as she put her whim into execution, she partially forgot her grief. She snatched a beautiful rose from the branch on which it grew, and which waved above her head; she selected two leaves which no insect nor blight had touched or spoilt; one she kissed and tendered to her lover; the other she placed upon his lips for a moment, and then consigned it to her bosom.

"Night and morning shall I look upon this leaf; and I feel that I already possess a means of consolation," said Louise.

"And night and morning shall I kiss that leaf," returned Victor, as he placed it between the leaves of his pocket-book; "and I know that the sight of it will teach me to nerve myself with a more natural and manly courage than is found in the indulgences of wine. Tomorrow I shall bid you adieu, Louise, for some time: to-day, let us endeavour to be happy in each other's society."

How rapidly flies the time when we wish it to linger; and how slowly does it pass away, when each hour conducts us nearer to some long-anticipated felicity. The young couple did not notice how the time glided on, so absorbed were they in the passion that was

dearest to their souls; and it seemed as if they had only been a few moments together, when the voice of Louise's guardian was heard summoning his ward to the dinner-table. Victor accompanied her to the house, where he was cordially welcomed by the kind protector of the orphan girl; for the youth had received the conditional assent of the old gentleman to his union with Louise, as soon as circumstances should permit him to enter upon the matrimonial state.

The guardian of Louise was a retired captain in the French army. He was a man of about sixty years of age, and had passed the greater portion of his life in a camp or barracks. He had not married until he retired from active service at the age of forty-two; and a short time after his union with an amiable woman, whom he had long loved, Louise was entrusted to his care. But heaven withdrew from the hearth of the old soldier one blessing when it sent another; and the lady, in whom Louise would have found a mother, or from whom she could have at least experienced a mother's care, was snatched away to the grave at a moment when the little stranger required all her tenderness. The child was, however, reared with the greatest care by a faithful female domestic; and the old Madeleine was as proud of her beautiful young mistress, as if she had been her mother. Captain Dorvalliers possessed no other pecuniary resources than his half-pay; but the house and garden were his own; and he not only lived comfortably upon his income, but also paid annual sums to the Insurance Company in the Rue de Richelieu, for the future benefit of her whom he loved as tenderly as if she were his own daughter.

Accident had introduced Victor Melville to the old soldier and his beautiful protégée, about six months previous to the period at which this tale commences: and, although Dorvalliers would have probably been better pleased had an individual possessing a competency presented himself, as the suitor of his adopted daughter, he loved Louise too well to thwart her inclinations in a matter which might affect the future happiness of her life. He accordingly permitted the young Englishman, whose dreadful failing he had never once suspected, to visit her as her intended husband, so soon as he was informed by him of the attachment the young couple had formed for each other; and he therefore now deeply deplored the misfortune which had overtaken our hero.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERY.

The dinner was served up, but was scarcely touched by either of the three individuals who sat down to it. The eyes of Louise were frequently filled with tears, as she cast stolen glances towards her lover in order to ascertain the impression the approaching hour of separation produced upon his mind. The old captain forgot his jokes, and his military anecdotes; and Victor himself was a prey to the most heart-rending affliction.

"*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" cried Captain Dorvalliers, after a long pause, as he dashed his hand upon the table: "we are but a sorrowful party this evening, *parbleu!* Louise, my dear, do me the favour to fetch a bottle of that Chateau Margéaux, you know—with the green seal on the cork. We will try if that cannot enliven us, Victor."

"I am sorry, my dear Sir," answered the youth, "that my private afflictions should affect you: but I feel the kindness of your heart, which knows how to sympathize with the cares of a fellow-creature."

"My dear boy," returned the old officer, "I should be a brute were I not to feel for you. And do you think that, even if I did not care

for you, I could be happy when I see that dear girl's eyes red with weeping, and her heart ready to break?"

"I would give worlds to make her happy!" passionately exclaimed our hero.

"Let us hope for better days, my boy!" said the old soldier. "But here she is with the wine. Give me the corkscrew, Louise, dear—and mind you set the bottle down gently. There! that's a good girl. Now let Madeleine clear the table, and we will at least pass one agreeable hour together."

As the Captain thus chattered, he extracted the cork from the bottle, and filled three glasses, which Louise placed upon the table.

"This is the best wine in my cellar," resumed the captain; "and may we all be in a better humour the next time we open a bottle! Excellent, upon my soul," continued the old soldier, as he drained the glass; "I will be bound for it that Napoleon never drank better wine in his life. But he was fond of the Burgundy wines! For my part, I would give all the Burgundy in the world, for one bottle of nice cool Bordeaux! Here, girl—" added Dorvalliers, refilling his glass, "here's your health, and God bless you, my dear child!"

The captain grasped the hand of his adopted daughter, as he uttered these words, and wrung it cordially, while a tear trickled down his weather-beaten cheek. Louise rose, and imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of her benefactor; and as she leant towards the old man, she murmured the following words in his ears:—

"My dear friend—my more than father, you have only done to-day that which you have never omitted to do for years, upon the thirtieth of September: and I thank you for this, as well as for all other tokens of kindness and affection, which you have manifested towards me."

"Ah!" ejaculated Captain Dorvalliers, starting on his seat, as if he were suddenly bitten by some venomous reptile; and all the smiles which he had endeavoured to assume, in order to chase away the melancholy of his two companions, suddenly faded from his countenance, leaving behind them expressions of anger and sorrow, strangely commingled together.

"Yes," repeated Louise, gently, "this is the thirtieth of September."

"And, on this day, you are eighteen, Louise," said the old man hastily. "I had forgotten it—I did not wish to remember it—and yet for months have I vainly endeavoured to chase from my memory, the conviction that this day must come! Singular, that the anniversary should not have struck me till now, during the whole of this day: me, who have looked forward to it with anxiety for years, and who have dreaded its presence, as if it were the hour destined for my death!"

"My dear friend," exclaimed Louise, "you alarm me! What means this agitation—and wherefore do you shun the arrival of the eighteenth anniversary of your adopted daughter's birth? Oh! tell me, my kind friend; do not keep me in suspense."

"I was weak, I was foolish thus to frighten you, Louise," cried Dorvalliers, endeavouring to smile: but the attempt was as abortive as if it had been made by a man about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

"No—it is but fair that I should be made acquainted with your sorrows, I who share all your pleasures," cried Louise, falling upon her knees beside her venerable guardian, then taking his hand in hers, and glancing up towards his countenance in so bewitching manner, that Victor, who was a spectator of the singular scene, could have rushed from his seat and clasped her in his arms. "No—I will not suffer you to keep this secret from me," she continued in that coaxing manner which women know so well how to assume; "I am

determined you shall tell me the cause of your alarm, your fears, relative to the presence of this day. On former birth-days you were invariably gay and happy, and the bottle with the green cork was produced, and my health was drunk, and Madeleine was permitted to share our happiness in the evening. Why then should the day, on which I attain my eighteenth year, be one of sorrow to you?"

"When once a woman gets a whim into her head, she is terrible till it is gratified," said the Captain, endeavouring to assume an air of gaiety. "Little fairy, I suppose I must satisfy your curiosity," he added, in a tone gradually becoming more serious as he proceeded; "and perhaps the sooner I perform an unpleasant duty, the better! Victor, this is the last evening we shall probably pass for some time together, let it then be devoted to the revelation of a circumstance which I have long concealed in my own breast, but which is my own secret no longer. That secret now belongs to your future wife; and (as I fondly hope that you will one day become her husband,) you may be safely entrusted with the same narrative which I am about to disclose to her."

Louise rose from her kneeling posture, and returned to her chair, her mind agitated with a thousand hopes and alarms as she prepared to listen to the tale which her guardian thus prefaced. Victor drew himself closer to the table; and, after a few moments of profound reflection, Captain Dorvalliers commenced as follows:—

"I am not going to weary you, as romancists and novel-writers usually do, with a long story about birth, parentage, and education: because all these have no reference to the circumstances, which it is my duty this day to reveal (so far as I myself am possessed of a knowledge of those circumstances) to my adopted daughter. It will, therefore, only be necessary to observe, that I retired from active life a little more than eighteen years ago, and at that period married a lady to whom I had been engaged for some time. She possessed a small dower, and with this we purchased the house in which I at present dwell, and where I have passed the happiest portion of my existence, in the society of you, Louise,—you whom I love as dearly, as if you were my own child. But the object of this disclosure, is to make you aware of the manner in which you were entrusted to me—how I became your guardian—and wherefore I trembled when you reminded me ere now that you were this day eighteen years of age. So now, without any further preface, let me dash in *medias res*, as my colonel used to observe when he broke the enemy's line, in the Austrian campaigns."

The worthy captain paused for a moment, emptied his glass, and then continued in the ensuing manner:—

"I was married to my lamented wife on the twentieth of September, 1808; and on the thirtieth of the same month occurred that which I am about to relate to you. We were sitting in this very apartment, at about nine o'clock in the evening, and conversing on a variety of interesting topics, all of which are as fresh in my memory as if they had been engraved upon it with red hot iron, when the gardener, who had been employed about the premises until a late hour, rushed into the room, exclaiming, 'There is a woman dying at the outer-gate!' I immediately fetched a lantern from the kitchen, and, accompanied by my wife, the gardener, and old Madeleine, hastened to the spot, whence low moans reached our ears the moment we had set foot within the precincts of the garden. We proceeded to the outer-gate, and there we found a female lying upon the cold ground, speechless, and apparently in the agonies of death. To raise her in my arms, and carry her into the house, was my first care; and my wife and Madeleine hastened to con-

vey her to the best bed which we possessed. The gardener was immediately despatched to fetch a physician from Passy, for the wretched woman was about to become a mother. She was young—scarcely seventeen years of age, and beautiful—Oh! as beautiful as those heavenly beings which we dream of in the visions of the night! Her attire was costly in the extreme; and several rich jewels adorned her neck and fingers, all which baubles are still in my possession, in my own room. The physician arrived; and in a few hours you, Louise, were born. But your entrance into this world was the signal for your mother's departure from it; and she expired, without having even experienced the sweets of maternity for one short hour, and without having uttered a word, to say who she was, or whence she came."

Captain Dorvaliers paused for a moment, for the tears flowed profusely from the eyes of her who was so deeply interested in this narrative. The poor girl wept as she thought of the sufferings of her mother; and, although she had never known that mother's care, she felt that she could have loved her with enthusiasm and all the piety of filial devotion. Victor did not attempt to console his affianced bride: grief like hers was too sacred to be interrupted, even by the words of sympathy; and he remained a mute, though far from disinterested, spectator of the scene.

"For some time I was uncertain how to act," continued Captain Dorvaliers, after a long pause, "so singular appeared the circumstances under which my house had become the scene of a decease and a birth at the same moment. The physician advised me to communicate the particulars of this extraordinary adventure to the nearest Commissary of Police, in order that measures might be adopted to ascertain to whom the lady belonged, and what was to be done with her child. I immediately followed this advice, and informed the magistrate, that a lady, who had laboured under too severe an attack of indisposition to articulate an intelligible syllable during her residence in my house, had just died there, and left an infant behind her. The Commissary forthwith sent a report of my history to the Prefecture of Police in Paris, and advised me to await for a few days the result of this measure, ere I caused the body of the deceased to be interred. But my patience was not put to so long a test; for, in the course of a few hours, after the Commissary's report had been sent to Paris, an individual of noble manners, and who refused to give me his name or address, called and requested to be permitted to view the corpse. He was immediately conducted into the room where the deceased lay, and appeared satisfied that the remains were those of her concerning whom he was interested. But he was evidently in no way related to the deceased; for he demonstrated no signs of grief, and treated the whole matter, so far as he himself was concerned, with the indifference of a man who is only acting on the behalf of others.—'This lady,' said he, 'has been the victim of an attachment which separated her from her family; and that family must never be permitted to know the disgrace that has fallen upon one of its members. The child, which the lady has left behind her, has no friend nor relative to whose care it can be confided; will you undertake to rear it—to adopt it;—and a handsome stipend shall be allowed for the trouble and expense thereby entailed upon you? A handsome dower shall also be provided and ensured to her, when she arrives at the age of maturity.—I did not require long to reflect upon this proposition, although it were so abruptly made. I felt convinced that I should not myself be blessed with any offspring, as my wife was nearly my own age; and I knew that she was already attached to the infant thus thrown upon our hands. I ac-

cordingly acceded to the proposal, observing at the same time that I should be content with a very small sum until the expenses of education should accumulate with the growth of years. The stranger placed four thousand francs in my hand, declared that a similar sum would be paid annually until the child should be old enough to be sent to school or provided with governesses, when the allowance would be doubled,—and then took his leave."

"And was it thus that I was thrown upon your kindness,—with no other tie to bind me to you, than that of your own generous sympathies?" ejaculated Louise, rising from her seat, and throwing herself into the arms of the old soldier, who embraced her fervently: "Oh, my more than father, how can I ever repay so deep a debt of gratitude?"

"You have repaid it, dearest child," answered Dorvaliers: "your attention to the old man's comforts,—your affectionate disposition, your amiability, your goodness, have more than repaid me for any kindness I may have had it in my power to show you. But let me make an end of a sorrowful tale, the most afflicting portion of which is yet to come."

Louise returned to her seat, and Captain Dorvaliers took a *portefeuille* from his pocket, and thence extracted a letter which he laid upon the table. Victor and Louise watched him with the utmost anxiety; and, after a few moments' consideration, the old soldier thus concluded his narrative:—

"Seven years passed away, and Louise sprung up beneath the fostering care of the excellent Madeleine, who supplied the place of the mother whom she had lost. During this period, the annual allowance of four thousand francs was regularly paid by the same stranger who had first proposed to me to adopt the child; and no inquiries concerning the little girl were ever made by any one but him. Shortly after the battle of Waterloo,—that fight which decided the fate of Europe, and overshadowed the glorious star of the greatest man that the world ever produced,—I received a letter, through the post, upon the very day on which the seventh annual payment should have been made. This is the letter," continued Captain Dorvaliers, holding up the one he had extracted from his pocket-book, "and these are its contents—'A thousand thanks, generous man, for the kindness which you have manifested towards an unprotected child. Continue to act the father's part towards Louise, (for such, it is understood, is the name you have given to her,) and heaven will reward you far more than man can do. On the receipt of this letter, proceed to the office of M. Mezeray, a notary, who resides in the Rue Saint Honoré, and he will entrust you with the secret of the birth and parentage of Louise. He will moreover transfer to you the sum of five hundred thousand francs,* now lying in the Bank of France, and destined for the use of Louise, under your sole guardianship. When Louise shall have attained her eighteenth year, you may make her acquainted with that secret which M. Mezeray will confide to you; and at that age, it would be advisable that she should be comfortably settled in life by some eligible marriage, to which her property may enable her to aspire.'—Such, Louise; such, Victor, was the letter which was conveyed to me on the thirtieth of September, 1815. I immediately proceeded to the house of M. Mezeray, burning to unravel that deep mystery which seemed to hang around the nativity of my beloved protégée. But, O God! how have I survived that terrible day! the wretch, the villain, who was entrusted with the orphan's gold, had betrayed his trust;—had fled with the wealth confided to him by his clients—and had left

hundreds of ruined men and women to curse his name!"

"And thus the secret was never fully revealed to you?" ejaculated Victor, in breathless suspense.

"Never!" answered the old soldier, rising and pacing the room with uneven steps. "All that I know relative to the nativity of your intended wife, Victor, I have now told you; and I have thus far fulfilled the intentions of the writer of that letter, by revealing to her on this day some of the particulars of her birth. God only knows, whether the remainder of this deep, deep mystery will be ever cleared up!"

"Ah! my dear friend," ejaculated Louise, hastening to embrace her venerable guardian, "you need not have dreaded this day, because you have done nothing for which you can reproach yourself. The villany of an unprincipled man has deprived me of my fortune; but it did not alienate your affection!"

And the beautiful girl used all her most endearing wiles and ways to soothe the old man's pain.

It is not, however, our object to extend this portion of our narrative. We shall therefore content ourselves with observing that the evening passed rapidly away—far too rapidly for the young lovers; and that the moment of separation at length arrived. The old Captain had delicately inquired into the state of Victor's pecuniary resources, during a momentary absence of Louise from the room, and had endeavoured to force a sum upon the young man. But nothing could induce our hero to admit the extremely impoverished condition of his purse, or to accept the proffered assistance; and the old officer was at length satisfied in his own mind that Melville did not require any immediate aid of that kind.

The lovers parted, with tears, sighs, vows, and whisperings of fond hopes: they promised to correspond frequently, and renewed their former pledges of unchanging affection. Still, all these devices, suggested by a vain hope of cheating adversity of a portion of her savage delight at human misery, could not divest the hour of separation of many bitter—bitter pangs; and for some time they could not tear themselves away from each other's arms.

"God bless you, my boy!" cried the old officer: "and may every prosperity attend you!"

"Farewell, dearest Victor," murmured Louise, adown whose pale cheeks poured floods of tears.

"Farewell,—farewell, my ever dear, dear girl!" said Victor; and, wringing the hand of her guardian, the youth tore himself away from the spot which contained all that he held dear in life.

To be continued in our next.

THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

BY J. H. DONALDSON, HON. SEC. &c.

It being a matter of the utmost importance that the public should know our true position in the Temperance Cause, we beg to offer a few remarks upon the rise and progress of the London United Temperance Association; and in so doing it will be necessary to take a cursory view of the Temperance Reformation from the commencement.

It will be seen, by a perusal of the first Temperance Publication, that the good work commenced in America, in the year 1826, beneath the fostering care of the Rev. Dr. Beecher of Boston. Its object was the prevention and cure of Intemperance by entire abstinence from ardent spirits except for medical purposes. The following is the third Article of the American Temperance Society:—"Any person who shall pay to the treasurer of the Society five dollars annually, or who has paid or shall pay thirty dollars at one time, shall be a member of the Society; provided the donor shall subscribe to the following conditions:—I pledge myself to an entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, except when prescribed by a temperate Physician, in case of sickness."

* Twenty thousand pounds.

This Society spread with great rapidity; and in various parts of Europe similar Institutions were speedily formed, their views tending to the same object. In 1831, the first London Temperance Society was formed. During the first year, it numbered amongst its members some of the first Noblemen in our land, the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Bishop of London becoming its Patron. For some few years the work appeared to go on well, until it was discovered both in England and America, that to accomplish the object of the Society, it would be quite necessary to advance a step farther, and give up the use of all intoxicating drinks. The seeds of intemperance, it was found, were alike in fermented as in spirituous liquors.

Mr. Livesey, of Preston in Lancashire, was among the first to introduce the total abstinence pledge; and his visit to London in 1835, led to the formation of the first Total Abstinence Society in the Metropolis.

The committee consisted of working men; and, after much deliberation, its members named the new Society,—"The British Teetotal Society." They then adopted the following pledge:—"I do voluntarily promise that I will abstain from ale, porter, wine, ardent spirits, and all intoxicating liquors, and will not give or offer them to others, except under medical prescriptions, or in a religious ordinance."

In 1836, the Society was re-organised under the superintendence of Mr. Janson, and the name altered for the purpose of supplanting the "British and Foreign Temperance Society." It was named by Mr. Livesey, "The New British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance;" and another pledge was added; viz, "I do voluntarily promise that I will abstain from ale, porter, wine, ardent spirits, and all intoxicating drinks, except for medical purposes or in a religious ordinance." The two pledges were commonly known by the terms "The long pledge," and "The short pledge."

About this time some interested persons joined the Society, and very soon raised themselves into office, where they began to cause a dispute in the Committee upon the subject of the pledges, a circumstance which eventually led to a separation of the two parties at the annual meeting in 1839. The one party claiming a right to adopt the American Union pledge as its standard, and the other retained the short and long pledge as formerly. From that time, until the formation of the "London United Temperance Association," the societies in London greatly languished, and in some places became almost extinct, existing only in name; while many societies in the country were in a flourishing condition, emulating each other in the good work, and bringing forth an abundance of fruit.

It is with the hope of again uniting in one bond of brotherhood, the two adverse parties in the Temperance Reformation, that the "London United Temperance Association" has been formed; and during the past six months its numbers have accumulated in such a ratio as plainly to prove, beyond all contradiction, that there is among the members, at least, a strong desire for union.

Members! will you assist in the good work? Or shall we go on as we now are? If you be in favour of union, show your desire by your adhesion to the United Society, and use your every effort to destroy the obstacles that now stand in our way. Give the friends of true Temperance to know by your example, that you really are sincere.

WATER.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Author of "Don Giovanni in London," &c.
Give me the stream—the clear—the bright—
The cool—the chaste—the pure—the free,
The stream that seeks and loves the light,
And with the earth shares sovereignty.
Give me the drink that beauty takes,
That seeks the sands to cheer the faint.
With which its thirst Devotion slakes,
And that springs from rocks to bless the saint!
Water, water give to me;—
Water shall my nectar be!

Oh! if I'd a divining rod,
To know where the stream runs hid below,
I'd rival Bacchus—the jolly God—
And a banquet make that should ever flow.
Give me the drink that comes from the sky,
That takes half the earth to form its cup,
The drink which heaven exales on high,
The stream which the glorious Sun drinks up.
Water, water still give me;—
Water shall my nectar be!

Water from coldness highly shrinks,

And hardens itself against winter's rage;—

The grape but maddens the fool that drinks

And gives the thirst it should assuage.

Water will bear us on its breast.

It yields the diamond its radiance bright;

Its murmurs lull us into rest,—

It is a fountain of delight!

Water, water, then, give me;—

Water shall my nectar be.

ANALYSIS OF THE DISCUSSION

BETWEEN J. H. DONALDSON, AND GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

ON Wednesday evening, the 13th of May last, Mr. Reynolds chanced to enter the chapel in Aldersgate Street, during the period of the weekly meeting. He had been induced by witnessing the crowd of individuals who were entering at the time, to gratify his curiosity and ascertain what really were the principles of the Teetotalers. Mr. Donaldson was lecturing at the period, and Mr. Reynolds for some time listened to him with the greatest attention. At length Mr. Reynolds, (who was himself fortified at the moment by the bastard kind of courage engendered by wine, although he had not drunk to any excess, but had merely imbibed a sufficiency, with the friends with whom he had been dining at an hotel in Aldersgate Street, to render him venturesome) determined upon challenging Mr. Donaldson to a public discussion of the principles of Teetotalism. The challenge was immediately accepted by that gentleman; and on the ensuing Saturday the first struggle took place.

It was therefore on the 16th of May that the discussion commenced.

Mr. REYNOLDS began by stating that he came before the audience, labouring under many and signal disadvantages. He had given a challenge which he was induced to consider rash, because he was altogether unacquainted with the principles of the Teetotalers—the arguments they made use of in support of those principles—and the basis on which the fabric of their Association was raised. He had never read a single work, either periodical or complete, upon the subject; he stood before them without knowing what he was about to say; and he should merely open the discussion with a few sentiments upon the subject,—of those sentiments which naturally suggested themselves to him at the moment. He should commence by observing, that the Teetotalers preached, not against the *abuse* of intoxicating drink only, but also against the *use*. They preached unexceptionable abstinence from all wines, spirits, malt liquors, &c.—a doctrine which attacked the most moderate use of those articles which he (Mr. Reynolds) considered to have become more or less necessary, through habit and hereditary custom, to the people of this country. If the Teetotalers would confine their crusade to a war against the *abuse* of strong drinks, no one would be more willing to join the Association than himself; but he would not consent to deprive men on a sudden of those accessories to comfort and good fellowship, which long use had rendered a necessity. There are many cases (argued Mr. Reynolds) in which a moderate use of strong drink is absolutely indispensable: after rowing from London Bridge to Richmond, the man who should drink a glass of pure water, would stand a chance of sustaining some immediate and dangerous malady, or even of becoming the victim of a sudden death; whereas, were he to use a little spirit in the water, or to partake of a glass of strong beer, those fears would be entirely superseded. The man at the plough could tell a tale which would readily refute the Total-Abstinence principle of the Association, and would prove that a moderate quantity of malt liquor is both advisable and necessary for those engaged in the laborious toils of the field. Had not English sailors (said Mr. Reynolds) been allowed a drop of exhilarating spirit previous to an engagement with the enemy, many of the most splendid victories which England boasted of, would never have been gained. Mr. Reynolds then proceeded to observe, that the Teetotalers forbade the use of all intoxicating drinks, and yet they allowed smoking and drank coffee. Were they aware of the extraordinary moral and social results produced in Europe, by the introduction of

coffee and tobacco? Society had undergone, as it were, a complete revolution in consequence of these innovations; and each was equally noxious in its way. Both were possessed of intoxicating, or stupefying and somniferous properties; and the juice of the tobacco was a far more dangerous poison than alcohol. He (Mr. Reynolds) had resided upwards of eight years in France, and had travelled all over that country; he had observed, during his sojourn and travel there, that the French were the people who possessed the most sallow complexions of all the nations in Europe; and he began to consider the cause. He came to the conclusion, that this result was produced by the immoderate use of coffee, in which they indulged; and he then found, upon further investigation of the subject, that the life of a Frenchman was not, upon an average, so long as either that of a Prussian, an Englishman, a Dutchman, a Belgian, or an Italian. No nation in Europe (unless it be the Germans), makes so great an use of tobacco as the French; and this habit, together with that of coffee-drinking, were in his (Mr. Reynolds') opinion, the causes of this shortness of life. And yet the Teetotalers allowed both coffee-drinking and smoking! If they preached against the use of one thing which possessed intoxicating properties, why did they not preach against another? Again, if the total use of wines and spirituous liquors were abolished, what would replace that conviviality in society which was encouraged and sustained by them? Take away (said Mr. Reynolds) the glass of wine, and you rob society of its charms! You introduce another system, which is cold and cheerless; and you take away that one which is jovial, gay, and exhilarating. On a winter's evening, what would be the fire-side, unless the heart were made glad with a generous glass! And on Christmas Day, when the poor man as well as the peer, is surrounded by his family—his wife, his children, and his friends,—when the cares of one year are nearly over, and he fondly anticipates that the next will dawn with joy and good fortune for him,—how cheerless would be his board, were not the bowl or the bottle upon it? He (Mr. Reynolds) did not argue in favour of the abuse of drinks; all he said was to maintain the necessity of their use.

Mr. DONALDSON rose to reply. He said he should answer the arguments of his opponent in a categorical manner, and he did not dread the results of that inquiry. He knew that Teetotalism could stand the test of all investigation; and he was delighted at that opportunity of arguing the point with one who had come forward, as much in the capacity of a seeker after information, as in that of an opponent. Mr. Reynolds had said that the Teetotalers attacked the use, as well as the abuse, of ardent spirits, wines, &c. They did so; and he would tell Mr. Reynolds wherefore. Temperance Societies had been first established, and they permitted the very moderate use of intoxicating drink. The use, however, soon returned to the *abuse*, and experience in a very short time convinced those philanthropists, who had entered upon the task of reclaiming drunkards, that nothing but a total abstinence would ensure the regeneration of that fallen portion of society. Man is weak—temptation is strong—and he who is allowed to taste one glass, could be readily persuaded to taste a second. This would lead to a third, and the temperance-man would relapse into the drunkard. Teetotalism removed the temptation, and experience had justified the theory. As for Mr. Reynolds' argument, that drink became more or less necessary to people, he had never heard anything more at variance with fact; there being at that time upwards of eight hundred people present, who had suddenly changed their habits—had signed the pledge-book on a sudden—had relinquished their custom of drinking on a sudden, and none of them had suffered by their abstinence. The reaction had killed none: on the contrary, they were all ready to declare that their health, their spirits, and the general tone of their constitutions, seemed to have experienced a grand change for the better. Mr. Reynolds had then said that strong drinks, or malt liquor, were necessary for those who had just accomplished any violent exercise, and for the labourer in the field. This was incorrect. In any case, a man who is perspiring with the effect of toil, should rest for a few minutes before he drinks; and then water, tea, or coffee—ginger-beer, or lemonade, will quench the thirst far better than intoxicating drink. It is a mistake, (said Mr. Donaldson) to suppose that strong drink is necessary, either on occasions of excessive heat or cold. In the former circumstance, it increases the heat under which an individual may be labouring; in the latter, it produces only an evanescent warmth, and is succeeded by

a more severe chill shortly afterwards. He (Mr. Donaldson) was very glad that it had fallen to his lot to meet the antagonist (Mr. Reynolds) then present; because Mr. Reynolds had argued against smoking, and he (Mr. Donaldson) was vehemently opposed to the same habit. He did not see the necessity of smoking, and certainly, could not understand the delight of it; but, at the same time, he must defend the use of coffee, which possessed none of those qualities that were ruinous to the stomach and destructive to the intellect. Those properties were alone possessed by the alcohol which existed in all wines, spirituous and malt liquors; but neither coffee nor smoking could produce the same pernicious results. As to the change, which a total abstinence from intoxicating drinks would introduce into society, he (Mr. Donaldson) for one declared that that change would be all for the better. Domestic comfort did not exist in the indulgences of the glass, but in the love and tenderness of our wives and children, and that home was the happiest where the drunkard was not. The wife, whose husband came regularly home to his family, after the cares and toils of the day, received him with smiles; and that conduct was far preferable to the excitement of the glass. Far more joyous also was it, on the Christmas evening, which Mr. Reynolds extolled so highly, for the family of the poor man to reckon up all that had been saved during the year that was within six days of its close, by the abstinence from drink observed by a husband and a father; and the presence of the thousands of little comforts purchased by the money of those savings, was a far more grateful and a more pleasurable prospect than the steaming punch-bowl, or the half-emptied bottle. In those cases, man possessed a natural flow of good spirits, and required no artificial stimulant. Mr. Donaldson then took a physiological view of the question, and described the effects produced upon the stomach, and upon the human frame in general, by the use of intoxicating drinks. He concluded by an earnest hope that the result of the discussion would be beneficial to Mr. Reynolds individually, and to the grand cause of Teetotalism generally.

The discussion was then postponed until the following Saturday, (May 23rd,) when it was resumed at the Aldersgate-street chapel, as before.

Mr. REYNOLDS said, that during the week which had elapsed since he had last the honour of addressing the audience from that platform, he had considered the subject of Teetotalism with the greatest attention. He now felt convinced that it was not necessary to attack the doctrines of Teetotalism in respect to their abstract sense, but to consider them with regard to their application to the present condition of society. Tobacco and coffee had produced the greatest possible changes in the social world, and had exercised an equal influence on the moral one. It would therefore be necessary to consider the extent to which the innovations of Teetotalers would reach. What amusements would they supply in a country where the public ones were so dear, as substitutes for the places of entertainments to which the poor flocked? or how would they have the rich pass their evenings? Society was not prepared to receive such sudden changes. A particular system in respect to society, required centuries to test its excellence; for fifty years, for example, although a long period in the life of man, is nothing (argued Mr. Reynolds) in the existence of a society or a system. Let the Teetotalers (continued Mr. Reynolds) content themselves by making converts to the principle of Temperance in the use of intoxicating drinks; and, in the course of time, they might venture upon the wholesale doctrine which they now preached. He (Mr. Reynolds) was not opposed to any society of individuals, whose plan was the repression of the pernicious habit of drinking, but he could not admit so sweeping a reform as that advocated by the Teetotalers. Society was progressive only by degrees, and all reforms ought to take place in the same gradient manner. He (Mr. Reynolds) only advocated the cause of moderate and gradient reform in these respects, and he believed that his arguments were founded upon truth. The Teetotalers, doubtless, thought pretty well as he did; only they were more fanatic and enthusiastic. Already does the world begin to feel assured, (said Mr. Reynolds) that, though all truths must of necessity converge to the same point, they need not take the same direction; but they are like rivers, fed from one source and flowing into one bosom, which, if seen only at particular points, would give us little reason to suppose their origin and end the same. For it is the powerless eyes of intellect, which, unable at once to pursue their mighty range, mistake the deviations from the course

for the course itself, and judge of the little sinuosities of the little sections which their restricted vision can command. But as the sphere of that vision becomes enlarged, (continued Mr. Reynolds) and as the chart of knowledge embraces an ampler space, we shall often smile at the ignorance which kept us timid and distrustful on the banks of some forbidden stream, on whose waters we shall then be floating with security and joy, confident of being wafted through some unknown outlet, into the great ocean of truth—an ocean which stretches from earth to heaven!

Mr. DONALDSON rose to reply. He said that in any way, either in its abstract sense, or on general principles, he was ready to defend the doctrines of Teetotalism. He had seen so many beneficial effects, resulting from the application of those doctrines to society, that he could not for one moment allow them to be deemed premature in that application. Society, like an individual, could not reform its abuses too suddenly; and if Mr. Reynolds advocated such gradient measures of reform as were practised in the Houses of Parliament, they might all just as well have no reform at all. Where there was any viciousness in society, it was necessary to eradicate it at once, and not let it gangrene by the dilatoriness of the remedy applied. No one could deny the fact, that intoxication prevailed to an immense extent in this country. The peace of families was thereby destroyed—the jails, the work-houses, and the hospitals were filled with the victims of that terrible vice; the pawnbrokers drove a thriving trade; and the greater portion of the lower classes were literally in rags. What was it that spread such devastation over a lovely land? what had stamped the mark of care upon the cheek of the tender wife? and what had driven young men to the criminal prisons of the country, and sent young women to walk the streets? The use of strong drinks! Could any one, then, dare assert that the means of suppression were premature? Why, the Teetotalers had been for upwards of nine years at work; and experience had taught all who had embarked in the cause, that nothing but Total-Abstinence could ensure a certain reformation. Society was slowly progressive in the arts and sciences, and in the elements of civilization; but society is no more to be tested by the supposed plan of the gradience of reform, in such respects as those of morality, than is the individual. A man may repent of his vice, and reform himself of a sudden, and he is esteemed the more for the courage displayed by his resolution, and the strength of mind which is manifested by his future forbearance from relapse. So was it with society; the same rule applied to the whole as to the sectional, or fractional part. One might as well assert that a particular link in a chain would stand a certain test; but that all the links taken together in a mass would not. Society was ever ready to receive the impressions of salutary reform; and the most salutary of all reform that could be applied to it (said Mr. Donaldson) is that of abstinence from intoxicating drinks. As for the assertion, that all truths converged to the same point, he (Mr. Donaldson) perfectly admitted the truth of the sentiment; but that Mr. Reynolds's statement, that doubtless he and the Teetotalers entertained pretty well the same opinions upon the subject, only seen in different shades of light;—that such a statement was the truth, he denied. From Mr. Reynolds's simile might be deduced the idea, perhaps, that he (Mr. Reynolds) would recommend the Teetotalers to practice their barks upon the small streams, before they launched forth into the great ocean of truth. If such were Mr. Reynolds's meaning, he (Mr. Donaldson) would assure him that those barks had been practised first in the small streams; and that the pilots of those barks had now acquired sufficient skill to avoid any quicksands, rocks, or shoals, which might menace them in the great ocean. He (Mr. Donaldson) was one of the pilots—he had hoisted his Union Jack—he would fight beneath it until life should fail him—he would never desert that banner—he would never fly from the ocean of truth, however boisterous might be the billows thereof; but he would defend the principles of Teetotalism to the last gasp. Mr. Donaldson then proceeded, as on the former occasion, to take a physiological view of the question, and to explain the disastrous effects produced upon the constitution by the use of intoxicating drinks. He quoted many instances to support his arguments: appealed to those who had felt the beneficial effects of the doctrine of Total-Abstinence; and wound up by expressing a hope, that the cause might soon mark its present opponent (Mr. Reynolds) in the ranks of its defenders.

Mr. REYNOLDS was about to reply to this speech, when the lateness of the hour compelled the meeting to adjourn. On Saturday, the 30th of May, Mr. Reynolds was incapable of attending, in consequence of having been compelled to proceed to the Continent on the previous Thursday: but on Saturday, the 13th of June, he once more appeared on the platform of the Aldersgate-street Chapel. On this occasion he spoke as follows:—

"I have lately had leisure to consider the subject, which originally brought me hither, with the utmost attention. I have searched encyclopedias, philosophical dictionaries, and medical works, with a view of ascertaining the effects of wine, spirits, and malt liquors, taken even very moderately, upon the constitution. I have devoted to the subject the serious attention which it deserved; and the result of my investigation has compelled me to admit, that the principles of Teetotalism are correct, and are founded upon truth. I might prolong this discussion for many weeks, by adducing those arguments which are supplied by the figures of rhetoric, and the ample funds of mystification; but I conceive it to be much more honourable—more manly, and straightforward,—much more becoming a gentleman—a literary man, and one who professed himself to be rather an inquirer into the principles of things, than an opponent to them,—I say, that I consider myself to be acting a far more manly and honourable part by coming forward, and confessing that I am beaten by the force of conviction. Even, if I were not, I do not see, upon mature consideration, that I have any right to cavil at the principles and opinions of an institution, which has a purely humane and philanthropic aim in view; for, ladies and gentlemen, if the Teetotalers err, they at least err upon the right side. Under these circumstances, I shall at once yield to the force of conviction, and admit that I can no longer contest the rectitude of your principles in a fair, candid, and impartial manner. I sincerely thank Mr. Donaldson for the step which his arguments have induced me to take, and I at once sign the pledge-book of *The London United Temperance Association!*"

THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE PROCESSION.

As the London United Temperance Association was formed for the express purpose of promoting the Union of all the friends of true Temperance, it was highly gratifying to the Committee to behold, on Whit-Monday last, the Grand United Procession, and in order to lay before our readers a correct account of that day's proceedings, we shall here give an impartial statement of the order of the day. We take our information from the published reports of the two Societies, concerning their own portion of the line, and giving our own account of the London United Temperance Association, present to our readers the only authentic record of the Grand United Temperance Procession.

The day was fine and beautiful, and at a very early hour the true friends of Temperance were to be seen, in all directions, preparing for the general muster. At seven o'clock most of the Branches were in a state of readiness; and by nine o'clock the larger divisions were in marching order. The whole body, consisting of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, formed into one line about half-past eleven o'clock in Russell-Square. The Society for the Suppression of Intemperance had previously marched from Finsbury Circus, through the principal portion of the City, including Finsbury Square, Pavement, Moorfields, Princes street, Bank, Mansion House street, Poultry, Cheapside, Newgate street, Holborn. They then proceeded through Museum street, Hart street, Bloomsbury square, Bedford place, into Russell square. The whole line then proceeded through Keppel street, Store street, Alfred place, Chancery street, Tottenham court road, Goodge street, Charles street, Mortimer street, Portland street, Devonshire street, Portland place, Langham place, Regent street, Quadrant, Piccadilly, St. James's street, Pall Mall, Charing Cross, Whitehall, Parliament street, Bridge street, Westminster Bridge. Here the London United Temperance Association left the General Procession, and proceeded according to the printed arrangements along the Westminster road, Borough road, High street, London Bridge, King William street, Princes street, Moorgate street, Fore street, Jewin street, to Aldersgate street chapel—the rest continuing the route as follows: York road, Stamford street, Blackfriars road: where several more of the Societies branched off to their respective localities. The remainder proceeded through Holland street, Gainsford street, Union street, Borough High street, Wellington street, London Bridge, Gracechurch street, Bishopgate, from whence they repaired to their appointed places of meeting.

The following may be considered as the only correct account of the order of Procession.

The New British and Foreign Temperance So

took the lead, as per ballot. *West London Auxiliary.* Leader, Richard Walkden, Esq., President of the Auxiliary—Eight gentlemen on horseback—Band of musicians in their uniform—Members with wands four abreast—Banner of the Auxiliary, with inscription: "Wine is a mocker," "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."—Members on foot—Banner of the Youths' Temperance Association, "Peace and Plenty."—Members with wands—About seventy youths—Three small banners—Youths with wands—Banners of the St. Pancras Temperance Society—Members on foot—Banner of Westminster Temperance Society—Members on foot—Large banner with inscription, "Universal love to man."—About one hundred members on foot—Banner of Lambeth Friendly Temperance Society—Rehabites with wands—Members on foot—Twenty carriages, average eight in each—Two horsemen—Band of Music—Thirty members with wands—Two hundred members on foot—About fifty youths—Small banner, for ditto—Nine coaches with Members. *Chelsea Branch.*—Banner well fixed in a Van—Two coaches, with small banners, held by Balfour and Currie—Twenty-two carriages and flags—Twelve vans, averaging twenty-five each, with small union-jack flag to each.

North London Auxiliary.—Omnibus from the Waltham Branch, full of members, and banner, beautifully decorated—Chaise with members—Five gentlemen on horseback—Large banner of the Auxiliary, floating majestically on a car; orange colour, and written in silver letters, "Freed from England's Curse."—Band of musicians, on car—Members with wands, on each side—Splendid carriage, and four greys and postilions, with W. Janson, Esq., President of the Society, supported by several of the Executive Committee—Elegant light carriage, with four beautiful horses and postilions, with the Advocates of the Society, Messrs. Cluer, Holker, Whitaker, and Cassell—Members on each side—Four small banners, carried on carriages—Eight carriages, with members, &c.—Four small banners, "Peace and Concord," "United, we conquer," "Touch not, taste not, handle not," "Goodwill to men."—Banner of the North London Tailors' Association—Members with wands—Van, with members—Members on foot, four abreast.

The London United Temperance Association.

Gentlemen on horseback.

Members with wands.

Band of Music.

Members on foot—Twelve small banners with the following mottoes,

"Peace and concord."

"Truth and justice."

"Religion and piety."

"His eye is on us."

"Temperance."

"Industry."

"Plenty."

"Union is strength."

"Friendship and union."

"Down with thy tyrants."

"Law and obedience."

"We are but a spark, but shall kindle to a flame."

Superb Banner of the Temperance Union in a van.

Carriage with four horses and Postillion.

Containing John Bilton, Esq., the President, and family.

Eleven Carriages with a silk union jack in each, and

Members on foot with wands by the side of the

carriages.

Two vans with Members.

South London Auxiliary.—Gentlemen on horseback—

Banner, in a van—Band—Coach-and-four, with American

Delegates—and J. Meredith Esq., Vice-President

of the Society—Seven coaches, well filled—Members,

with wands—Three vans—Members on foot—Banner of the

Bernmondsey and Rotherhithe Branch—Vans—Members

on foot—Splendid band of Musicians—Members on

foot, with wands—Ditto. *Stamford-Street and New-Cut*

branch.—Splendid Banner—Union Jack—Several Car-

riages and Vans—Members on Foot—South London

Catholic Association—Conductor on Horseback,—

"Banner, "South London Catholic Temperance So-

ciety."—Military band—Members, on Foot, very num-

erous—Carriage with six horses, containing the Rev.

T. Doyle, M. Foristal, Esq., and two Gentlemen—Two

Carriages and Four—Banner, surmounted by a Cross,

and St. George and the Dragon, beautifully painted on

green silk.

East London Auxiliary.—Shadwell banner—Sixty

members and Rehabites on Foot, with wands—Band of

music—Rich Banner of Auxiliary, with the pledge writ-

ten in full—Twenty-four members with wands—Six

coaches—Small banner—Three vans.

British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of In-

temperance. Two Horsemen—Three Trumpeters on

Horseback—Splendid Crimson Banner, Inscription in

Gold, "British and Foreign Society for the Suppression

of Intemperance. President, the Right. Hon. Earl

Stanhope."—Eighteen Gentlemen on Horseback—Band

of the Scots Fusiliers. *City and North of London Aux-*

iliary.—Very large and richly painted silk Banner with

number of allegorical Devices—Members on Foot,—

with Banners—*Clerkenwell and Pentonville branches.*

Members on Foot—with Banner "Be wise as Serpents,

and Harmless as Doves"—Members. *Youths' Society.*—

Committee with wands—preceded by their Officers—

—Banner "Clerkenwell and Pentonville Youths' Tee-

total Society"—Members on Foot. *Farringdon Branch.*—Gentlemen on Horseback—Banners, "Total Absti-

nence the handmaid of Religion"—the pledge of the So-

ciety; the Royal Standard, the Union Jack, &c.—Mem-

bers—Youths. *London Coal-Porters' Association.*—Splen-

d silk Banner, the Coal-Porters' arms, "If God be for

us, who can be against us?" *Finsbury and Hoxton*

Youths' Association. Musical Band—Banner, "Train

up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old

he will not depart from it."

Southern Counties Order of Rechabites.—Red Banner,

with Tent and Palm tree, motto, "We drink no wine."

South London Auxiliary, Kent Street Branch.—Mem-

bers on foot. Banner, "United, firm, and free." *Dept-*

ford Branch.—Members on foot *Clapham Branch.*—

Members on foot. *Vauxhall Branch.*—Members on foot

Each of the above had a variety of neat banners.

Metropolitan Roman Catholic Total Abstinence

Association.—Large green silk banner, with Jesus

conversing with the women of Samaria, painted on

one side, by J. Henley, Esq., R. N.: motto on the top,

"Give me to drink," on the other side a large cross in

silver, on which was written the pledge, with motto

on the top, "On earth, peace to men of good-will;" at

the bottom, "Metropolitan Roman Catholic Associa-

tion, founded by John Giles, January 28, 1840."

—Members on foot, to the number of upwards of one

thousand; many of them bearing wands, painted green,

with ball and cross, at the top, gilt with silver—General

director on horseback, with polished mahogany wand,

silver ball and cross at the top—Conductor with a staff,

painted green and tipped with silver, having a solid brass

figure of a young cupid emerging from a full blown

rose—Carriage, containing Anthony Walgovel, Esq.,

the Treasurer, and Mrs. Giles, the wife of the founder—

Four vans—Military Band.

Hackney Auxiliary, Haggerstone Branch.—Banners and

flags—Members—Banner and Band—Carriage, with

Dr. Oxley, the treasurer; Norton S. Townsend, M. D.,

representative of the Total Abstinence Society of Physi-

cians and Surgeons at New York; Mr. R. M'Curdy,

&c.—Eighty-six carriages—Mr. J. Pascoe's van, with

Printing Press, motto, "May the liberty of the Press

never be turned into licentiousness." There was in the

van an immense round of beef, with bread, &c., which was

distributed pretty liberally throughout the route.

Waltham and Camberwell Association. Four horsemen

—Military band—Large and handsome banner—Mem-

bers on foot, with scarfs—Blue and white banner—

Carriage-and-four—Eleven carriages—Sixteen vans—

Several banners interspersed—Mr. G. G. Smith, with

the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Society, in a van.

The children frequently sang during the day—Some

gentlemen on horseback brought up the rear.

The numbers in the procession have been calculated

variously from twelve to twenty thousand. The line

was so often broken that it was difficult to count with

exactness. But there were many hundreds of our

members who did not join in the procession, but who

preferred viewing us from suitable situations, or from

windows engaged for the purpose. The greatest order

and decorum was maintained, and but few accidents oc-

curred. That some idea of the length of the whole line

may be formed, we may just mention that it took nearly

an hour and a half to pass any given point. It is said

to have occupied nearly three miles in length. The

progress was slow, for it had to pass through as dense a

mass of human beings as was perhaps ever congregated

on a public occasion. A mass which contemplated the

procession with various feelings: a mass which included

hundreds and thousands of poor deluded men and wo-

men, whose appearance and demeanour gave full proof

that they had not been operated upon by Teetotal

principles. The procession terminated about four o'clock.

A variety of meetings were held in various parts of

the metropolis in the evening, most of which were nu-

merously attended, and many signatures obtained.

ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the *London United Temperance Association* lost no time in demonstrating their attachment to Her Majesty; they having on the 13th inst., in the name of the members, presented to Her Majesty, an Address of congratulation, on her escape from the late murderous attempt of Edward Oxford.

TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The Humble Address of the London United Temperance Association.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN.

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the London United Temperance Association, beg leave humbly to approach your Majesty's throne, to express our horror and indignation at the late atrocious and treasonable attempt against your Majesty's sacred person, and our heart-felt congratulations to your Majesty, and to our country, on your Majesty's preservation from so great a danger.

We acknowledge with the deepest humility and gratitude the arm of the Lord arresting the arm of the assassin, and trust that our endeavours to establish true Tem-

perance, or Total-Abstinence from all Intoxicating Drinks, may tend to establish your Throne in peace, order, sobriety and righteousness, and to the abolition of a great portion of the crimes which afflict our land.

We desire to express to your Majesty the deep concern which we feel at there having been found within your Majesty's dominions a person capable of so flagitious an act, and that we make it our earnest prayer to Almighty God that he will preserve to us the blessings which we enjoy under your Majesty's just and mild Government and continue to watch over a life so justly dear to us.

JOHN BILTON, President,

H. W. WESTON,

J. H. DONALDSON,

Honorary Secretaries.

To which Her Majesty has been pleased to return the following most gracious answer, through her principal Secretary of State for the Home department.

WHITEHALL, June, 17th, 1840.

Sir,—I have had the honour to lay before the Queen the loyal and dutiful address from the London United Temperance Association.

And I have it in command to assure you that Her Majesty is deeply sensible of the loyalty and affection of Her faithful subjects.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

NORMANBY.

H. W. Weston Esq., 12, Basing Lane.

NOCTES PICKWICKIANÆ.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. I.

Mr. Pickwick.—Sam, you may give me your opinion of that Madeira which came in this morning, if you like.

Sam.—Can't be done, Sir, as the wery old donkey observed to the costermonger, vich wanted him to trot ten mile an hour.

Mr. Pickwick.—Can't be done! and why not, Sam?

Sam.—'Cos I've jined them water-drinkin', beer-excludin', moral-reformation, out-an'-out sober fellers as calls 'emselvs Teetotalers.

Mr. Pickwick.—Indeed, Sam! How came you to do that? You really surprise me.

Sam.—Des-say I does, Sir, but can't help it; truth must come out some day or another, vich was the remark made by the pie-man when he was detected in having cut up his domestic cat to make pork-sauces of. But I'll jist tell you, Sir, how all this come about.

Mr. Pickwick.—Do, Sam. You may sit down.

Sam.—Wery much obleeged, Sir. Well, Sir, t'other night I met a friend o' mine—a wery nice nisan as gets his livin' by bonnetin'—

Mr. Pickwick.—Making ladies' bonnets, I presume, Sam?

Sam.—Lor, Sir—how exceedin' green you air, to be sure. Why, this young feller as I was a speakin' on, acts as bonnet to ngaming house—a sort o' decoy-duck you know, Sir; an' a wery nice young man he is for a limited number at a tea-party—wery. Well—I meets him close agin' Aldgate pump, and sees him drinking away at the wery wholesome element as flows from that there pump, jist as if he was a lunatic.—"Bill," says I, "wot rum rig is that there all on a sudden? If you aint got no money, say so," says I, "and I'll lend you a tanner to pay for a pot o' half-and-half."—"Thankee kindly," says he; "but I doesn't do that now."—"Do what?" says I.—

"Why, drink beer, or hale, or sperets," says he, shudderin' at the bare mention o' the thing as a mad dog does at water.—"Come, none o' that gammon," says I; "p'raps you'd like to persuade me next that you breakfastesses, lunches, dines, teas, and sups at this here pump. But I can't cram in every thing so wery easy, as the alderman said ven they asked him to take his ninth plate o' turtle-soup."—"I tell 'ee wot, Sam," says my friend Bill, "it ain't no use a talkin': there wasn't a feller as enjoyed his glass o' grog or his pint o' half-and-half more than I did; but then the old woman didn't get nothin' o' my money on Saturday night. The little ones was in rags, and the cupboard was always empty. All my clothes was lent on a mortgage deed to my father's brother—"

Mr. Pickwick.—Why couldnt he say his uncle, Sam?

Sam.—'Cos it ain't genteel, Sir. Howsomever—this young man, as I am a talkin' on, told me such a piteous tale of his miseries while he was a drunkard, and how he'd often lived for whole weeks on nature

and sometimes had the salt without the taters—and how he turned Teetotaler—and how he soon got all his little comforts about him agin—and how he paid off his mortgages with his father's brother—and how his family is now genteelly dressed—and how he comed every mornin' to Aldgate pump on his way to his work, to get a draught on that very celebrated bank cashed,—that I determined to go with him to a Teetotal meeting that very same night. "Better late than never," says I to myself; and that was also the remark made by the chimney-sweep ven he washed his face on Christmas-day.

Mr. Pickwick.—And did you go to this meeting, Sam?

Sam.—Did I not—that's all! to be sure I did; an' a very tidy one it was too. First one feller with a wooden leg gets up, and tells the people that he never knowed wet health and happiness was till he signed a pledge-book, as they calls it. He seemed a wery nice kind of a man, and made a wery excellent speech. Then comed a calico-printer from Sturford; an' he drew a most afflictin' pickter of his case afore he was reclaimed, for he'd been a terrible hard-drinker, sure-ly. Then comed three or four others; an' a wery great impression they made upon the audience, as Van Amburgh said ven all his lions and tigers jumped down into the pit o' the theatre. An' then comed that young gen'leman with spectacles on, as wrote the wery celebrated account o' our adventures, doin's, and sayin's in France, under the title o' *Pickwick Abroad*, you know, Sir. Wery much surprised I was to see him there—

Mr. Pickwick.—Why, Sam?

Sam.—'Cos I thought all literary men was lusting tellers. I heard talk o' von o' them chaps as had a certain task given him to do, three hours to do it in, an' a bottle o' champagne to cheer his sperets while he was a-doin' it. But when the person as give him the job, went to see if it was done, he found that it wasn't begun, an' that the literary gen'leman was so drunk under the table, he'd been sick upon the paper on which he ought to have wrote.—"Vy, my eyes," says the wisor, "blowed if you've ever touched that there little job as I give you at all!"—"Not touched it!" hiccups the literary gen'leman;—"vy, don't ye see that I've been poring over it?"

Mr. Pickwick.—Not bad, Sam. But let me hear the result of the meeting.

Sam.—With wery great pleasure, Sir—as Jack Ketch said, ven the gen'leman asked him to make the rope long. Well, Sir—I see and heard a good deal at that Teetotal meeting in Aldersgitt-street, to vich I'm alludin'; an' blessed it vonce or twice I did n't vipe away a tear, as the soldier said ven he turned upon the hill, you know, Sir. At last I could n't stand it no longer: I jumps up—starts out o' the pew where I was a-sittin'—bolts up the stairs to the platform—knocks two old vimen un' a rayther stout gen'leman down in the hurry and confusion o' the moment—snatched a pen out o' the hands o' von o' the fellers as was sittin' on the platform, and writes the name o' *Samuel Weller* down in the pledge-book.

Mr. Pickwick.—I cannot blame you, Sam, for the step you have taken. The Institution is doubtless a philanthropic and humane one, and must do much good.

Sam.—So then there immortal lines as I wrote to my wife, and which the gen'leman in spectacles copied into his book, page 352, must be altered in a certain way.

Mr. Pickwick.—How?

Sam.—I'll jist read them wery remarkable lines to you, Sir, with the amendment. These is 'em:—

MR. WELLER TO HIS WIFE.

There aint no place, my dearest Mary,

Vere I don't think of thee.

Ven you're lookin' up the kitchen aircy

With a hinsant on your knee.

Oh! when you're gazin' through the vinder

To watch for my return,

My heart, vich your charms has made a ciuder,

To wery dust will burn.

Dear Mary, I'll ever think of you:—

Ve haven't a deater friend than our wife.

As the gen'leman said as was transported for life

For havin' married two!

To Dulwich I shall baste so nimble

When Pickwick gives the word:

And, seated by the kitchen chimbley,

I'll tell you all I've beard.

So, Mary, in a glass o' water

I'll drink myself an' you;

For to you I'll stick like bricks and mortar,

And I'll toast the babbies too.

But best friends must part, through some mishap;

As the mouse observed, with a troubled mind,

When he was forced to leave half of his tail behind.

As he escaped from the trap!

Pickwick.—I approve of the alteration, Sam. You may leave the now. But—Sam!

Yes, Sir.
Mr. Pickwick.—When you lay the cloth for dinner to-day, don't put any wine or beer upon the table. I'll jist try this Teetotal system for a week or two. I'll then tell you what I think of it.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE BOTTLE IMP.

BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

RECLINED on a luxurious couch, by a blazing fire, sat the Lord of Ellistone. Twice had he filled the cup with wine; and then, with unconscious gaze fixed on the flickering flame, sat motionless. The sun had set some hours, and through the richly-curtained window twilight had stolen in, and blended all things in one indistinct outline, save where the towering flame lighted up the room, and disclosed the disturbed countenance of the proprietor.

Starting from his reverie—again he filled the cup. "All all is gone," he cried: "the last mortgage now awaits my signature, leaving the Lord of Ellistone nothing but his name. What blighting spirit has thus cast its blasting influence on all my family; leaving me, their poor descendant, the unenviable task of reading to the world the black catalogue of all their woes?" Under the influence of the temporary excitement, too hastily dashing down the bottle, it broke,—and, drop by drop, the wine stole over the table side, and formed a crimson pool. Childishly gazing on the effects of his rashness,—time stole away—the last spark of the fire was reflected in that purple stream, and all was darkness.

Suddenly starting from his reverie, he was horror-struck on perceiving through the gloom two piercing eyes of flame glaring on him. By degrees the outline of a figure became manifest: and, by its approach, transfixed the noble Lord. Then, rivetted as a statue to its base, he heard in mournful voice the spirit's complaint.

"Know, tyrant, that for twenty years have I, by cruel enchantment, been held in that bottle, and immured in the darkest dungeon of this castle. My companions have, one by one, been taken from me; but ere our eternal separation, in foul conspiracy, we pledged revenge:—full well we've kept that bond,—and thorn after thorn we've planted in thy breast; and I, the last of my race, have lived to finish the deed. 'Tis done! tyrant!—behold thy tormentor,—let my name be seared on thy heart;—ALCOHOL! THE BOTTLE IMP!"

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We shall in future devote a portion of our Journal to A LIST OF ALL LONDON TEETOTAL MEETINGS. Reviews of New Books, Miscellaneous Information, and an Analysis or abridged Report of the speeches delivered from the platform of the Aldersgate-street Chapel, on Saturday evenings, with the names of the speakers, &c. These features are excluded from our first Number, in consequence of the necessity of publishing a correct and unaltered account of the *Whit-Monday Procession*. "The two Brewers," by Mr. H. W. Weston, Hon. Sec. shall appear in our next.

HART'S LONDON TEMPERANCE HOTEL AND COFFEE-HOUSE, 129 Aldersgate-street. Established 1875.

This house has been established for the accommodation of Commercial men, Families, and others, visiting the Metropolis, on business or pleasure. It is centrally situated, and contiguous to the Post-office, St. Paul's, the principal Coach and Railway offices. To those who study quietness, comfort, cleanliness, and economy, this Establishment affords superior advantages to that of the Tavern, or Public-house. To those kind friends who have hitherto so liberally supported the above Establishment, the proprietor, Mr. Hart, returns his most sincere thanks, and hopes by the extensive enlargement, and other improvements he has lately made in his premises, combined with strict attention to the comfort of his guests, to merit a continuation of their patronage. To those resident in Town, this house has many attractions: Teetotalers may meet with kindred spirits; others may find mental recreation, as well as personal refreshment in the following list of Publications or Newspapers.

COUNTRY PAPERS.

Liverpool Mercury	Dublin Weekly Registrar
Norwich Mercury	Dublin Weekly Herald
Leeds Mercury	Edinburgh Journal
Manchester Guardian	Sheffield Iris
Bath and Cheltenham Gazette	Cambridge
Birmingham Gazette	Aylesbury News

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

Morning Times	Evening Standard	Western
Chronicle	Sun	Patriot
Morning Herald	Courier	Record
Post	Globe	Watchman
		Dispatch

PERIODICALS.

Blackwood	Baptist	Athenaeum
Frazer	Westonian	Mechanics' Magazine
Metropolitan	Edinburgh Journal	Penny Mechanic and
New Monthly	Penny Magazine	Chemist
Eclectic Review	Saturday Magazine	Humphrey's Clock
Bentley's Miscellany	London Saturday	Poor Jack
Monthly Chronicle	Journal	Tower of London
Evangelical	Tales of the Border	&c. &c.
	The Teetotaler	
	Teetotal Magazine and Literary Miscellany	
	Temperance Journal	
	Temperance Intelligence, &c.	

PERSON'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lately published in two volumes, post 8vo., price 2s., cloth.
THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE.
By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.
This work contains critical notices upon the following eminent French Authors, with Select Tales from their best productions:
Victor Hugo. Frederic Soulie.
Eugene Sue.
De Balzac. Jules Lacroix.
Paul de Kock. Jules Janin.
Merimee. Alexandre Dumas.
Nodier. Michel Masson.
Ricard. De Jouffroy.
De Lamartine. De Berenger.

In a few days will be published (Cheap Edition.)
THE LAST DAY OF A CONDEMNED.
Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.
By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

In the Press (Nearly ready)
SISTER ANNE.
A Novel translated from the French of Paul de Kock.
By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.
With Illustrations by ALFRED CROWEVILL.
GEORGE HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILLY.

WORKS BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS, ESQ.
MR. TEOG, having purchased the copyrights of the following popular Works, the whole of which are Stereotyped, is enabled to offer them at reduced prices.—

PICKWICK ABROAD,
Or the Tour in France.
With Forty-one Steel Engravings, and Thirty-three beautiful Wood Cuts.
Now Sold at 12s.—Originally published at 21s.

GRACE DARLING,
Or the Heroine of the Fern Islands.
With Twenty Steel Engravings.
Now Sold at 4s.—Originally published at 6s.
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London United Temperance Association.
EXCURSION TO RICHMOND.
The Committee have engaged the well known Superior Steam Packets

ECLIPSE AND VIVID,
For an Excursion to RICHMOND, on Monday, the 26th of July, 1840. The Members and any Friends wishing to accompany them will meet at the Chapel, Aldersgate-street, at eight o'clock on the above morning, and walk in procession to Queen's-hill-pier with the *Splendid Banners, Flags, and Band*, used in the late procession, and embark at nine o'clock precisely. Proceed to Richmond, hold a large Meeting, and dine in the Park, and return to the *Delightful Foxhall Pleasure Gardens, Foxhall Pier*, which are engaged for the Evening to Tea, where there will be a Grand Concert D'EETE, by first-rate performers.

The President, John Bilton, Esq.; George W. M. Reynolds, Esq., Author of *Pickwick Abroad*, &c. &c. and Editor of the *Teetotaler*; and Messrs. Curry, Balfour, Crump, and Gawthrop, the Advocates, will be of the party.

Tickets, Tea included, 3s. 6d. each. The number being limited to 400, early application must be made to secure them.

Tickets may be had of the Secretaries, Mr. Weston, 12 Basing-lane. Mr. J. H. Donaldson, 1 Seckford-street, Clerkenwell; and of the following Members of the Committee, Messrs. Caudle and Marriot, 3, Paul's-head-court, Newgate-street; Mr. Clark, 7 Chews-ride, Little-moorfields; Mr. Higby, 16, New-court, Milton-street; Mr. B. Kirby, 8, Benjamin-street, Clerkenwell; Mr. Crump, 1 Red-lion-market, White-cross-street; Mr. Griffiths, 49, Southampton-street, Clerkenwell; Mr. Gawthrop, 39, Fore-street, Cripplegate; Dennis's Coffee-house, Jerusalem-passage, Clerkenwell; Thompson's Union Coffee-house, Golden-lane. Mr. Brown, 4 Curran-road; Mr. Adkins, Curtain-road; and at Aldersgate-street Chapel, every Wednesday and Saturday Evening, from 8 to 10, of the Excursion Committee.

The Steamers will call at Hungerford-market, at Westminster-bridge, and Chelsea-pier, for convenience of friends in these vicinities, going and returning.

E. BROWNE, Cabinet, Upholstery, and
Looking-Glass Ware-Rooms, Nos. 3 and 4, Curtain Road, Shoreditch, London.

The trade and others supplied on the lowest terms, for prompt payment.

DENNIS'S Jerusalem Temperance Eating-
House, Coffee and Reading Rooms, No. 6, Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell Green.

C.D., the person who painted the large Banner for the City Central and North London Auxiliary for the grand procession, the workmanship and materials of which (silk excepted) he gave to the Society, as acknowledged in their last report, begs to inform the friends of true temperance that he has opened the above House, and earnestly solicits their patronage and support. He assures them that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render them comfortable, should they favour him with their custom.

A commodious room for Committee-meetings, and a Temperance Social Meeting every Saturday evening, at eight o'clock.

BABINGTON'S ELIXIR OF RHUBARB.

Too much praise cannot be given to the individual who, having an inclination to drunkenness, joins the Temperance Association, but the difficulty is found great, owing to the weakened state of the stomach; but if the justly celebrated medicine "Babington's Elixir of Rhubarb" were taken for a short period, at the time of joining the Association, it would be found to give tone to the digestive organs, restore them to their healthy action, and relieve at once that distressing feeling of weakness and oppression which all spirit-drinkers experience on first becoming Teetotalers. The action of this medicine is to assist, not force nature; and it is used with the greatest success in all diseases arising from Indigestion; namely, Bilious Head-aches, Diarrhoea, Spasm, Constipation, Gravel, Gout, and Rheumatism. Sold in bottles, at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., by J. KIRK, proprietor, 72, Queen-street, Cheapside; Messrs. Barclay, Faringdon-street, and all respectable Chemists.

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FOUNDED BY THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No 2.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"The Teetotaler" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the *London United Temperance Association*; the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of TEETOTALISM, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the *Journal* for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of *Teetotalism*, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by MR. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, No. 12, Basing-lane, Bread Street: MR. J. H. DONALDSON, Hon. Sec., No. 1 Seekford Street, Clerkenwell; MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: MR. STRANGE, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and MR. WILSON, Printer, 58, Red-Cross Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund*, will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

THE DILIGENCE.

With a heavy heart Victor returned on foot to Paris. He entered the gay city by the Faubourg du Roule a few minutes before midnight; and from many of the houses by which he passed, issued the sounds of music and the echoes of mirth. As he passed along the Faubourg Saint Honoré, numbers of splendid equipages swept by, carrying their wealthy owners from the theatres, or the fashionable circles where they had passed the evening, back to those dwellings in which every luxury awaited their slightest signal. In those carriages were beautiful women, with diamonds on their arms and necks, and bird-of-paradise feathers on their brow; and elegantly attired men, who had probably lost or won a few minutes before, at some game of chance, that amount which would have made our young hero happy. And, as he contemplated those gorgeous equipages, and caught a glimpse of their inmates as a lamp threw its glare upon the carriage-windows, a murmur of discontent escaped his lips, and he wondered wherefore a few were born to happiness, and so many to misfortune.

Like many others of the same age, before they have profoundly studied the volume of

human nature, a perfect knowledge of which can only be acquired by matured years, and whose chapters and paragraphs may be perused in every scene into which we are daily thrown, like many others, Victor knew not at this period, that human happiness and misery are parcelled out with due equity, and that the man, who appears to be the most to be envied, has his private and secret griefs, as well as he whose lot outwardly seems deplorable in the extreme. If the wealthy individual be afflicted with sickness, the poor one enjoys health; no one is ever satisfied with his lot; and the most fortunate in one sphere invariably envies the position of a successful man in another. But no one should dissert upon this subject after Horace; because no one can explain the discontentment of the world so well: and he, who, in a moment of despair, complains against his fate, would do well to peruse the essay which commences with the words, "*Qui fit Mæcenas, &c.*"

Victor Melville pursued his way up the Boulevards, to the Rue Lafitte, where he resided. The porter of the house, in which he lived, gave him a light as he passed by the little lodge in which that individual dwelt; and the young man ran hastily up a narrow staircase, until he arrived at the sixth story. There he took a key from his pocket, and opened the door that led into the little apartment which he had occupied since his arrival in Paris. The contents of that chamber were all his worldly possessions; and he had made up his mind to dispose of them, to defray the expenses of his journey to England, and ensure the means of procuring a lodging and a meal on his arrival in London. A tear stole down his cheek as he contemplated the sacrifice he was thus forced to make; for, on the first day when he had purchased those few things, he had surveyed them with a sentiment of pride and satisfaction, although he had not lately thought of keeping them in proper order. Alas! it grieves us to be compelled to confess, that, in spite of his good resolutions so recently expressed to Louise, he drowned his regrets and his cares in the red juice of the grape, ere he retired to his couch!

He, however, awoke at an early hour, and fancied himself obliged to take a dram to enable him to commence his struggles against the world. The old portress who lighted his fire and prepared his breakfast, was thunderstruck when she was informed of his intention to leave Paris; and she proceeded with a sorrowful countenance to execute the last order of her English lodger, which was to procure the immediate attendance of a broker.

"I am desirous of disposing of all my furniture this very morning," said Melville to the broker, who soon made his appearance; "I gave about a thousand francs for it only a few months ago."

"You know, Sir," said the broker, who was one of the polite French tradesmen of the old school, "that property never fetches that which it cost. But I shall not be very hard upon Monsieur: I will give a hundred and fifty francs upon the spot, and—and—not keep Monsieur waiting one moment."

"Six pounds for that which cost forty," mused Victor aloud in English: then, after a

moment's pause, he said, addressing himself to the broker in the vernacular tongue spoken by that individual, "You offer me very little: it is a great sacrifice which I make."

"*Mille pardons, Monsieur!*" cried the broker; "but the sacrifice is on the other side! I tender fifty francs more than the real value of the goods; and I think you cannot hesitate to throw your sketches and paintings into the bargain."

"Give me two hundred francs—eight pounds in English money—and I close with you at once!" said Victor, disheartened at the mediocrity of the man's offers.

"To oblige you, I will; but only to oblige you," returned your broker; "upon my honour!"

The youth was compelled to accept this sum; and even this was not paid to him until all the goods were safely stowed away in a covered van which the broker proceeded to fetch from his own premises. Victor then paid his little debts, packed up his clothes, corded his own trunk, and, at the proper hour, carried it on his shoulder to the gate where he consigned it to a ticket-porter. His pride constrained him to admit the necessity of this extravagance; and as the clock struck five, he and the commissioner entered the great Diligence Yard of the Messageries Royales, in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires.

The young man found, upon inquiry, that there was exactly one place still free; and this was in the *rotonde*, or hindermost department of the vehicle. This division of the triple coach, which forms a French diligence, is also the cheapest. It was therefore with feelings of satisfaction that Victor took possession of the place he had been fortunate enough to secure. In a few minutes after he had entered the vehicle, the conductor ascended to the top, the postilion mounted his horse, and the ponderous machine was set in motion.

There were six persons in the *rotonde* of the diligence. On the right hand of Victor sat a gentleman, whose age might have been estimated at about six-and-twenty, and whose garments might have been supposed to have owed their origin to the year I. He wore large bushy black whiskers; and his dark hair hung in lanky masses over an especially greasy coat collar. The coat itself was of light green, with brass buttons; the waistcoat beneath it was buff; and whether there was anything at all beneath the waistcoat, no one could venture to assert, because a large black stock concealed the shirt, if there were one, or the place where there ought to have been one. This gentleman's trousers were of shabby black, and were stretched over a pair of half-boots by means of thin straps. Upon his hands he wore a pair of old black gloves, which had been cunningly contrived to admit the fresh air to the fingers; and when he required to blow his nose, he invariably turned his head as much round as possible, took off his hat, and thence extracted an article which only a capacious fancy could have taken for a handkerchief. For the rest, this individual gazed upon his fellow-travellers with a patronizing air, but was exceedingly polite to every one whenever he made an observation or listened to one; and as he seemed

to be a person of considerable information, Victor was far from displeased to discover that he was an Englishman.

On the left hand of our hero was an old English lady; and opposite to her was her daughter. Both were exceedingly vulgar—the former very ugly, and the latter rather pretty; and each had a very good opinion of herself. The other two inmates of the *rotonde* were French gentlemen, whom it is not necessary to describe.

"Going to Calais, Sir?" said the English gentleman with the shabby attire, to Victor.

"I am," was the answer; "and thence to Dover."

"So am I!" ejaculated the stranger.

"Where do you put up at Calais?"

"I really have no choice," replied Melville.

"We'll go to the first hotel. Believe me, it is always the best plan to patronize the best hotels. They would do any thing for me at Dessein's; and I am well known as an Apicius in my way."

"I shall be most happy to place myself under your guidance," observed Victor. "Do you go as far as London?"

"London! of course I do," ejaculated the shabby gentleman, as if he were surprised at the doubt implied by the question. "So do you—eh? Well, we'll travel together all the way. There's nothing like society; Alexander was miserable without Clitus; and if Brutus had not been left alone in his tent, he would not have seen the ghost which gave him an appointment at Philippi."

"You are fond of the classics, doubtless, Sir," was the remark ventured by Victor Melville, after a pause.

"Fond of them!" exclaimed the stranger, almost insulted by the mere idea of the possibility that he should *not* be so; "fond of them! Why, they are meat, drink, lodging, and fire to me."

Melville could not help thinking that if they played the part of a tailor and bootmaker also, it would not be amiss: he however surveyed his new acquaintance with considerable respect,—a sentiment that was encouraged by the literary predilection manifested by his great veneration for the classics.

"There, ma, I knowed what it would be!" exclaimed the young lady, at this crisis, to her mother, in consequence of a peasant leaping up on the step behind the vehicle, and grazing into the *rotonde*: "I knowed we should be compelled to put up with all kinds of unpleasantness, riding in this part of the diligence."

"Well, my dear Betsy," answered the parent, in a conciliating tone, "there was no other places to take, and you're awear that your pa expects us. What a perwoking thing it is, that Balls couldn't percrastinate his marriage, till he'd gived us time to get home. But them pawn-brokers always does things in such a hurry."

"Yes, yes; I know all about it," cried Miss Betsy, bestowing a violent kick upon her mother's toes, at this betrayal of the calling professed by Mr. Balls, in consequence of whose nuptials, it appeared that the two ladies had been suddenly compelled to return to their native city; which, indeed, they should never have left, as they were not the most favourable specimens England could have sent abroad to foreign climes.

"Lor, Betsy, do mind my corns!" exclaimed the poor old lady, screwing up her mouth in agony: "my feet isn't so hard as your'n. But, what was I a saying of? Oh! we was talking of Balls's marriage, with your cousin Henrietta Maria. I dare say there 'll be a strong muster of very gen-teel people at the veddin. Balls thinks of giving up the pawn-broking business, and going into the wine way. I wonder at that: it ud be all very well if so be he'd been a bankrupt, 'cause all bank-

rupts nat'rally turns wine or coal-merchants; but to give up such a business as he's got! Why, I think he said that he never lent less than fifty pounds on flat-irons alone, every Saturday night of his life!"

"I am sure he's not my cousin reglarly!" cried Miss Elizabeth, who had in vain endeavoured to arrest the progress of this torrent of words, by such small obstacles as winks, nods, kicks, and 'hems,' were likely to throw in the way; but all her attempts were as unavailing as if she had essayed to build an embankment at the mouth of the Orinoco; for her mother never ceased speaking until she had exhausted the topic.

"Ah! a wedding is a fine thing!" cried the shabby gentleman, who seemed anxious to form every one's acquaintance, to effect which aim he had already begged a pinch of snuff of one of the Frenchmen, and trodden on the toe of the other, in order that he might have an opportunity of begging his pardon: "a wedding is a fine thing! Appollodorus has left us a splendid description of the union of Ataulphus and Placidia, at which Attalus, the ex-Roman Emperor, was present."

"Yes, I recollect reading of it in the papers," observed the young lady, with an affected tone.

"The deuce you do!" exclaimed the stranger, taken somewhat aback by this announcement; but, instantly recollecting himself, he added, "I never was at more than one wedding in my life, and that was when my old grandmother, who was in her dotage, married a third time. She threw herself away upon a young fellow of seventeen!"

"Or rather he threw himself away upon her," said Victor, smiling at this anecdote.

"No, he got plenty of money; and she *had* been very handsome," rejoined the gentleman. "Paris, you know, could have only loved Helen for the renown of her beauty, as she was upwards of sixty when she ran away with him; and my grandmother was only seven years older."

In such conversation as this was the time wiled away, until the travellers alighted to sup at Claremont. Had Victor been prudent, he would have saved the few francs to be disbursed upon this meal, and satisfied his own appetite with a bun or a roll purchased at a baker's shop: but he could not resist the temptation of finding an excuse to partake of a bottle of wine with his companions; and he accordingly took his place at the *table d'hôte*. The shabby gentleman seemed perfectly well acquainted with the landlord, and the domestics of the inn, and was treated by them with the utmost respect. A bottle of champagne, besides the ordinary wine, was served up to him; and, to increase the mystery in the eyes of Victor, not a fraction was demanded of him, when the rest paid each his account. Our hero was not, however, as yet sufficiently acquainted with the shabby gentleman to demand an explanation of this phenomenon; and the shabby gentleman, on his part, did not seem to observe that the circumstance had attracted any particular attention.

The travellers resumed their places in the diligence; and, as it was now quite dark, they could only hear, and not see each other. One of the French gentlemen profited by this circumstance, to consign his wig to his pocket, and substitute a white cotton night-cap as a tegument for his head; and the other smoked a cigar out of the window, Miss Betsy having declared that she was a great admirer of the smell of tobacco-smoke in the open air. The old lady chattered about her London acquaintances—Mr. Balls the Pawnbroker—the way to serve up a sucking-pig—the best remedy for a cough—the delights of Paris—the fatigues of travelling—and a variety of matters equally interesting, but too numerous to categorise; and

when she was thoroughly tired of making noise with her tongue, she tried what her nose could do in the way of snoring, to the unmitigated disgust of her daughter.

Victor and his new acquaintance sustained a miscellaneous conversation with Miss Betsy for some time; and then they sank off to sleep one after the other. When they awoke in the morning, just at that chilly hour at which the dawn begins to assert its empire over this hemisphere, they all wondered that time had passed away so rapidly; and the old lady, who had not ceased snoring throughout the night, declared most solemnly that she had never slept a wink.

At about ten o'clock they arrived at Amiens, where they were to breakfast; and here Melville remarked a repetition of that which had so essentially astonished him at Claremont, in respect to his new acquaintance. The shabbily-attired gentleman was treated with the utmost respect; and it was evident that, if he were ever so much in want of a shirt, he was by no means put to his shift on his road to Calais. Indeed, the best of every thing was served up to him; and of all the guests at the breakfast table, he alone received a card, setting forth the excellencies of the hotel, from the hands of the landlord. Melville was still compelled to put the bridle of patience, upon the steed of curiosity; he however hoped that a short time would elucidate the mystery; for he could not conceive how a man, whose personal appearance was not calculated to command credit for a penny loaf, was thus enabled to eat and drink of the best, without disbursing a fraction at the inns at which he stopped.

During that day, Victor and the shabby gentleman became much more intimate with the two English ladies, than they had previously been; and the mother actually carried her condescension so far as to say, "that she should be delighted to see them at her house in London." She then inserted her hand into a large bag, which she called a "*ridicule*;" and, from amidst a miscellaneous collection of hard-eggs, biscuits, cakes, lozenges, a smelling bottle, and a handkerchief, she drew forth two cards, one of which she presented to Victor, and the other to the gentleman in the shabby attire. On these cards, which were about the size of those used to play with, were printed in very large type, these words: "Mrs. TERRYWHIST, Number 2, Terrywhist Terrace, Camden Town."

"That's the name of our place, gentlemen," said the old lady, with a complacent smile. "My husband built the terrace, you see; and we occupy one of the houses."

"Mr. Terrywhist is then an architect, I presume, ma'am," said the shabby gentleman.

"No, Sir, he is not," was the reply.

"A surveyor, probably, ma'am?"

"No, Sir."

"Oh! I see—a builder," cried the shabby gentleman, determined to guess on.

"No, Sir, nor yet a builder," said the lady.

"A speculator?"

"No, Sir."

"What then, ma'am?" asked the stranger.

"A bricklayer, Sir," was the answer.

"Retired from business with a large fortune," immediately super-added Miss Elizabeth Terrywhist. "It was with the greatest difficulty that we could prevail upon pa to give his name to the terrace, he is so exceedingly dewoid of pride. He even wanted to call it after an old uncle of ours, from whom we've considerable expectations; but we wouldn't hear of it."

"Hear of it—no!" echoed the old lady.

"What a pretty address it would have been to give 'MR. TERRYWHIST, Tunks' Terrace.' To be sure, Tunks is a name as well as another; and may be a very ancient one for anything that I know; but at the same time Tunks'

doesn't sound by no means aristocratic; so that's the reason we rejected the name of Tunks, and gave our own which is Terrywhist."

"And very right you were too," said the shabby gentleman, endeavouring to elongate his coat-sleeves, between the cuffs of which and his gloves there were large portions of the wrists left bare. "The ancients gave the names of illustrious men to their streets; and I do not see wherefore the moderns should not imitate them."

At about four o'clock the travellers reached Saint Pol, where they stopped to dinner. At the *table d'hôte*, on this occasion, as on others, the shabby gentleman commanded the respect of the landlord; and Victor thought that he must be either a nobleman in disguise, or a swindler travelling upon promises. The stranger was not however solicited to disburse a centime for his expences at the hotel; and the landlord even solicited a favour at his hands at parting.

"Do not forget, Sir, to recommend my establishment as strongly as you have hitherto done," said he; "and have the kindness to inform your friends that I have diminished my charges, and that I have ceased to send in weekly bills. Nothing will induce the English to come to my house more than long credit; and, if one or two take me in, those who pay will make up for the loss. There is excellent sporting in this neighbourhood."

"I shall not forget what you have just told me," said the shabby gentleman. "Next year, at precisely the same time, I shall pass this way again."

The travellers returned to the diligence; and Melville was more than ever at a loss to solve this mystery. The object of his wonder did not, however, notice the sensation which he had created in the mind of the young man; and no one else had observed that which had so profoundly excited the curiosity of our hero.

At about five on the second morning, the diligence entered Calais. By the advice of the shabby gentleman, the two ladies repaired to Dessein's Hotel, whither they were accompanied by that individual and Melville. Three bedrooms were immediately put in requisition; and for a few hours they all slept off the fatigues of the long journey from Paris. They breakfasted together in the coffee-room; and there, as elsewhere upon the road, did the shabby gentleman escape without being even solicited for payment. As soon as breakfast was dismissed, the little party proceeded to the quay, where they embarked on board a steam-packet bound for Dover.

On the road from Paris Victor had not found much leisure to indulge his gradually increasing propensity to the most demoralizing and degrading of habits—drinking. But the moment he arrived on board the vessel, the excitement of travelling having passed off, and the monotony of the sea being essentially calculated to awaken unhappy sensations in the mind of the young man—he hurried into the cabin, and sought a deceptive and evanescent felicity in a glass of strong liquor. All his good resolutions vanished from his memory as he imbibed the exhilarating fluid; he bestowed one sigh upon Louise, but did not choose to remember her kind counsel; and as soon as the glass of brandy-and-water was disposed of, he could not resist the temptation of ordering a second. The cheeks of the young man became flushed, his eyes sparkled with unnatural lustre, and he felt himself inspired with that brutal species of courage which defies alike the sorrows and the temptations of this world. He rose from the seat in the cabin, and with a light heart—though still with a lingering consciousness in his bosom of having done wrong—ascended to the deck of the vessel.

"This shall positively be the last time that I will drink in the morning," said he, as the fresh air of the sea fanned his heated countenance. "O Louise! your image henceforth shall fortify me to dare all the evils which fate may have in store for me!"

(To be continued in our next.)

TOBACCO.

THE discovery of a nauseous and poisonous weed, of an acrid taste, disagreeable odour, and evil properties, exercised the most extraordinary influence upon the social condition of all nations. It has become an article of universal commerce; its culture has spread with far more rapidity than that of the really useful plants; and even the courtesies of fashion have consecrated its use. When the weed was originally discovered in America it was in great vogue amongst the Indians, who also used it in a medicinal form, and cured many diseases with it; but its introduction into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh was attended with the utmost ridicule and persecution. James I. wrote his well-known "Counterblast" against it: Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated any one who was convicted of taking it into churches; the Ottoman government instituted severe penalties against those who used it; and the Persians condemned its patrons to death. But this insidious weed nevertheless became an object of universal luxury; and probably this result was not a little owing to the very enactments which were made in respect to the usage of tobacco.

It is generally supposed that the word Tobacco took its origin from the circumstance of the plant having been imported from Tobago; but this opinion is erroneous; the name being the word used in the Haytian tongue to designate the pipe with which the plant was smoked.

We need scarcely observe that tobacco is a strong narcotic, and, if taken inwardly, is powerfully emetic. The decoction, powder, and smoke are used in agricultural pursuits to destroy insects.

Tobacco plants are raised at the commencement of the spring, in a new, fertile, and soft soil; and as soon as each plant has acquired four leaves, it is transferred to a field, where it is set in earth that has been well-prepared. The greatest care must be taken in scrutinizing the leaves of the plants every morning and every evening, with a view of destroying a certain worm that preys upon them. When the plants reach the height of about half a foot, the mould is heaped up around them; and the tops are cut off the moment a plant has put forth eight or nine leaves. This method renders the leaves large and thick. The period when the plants are fit to be cut is proclaimed by the brittleness of the leaves. When they are cut, they are permitted to lie for some time in the field previous to being carried to the drying-shed, where they are suspended by pairs, upon lines, with an interval between them, so as not to touch each other. They then remain in that condition to dry and evacuate all their moisture. As soon as they are sufficiently dried, the leaves are stripped off the stalks and are made into small bundles, each of which is tied round with a leaf. These bundles are heaped up and covered with blankets. Great care is taken not to suffer them to be over-heated; and, as soon as they have been exposed several times to the air, in order to suffer all the heat to escape from the heap, the tobacco is ready to be stowed away in the casks for exportation.

When tobacco is being manufactured into the article fitted for use, the leaves are first cleansed of any dirt which may be upon them; and all decayed parts are carefully cut away. The leaves are then moistened with salt-water; and, when they are dried again, and the mid-rib or tendons of the leaves are removed, they are cut into pieces and crisped in an oven, or before a strong fire. The last operation is to wind them into cords, or twist them into rolls. The growers' duty is then performed; it is the tobaccoist who cuts the leaves into shreds fitted for smoking.

The use of tobacco is most injurious to the constitution, and destructive to the intellect. Both smoking and snuff-taking ruin the memory, deaden the energies of the imagination, and produce those lethargic results which are essentially inimical to the toil of either the hands or the brain. Smoking creates an unwholesome heaviness of slumber at night, and attacks the nervous system with all the virulence of an inveterate enemy. Snuff-taking produces an evanescent excitement in the region of the brain, which causes the worst effects by reaction. Frequent sneezing is peculiarly hurtful to the frame, it being caused by a violent convulsive mo-

tion of the muscles of respiration, which is preceded by a deep inspiration that fills the lungs, then forces the air violently through the nose, while the lower jaw is at the time closed, and shakes the head and whole body. This violence is considerably augmented by the exciting nature of snuff in the nostrils; sneezing being always caused by some irritation affecting the inner membrane of the nose. Sneezing, if very often repeated, creates an accumulation of blood to the head. The custom of blessing people when they sneeze is very ancient; Aristotle mentions it, and admits his ignorance of its origin. The French peasants exclaim until this day, on those occasions, *Le bon Dieu vous benisse!* Sneezing at religious ceremonies was considered a good omen by the ancients.

Snuff is divided into three principal sorts. The first is granulated; the second is an impalpable powder; and the third is the bran or coarse part remaining after sifting the second sort. Snuff is prepared by grinding the tobacco in a mill. Several snuffs are, however, now made of aromatic herbs, or other foreign materials; and probably these are the most wholesome. Grimstone's *Eye-snuff* is far less pernicious than the light *Scotch*; for the finer and more insinuating is the powder, the more noxious it is, on account of the facility with which it comes in contact with the pituitary membrane of the nose.

Smoking and snuff-taking both encourage thirst—both affect the breath—and both produce somniferous effects which are materially prejudicial to the constitution. Smoking causes an accumulation of earthy particles around the teeth, and forms tartar, especially about those parts of the teeth which are least exposed to the action of the food: viz., the lower and inner parts near the gums. The gums then gradually separate from the teeth, which immediately decay and render the breath offensive even to disgust.

But the principal evil caused by smoking is the inducement to drink which accompanies it. This inducement is not readily gratified by such beverages as tea, coffee, water, or lemonade; but stronger potations are usually required. Smoking produces a species of heat throughout the frame, and encourages a feverish sensation: the cheeks glow with internal fire; and an unnatural tranquillity is created in the mind notwithstanding this kind of corporeal excitement. That tranquillity degenerates into lowness of spirits and a general feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction; and the votary of smoking is compelled to return to the habit once more to acquire a serenity of disposition. This uneven flow of the spirits is ruinous to mental happiness and physical health.

All causes of excitement should be religiously avoided. Drinking strong liquors, smoking, and snuff-taking are illegitimate sources of gratification, which abridge the life of man, destroy his happiness, and unfit him for his avocations and social duties. An individual, with a calm conscience, does not require those excitements. Happiness and misery are generally phantasies of our own creation; and a determination to feel contented with our lot is a sure remedy against the attacks of the latter. Cowards alone seek oblivion of their cares in the bottle or in the evanescent enjoyment of smoking; the brave man meets his adversity face to face, and usually conquers or surmounts it. We do not hesitate to express our hope that we shall see the day when smoking and snuff-taking will be successfully included in the indulgences prohibited by all the disciples of Tectotalism.

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH:

Observations suggested by the probable execution of Courvoisier on Monday next.

Under the impression that the life of a human being is probably to be offered up as a holocaust to the sanguinary laws of this country, on Monday morning next, we consider that there can be no better opportunity to avow our opinions relative to this punishment of death than the present; and we earnestly solicit the attention of our readers to the ensuing observations, confident that our sentiments will be shared by all who possess one single feeling of humanity, and all who entertain a just notion of the rights of individuals. We appeal to the world against the enactments of a sanguinary—a brutal—a demoralizing—an arbitrary law; and we shall now proceed to convince even the most dabbons on the point, that, for many reasons, the system of executing criminals is a bad one, in respect to society, in respect to the laws of God, and in respect to the culprit himself. If we succeed in doing this, we earnestly hope that an exertion will yet be made to save the unhappy man who is now languishing in the condemned cell of that prison, against the doors of which

It is as yet the intention of the Government to erect on Monday next the dread *paraphernalia* of the scaffold.

We have no right to take away that which we cannot give; we should not curtail, as a punishment, that life which we cannot extend, as a reward. Let the system of reward and punishment be fairly balanced; and as we have no control over life in respect to a plan of reward, let us not interfere with it in respect to a measure of punishment. If we adopt the atrocious doctrine of retaliation, and cry out "Blood for blood"—why do we not preserve that law in all its details, and say "An eye for an eye?" &c. The punishment inflicted should never be so great as the crime committed; and society should not undertake to enact the part of the avenger. Let society chastise to ameliorate man, but not punish to avenge. Society exists between two points: chastisement is above it—vengeance is beneath it. Nothing, either so great or so insignificant, suits it. If it be argued that we must remove from the sphere of society an individual who has violated its laws by the commission of a murder, it may be replied that perpetual imprisonment will suffice. Again,—if it be argued that the punishment of death is necessary for the sake of example, a decided negative may be returned. The sight of an execution demoralizes and brutalizes the multitude; and when it is over, the crowds retire to the public-houses, where they arrange schemes of villany which are suggested by the particulars of the deed for which the culprit has been just hanged. All sensibility is destroyed by witnessing executions. Scarcely are the unhappy wretches "turned off," when the crowds commence all kind of practical jokes, such as tripping each other up, knocking hats over eyes, throwing baskets over the heads of the multitude, &c. The public-houses in the neighbourhood of the Old-Bailey, drive a glorious trade on the days of executions!

If examples be required, then let the legislature revive all the tortures practised in the Spanish inquisition; or let the condemned again be dragged in a jolting cart, sitting upon his coffin, through the dense crowds of spectators, to Tyburn-tree. Examples only disgust the good, and brutalize the bad. To the former they are useless; to the latter they are prejudicial.

We maintain that man has no right to shed man's blood. He knows not into what world he is hurrying the wretched sinner; for it is ridiculous to assert that heaven can be won, and pardon gained by a penitence which is forced upon the culprit by the prospect of speedy death—a penitence of probably only ten or a dozen days to wipe away a whole existence of sin! In those states where the punishment of death has been abolished, the mass of capital crimes has gradually decreased. The "parliament" of Otaheite has abolished the punishment of death; and civilized England still continues to inflict it!

If society wish to avenge itself, are not the horrors of the penal settlements a sufficient chastisement for the worst crime? To toil in chains, for many hours during the day, up to the knees in water, and fed only on the coarsest fare, separated from home, children and friends, without a hope to cheer the future, and with reminiscences of former happiness to sadden a retrospection over the past—Oh, is not all this a punishment? or will nothing but the horrors of the scaffold suffice this avenging society? Many a man would rather be put to death at once than sent to the worst part of the penal settlements; transportation is then an adequate punishment for even the crime of murder!

But society is not intrinsically thirsty after blood. Does society claim the blood of this Courvoisier who, we fear, will be executed on Monday next? Does any individual, who forms a member of society, demand his blood? Does the family of his victim demand his blood, for the sake of mere vengeance? Who then demands his blood? The government! But the government will not make an example of him—because the spectacle of an execution affords no example,—or, if any, a most demoralizing one.

Probably when this Courvoisier goes forth to the scaffold, the chaplain will assure him that his penitence has secured him the pardon of the Almighty. Either this is a mockery—a perversion of the meaning of the doctrines of rewards and punishments—or else man refuses that pardon which God gives. A penitence of a fortnight—a penitence that is forced by the near approach of death—a penitence that is not spontaneous—to pave the way to heaven! But if such an opinion were not preached by the chaplain of Newgate, the injustice, the enormity, the monstrosity of the measure of taking away life would be immediately apparent. The world would

exclaim to the government, "How dare you destroy a soul, as well as a body! How dare you hurry a man out of this world into another where he will be condemned to everlasting misery? What right have you thus to dispose of an immortal soul?"

If a fortnight's penitence in Newgate suffice to gain heaven, then a death-bed repentance will also suffice; and, according to this precious doctrine, a man may sin all his life, so long as he makes up his mind to repent when he sees his end approaching! If this be the case, then does the doctrine of rewards and punishments encourage crime, rather than suppress it.

Suppose this Courvoisier were sent to labour for the remainder of his natural life in the penal settlements, he would have time to repent in a manner which would ensure the safety of his immortal soul, and yet he would at the same time undergo a severe, a terrible punishment for his delinquency. Society would be satisfied—the family of his victim ought to be satisfied—and the government would inflict a salutary chastisement, which, while it convinced the world that a man may not sin with impunity, would be the means of turning a soul—an immortal soul into the way to heaven.

The Editor of this Journal, for one, protests against the inhuman ferocity, the palpable injustice, and the demoralizing practice of taking away human life upon the scaffold. The government, which puts such an impious measure into practice, represents the whole society of a nation, and acts for that society. That society is guilty of the crime of murder so long as it permits its government—or, in other words, its executive—to continue the horrible exhibition on the public scaffold. What, then, should be done? Why, let every individual who can think rightly upon this point, protest against the penalty of death, and thus absolve himself from implication in the crime of which society is guilty. The Editor of the "Teetotaler," here protests against the law of punishment of death—he publicly declares, that, as a member of English society, he does not assent to its use—he washes his hands of that which he deems a heinous sin on the part of any society or government—he will not suffer himself to be considered implicated in the commission of that sin—he calls upon that government, which represents him, together with millions of others, to renounce a power which no sentiment of humanity or justice could have conferred—he implores his fellow-countrymen also to enter their protest against this law of murder—and he now lays aside his pen with a feeling of satisfaction, convinced that the blood of next Monday's victim (if a victim to a barbarous law he be made) will not fall upon his head, in its pouring forth upon the mass of those who will slaughter him through the medium of their representatives!

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1840.

DISTRESSING CASE OF THE COAL-WHIPPERS OF WAPPING.

We earnestly solicit the attention of our readers to the exposure of the infamous conduct of the publicans of Wapping, in respect to the Coal-Whippers of that district, a full account of which is contained in our Report of the Meeting of the London United Temperance Association at the Aldersgate-street chapel, on Saturday evening last. Were we to relate only one moiety of the horrors of the system pursued by these blood-sucking publicans, to our friends at the West-End of this vast metropolis, they would imagine that we were reciting some highly-wrought scene taken from a forth-coming romance or melodrama. But all that the three speakers from the Coal-Whippers' Association uttered on Saturday last, is strictly adherent to truth. We have inquired into the particulars of their statement; and we have gathered fresh proofs of its veracity in the course of our investigation. That so infamous a monopoly should be permitted to exist in the vicinity of this metropolis, is derogatory to the honour of Englishmen. Were a Frenchman—a Belgian—or even a German, who is the son of despotism, to be informed of the nature of this monopoly, a laugh of incredulity would be the only reply. The monopoly

has the welfare of the publican in view; and the trophies of that welfare are raised upon the physical and moral ruin of the unfortunate Coal-Whippers.

It appears that an Office was lately established in Wapping, with a view of suppressing that monopoly, the captains of ships being compelled to apply at the Office for labourers, and not to the publicans. But the publicans and the captains have one common interest; they are allied together in the nefarious scheme of extorting the greater portion of the Coal-Whipper's wages from him, as the price and condition of a continuation of his employment; and thus the salutary effects of the establishment of an Office, have been entirely subverted.

The system adopted by the publicans of Wapping is simply this. A Coal-Whipper applies to a publican for a recommendation to employment in emptying a collier. If the applicant can afford to purchase large quantities of liquor, he finds immediate encouragement at the hands of the publican; and so long as the poor victim will consent to expend a considerable portion of his hardly-earned wages upon the infamous beer that is made expressly for individuals of that fraternity, he continues to find work. But the moment he objects to deprive his family of their bread and to fill the coffers of the publican, his services are dispensed with.

The Coal-Whippers labour at a very severe employment with sufficient ardour to deserve all the wages which are paid to them; but if they be compelled to pay upwards of a half of those wages to the publicans, whose good favour alone gives them employment, upon what can their families subsist? or how can they place any thing aside to provide for the contingencies of sickness or of a temporary want of work? We believe that this is the only country in the universe where the labourer has to pay a heavy tax for the privilege of obtaining employment; where he is compelled to purchase work at a ruinous per centage upon the wages thereof!

The three members of the Coal-Whippers' Association, who addressed the meeting on Saturday evening last, spoke with considerable feeling, and with an eloquence which flowed from the heart. It will be seen that one of them was discharged from work because he would not consent to bribe the publican, through whose agency he obtained employment, with a larger sum than half-a-crown per diem. The blood of the philanthropist boils when he reflects upon the atrocious system pursued by the mercantile proprietors of public-houses in Wapping; and human nature revolts at the deeds of a set of men who are enriching themselves in a manner which a highwayman would scorn to adopt. We look upon the highwayman as a far less dangerous character than the publican who thus traffics in the sweat of the human brow; and we can assure the latter that the unparalleled villany—the cold-blooded cruelty—the merciless despotism of his conduct shall meet with the most uncompromising exposure at our hands. We shall return to this subject next week, and shall in the meantime endeavour to collect instances of oppression to confirm the truth of these statements.

THE TWO BREWERIES.

By H. W. WEST, Hon. Sec. &c.

In a Market Town, not one hundred miles from the Metropolis, and situate in one of the loveliest of our Counties; where all appeared serenity and peace, two large Breweries, or moral volcanoes, reared their enormous heads, and spread their desolating poisons through a large and industrious population of between seven and eight thousand individuals. The blackening volumes of smoke from the long funnels of the Breweries, daily indicated the coming miseries to the deluded population, who had followed the notions of thousand of

years, and the customs of their forefathers, faithfully believing that all physical energy depended upon intoxicating stimulants.

The writer was brought up in a Public-house, supplied by one of the great Brewers; and during the years of his childhood, he looked on and beheld with disgust and horror, the excesses committed by individuals of all classes, from the peasant to the most respectable tradesmen—to the clergy—the magistrates—the parish authorities—in fact to nearly every individual in that community. Large volumes might be written upon the accidents, ruin, bankruptcy, misery, disease and death, occurrent in this town, were not the horrors of intemperance already too well known, to require recapitulation. The writers' object is, however, only to prove that malt liquor is a great source of drunkenness, and that the mere abstinence from spirituous liquors, or ardent spirits, will never have the desired effect of removing the national sin of intemperance—Teetotalism being the only efficient remedy.

Let us return to the Breweries, and endeavour to trace the consequences of the traffic in alcoholic stimulants, not to those especially who drink them, but to the manufacturers, and generally to all those, who, perhaps, in unthinking ignorance, continue in a traffic fraught with moral evil.

Let us call one of these Brewers, Mr. Stalwort, and look to his career. As a Brewer he owned about thirty public houses, and was a man of large capital; he died worth £50,000, which enormous sum he had gained by his trade. His life was far from being a happy one; nor did his death-bed resemble the latter end of the righteous man, for he was deprived of his mental faculties, long ere he departed from the scenes of misery, which his establishment had originated. One of his sons, whom he had placed in one of the most dashing regiments in the army, became a spendthrift, a gambler, and a drunkard. He squandered the handsome fortunes of two amiable wives, who perished prematurely, through the trouble brought on them, by their mistaken husband. One of his children was a cripple for life. This individual was about to fly his country, when he was arrested upon a process of outlawry, and thrown into one of the strong prisons on the coast, where he was supplied with funds by his broken-hearted old mother. In the prison he pursued his course of drunkenness, upon the principle of "a short life and a merry one," but one night, in a state of intoxication, he fell over the balustrades of the ponderous prison staircase, broke his neck, and met with instantaneous death. He was buried within the prison walls, unpitied and unfriended, not one of his wealthy relatives having attended to witness his interment.

A brother of this poor wretch entered into the wine and spirit trade; and under the direction of the great brewer, his father, all the poor publicans were not only compelled to deal with him, but also to take whatever goods he offered them, and at any price he pleased to put upon them, under pain of receiving notice to quit their establishments. This son of brewer Stalwort, amassed considerable wealth; but he was not a happy man; and met a premature death by a fit of apoplexy.

Another son of old Stalwort was, as many sons of brewers are, a clergyman of the Church of England, and curate of a parish. On the Sabbath-day, while he was urging his hearers to religion and morality, and above all, warning them against the dreadful crime and consequences of intemperance, he could hear the maltsters who were occupied in his father's malt-house; for let it be generally known that malt cannot be made without being worked on the Sabbath-day. This good minister often presided at benefit club-feasts held in his father's public-houses; thus undoing during the week, more than all the clergy of the place could effect on the Lord's day.

Old Stalwort was a miller, and could monopolize so as to raise the price of corn at will. Once upon a time he was detected in what is called "running a wetting," or making malt without knowledge of the excise, for which he was fined by the Excise Office in the sum of £12,000 at one fell swoop. He had, however, doubtless made more by his knavery than this sum; the poor, the rich, and the Government, all suffering by this great man. Other calamities befell his family besides those here enumerated; but we shall, however, pass them over while we look a little to the other great brewery, and observe some of the movements of Mr. Swipes.

Mr. Swipes never thought "small beer of himself." He was a proud, haughty, and severe man, and com-

manded a trade by the monopoly of about twenty-six of the public-houses of the town.

One lovely spring sabbath morning, men were seen running affrighted, and staring about the streets; the whole town was in a dreadful state of agitation; and the news spread on wings of lightning, that poor "Swipes had blown his brains out." It was too true; and whether he could no longer reflect on the miseries his business had caused his fellow-creatures, or whether the phantoms of the poor drunkards, who had been made so by his liquor, rendered his life a burden to him, too true it was he had destroyed himself. This aim he had effected, not by the slow poison of the fires of alcohol, but the less destructive, yes, less destructive, article of gunpowder! His family left the town and dwelt in seclusion, far away from the scene of the dreadful suicide. The brewery was purchased by a gentleman, and given as a portion with his daughters to his two sons-in-law; one of these sons-in-law died in a madhouse, his malady being brought on by drunkenness; the other has almost destroyed his health by drinking; and teetotalism is gradually destroying his business.

Mr. Stalwort, and Mr. Swipes, their sons and their friends, were leading men, and in fact had the majority in the old corporation of the town; they were magistrates, and licensed those houses which they pleased. They were also justices of the peace, but they suffered every species of iniquity to be committed in their houses. They were Trustees of Charities; and they took from the Charities many of their Public-houses at a nominal rent. They seldom allowed their Publicans to get rich; but when those individuals came to want, the Brewers by virtue of their Corporate power, charitably found them an asylum in an almshouse, in preference, and to the exclusion of others, who were equally, if not more deserving. In a word, these Brewers were the lords of the vicinity, and of course drunkenness, for the sake of selling their commodities, was encouraged by them.

NOCTES PICKWICKIANÆ.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. II.

Old Weller.—Vy, Samivel, it's impossible! I'd rayther not believe it, Samivel. You ai'nt no child o' mine to go an' forswear all kinds o' lush in that ondacious manner. 'Spose it is right to give up drinking, Sammy, 'spose it is, ve can't carry that measure, 'cos, if ve did, wot 'ud become of the landlords?

Sam.—Wot a odd curiosity you air now, with your 'cos an' yer vy! There's plenty for the landlords to do—all the busses is n't regularly caddled yet, and there's lots o' wery super-hexcellent, out-an'-out, fashionable crossings not as yet perwided with sweepers. We'll give 'um work, as the gentleman said, when he invented the tread-mill.

Old Weller.—You're a undutiful little boy, Sammy, to aggravate your father in his old age, by givin' up good beer and bustin' yourself vith Adam's ale. Howsomever, you von't persuade me to jine you, Samivel; unless I does as my old and pertikler friend, John Buggins, the tripe-man, used to do.

Sam.—Wot was that?

Old Weller.—I'll jist tell'ee, Sam: only let a man, as is rayther stout, have breathin' time in his old age. Vell; this John Buggins was a wery great friend to the distiller an' the 'bakkinst, Samivel; but at length he swore a terrible hoath he'd turn Teetotaler. He vent an' made his mark in the pledge-book—an' a wery great cross it were, 'cos he couldn't write; an' as he vent home again, he was so nation pleased vith his-self for the exceedin' prudent step he'd taken, that he rewarded his-self with a quartern o' gin at the wery first public he come to.

Sam.—He was a cut-an'-outer, he was! Whigs an' Tories is nothin' to him in respect to principle.

Old Weller.—It ai'nt perlite to interrupt a gentleman, Sam; you ai'nt got no more manners than a hog. Perlitiness is everything, as the pastry-cook said, when he took the first bite out o' the pork-pie, to see if it was good, afore he handed it to the lady. But—as I was

a sayin'—this John Buggins, Bakvire, turned Teetotaler. Von day I went to call upon him, an' he axed me to stay for dinner. "Wery much obleeged," said I; "I don't care if I does." "I don't drink, you know," he says, says he; "but you shall have plenty o' good lush, old feller." "All right," says I; and down to dinner we sat. A pot o' porter was stood by me, an' a precious great decanter o' water near my friend Buggins. "My eyes, Jack," I says, says I, before the cloth was removed, "what a precious lot of water you do drink, to be sure!" "Ah, I do," he says, says he, turnin' up the whites of his eyes like a duck in a storm, Samivel, and shaking his head wery gravely: "water," says he, "is the best o' all the helements, the wery best. I loves it dearly;" and as he said them words, he tossed off a tumbler o' the likar without stoppin' to draw breath. Blowed if he didn't smack his lips too as if it wos wery nice; an' arter dinner he vent out, filled his bottle agin, come back, and begun drinkin' more fiercer than ever. He, however, give me some precious good rum, an' so I didn't care wot he did. Howsomever, he drank about two glasses o' water to every one of my grog, an' wery sprightly and gay he got too. "This rum is not bad," said I, with the hidear o' temptin' on him to jine me in a glass. "No," says he, "I'll stick to my water, this blessed water, vich is the most wholesomest drink we can have. Natur gived it to us, and natur knows best, old feller, wot's good for us. Wot could ve do vithout water? How could the brewers brew their beer vithout it?" "Ai'nt that rayther a singler question for a Teetotaler, Jack?" says I. "Not at all," says he, an' then up he got, out he went, and he come back agin vith some more hot water and rum for me, an' another decanter o' stuff for his-self. "Jack, you'll bust," said I. "No I shan't," says he. "Your voice is already wery thick," says I. "I've got a cold," says he. "But your heyes is wery excited," I says, says I. "That's the nat'ral glow o' health, consekvent on drinkin' nothing but water," he says, says he. "But blessed if you can sit up in your chair," says I. "I'm rayther sleepy," says he. "There you go!" says I; an' down he fell on the carpet as clean as a whistle.

Sam.—That was a rum go, I should rayther think, vich wos the observation made by the gentleman, ven his wife was delivered o' two little niggers.

Old Weller.—Niggers, or not, Samivel, Jack Buggins tumbled down on the floor, an' began cursin' and swearin' like a dog-cart driver ven the new Police bill come into hope-ration. I well nigh busted my sides vith laughin'—an' my sides isn't wery easy ones to bust neither. "Wot's the matter, Jack," says I. "Drunk!" says he, in a wery straight forward manner; an' so he wos too, 'cos he'd been a drinkin' cold gin an' water all the blessed evening. Vell, I puts him to bed, tucks him up, an' leaves him alone in his glory, as some versifyin' feller said about another feller as wos buried vithout a coffin.

Sam.—There's black sheep in all flocks, as I heerd the parson say one day, an' your Jack Buggins was one on 'em. When a man once says he'll sign his name, or make his mark in witness of a pertickler thing, let him stick to his word like a man.

Old Weller.—Wot's all this here gammonin' about, Samivel? Wot 'ud become o' all them nice little publics along the road-side, if so be the coachmen was to give up stoppin' there to take their drops as they're in the habit o' doin'? What 'ud become o' them chaps as seems to live by largin' about the doors of the places vere the coaches stops, and as stares arter the vehicles ven they're long out o' sight? An' wot 'ud become o' them pretty young

gals as draws the liquor? O Samivel, Samivel, wot a aggrawatin' little boy you air to go an' sign that there temperance hoath-book? I shan't survive it, Samivel, as the old lady observed to the doctor ven he desired her to leave off her grog.

Sam.—Wot a old pickter it is, talkin' away like a eight-day clock, as if you was never goin' down. Try the plan yourself, old feller, an' you'll soon see the consekvences.

Old Waller.—Well, Samivel, I'll take your advice for vonce. I'll go an' give this here business my wery pertickler attention, an' I'll think on it over a glass of purt an' a pipe.

(To be continued in our next.)

INTEMPERANCE.

There are now three criminals in Newgate, whose names have lately obtained a tolerable share of infamous reputation, and whose crimes may be traced to the baneful effects of intoxicating drinks. Courvoisier acknowledges, in his confession to Mr. Sheriff Evans, that he had not drank beer for a week previous to the night on which he committed the dreadful crime for which he is condemned to death, and that on that evening the ale produced an intoxicating effect upon him. This effect we may very readily suppose to have hardened him as to the compunctions of his conscience—excited him to perpetrate the deadly deed—and encouraged him to the awful task of taking away the life of a kind and venerable master. Gould had been drinking at a public-house on the evening when he robbed—and perhaps murdered—Mr. Templeman; and Bailey attempted to murder a whole vessel's crew, when he was under the influence of intoxicating liquor. These are three terrible examples, and should be well considered by those who are at all addicted to the use of spirits or malt liquors.

More crimes are planned in public-houses than in any other places of resort in the British dominions; and strong drink has sent more men to the gallows than the fury of revolutions, or the persecutions of political parties.

Let us only reflect for a few moments upon the condition of the three men now in Newgate, and to whom we alluded above. Gould and Bailey will be sent to the worst district of the penal settlements, where they will be compelled to toil in chains for the remainder of their lives. They will be subjected to every privation—every arduous labour—every caprice of the petty tyranny of their overseers—and every degradation which man can invent to punish criminals of so desperate a character. Far—far across the seas will they linger out the remainder of their existence—bearing the mark of Cain upon their brow—separated from their homes, their relations, and their friends—placed beyond the very barriers of civilization—and consigned to a living tomb, where they will have to regret hour after hour, and minute after minute, all that they have left behind them. Often—often will they sigh, however hardened they may be, after that country which witnessed and avenged their crimes; and terrible must be the prospect of a continuous scene of misery, whose only termination is the tomb!

And now what is the condition of Courvoisier? He knows that his very minutes are numbered—that, as the clock strikes eight on Monday morning, he will be conducted forth to the scaffold—that he will walk from his cell through several dark and dismal passages to that door upon whose very threshold stands the gibbet—that he will ascend the steps to the platform of the horrible machine—that he will see myriads and myriads of human beings crowding around to behold his dying agonies—that he will be placed upon a drop which will soon glide from beneath his feet, and leave him suspended in the air—that the few minutes during which he will stand upon that drop will comprise whole years, aye, centuries of the bitterest, bitterest agony—that his attentive ear will catch even the sound caused by the finger of the executioner, when he touches the bolt of the drop an instant before he draws it aside—and that his soul will be yielded up in the agonies of strangulation. All this he knows, and the dread routine of the whole ceremony assumes an historical exactitude, a palpable shape, a frightful reality in his mind. It must be terrible for him to think upon what he is, and upon what he was. He has not a hope left to him in this world, he will be cut off in the bloom of his years; he must bid adieu for ever to all the pleasures, the enjoyments, the delights of society, and of life? How must he dread that fatal morning when he will be compelled to walk forth to the scaffold,—when the close air of the prison will be suddenly varied by the fresh breeze of heaven as he steps forth from that low dark door to the foot of the gibbet—and when he

will raise his eyes to see the black and ominous framework, with the chain hanging from the cross-beam, and his own coffin beneath the drop! Oh! all this is terrible—terrible to reflect upon,—sufficient to deprive the strongest mind of its reasoning faculties, and to paralyse the boldest with excess of horror!

And yet the path to that scaffold is prepared by intemperance; and the voyage to those penal colonies, which separate man from all he holds dear, is brought about by the same cause! Is it necessary to extend this description?

THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Meeting of Members at Aldersgate-street Chapel,—on Saturday Evening, June 27th.

MR. WILSON, upon being called to the chair, said, that in consequence of the important and interesting matters to be introduced that evening, he should not trespass on the time of the audience.

MR. GAWTHORPE observed that the Teetotalers had entered upon a warfare against that vicious habit which was undermining the moral and physical welfare of society. The arguments of truth were upon the side of the Teetotalers,—the dictates of reason—the views of pure philanthropy—and the smiles of heaven. They would not be deterred by the efforts of their opponents from proceeding in their task; and no one need dread the results. Strong drink is not necessary to man; on the contrary, it is essentially injurious in every respect. It ruins health—empties the poor man's purse—robs the tender wife of all happiness—and provides for its votaries naught but rags and degradation. Mr. Gawthorpe then proceeded to draw a most affecting, but true picture of the demoralized condition of the lower orders of the people, amongst whom the vice of drinking made such deadly havoc; but he at the same time expressed his delight to find that Teetotalism was making such rapid progress in the British dominions. If Howard, the philanthropist, were alive now, how would he rejoice to see the good works of Teetotalism; for, during the space of about seven years, upwards of four millions and a half had signed the pledge-book.

DANIEL BROWN, from the Coal-Whipper's Association, requested permission to address the meeting. He said he should call attention to the dreadful condition of himself and his fellow-labourers. Coal whippers begin their work with drink, because they are compelled to apply to the publicans in Wapping for employment. They are obliged to disburse large sums in the purchase of spirits and beer, if they want to get work. No one present had an idea of what coal-whipper's beer was. It was a disgusting beverage compounded on purpose for them; and very frequently were they compelled to strain it through their handkerchiefs, before they could drink it. On other occasions, this beer was so execrable that they could not drink it, but were constrained to wash the deck of the vessel with it; and yet they were compelled to purchase it, if they wished to continue in those places which the publicans had procured for them, and which were at the disposal of those publicans. No one else could drink that beer, to which he alluded, save the coal-whippers, who lost their taste through drinking so nauseous and deleterious a compound. The old coal-whipper, unfitted for work, and overtaken by the diseases brought on by a life of intemperance, was sent to a charitable asylum, or to a hospital, there to end his miserable days, without a friend! Oh! no one then present, save himself and companions, knew all the horrors of a coal-whipper's existence! The publicans were the task-masters, the despots, the unrelenting tyrants, who robbed them when they gave them work, who robbed them while they continued in their situations, and who deserted them in their old age, or in the time of sickness. The publicans of Wapping are blood-suckers, and heaven's vengeance will fall upon them. They have all combined—the galling links of one grand oppressive chain—to shackle the labourer, and destroy him, mentally and bodily. There is no such degraded being in existence as a coal-whipper.

GREEN ABRIDGE, another coal-whipper, was permitted to express his wrongs from the platform. He said that the coal-whippers were desirous to relieve themselves from a life of intemperance. The condition of the poor degraded coal-whipper is at present worse than that of the negroes in the West Indian Islands. All that he acquired by the sweat of his brow—the hard earned fruits of his severe labours, passed into the till of the publican. The coal-whippers then present had seen the dreadful effects of drinking. All their relations before them were drunkards—their fathers and their grand-fathers, and their brethren now are drunkards.

He (the Speaker) had seen his brothers and sisters dying for that bread which could have been purchased by the coin that had been disbursed in the house of the publican. Five thousand souls at Wapping were kept in a condition between starvation and despair, which few could conceive. And yet the publicans arrogantly declare that the coal-whippers of Wapping cannot release themselves from this ignominious state of thralldom! In order to remedy this evil (if possible) the legislature had enacted that the coal-whippers should be paid on board of ship; but still the choice of employing labourers remained with the publicans, who took very good care only to hire those who would expend two-thirds of their earnings in the public-houses. Maddened by intoxication, the coal-whippers commit crimes, and the law punishes them for that which others have forced them to do. Gentlemen's dogs are lodged far better than the poor degraded coal-whippers, who after a short life of ineffable misery, are brought to an early grave, carrying to that last home the marks of intemperance upon their brow. Very few coal-whippers out-live the age of forty; and if it be true that the drunkard cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, how terrible is it to reflect upon their doom! He (the Speaker) implored the London United Temperance Association to assist the coal-whippers cause—to destroy the vile monopoly practised by the publicans of Wapping—and to assist in the work of regenerating a large number of their fellow-creatures.

HENRY BROWN, a third member of the Coal Whipper's Association, then demanded permission of the Chairman to say a few words to the meeting. He was a discharged servant; and he was discharged—not for any fault of his own—but because he would not have more than seven pints of beer each day from the publican who gave him work. He had worked two days at the unloading of a collier, and was then turned away because he could not afford more than half-a-crown a day out of his wages for the liquor of the publican, who charged ninepence per pot for the infamous trash which he called beer! Eighteen months ago, the Coal Whippers' Association had petitioned the Common Council for some measure of relief, and Mr. Hobler was retained as their attorney. Mr. Stevens, a publican in Bishopsgate Street, had taken up their cause like a man, and had advocated it nobly in the debates of the Common Council. The matter was however referred to Mr. Labouchere, the President of the Board of Trade, in whose hands it now remained.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS rose and declared that such a complication of villainies and horrors had not come beneath his notice for some time. He felt indignant that his native land, which, with France, stood at the head of civilization, should be the scene of deeds so foul—so disgraceful to the human race—so derogatory to the noble and independent spirit of man. He however felt certain that Mr. Labouchere, who was an upright and a humane man, would immediately adopt measures to remedy so crying an evil, and he sincerely hoped that the London United Temperance Association would on its part take into prompt consideration the terrible predicament of so large a body of men. Teetotalism, said Mr. Reynolds, should not only exert itself to reform the drunkard, but to throw down all these barriers, whether moral, physical, social, or political, which interposed themselves between the drunkard and the road of temperance. He did not hesitate to stigmatize the publicans of Wapping—that is to say, those who dealt in that infernal traffic of human health, and human labour, as the most unprincipled set of men that disgraced a free land; and he called upon all who then listened to him, to exert themselves in suppressing so infamous a monopoly. So far as he was concerned, he would immediately take the subject into his serious consideration, and he would promise the meeting that a full and complete exposure of the whole system pursued by the publicans in Wapping, should appear in the forthcoming number of "The Teetotaler." He then begged to introduce to the notice of the meeting, a young gentleman who had just commenced his career as an author, and had experienced great success with the publication of his first poem—"Ninian." This young gentleman was Mr. John Wilson Ross, who is highly connected; his father being the Attorney-General at Jamaica, and his relatives holding high offices either in the army or navy. The object of Mr. Ross's presence that evening on the platform, was to sign the pledge-book of the London United Temperance Association.

MR. J. H. DONALDSON, Hon. Sec., then addressed the meeting. He called the attention of the audience to the

of Wapping; deplored that so atrocious a system should be permitted to exist in civilized England, which had granted emancipation to slaves in the West Indies; and proposed that a subscription should be immediately set on foot to aid the Coal-Whippers' Association in their laudable cause of freeing themselves from a system which entailed upon them all the horrors and consequences of intemperance. It was truly lamentable (said Mr. Donaldson), that because many of the coal-whippers had wives and children depending upon them, they dared not risk the chance of losing their work by speaking out boldly. What! was it now hay-making season; and he (Mr. Donaldson) would recommend his brother Teetotalers to make hay while the sun shone. There is not a Teetotaler present who would refuse to contribute his mite towards the proposed subscription. He would set the example by setting apart a certain sum weekly for the benefit of the coal-whippers' cause; and he knew that that example would be speedily followed. He (Mr. Donaldson) had wept for the sufferings of the poor negro in far-off lands; and he had now to weep for the miseries of a large portion of his fellow-countrymen at home. Mr. Donaldson then proceeded to paint, in striking and vivid colours, the evils of intemperance, and concluded by urging the members of the London United Temperance Association to assist the unfortunate coal-whippers to the utmost of their power.

Mr. JACKSON, of Cheltenham, next addressed the meeting, and gave an eloquent description of the success of his labours, both as a minister of the gospel, and as an advocate in the cause of Teetotalism.

Mr. WESTON, Hon. Sec., Mr. ADKINS, Mr. FALLSHAW, and Mr. SWEATON, father of the talented advocate of the same name, then addressed each a few words to the meeting, which separated shortly before eleven o'clock, after having commenced a subscription for the benefit of the coal-whippers' cause. (See Advertisement.) It is but fair to observe, that Mr. JOHNSON was the first to call the attention of the London United Temperance Association to the case of the Wapping coal-whippers.

REVIEWS.

Hints, Moral and Medical, on Teetotalism, Temperance Societies, Gin-drinking, and Opium-eating. By J. WHITE; Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London. 1 vol. 18mo. pp. 34. London: J. W. Southgate.

The author starts with a modest hope "that his readers will look upon his words as *hints*, and hints only;" and yet he assumes throughout his work a tone of authority which rather suits the arbitrary lawgiver. Mr. White advocates a temperate use of liquors, whether spirituous or fermented, but deprecates the abuse. So does any other sensible man deprecate the abuse of strong drink, and therefore Mr. White need not flatter himself that he has recorded some wonderfully original opinion. He then goes on to make the following observations:—

"Yet, when these friends of mankind, these total abstinence men, not only assert that total abstinence is the reclamer from, and the preventive to, the immoderate use of strong drink; but that it is also a virtue in itself; and that the temperate use of stimulating drinks is hurtful, not only because the use leads to the abuse; but that the temperate use only is essentially injurious to body and mind—they set themselves in array against the opinions, tastes, appetites and desires of the immense majority of mankind, from the earliest ages—they set themselves in array against the present practice of mankind; against the practice of the healthy, the moral, the intelligent; they set themselves in array against the written word of divine and human authority—and they set themselves in array against a host of medical men, who have declared that the temperate use of spirituous drinks is not injurious to health. And in doing this, they raise up enemies to their cause, and what is worse, they blind themselves to truth—to the true nature of their objects, and the true means by which they might be effected."

To this precious rhodomontade—a rhodomontade which involves the author in as comfortable a little dilemma as any *ignoramus* who attempts fine writing, is sure to fall into—we simply reply, that the generality of sweeping reforms are opposed to the opinions, the tastes, and the habits of a large majority of society,—that no medical man with a grain of sense, or one idea of honesty, can possibly advocate even the most moderate use of spirituous drinks as a custom,—and that the Teetotalers raise up no enemies amongst those whose opinions they value. A few obstinate, self-willed, and short-sighted individuals (like the sapient Mr. White, whose lucubrations we are now noticing), may oppose the total-abstinence principle, and affect to argue against it; but the candid, the lucid, and the enlightened investigator, although he may have shared the error for the

moment, will speedily acknowledge the efficacy and justice of the principle of Teetotalism.

As soon as Mr. White has very coolly informed us that Teetotalism is against the experience of all medical men, he as readily contradicts himself by proposing that all persons who join Temperance Societies, shall "abstain wholly from spirituous drinks, fermented or distilled," for the first year. What an absurdity is this! If a man can abstain from drinking for a year, then he manifests a sufficiency of resolution to relinquish the habit altogether; and if a medical adviser admit the propriety of Total Abstinence for a year, then must he acknowledge the propriety of Total Abstinence altogether. Thus does this learned Mr. White, this medical man, who contents himself with hints—supply us with arguments to refute his own positions.

It is merely a work of supererogation to repeat the answer which the Teetotaler has ready for the advocates of simple Temperance measures; but as Mr. White does not seem to be acquainted with that answer, we shall inform him that the use soon leads to the abuse of intoxicating drinks, and that experience has already proved the absolute necessity of Total Abstinence. To avoid sin, we must be altogether removed from its contiguity. He who steals a penny will pilfer a pound, if an opportunity occur. Who can draw the line of demarcation, and assert what quantity of wine or spirits constitutes the temperate use. One man may take a bottle, while another could not exceed a glass.

As soon as this gentleman has talked, or rather written, as much nonsense as he can well cram into twenty pages of print, he proceeds to recommend to all individuals who are accustomed to drink gin, a certain *Tincture of Hop*, which he instructs his readers how to take. Now what is a tincture? A tincture is a solution of any substance in spirit of wine; rectified spirit of wine being the direct menstruum of the resins and essential oils of vegetables, and by which those active principles are totally extracted from most vegetable matters. It will therefore be seen that Mr. White wishes to found a Substitution Society; or, in other words, that he is endeavouring to introduce one kind of poison into vogue instead of another. We know not whether he be serious, or whether he be indulging in a sly laugh at the drunkard, when he so quietly observes that no one should take more than four tea-spoons full of this *Tincture of Hop* in one day!

We must not forget to observe that Mr. White has asserted that which is at variance with truth, when he declares that the medical profession are opposed to Teetotalism. He does not know, probably, that the doctrines of Teetotalism have been approved of by the leading men of the profession; and that of upwards of a hundred medical gentlemen who have attested the efficacy of these principles with their signatures, are the following,—George Birkbeck, M.D.; James Blundell, M.D.; Sir Benjamin Brodie, F.R.S.; W. F. Chambers, *Physician to the Queen, and to the Queen Dowager*; Sir James Clarke, *Physician to the Queen*; J. B. Clutterbuck; J. T. Conquest, *Physician to the City of London Lying-in Hospital*; Bransby Cooper, F.R.S.; D. D. Davis, *Physician to the Duchess of Kent*; Marshall Hall, F.R.S.; Herbert Mayo, F.R.S.; C. Aston Key, *Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, &c. &c.* Will this self-sufficient purveyor of "hints," now venture to assert that Teetotalism has not able advocates amongst the leading men of the medical profession—that its doctrines are at variance with medical experience—and that it is a hot-house plant which must speedily fade? But we cannot afford to waste any more time upon the specimen of wasted paper and print now before us.

Charles O'Malley: by HARRY LORREQUER. Illustrated by Philz., parts 1, 2, and 3. Dublin: W. Curry: London: W. S. Orr.

This is a very clever publication, in monthly shilling parts; and will form, when completed, an excellent companion to the "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," by the same author. The tale is purely Irish; Irish character is depicted to the life by the graphic pencil of this writer; and in his conceptions of the humorous and witty, he is peculiarly happy. There is a vigour of description in "Charles O'Malley" which will render the work essentially a national one, and cause it to be ranked among the standard works of fiction of the Irish library. Occasionally the fidelity of description leads the author into minuteness; and that work of detail appears to be prolix to any one save a real Irishman; but, on the whole, "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," is one of the most humorous, and the best written of the various periodical works now issued from the press.

Master Humphreys' Clock: by BOZ., parts 1, 2, and 3., with numerous wood-cuts. London: Chapman and Hall.

So long as Charles Dickens devoted himself to descriptions of characters solely humorous and laughable, he was unequalled; but the moment he took up his pen to compose pathos, or sentimentality, he experienced a most signal failure. His "Sketches" are masterpieces of graphic delineation in the humorous strain; they evince a depth of observation which few of the many thousands who daily circulate through the myriads of veins of this mighty Babylon, dare even pretend to possess; and his "Pickwick Papers," although replete with contradictions and errors of all kinds, would alone confer the honours of immortality upon him. "Nicholas Nickleby" was a sad, disjointed, uneven, badly strung together, kind of a book; but "Oliver Twist," again, is an excellent tale. "Master Humphreys' Clock" is a most decided failure—at least in a literary point of view; for, as far as it regards a commercial one, it is sufficient to observe, that the great popularity of the name of "Boz," would procure a sale for a new edition of "Jack the Giant Killer." The plan upon which "Master Humphreys' Clock" is built, is bad; and the mere fact of introducing Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers once more into a tale, manifests a barrenness of imagination, or else a clap-net view, which really surprises us. Boz is decidedly capable of better things than the samples we have now before us; for it is impossible that a mind, which seemed but a year or two ago to be literally overflowing with imaginative powers and humorous conceptions, should have suddenly become impoverished to the extent which is indicated by the hebdomadal contents of "Master Humphreys' Clock."

Emily: a Novel. By MRS. MABERLY. 3 vols. post 8vo. London: Henry Colburn.

This is one of the best novels lately issued from the press. It is full of the doings, the peculiarities, and the characteristics of fashionable life, and shows, from page to page, those delicate touches which, even were not the name of the fair authoress upon the title page, would immediately lead us to suppose that the book was the production of a lady of elegant mind, and of considerable accomplishments. The reader feels deeply interested in the fortunes of the beautiful heroine, of whom we are favoured with a portrait in the first volume; and so well is this sympathetic feeling sustained by the fair authoress, that we found it difficult to lay aside the book until we arrived at the conclusion. Especially is the interest of the reader excited towards the end of the second, and throughout the third volume, during the narrative portions of which Mrs. Mabery has recorded many sweet sentiments, many true observations, and many shrewd remarks. "Emily" is not one of those mawkish fashionable tales over which the reader takes a dozen naps before he arrives at the end of the first volume; it is a really clever and well executed novel, and gives promise of much more brilliant achievements in the field of literature, should the fair authoress continue the campaign she has so successfully commenced.

Paul Periwinkle: by the Author of "Cavendish," &c., parts 1—14. Illustrated by Philz. London: Printed for Thomas Tegg.

This is a tale of the sea, and is continued from month to month with considerable humour and spirit. That abominable system of pressing sailors which is practised in this country, is fully explained, and indeed exposed, in "Paul Periwinkle;" we only hope that this circumstance will attract the attention of the Government to so unjust and shameful a measure, so that some other scheme may be substituted in case of a naval war. Wherefore could not the French system of conscription be applied to this nation; or how long are the rich and powerful to remain exempt from all the contingent evils of active service, and the poor and obscure to be converted into slaves? The author of "Paul Periwinkle" possesses a vast fund of wit and humour; and upon this he is not niggardly in the draughts he draws for the behoof of his readers.

LORD WALLINGTON received the pledge, on the 23rd instant, at his beautiful seat called Ardrey Castle, from the hands of the Rev. Theobald Mathew. Mr. O'CONNELL, M.P., acknowledged himself to be the friend of Teetotalism, in a speech which he made to a numerous audience on Saturday Evening last.

AN INVITATION has been sent to the Rev. THEOBALD MATHEW, to honour with his presence the Excursion to Richmond on the 20th of this month.

WEEKLY LIST OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS.

HOLD IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Chair taken at 8 o'clock unless otherwise announced.

THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This society holds two large meetings every Wednesday and Saturday, at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, at 8 o'clock, and on Monday at the School Room, Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell.

SUNDAY.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel. Service at 11 and half-past 6—Sunday-School at 2 o'clock.

Temperance Room, Young-st. Kensington. Prayer Meeting at 8.

King-st., Lambeth-walk, at 9.

Cumberland Market, 9.

Public Prayer Meeting, Rockingham House, at 8.

New Cut, Lambeth, half-past 4.

Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster. Preaching—Morning, at 11. Evening half-past six.

Ditto, Fenn Chapel, Clare Market, at 11.3. & half-past 6.

Borough Market, at 7 in the morning.

White Stiles, King's Road, Chelsea, 8.

IN THE OPEN AIR.

Open space, Saffron Hill, at 8 o'clock.

Red Lion Market—Opposite the Mins Houses, Mile End Road—Islington Green—Notting Dale—Broadway, Westminster, at 9.

Behind Brunswick Terrace, Well-st., Hackney—Clerkenwell Green—Islington Green—Starch-green, near Shepherd's-bush—Open Space, Cartwright-street.

Rosemary-lane—Salisbury-st. Portman Market, 8.

Opposite the Mins Houses, Mile End Road—Stepney Green, at 4.

Weymouth Terrace, Hackney Road, at 6.

MONDAY.

School Room, Aylesbury-st., Clerkenwell, L. U. T. Asso.

Angel Alley, Bishopsgate, Metro. Roman Catholic Asso.

Robinson's School-room, Whiting-st., Waterloo-road.

The Chapel, Castle-st., Saffron Hill.

School-Room, Orange-st., Chapel, Leicester-square.

School-Room, High-st., Stokenewington, at half-past 7.

School-room, Deyrell-st., Chapel-yard, Dover-road.

Temperance Hall, Chelsea, New-rd., back of Staines-st.

Temperance-room, Fleur-de-lis-court, Fleet-st., Prayer meet.

William-st., Chapel, Portland-road.

Southwark Academy, Union-st., Borough. Females at 6.

Public-meeting at 8.

School-room, Hare-st., Bethnal-green. Youths only.

Enon Chapel, New Church-st., Portman Market.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel.

Soho Branch, at Orange-st. Chapel School Rooms.

Mariners' Church, Wellclose-square.

Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.

TUESDAY.

Harp Alley School Room, Farringdon-st.

School-room, opposite the Workhouse, Bethnal Green.

Baptist Chapel, Northampton-st., Somers' Town.

School-room, London-lane, Hackney.

Ebenezer-chapel, Old-st., Bethl.

Mr. Lyons's School Rooms, No. 44, Ratcliffe-highway.

Meeting of Members for Roman Catholics only.

Temperance-room, back of Kentish Waggoners, Kent-st. Bo.

Catholic Free School, George-st., St. Giles.

Derby-st., School-room, Rosemary-lane.

South London Temper. Hall. Roman Catholic Asso.

Temperance Room, Young-st., Kensington.

School-room, York-st., Walworth. For Females only, 6.

Rockingham House, New Kent Road.

Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.

School-room, Gravel-st., Fenny Square.

WEDNESDAY.

Providence Chapel, Prince-st., Great-garden-st White.

Temperance-Chapel, Broadway, Westminster.

British School Room, Stratford, half-past 7.

Chelsea Temperance Hall.

THURSDAY.

School-room, Little Chambers-st. Goodman's Fields.

School-room, Oxford-buildings, Oxford-street.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel, London United Temperance.

Haggett-stone. Infant School-room, near the Bridge.

Chelsea Temper. Hall. Catholic Total Abstinence Soc.

Temperance Hall, R. H. H. at 8.

Ivy Lane, Hoxton. Females only at 6. Pub Meet. 8.

Temperance-rooms, Fleur-de-lis-court, Fetter-lane. Females at 6. Public Meeting at 8.

Wesleyan Chapel, Aldersgate-st., Shepperton-st. New North Road, Islington.

Pepperell's Coffee-house, Whitecross-st. Females only 7.

Mr. Knight's School-room, Cambridge-rk. Youths only 4.

Rockingham House, New Kent-road. Youths.

Fisher-st. School Room, Red Lion Square.

Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster, 6 to 7.

For Females only. Public Meeting at 8.

East-field-st., Limehouse Fields. Youths.

Bayham Terrace Chapel, Camden Town.

Wesleyan Chapel, Wandsworth, 7.

Chapel, Aldersgate-st.

Chapel House Academy, Vauxhall Row.

Wesley Association Chapel, Giffin-street, Deptford.

Mr. Lyons's School-rooms, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Meet. of the Catholic Association.

Mariner's Church, Wellclose-square.

South Lon. Temper. Hall, near the Elephant and Castle.

School-room, 514, Union-st. Borough. Females only.

from 6 to 8, for Males from 8 to 10.

35, Drury Lane. Reckabite Tent (Star of Temperance.)

School-room, Nelson-st., Windmill-lane, Camberwell.

Females only at 6, Public Meeting at 8.

School-room, Manor-road, Parrock-st., Gravesend.

Temperance Rooms, Paradise-st., Rotherhithe.

Mariners' Church, Wellclose-square.

British School Room, Ship Yard, Wardour-st.

British School, George-st., Regent-st., Lambeth-walk.

Chelsea Temperance Hall.

Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.

FRIDAY.

Harp Alley School Room, Farringdon-st.

Wesleyan Chapel, Webber-st., Blackfrs. Membs. Meet.

Broker-row, Mint, Borough.

Subscription School-room, Church-st., Islington.

School-room, Wick-st., Hackney.

Angel-alley, Bishopgate. Females at 6, Public Meet. 8.

Zoar Chapel, Upper Ogle-st., Fittery-square.

School Room, London-lane, Hackney. Youths only 7.

Williams's Coffee-house, Staines-road, Hounslow.

South London Temperance Hall. Roman Catho. Asso.

School-rooms Charles-st., Dalston.

Railway Coffee-house, 49, Church-st. Shoreditch. Youths

only at half-past 7.

Enon Temper. Chapel, St. Clement's-lane, Clare Markt

Wesleyan Chapel, Webber-st. Blackfr's-rd. Mem. Mtng.

SATURDAY.

Lyons's School-room, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Social

Meeting of the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Asso.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel, London U. T. Temperance Asso.

Rockingham House, New Kent Road.

Temperance Chapel, Broadway Westminster.

Any of the above Meetings may have the Assistance

of Advocates on application to Mr. J. H. DONALDSON,

Honorary Secretary to the London United Temperance

Association, 1 Seckford Street, Clerkenwell.

The Secretaries of the various Societies are parti-

cularly requested to correct the above list.

RECHERITE MEETINGS.

South London Temperance Association.

July 1st — Tent of the Star of Temperance, 35, Drury-lane.

1st — Tent of the good Samaritan, Temperance Coffee-

house, Camden-street, Islington.

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REYNOLDS.

Mr. Reynolds, having purchased the copyrights of the following

popular works, the names of which are stereotyped, he shall

offer them at reduced prices.

PICKWICK ABROAD.

Or the Tour in France.

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George Sand. Frederic Soulie.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No 3.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"The Teetotaler" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the *London United Temperance Association*; the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of TEETOTALISM, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the Journal for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those who do not profess the doctrines of Teetotalism, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by Mr. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, No. 12, Basing-Lane, Bread Street: Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: Mr. STRANGE, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and Mr. WILSON, Printer, 5S, Red Cross Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund*, will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

"And pray what is taking you to London, my dear sir?" inquired the shabby gentleman of our young hero, as they sat upon the deck of the steam-packet together. "Are you compelled to proceed thither upon business; or are you merely returning from a continental tour?"

"I am going to London to do what many a man has done before me; to find that which seems to throw itself in the way of some, and to fly away from others as if they were the pestilence; to seek after a thing which I have vainly sought elsewhere," answered Melville: "in other words, I am going to London to endeavour to make my fortune."

The shabby gentleman bestowed a look of extreme curiosity, mingled with commiseration, upon our hero; and then shook his head gravely.

"You tremble for me, in the pursuit of my object," said Melville, with a bitter smile. "But everything had a beginning; and some lucky accident has often effected that which real talent and perseverance could never have achieved. You will laugh when I tell you the nature of the profession in which I am about to embark, and in which I have already en-

tered as an apprentice," continued Melville, induced by the recklessness which is imparted to the soul by drinking, to make a confidant of his travelling acquaintance: "I aspire to the honours of literary renown, and I seek after the gold paid for the outpourings of genius."

"Gold—the gold!" ejaculated the shabby gentleman, with a satirical laugh: "the copper, you mean! Who ever associated the name of an author and the word gold in the same breath, unless he meant to represent two parallel lines which never meet?"

"I knew that you would laugh at my scheme," said Melville, "but your own feelings appear interested in the matter of which we are speaking."

"I recollect!" cried the shabby gentleman, slapping one of his hands upon his knees, as a sudden idea seemed to start across his brain: "we have been travelling a hundred and seventy miles together, and do not as yet know each others' names. What is yours?"

"Victor Melville," replied our hero.

"And mine is Tibbatts—Titus Tibbatts, at your service," said the shabby gentleman.

"What the author of the *Guide to Paris*?" cried Melville, to whom the name was somewhat familiar.

"The same," was the answer. "I have been a literary man myself for some years; but to tell you the candid truth, cannot earn a penny otherwise than by my *Guides* to the Continent. The occupation is pleasant enough, if it were only a little more lucrative. I live at the best hotel in Paris for nothing, during my residence there; and, on the road, I am not troubled with any bills at the *tables d'hôte*."

"I cannot comprehend the meaning of this exemption from such unpleasant demands," said Melville.

"Oh! the reason is very simple," returned Mr. Titus Tibbatts. "When we are told that Hannibal softened the Alpine rocks with vinegar, we do not believe a word of the story; but when I assure you that all I do, in return for my breakfasts and dinners, is to recommend the several establishments, at which I feed, to my fellow-countrymen in my *Guides*, you may readily believe the assertion."

"I do not doubt your veracity," said Melville: "and, indeed, I noticed the fact of your escaping without any demand for payment at the several hotels upon the road, and my curiosity was materially awakened."

"But let us speak of your intentions," said Mr. Tibbatts, after a pause. "You are going to London to set up business as an author; and you hope to live upon the profits. Your stock-in-trade is your brain. But if you possessed, the coal-mines of the north, and had not the means of working them, you would continue a poor man. However, let us see! Do you know any one to take you by the hand in London,—any *Mecenas* to recommend you to public notice?"

"Not a soul," was the reply.

"Are you acquainted with any publisher, who will probably take an interest in you at the commencement of your undertaking?" pursued the catechiser.

"Not one," answered Melville.

"Any printer who will use his types as a matter of speculation in your behalf?"

"None."

"Have you the necessary funds to publish a first work, and trust to that foundation as the basis of future success?"

"I have scarcely enough to maintain me for a week after my arrival in London."

"Then in the name of heaven," exclaimed Mr. Titus Tibbatts, "how do you hope to do any good? You had better hire yourself as porter to a warehouse, sweep a respectable crossing, ring a church-bell, or turn costermonger at once, than pursue this mad scheme. Trust to my experience—believe an old hand—and renounce all idea of continuing in a career which can only lead you to want and misery, unless you have friends, money, or interest to help you on."

"There have been instances where persevering men have forced themselves upon public notice," said Melville; "and their abilities have been recognised as soon as they procured a fair hearing. Do you pretend to tell me, that if I write a good book,—I merely speak for the sake of example,—submit it to a publisher, and demand an impartial opinion, that I shall not obtain one?"

"You will not be judged according to your own merits," answered Mr. Tibbatts. "I know all that you say, is said and argued by every beginner in the literary sphere; and then, in a few years, they found out their mistake,—as I did."

"Every literary aspirant does not experience the same fate," remarked Melville; "or else there would be no good authors in existence."

"And you think that you may probably prove one of the exceptions?" said Titus, somewhat bitterly: "but I see—excuse me—that you have the failing which I possess!" then, in his habitually goodnatured tone, he added. "You behold me—you behold my garb—this old coat, these gloves, and these pantaloons; and then," he added in a lower tone of voice, "I have totally lost the confidence of my washerwoman for a long—long time. Well—I am an author: I began as you do, full of hopes; I speedily experienced the most galling disappointment. I struggled on for some time, as a contributor to periodicals: I then attempted a novel, but could never find a publisher, or even a printer for it; so I took to drinking to drown care, and to writing *Guides* to support myself, and this occupation just sustains a narrow partition between existence and starvation."

"Your picture is most melancholy," said Melville, shuddering as he remembered that he also had been already compelled to take to drinking: "I shall however give the profession, which I have marked out for myself, a fair trial, and—"

"And when you find yourself in the work-house or debtor's gaol, you will call to mind the advice I gave you on board this vessel," added Mr. Tibbatts.

"I am resolved to follow my own inclinations," said Melville, somewhat impatiently.

"My advice is perfectly disinterested," returned the shabby gentleman; "and to convince you of the truth of my assertion, I will afford

you all the assistance I possibly can on our arrival in London."

In the meantime Mrs. Terrywhist had laid herself down on a sofa in the cabin; and from the bed a lurch of the vessel speedily removed her to the floor, where she fell, with all the weight of a carcase by no means sylph-like. Her daughter declared in the most positive terms, that, for her part, she was sure of never reaching Dover alive; and yet, in spite of this conviction, the young lady, probably through some idiosyncrasy of disposition, expressed her intention, in the same breath, of writing a long account of her vexations and sensations, on her arrival at home.

All things must have an end, save those whose principles belong to eternity, and not to time; and so the voyage from Calais to Dover terminated at last. Mrs. Terrywhist was hoisted out of the vessel in a most interesting state of helplessness; and Miss Betsy did not feel "herself" again, until she had looked in the glass at the York hotel, to which the four travellers proceeded; for our hero and the poor author determined to continue their attentions to the ladies until their arrival in London. A slight collation was ordered; and, in spite of the late sea-sickness, Mrs. Terrywhist and her daughter paid their respects to the cold fowl with peculiar enthusiasm, sustained a very animated discussion with a pigeon-pie, and then exchanged a few civilities with some bottled porter. On this occasion a bill was presented to Mr. Tibbatts, as the landlord of the York Hotel did not require a puff in a continental *Guide*; and the poor author disbursed his reckoning with a deep sigh, but in coin extracted from a very shallow purse. Four places were taken in a night coach for London, as the anticipated nuptials of Mr. Balls, the pawnbroker, did not admit of any delay on the part of the ladies; and the pecuniary circumstances of the gentlemen were equally potent inducements for celerity of travelling, in order that the expences of a night at an hotel in Dover might be eluded.

Victor, who had slept during the greater portion of the night, awoke at about six o'clock in the morning, just as the coach entered the vast metropolis of England. He had at length arrived in that city, where he was to toil for bread, and where he hoped to procure the means of being one day happily united to his beloved Louise. But what an abyss seemed to yawn between him and the fulfilment of this fond anticipation! He shuddered to think of his desperate position in the world—a position that was rendered more hopeless by the terrible habit incurred by our hero; and closing his eyes once more, as if he could thus cast a veil over his thoughts, he endeavoured to expel the gloomy ideas which took possession of his soul. But the essay was a vain one, for the natural ardour of youth was checked by the reaction arising from the use of strong and stimulating drink; and while a desire for that stimulant filled his mind, a melancholy cloud hung upon his countenance.

The coach stopped in Gracechurch Street; and Victor's first care, as soon as he had alighted, was to procure a vehicle to take the two ladies to their own home.

"Mind, we expect to see you both at Terrywhist Terrace," said the elder of the fair travellers.

"Coriolanus visited his enemy," observed Mr. Tibbatts, "and surely we may call upon our friends."

"I shall not forget your kind invitation," answered Melville; and the hackney-coach, in which the two ladies and their nine trunks were packed, rolled slowly away from the door of the Spread Eagle.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" demanded Mr. Tibbatts, shouldering a small

portmanteau, and looking our hero fixedly in the countenance.

"I shall seek for some cheap lodging for the moment," was the reply, delivered with some hesitation; for the poor fellow scarcely knew what he was to do.

"Come along with me," said Titus: "you cannot be better off elsewhere than in the place where I live, and where there are always two or three rooms to let."

Without any farther hesitation, Victor imitated his fellow-traveller's ease of manners, with respect to carrying his own portmanteau; and Mr. Tibbatts led the way towards the abode, which, when at home, his presence and a rush-light illuminated between them.

Bartholomew Close, consisting of a square and its purlieus, is in the vicinity of Aldersgate-street and of Little Britain; and is entered from the former by a lane called Westmoreland buildings. The traveller, who walks down St. Martin's Le Grand on the left hand side of the way, from Newgate-street, will see a flight of three or four steps, leading to an alley; and if the aforesaid traveller will turn up this alley, take a slight curve to the right at the end, then walk straight on again for a few paces only, he will see on his left hand, and opposite a picture-shop where valentines are exhibited all the year round, as if there were no other day but the fourteenth of February, an archway leading to a narrow and dirty court called Albion-buildings. On a little board, which is nailed up against the wall of the arch-way, is painted a mangle with white posts, yellow body, black rollers, and a green handle; and a few letters, scrawled in yellow on the bottom of the board, indicate that mangling is done at one of the houses up this alley or court. The houses themselves are large and high, and their landlords are very much prone to letting lodgings and taking people in without asking them many questions, and turning them out in an equally unceremonious manner when they do not pay. The doors of these houses usually stand half-open, day and night; and when any one calls upon an individual in a particular floor, he gives as many raps with the knocker as correspond with the number of the aforesaid individual's room. When the postman calls at either of these dwellings, he gives his usual double knock; and then the whole multitude of tenants of that particular abode, rush to the door as if they were in expectation of a messenger from the house of Commons to say that the Corn-Laws were just repealed.

The most prominent specimens of animated nature that frequent Albion buildings, are the domestic cats which sit in the window-sills, and the ragged boys who play upon the pavement. Very often a dead dog lies in the gutter, beneath the arch-way, for upwards of a month or six weeks, none of the denizens of that happy republic thinking it worth while to remove the nuisance. None of the tradesmen in the vicinity are found to have that faith in the inhabitants of Albion-buildings which is ample enough to remove mountains; but the people who thrive most by the custom and patronage of these inhabitants, are the alehouse-keepers and the pawn-brokers. The office of tax-gatherer is almost a sinecure in respect to Albion-buildings; and none of the individuals dwelling in that respectable locality care much about the water being cut off, because they use very little of this refreshing and salubrious article, either internally or externally. Gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves, with a beard of a week, and linen of double that age, frequently vary the sameness of the scene by smoking their pipes at their doors; and a stranger would imagine that the pavement of the court must be very bad or uneven, as, towards night, many of the inhabitants of Albion-buildings when they return to their happy homes, feel it

impossible to sustain themselves on their legs.

It was to Albion-buildings that Mr. Tibbatts conducted Victor Melville; and it was into a house of Albion-buildings that Mr. Tibbatts turned, when he arrived in that respectable and respected court. Throwing open the door of Number 22, as if he were quite at home, which indeed he was, Mr. Tibbatts continued to lead the way, up a very dirty and dark staircase, as far as the fourth story, where he was the sole tenant of a very comfortable apartment, commanding a beautiful view of the stacks of chimneys opposite, and only separated from the starry vault of heaven by the tilings.

The room itself was characteristic both of place and owner. A tent-bedstead, without any curtains, stood in one corner; an immense chest occupied the middle, and supplied the place of a table; and on a real table, near the window, were the papers, writing materials, and books pertaining to Mr. Titus Tibbatts. A few pictures of ladies with gorgeous costumes, and gentlemen in blue coats, yellow trousers, red waistcoats, and purple stocks, graced the wall over the black wooden mantelpiece; the ladies being intended to represent celebrated actresses, and the gentlemen eminent highwaymen and murderers.

"Well, here we are at last!" exclaimed Mr. Tibbatts, throwing himself upon a chair, and motioning to Melville to do the same: "Diogenes was rejoiced when he returned to his tub; and why should not I be pleased to welcome my own home once more, humble as it is?"

"It seems very comfortable," observed Victor, by way of saying something, although he shuddered as he glanced at the chilly appearance of the bed without curtains.

"Oh, yes," answered his new friend, quite seriously, "it does very well for a bachelor, you know. But let us get some breakfast first, and then think of hiring a room for you."

"With pleasure," said Victor; and Mr. Tibbatts proceeded to light the fire, fetch some water from the common pump, lay the cloth, wipe the cups and saucers, and, in a word, perform all the light and pleasing duties of a thrifty housewife. He then hastened to the baker's, where he procured a loaf; to the grocer's, where he bought a quarter of an ounce of tea and four eggs; to the milkwoman's, where he disbursed a half-penny upon milk; and concluded his toils by purchasing half-a-pound of fourteen-penny butter at the shop which he usually honoured with his custom for that article, bacon, and cheese.

The luxuries thus speedily acquired, were soon converted into edible or potable food; and Mr. Tibbatts very philosophically observed, that "if the things weren't first-rate, at all events they were paid for." The two gentlemen accordingly ate, with a good appetite, and the viands rapidly disappeared from the table, or rather, the chest. When this meal, which was seasoned by a good appetite and Mr. Tibbatts's edifying conversation, was despatched, the founder of the feast proposed "to shed a tear." Melville replied to this singular offer in no other manner than by a good long stare; but Mr. Tibbatts speedily explained his meaning by extracting a bottle from the corner of his cupboard, and pouring a part of the contents into two egg-cups, for of wine glasses he had none. Victor, whose nose was immediately assailed by the odour of gin, gladly welcomed the appearance of the baneful stimulant; and while, with flushed countenance and eyes that sparkled with unnatural lustre, he swallowed two or three drams one after the other, his companion raised a laugh by the observation, "That it was a pity to waste any thing."

These little matters being settled, Mr. Tib-

batts proceeded to the top of the stairs, and roared out the name of "Mr. Robus," as loudly as he could bawl. The whole house echoed to the din of that magic sound; and in a few minutes, the person thus adjured slowly ascended the staircase and entered the apartment. He was a stout man, very ugly, as all good and honest landlords are and should be; and seemed to possess all the native candour and frankness of a true Briton.

"Mornin', gen'lemen," said Mr. Robus, quietly taking a seat near the fire; "cold weather this, for the time o' year."

"Yes, it is," observed Victor.

"That's right, Mr. Robus, make yourself at home," said Mr. Tibbatts, encouragingly.

"So I do," said the landlord; and, in order to convince the two gentlemen of the truth of his assertion, he helped himself to a glass, or rather an egg-cup of gin without any farther ceremony.

"My young friend here wants a room, Mr. Robus," said Tibbatts, after a pause, during which the landlord's heart had time to expand beneath the delusive influence of the liquor; "can you accommodate him?"

"Can I?" repeated Mr. Robus; "why, if it's to oblige you, Mr. Tibbatts, I'd give him up my own room and welcome. You've been a good customer to me, and we hasn't no bother in getting the rent when Saturday comes round. I'm sure I've had a many authors living in this house, and none as come down so reg'lar as you. There's that gen'leman as has the two best rooms in the house, on the first floor, and as drinks his eight or nine pints o' fourpenny-ale every day as reg'larly as clock-work, doesn't behave hisself near so honourable as you, Mr. Tibbatts: so here's a health to ye, Sir, and thank'ee kindly for all favours. Your health, sir."

And as he uttered these words, the worthy landlord helped himself a second time to gin; thus treating his stomach to another dram, doubtless to reward it for its forbearance in not having craved any breakfast that morning.

"But you have a room, Mr. Robus?" said Mr. Tibbatts interrogatively.

"I have, sir, an' a wery nice un it be too," answered Mr. Robus. "It's well aired, and ain't at all damp. Indeed it's on'y been vacant three weeks come next Tuesday; the last tenants was an Irishman and his family. There was eleven on 'em and a pig lived for ten months in one room; so I'm blowed if it can be damp after that."

Victor thought this reasoning somewhat too conclusive to be pleasant, and he inquired if Mr. Robus had a vacant room in which only a fraction of that number of inhabitants had dwelt. A reply was immediately given in the affirmative; and the landlord led the way to an apartment situate beneath that which was owned by Mr. Titus Tibbatts.

"There's a room!" cried Mr. Robus, in a tone of the deepest admiration, as he ushered Victor and the poor author into a chamber, the floor of which was as black as that of a coal-cellar, and the wainscoted walls as dirty as if they had never been acquainted with water.

"It is indeed!" exclaimed Victor, in a tone of the most unmitigated disgust: but aware of his poverty, and glad to find himself in the vicinity of a friend even so poor and miserable as Mr. Tibbatts, he at once agreed to become the weekly tenant of the lodging in question. The sum of three shillings and sixpence, being the rent for the first term of seven days, was immediately paid in advance; and Mr. Robus declared, with a terrible oath, "that they should wash down the bargain with a drop of blue ruin at his expence." The three individuals accordingly proceeded to an adjacent gin-palace; and that was the first time that Victor had ever entered such a scene of iniquity and horror in the English metropolis.

The gin-palace was fitted up in the most costly style. No expence had been spared to render it attractive; and the services of a very pretty girl had been secured to attend at the bar. Decked out in her meretricious garb, she resembled the liquor which she disbursed so plentifully; for she was attractive to a superficial glance, but polluted and dangerous in character. At the bar were two or three old women, with deep wrinkles upon their brows, with emaciated arms, squalid and dirty appearance, and clothed almost in rags. These wretches were drinking a measure of gin between them; and they lapped up the fiery drink as if they were imbibing the fabled elixir which would, it was supposed, restore its possessor to youth and beauty.—Youth! drink had hurried those miserable females on to a premature old age:—beauty! the same cause had undermined every trace of those attractions which they possessed in their early days! At another part of the bar were three or four ill-looking men, whispering amongst themselves, casting suspicious looks around, and every now and then passing a pewter quart measure of beer from one to the other. It was easy to perceive that they were plotting something which they were afraid for others to overhear, and of which they were ashamed! Every crime emanates from the gin-palace.

A woman entered the house at the same moment as Victor Melville and his companions: she had a child in her arms. She called for a glass of gin; she drank it all but a few drops, and those she gave to her child. That child was not two years old! It was thus that the wretched mother was teaching her offspring to feel an early relish for that drink which conducts its votary through all the various mazes of misery and crime,—those paths which terminate only at the door of the workhouse, or the foot of the gibbet. Unhappy mother! she was preparing the way for the ruin or the untimely end of her own son!

Victor's unpleasurable feelings at the spectacle were soon succeeded by others of delight at the liquor, of which he was so freely partaking. He forgot that he was a gentleman, and that he was associating with those who were only leading him into the paths of degradation and disgrace; he also forgot his own Louise, in the society of the boon companions of the bottle.

Two or three hours passed away; and Victor forgot all his cares in the temporary delights of the glass: but if he forgot his cares, he also ceased to remember his duties; and, in the broad day-light, did he issue from the public-house, his brain confused, his sight almost failing him, his cheeks bloated and red, and his legs unsteady! This was the first time that he exposed his failing in public: but he was in London; he had been to a gin-palace: and who can retain either his integrity or his honour, when he has passed two hours in a London gin-palace?

Under the auspices of Mr. Tibbatts, who was not quite so much affected by the liquor he had drunk as his new acquaintance, the apartment was not only very soon washed out, but also provided with a bed, a table, a washing stand, and four chairs, for the hire of which Melville had to make a small deposit. This he did after having had the necessity of so doing impressed upon his mind several times; and Mr. Tibbatts agreed, in his name, that the same amount should be forthcoming weekly. As soon as these arrangements were completed, Victor, (with shame and sorrow be it said) retired to his couch at half-past four in the day-time, in a perfect state of ebriety; and Mr. Tibbatts returned to the gin-palace to finish the evening with his particular and intimate friend, Mr. Robus.

(To be continued in our next.)

STIMULANTS.

A GREAT deal has been said and written by Teetotalers relative to the medical use of ardent spirits and wines; and as we consider it necessary that our readers should be made acquainted with the real nature and effects of stimulants, we shall at once proceed to show how far they are necessary or useful, and in what they ought to consist.

Stimulants are all those medicinal substances which, applied either externally or internally, have the property of accelerating the pulse and quickening the vital actions. They are amongst the most valuable and important of medicines, and are perhaps more frequently the direct means of saving life than any others. But, as stimulants are exceedingly powerful, their terribly injurious effects, when misapplied in the slightest degree, have been even more prejudicial to mankind than their best use has been beneficial. In fact, it may be said that the abuse of this one class of medicines, under the names of cardiacs, cordials, alexipharmics, &c. &c., was the cause of more numerous deaths during the dark ages of medicine than the sword and pestilence united. The dreadful mortality of the small-pox and of fevers during the middle ages, and even during the earlier parts of the last century, were mainly owing to the administration, by nurses and physicians, of strong cordials and heating stimulants of all sorts, the tendency of all of which was to increase the violence of the disease; although they were intended merely to expel the noxious and poisonous humours from the system. But, happily for mankind, a more cautious use of these articles has been introduced, and they are now the constant means of preserving, when properly applied, the life which they were formerly so quick to destroy.

Stimulants are either simple or direct in their operation, as the external application of heat, in all forms, dry and moist, by friction, &c., the application to the stomach of hot liquors, spices, camphor, hartshorn, warm and aromatic gums and oils—as mint, cardamom, cajeput, ginger, assafoetida, red pepper, spirits of turpentine, &c.; or they act first as stimulants, but afterwards produce effects of a different character, as is the case with all which are termed *diffusible stimulants*—such as wine, brandy, and spirits of all sorts, opium, &c.; all of which are highly stimulant at first, and in small quantity,—but afterwards, and when taken in larger doses, produce exhaustion, debility, sleep, and death.

The first class of stimulants here mentioned are, upon the whole, the most safe; and should be invariably used in preference to the last, when they can be had, in all cases of suspended animation, from cold, drowning, suffocation, &c. Spirits—or the second class of stimulants—produce, at times, a temporary relief from pains, spasms, &c.; and in these cases only should they be used somewhat freely, as they cannot do much hurt while the violence of the disease subsists. They should not however be resorted to, unless the pain be very urgent, or the debility be so great as to endanger life.

Spirits are too frequently applied in case of severe attacks of spasms. It is true that the chief remedies of spasm are two-fold; viz., those which excite any sudden or violent emotion; and tonics or stimulants, and medicines styled, from the effects, antispasmodics. When spasm depends on irritation, the cause must be investigated, and if possible removed by the appropriate remedies, if within their reach. If the cause cannot be ascertained, we must endeavour to lessen irritability by anodynes, of which the principal are camphor, hyoscyamus, and opium. A sudden turn, the apprehension of a severe operation, on the return of a fit, or an unexpected surprise, have also succeeded. Dashing water in the face, touching a person unexpectedly with something cold, and throwing up a cold elystr, have, from the same principles, been effectual. Electricity also probably acts by the surprise and terror which it excites: but a recourse to wine or spirits should, in most cases, be religiously avoided. Metallic tonics might be used, such as iron, copper, mercury, arsenic, silver, and zinc. Each is often effectual, and each has its temporary reputation. Arsenic, copper, and silver seem the most generally useful. The action of other stimulants need not be pursued, except so far as mercurials and some of the metallic tonics may produce this effect.

Spasms, be it also observed, are not a little encouraged by drinking; as they spring from irritation and debility,—especially from the latter, though both are sometimes combined; but what produces either irritation or debility more than habits of intoxication?

There are three occasions in which spirits have

been thought to be necessary and useful; viz., in very cold weather,—in very warm weather,—and in times of hard labour.

In the first place, there cannot be a greater error than to suppose that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of cold upon the body. On the contrary, they always render the body more liable to be affected and injured by cold. The temporary warmth they produce is always succeeded by chilliness. If anything, besides warm clothing and exercise, be necessary to warm the body in cold weather, a plentiful meal of wholesome food is at all times sufficient for that purpose. This, by giving a tone to the stomach, invigorates the whole system, while the gentle excitation created by digestion adds considerably to the natural and ordinary heat of the body, and thus renders it less sensible of the cold.

In the second place, it is equally absurd to suppose that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of heat upon the body. So far from it, they rather increase that heat. They add an internal heat to the external heat of the sun; they dispose to fevers and inflammations of the most dangerous kind; they produce preternatural sweats which weaken, instead of an uniform and gentle perspiration which exhilarates the body.

In the third place, there is neither strength nor nourishment in spirituous liquors. If they produce vigour in labour, it is of a transient nature, and is always succeeded with a sense of weakness and fatigue. The more simply life is supported, and the less stimulus we use, the better.

General Jackson, of America, was once asked if soldiers needed the stimulant of ardent spirits. He replied that he had observed, in arduous duty and severe cold, that those performed the one and endured the other the best who drank only water; and the venerable army-surgeon, Dr. Jackson, of our own country, (than whom no man can be looked upon as better authority,) gave it as his opinion that ardent spirits deteriorated the health of the man, and that their entire disuse was calculated to promote the health as well as the comfort of the soldiery. By a recent regulation of the English government, the usual supply of spirits to soldiers on foreign stations is discontinued, instead of which they have a small increase of pay. This alteration is acknowledged by Sir Henry Hardinge to have been occasioned by the valuable information communicated on this subject through the medium of the *Dublin Temperance Society*.

It is notorious that in what is called the "training" of that most detestable and brutal class of men—the pugilistic combatants, or prize-fighters—the use of ardent spirits is entirely interdicted, from a correct and well-founded opinion that the use of such stimulants prevents that accession of muscular strength which they deem so important in actual combat; and if such degraded and abandoned wretches as these for a time relinquish their most favourite liquor, when neither motives of real morality nor true philosophy can be supposed to influence their conduct, it must be necessarily inferred that from experience these trainers have found out that the use of ardent spirits produces a deteriorating effect upon the natural energies, and impairs the physical strength. The fact is, that whether taken moderately, habitually, or excessively, ardent spirit is calculated to lessen the bodily strength, and render a man more unfit for any service in which activity and energy are required.

The habit of indulging in the stimulant of spirituous potations, impairs the inclination for any weaker beverage. The Chinese have a proverb to the effect, that "the man who does not love tea covets rack." Even the particular kind of intoxicating liquor to which a person is addicted may frequently be surmised from the physiognomy. Indulgence in wines produces turgidity of the eyes, and a dark red inclining to purple hue of the complexion. Gin gives a leaden colour, deadness of the eye, emaciation, great depression of spirits, and diminution of muscular power. Brandy produces a peculiar ferocity of temper, and forms the finished ruffian.

There are but two cases, that can occur, in which spirituous liquors as drams, should ever be recommended by medical men: these cases are when faintness or a stoppage to the circulation of the blood has been produced, or when the body has been long exposed to wet weather, and more especially if cold be joined with it. In the first place we comply strictly with the advice of King Solomon, who confines the use of "strong drinks" only to him that is ready to perish; and in the latter case a very small quantity of spirit will obviate debility and prevent fever.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Moderation's" request cannot be complied with, in consequence of the peculiar view he wishes to take of the subject. The Editor regrets that he cannot avail himself of "an address to the Ladies."

D. H. is sincerely thanked for his kindness. The idea is sweetly pretty. We must however inform him, in reference to another portion of his letter, that pronunciation has but little influence over the orthography of English words: *ex. gr.* strong—tongue; plough—enough—tough,—&c. &c. The Editor is sorry that he cannot insert the lines; but he has resolved to introduce as little poetry as possible into the columns of *The Teetotaler*.

W. W. F. is thanked for his communication. We shall be happy to receive any contributions with which he may favour us.

Private answers have been sent to Mr. George Wilson, Sheffield. —A. B. C., Doncaster. —M. L. X., —T. T., Dover. —"A Naval Officer," —"An Old Drunkard and young Teetotaler," —and "Vindex."

To several of our correspondents we reply, that those readers who dwell in small towns, at a considerable distance from the metropolis or from large country-towns, will find it more convenient to order the *Monthly Parts of The Teetotaler*. Each Monthly Part will contain four Numbers of the paper—will be stitched in a neat wrapper—and will be charged ninepence.

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.

We shall be much obliged to those of our Country Readers, who will favour us with accounts of Teetotal progress, and the transactions of Teetotal Meetings, in the Provincial Towns. We solicit the correspondence of the heads of all Teetotal Societies, promising to devote ample space in our columns to such intelligence.

ERRATUM.—Number II. In the first page, third column, 16 lines from the top,—for "your broker," read "the broker."

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

For an Advertisement, not exceeding eight lines . . . 5s. 6d.
Every succeeding line 4d.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JULY 11th, 1840.

Mr. J. H. DONALDSON tendered his resignation, as Honorary Secretary to the London United Temperance Association, to the General Committee, on Wednesday, July 1st.

The General Committee assembled at the Chapel in Aldersgate-street, on Friday evening, July 3rd, at eight o'clock precisely.

It was unanimously resolved by the General Committee that Mr. DONALDSON's resignation should be received, and that he should be forthwith requested also to withdraw his name from the list of members of the General Committee.

"THE TEETOTALER" has experienced a success and a share of favour at the hands of the public, the extent of which has encouraged the really disinterested disciples of Teetotalism to continue their exertions in the grand cause with renewed energy. The same success has quite astonished the malignant enemies who have vainly endeavoured to injure the sale of a publication which has purely disinterested and philanthropic aims in view. Those shareholders, who have liberally advanced their money to found an enterprize which will tend to the amelioration of their fellow-creatures, will not only reap the proper reward for their generous outlay, but will also be shortly enabled to devote a portion of the profits of their journal to the London United Temperance Association. Thus the treasury of the Association will not only receive a benefit from the establishment of the publication; but a part of the proceeds will be set apart for the purpose of printing a large number of the paper for gratuitous circulation amongst the poor.

All new enterprises find enemies in some quarter or another; and those enemies, in the zeal of their malignity, do not hesitate to step far beyond the boundaries of truth. Thus has it occurred that a few evil-disposed and malignant individuals have exerted themselves to circulate a number of false reports relative to the manner in which this journal is conducted, its object, and the ultimate destination of its proceeds. These enemies are of two kinds. The first class embraces those who belong to other societies and associations; and the latter class comprises those who hoped to obtain active and lucrative employment upon the establishment of *The Teetotaler*, but whose selfish views were disappointed. Both classes, however enthusiastic they may appear in the cause of Teetotalism, morality, and religion, demonstrate their hypocrisy, the baseness of their minds, and the jealousy of their dispositions,

by the opposition they offer to a philanthropic enterprise. But the unjust man shall not triumph in his turpitude, nor the slanderer effect an evil purpose with his venomous tongue: the hypocrite and the deceiver shall be themselves deceived; and the contempt of all good and conscientious men shall inflict upon the selfish and the envious the most galling chastisement which the grovelling natures of the latter can receive.

The Teetotaler is essentially a philanthropic, a moral, and a Christian publication. It is philanthropic, because its object is to amerce the conditions of men, by reclaiming them from the paths of intemperance and dissipation; it is moral, because every article which it contains has some salutary aim in view, and advocates some good purpose; and it is Christian, because it inculcates those principles which are closely allied to the charities and virtues taught by the Gospel. As yet, we have adhered faithfully to this plan: and our readers may rest assured that we shall not deviate from it.

There is no character more thoroughly contemptible than the slanderer. The slanderer necessarily deals in falsehood and deceit, and will stop at no crime which may tend to gratify his malignant propensities. Nothing is more beautiful than religion, coupled with sincerity: nothing is more revolting to the mind than an affectation of religious feeling, beneath which all is shallowness and hypocrisy. The slanderer seeks the hospitality of an individual—learns all the little secrets and peculiarities of opinion possessed by his entertainer—affects to play with his children—breaks bread with him (a circumstance sacred even amongst savages)—and then departs to commence his work of defamation against the very man who received him as a friend. The slanderer obtains the confidence of individuals under a solemn promise, ratified with an oath in the sight of heaven, not to abuse that confidence; and then he hastens to divulge to his brother slanderers all he has heard. Hence is it that the slanderer is usually a hypocrite,—because he endeavours to conceal his selfishness and malignity beneath the cloak of religion. He is naturally an unhappy man—his conscience is an evil one—and his pillow is covered with thorns. The success of others is galling to him: their misfortunes are by him construed into crimes. He is uncharitable in all his sentiments and opinions: his bosom is filled with bitterness and gall. But when the slanderer attacks an establishment undeniably humane, or an individual who is exerting himself strenuously in a good cause,—when he shoots forth his spite against the former, and his venom against the latter, he resembles the viper that turns to gnaw at a file!

These few observations will serve two purposes. They will convince our friends that *The Teetotaler* is not a merely "money-making speculating;" and it will show our enemies that we are aware of the base designs they have meditated and are meditating to annoy us. We repeat, that the readers of *The Teetotaler* shall find its contents to be invariably moral, harmlessly amusing, and truly Christian in the most liberal meaning of the phrase; and that a word shall never appear in its columns, which may call a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious, or militate against the religious sentiments of the most punctilious.

The subject of the law of the penalty of death is at present occupying a considerable share of public attention; and we are happy to perceive that the observations which we submitted to the public in the last number of *The Teetotaler*, did not fail to produce a certain effect. They have been copied into several of the provincial journals, and translated into two of the leading French newspapers; and they formed the

topic of conversation in several *coteries* political meetings. We were also honoured by a letter from Mr. FITZROY KELLY, assuring us that that gentleman would devote his attention to those observations. Mr. KELLY has embarked in a noble and a generous cause; and we could only wish that his view of the question was as little circumscribed as our own. We request the attention of the reader to our notice of a new English version of Victor Hugo's celebrated work—*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*. That notice will be found amongst our Reviews of New Books in this Number of our journal.

We see, by a statement in the *Morning Herald*, that a dinner was given at Paris, on Wednesday last, by twelve hundred of the liberal party, in which amongst other toasts, "The Abolition of the Punishment of Death" was given and much approved of.

MADNESS.

How wonderful is the human intellect—what vast combinations can it accomplish—and how varied are the fruits of its efforts! The human intellect can leave the earth, and seek food for its contemplation in the boundless regions of space—it can cast roads over mighty rivers—it can propel the stately ship against the course of the waves and the direction of the winds—it has invented machines to arrest the flight of the winged bird on his aerial voyage—it has determined the size of the planets, their distances, and distinctions—it has overcome a million obstacles to its advances in the paths of scientific acquirement—and it has produced those works which astonish even itself. If we look at the mechanism of a watch, or the arrangements of a steam engine—if we contemplate such a gigantic edifice as Saint Paul's—if we survey the bridges which are built across the wide and rapid Thames—if we behold in the shops of this metropolis all the articles of use and luxury which are there displayed—and, then, if we reflect upon the one grand fact, that all we see is the result of human calculation, and human skill, how boundless should be our admiration of human intellect!

How terrible is it, then, to destroy the energies and powers of that intellect by the effects of intoxicating drinks,—how dreadful is it to ruin that exquisite capacity of combination and arrangement which can accomplish so much, and perform that much so well. And yet do millions daily indulge in those pernicious drinks which deaden the powers of the intellect, rob the brain of precision, and affect the imagination to such an extent, that its meditations are perverted to ridiculous subjects and idle phantoms. Yes—madness is the most terrible of the thousands of evil results produced by drinking. The intellect, which might plan an edifice like Saint Paul's—which could arrange the combinations of a watch—which is able to perfect all the minute details of the steam-engine—which can raise a mass of masonry in a compact and useful style, like Waterloo Bridge—and which fills the shop with things to please the palate or the eye—that wonderful intellect is destroyed by the use of alcoholic drinks! And then, the man, who might have shone in society as an engraver—an architect—a mechanic—an artisan—or a lover of science,—the man, who might have created a glorious name for himself, and amassed a large fortune for his children—the man, who had all before him that was bright and prosperous—that man frequently becomes the inmate of a mad-house!

And then, in that mad-house, the intellect which imagined the curious and delicate combinations of the watch, turns to weaving straws—the man, who gave himself up to the most abstruse astronomical calculations, scrawls a few unmeaning lines upon the walls, with a coal, or a piece of chalk,—the orator, who once had delighted and convinced crowded audiences with his lucid and eloquent reasoning, makes the corridors and passages of the asylum echo to the din of his howlings,—and the countenance of the female, who once was famed for her personal beauty, is there twisted into hideous contortions. The human intellect is like a gentle but bright flame—it burns clearly so long as it is properly treated; but, if fed with spirits, it will blaze up for a short time with a lustre temporarily increased to a furious glow—and then the flame dies away for ever.

If a visit to the criminal prison would afford a striking example of the dreadful results of intoxicating

drinks, how much more efficacious would be a walk through the sad inclosures of a mad-house. The wasted forms of miserable lunatics—the howlings of despair—the blasphemous language of those who are unconscious of what they say—the wretched attempts of the madmen to amuse themselves, attempts which in spite of the solemnity of the scene, frequently encourage laughter by the extent of their folly,—and all the dreadful associations of an intellect which is divested of its powers of discrimination and perception, will at once produce a salutary effect upon the mind of him who visits the asylum that contains such horrors. The lamp of reason becomes extinguished; and the chamber, which it once illuminated with its glad rays, is rendered full of fantastic shapes and terrible visions, in the sickly light which lasts so long as a spark remains to cast a fitful and partial glare around.

Madness is a hurricane of the passions and the feelings, into which the deluded imagination is plunged: madness is the parent of suicide, of violent death, of misery, and of woe. At one moment its victims, led on by every brilliant and sanguine hope, ascend to the seventh heaven of joy and delight, and in the next, they are plunged, under the influence of the same illusions, into the deepest hell of despair. As the worm preys upon the cold corpse that is consigned to the grave, so does madness gnaw at the heart; and as the one destroys the physical lineaments of its victim, so does the other abrogate all those moral characteristics and features which ennoble the soul of man.

The calm sea of July is like the mind of the sane and rational man, on which float thousands of ideas in regularity and order, under the guidance of an intelligence that knows full well the guardian pilot's duty: but the boisterous ocean of winter, when December's bleak winds impel the vessels, on a stormy sea, to dash in wild confusion against each other, and when the guidance of intelligence no longer directs the hand of a cautious pilot, may be but too well likened, in its dark and turbulent commotion, to the unsettled state of the mind of the mad one.

Madness is not like its sister plagues, which issued coevally from the box of Pandora; for madness is too jealous—too suspicious of itself to admit of self-contemplation. Madness blinds the eyes of its victim to truth: its monitors are delusion, deceit, and falsehood.

But madness is hereditary in a family, even as habits of intoxication are handed down from father to son by the mere force of example. And to see that madness approaches—to know that it has cast its horrible spells around the hearts of one's ancestors—to feel that time is only maturing the germinations of its poisonous influence, as it ripens the fruits of the earth—to be aware that it has marked us as its prey, of which it will not be disappointed—and to perceive its approach, gradual but sure, as the lapse of years—Oh! this is terrible indeed! The individual, who is the victim to intoxicating drink, and who knows that his father went mad from the same cause, dreads the approach of that terrible madness himself. He dreads its presence night and day; and every trifling aberration of the intellect, and every throbbing of the brain, he construes into a warning of its presence.

By day does he dread the approach of madness? Oh! yes, the very shadows of the trees as he walks abroad, seem horrid forms distorted into shapes of mockery and unholliness. The rays of the sun appear to operate upon his brain, and rob it of all its moisture. The busy scenes that are being enacted around him, seem all founded upon the principles of madness. Even in sacred places—in churches—the celestial music, the anthem, the voices of the choristers, only form a strange jargon which resembles the gibberish of insanity in his ear. Music to him is fraught with the melancholy of madness—silence with the loneliness—noise with the distraction—society with the confusion—solitude with the dread of that lingering, ever-present, constant thought—Madness!

And by night,—heavens! how acutely is the dread of becoming mad felt by night! The shadows of darkness are distorted by a feverish imagination into appalling shapes—dreadful apparitions hover around the bed of him who dreams of madness—his night-gown is a winding-sheet—his couch a coffin—his curtains funeral drapery. Reflection is so acute during the silence of the night, that thought is a species of physical—it is more than a moral—pain; and, should a storm arise, the artillery of heaven seems to carry the violence of a mad deity upon its wing.

The way to madness is paved by intemperance, and madness is frequently hereditary in a family only be-

cause bad habits are also hereditary. If the father went mad through drinking, the son dreads the mad-house for himself, and seeks an oblivion of the terrible idea in the bottle. Then the effects of liquor soon produce the very result which was so much dreaded, and which abstemiousness, aided by moral courage, would have avoided. The gin-palace is but the porter's lodge at the entrance to the mad-house or the criminal gaol; it has two doors: one leads to the cell of a lunatic asylum, and the other to a dungeon in a felon's prison. But of all the sad effects of drinking, madness, as we before observed, is one of the most appalling!

NOCTES PICKWICKIANÆ.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. III.

Mr. Pickwick.—Sam.

Sam.—Sir.

Mr. Pickwick.—I'm decided, Sam.

Sam.—Wot, sir, to have that there corned leg o' pork biled for dinner to-day?

Mr. Pickwick.—No, Sam; not exactly that.

Sam.—I hope you ain't arter changin' that broad-brimmed tile o' your'n for von like a chimbley-pot, or leavin' off them celebrated black gaiters, or makin' a hobject o' yourself in your old age with trousers, instead o' them yaller tights. If so be that them there's your determinations, I for von puts my weto upon it. Beg pardon, sir, but must speak my mind, as the street-sweeper observed ven he said that the dustman was no gen'leman.

Mr. Pickwick.—You need not be alarmed, Sam; I am not going to change my costume, nor any part of it. My resolution relates to another and more important matter.

Sam.—I hope you ain't a-goin' to stand for a borough, sir; 'cos every low feller tries to get into Parliament now a-days. It ain't genteel, sir.

Mr. Pickwick.—You can't guess, Sam, what I am alluding to.

Sam.—Blessed if I can't though! I've got it now. You're a goin' to spekulat on paper, are you?

Mr. Pickwick.—What! Me turn stationer, Sam?

Sam.—Commit your mental spekulations to paper, sir, I mean; or in other words, turn author.

Mr. Pickwick.—No, no, Sam; that I shall never do.

Sam.—Vell, sir; you're right again; 'cos every fool writes his book now-a-days. If a feller on'y goes to Calais and back, he takes up three volumes with the pertiklers. Travels is all the go. There's on'y two things as sells vell at present; and them's novels an' Germans. They give a guinea an' a-half for a novel, and thirty thousand a-year for a German. But if a German's worth all that, wot must an Englishman fetch?

Mr. Pickwick.—Why, nothing at all apparently, Sam, if I understand your allusion. But you are a long time guessing this mystery of my resolution. Do you recollect our conversation of the other day?

Sam.—Since I've bin a teetotaler, sir, my memory hasn't been troubled with no necessity to exert itself. Pump water makes a clear head; wines is in, wits is out.

Mr. Pickwick.—You have mentioned the very thing which—

Sam.—Ah! I knows wot you're up to, sir; now, I think you told me to get a copy o' that there song as I was a speakin' about t'other day; the song vich is 'sposed to be a dry log—

Mr. Pickwick.—A what, Sam?

Sam.—A dry log, sir; a vay of expressin' the conversation between two individuals.

Mr. Pickwick.—A dialogue, you mean, Sam.

Sam.—Vell, sir, a dying log, if you like it better. But it's a dying log then between a lady an' a little beggar-boy in the street. So

here goes;—recollect, sir, the lady speaks first, an' then the little boy.

"Pray who's the little boy that is dancing so nimbly? Come, Mary, bring a half-penny down!"—"Please, ma'am, I'm the feller as swept your chimbley; An' I'm wery much obleeged for the brown."

"Alas! how his schooling has been neglected! But perhaps his kind father's deal?"—"No, ma'am, he a tinker as is wery much respected, An' this mornin' he's drunk in bed."

"Perchance 'tis a motherless child that they've fixed on To dance? Does your mamma live still?"—"Yes, ma'am,—at this moment she's stayin' at Brixton, With a gen'l'man as keep a mill."

"Poor child! he is miserably clad—how shocking! Not to give him some clothes were a sin."—"Thank'ee, ma'am,—but I doesn't want no shoe nor stocking, I'd rayther have a quartern o' gin."

Mr. Pickwick.—That song calls to my mind more forcibly than any thing else, the horrors of drinking, and the depravity of those parents who set so terrible an example to their offspring. My resolution, Sam, is to embrace the principles of Teetotalism.

Sam.—Hooray! hooray! Pickwick and temperance for ever! Wot'll my old father say now? Blowed if he won't go into apoplectic fits. But all must follow the leader, as the young lady said ven she jumped off the Monument.

Mr. Pickwick.—I feel happy, Sam, that I have come to this wise determination.

Sam.—Now you'll go an' speechify down at the chapel in Aldersgitt-street. There's some wery nice men as speaks there; 'specially a black von, as always is a svearin' that he's the only vite un there. Blowed if it isn't a wery pleasant sight to see with ones' own wisual organs such a lot o' workin' men, all well dressed, and lookin' as if they had plenty o' bacon to eat, altho' they ain't got no gammon. Spereted fellers they is too, sir—wery spereted: they come down t'other day in a wery 'andsome manner to set up a paper o' their own.

Mr. Pickwick.—Let us proceed to Aldersgate-street chapel, Sam: I am in a hurry to sign the pledge-book of the London United Temperance Association.

(To be continued in our next.)

MISCELLANEA.

In the city of Bordeaux, in France, fifteen millions of eggs are used for clearing wine annually. Thus a great quantity of the most nutritious aliment is perverted every year to the most illegitimate of uses.

Before the year 1730, the malt-liquors in general use in London, were ale, beer and twopenny; and it was customary for the drinkers of malt-liquor to order a tankard, or pint of half-and-half,—that is, half of ale and half of beer, or half of ale and half of twopenny, or half of beer and half of twopenny. In course of time it also became the practice to order a pint or tankard of three-thirds; meaning a third of ale, of beer, and of twopenny, and thus the publican had the trouble to go to three casks, and turn the three cocks for a pint of liquor. To avoid this inconvenience and waste, a brewer of the name of Harwood conceived the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the same united flavours of ale, beer, and twopenny. He did so, and succeeded, calling it *porter*; and, as it was a wery nourishing beverage, it was found suitable for porters, and other working people; hence it obtained the name of *porter*.

Green copperas, which is a rank poison, is used in the preparation of porter by the publicans. Mr. Partington, the editor of a popular Encyclopædia, has frequently ascertained its presence by the most infallible chemical tests.

Water is an essential constituent in the organization of all living bodies. When taken into the stomach, water acts by its temperature, its bulk, and the quantity absorbed by the lacteals. Water about 60 degrees gives no sensation of heat or cold; between 60 and 45 degrees it gives a sensation of cold, followed by a glow and increase of appetite and vigour; below 45 degrees the sensation of cold is permanent and unpleasant, and it acts as an astringent and sedative; above 60 degrees it excites nausea and vomiting, by partially relaxing the fibres of the stomach, for when mixed with stimulating substances it has not these effects.

THE FIRE KING.

BY "THE PRINTER'S DEVIL."

No sooner had he closed his eyes in sleep, than, with the rapidity of lightning, the Fire King descended on expanded wings of raven black, and seated himself on the heaving breast of his victim.

"Long, long," the demon cried, "have I waited; now, no delay. Away! away!" Then, as if under the influence of some powerful magnetic attraction, he felt his body was following the awfully mysterious being. Frantic with the thought, he clung with anguish to the bed—but bed, nay room and all, away they flew through boundless space, quicker than bullet from the cannon's mouth. Then, far from the influence of this earth's centre, the room began a frightful whirl. His burning eyes protruded from their sockets, and his hair "like quills upon the fretful porcupine" stood on end. But, horror still! with the velocity of thought—thousands of miles in a second—he fell—down! down! And, as he descended, the air grew hotter—till, horror upon horror! he found he breathed flames! Yes; there he was in the palace of the Fire King! surrounded by beings of frightful shape, but whose bodies, being transparent as glass, showed the liquid fire, as they drank from flaming cups, stream down their throats, enter their stomachs, burn their hearts; and as it fired their blood, and danced along their veins, it emitted a pale blue flame.

"One subject more," the fire-king exclaimed: "now for his inauguration." Suddenly thrown down, the Demon seated himself on his burning breast—his hot hands held his victim's arms, while the imps, with horrid delight, seized the awful cup, and stifled his shriek by the fiery draught. As it entered his lips, he felt it dry up his blood—burst the arteries—and scorch his brain. But, gasping for breath, in his extremity he shrieked aloud for help; his yells resounded through the hollow cave; and, in a moment, all was darkness; the demons had fled and he was alone. Gradually recovering possession of his faculties, he began to grope around him,—'twas all a dream. But he never forgot the letters that flamed upon the tyrant's brow,—COGNAC, THE FIRE KING!

THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Meeting of Members at Aldersgate-street Chapel,—on Saturday Evening, July 4th.

MR. JOHNSON, upon being called to the chair, observed, that notwithstanding Teetotalism had made so much progress, its enemies were still numerous and vehement. Their principal objection was that it subverted the present system of social amusements and recreations, and tended to turn the mind of man to other pursuits. Teetotalism (he said) is not an individual question—it is a general one. It must be considered, not only in its application to the individual, but to the world at large. It was a question of paramount importance to society, as it would purge that society of its crime, and banish many a source of care from the domestic hearth. Drinking makes the homes of the poor miserable in the extreme. Intemperance has also produced the greatest national calamities. Wherefore should we not consider the question of Teetotalism in a political sense? The political situation of the country is influenced by the habits of the people. If we had a sober constituency, we should have honest members returned to parliament; and the result of this would be that we should have better laws. Sobriety and consistency would introduce immense moral changes into the destinies of this great nation.

SERGEANT ATHERLEY next addressed the meeting. He said that he always preached Teetotalism whenever he had an opportunity: whether with friend or foe, he invariably introduced the subject into his conversation. He always wrote about it, too, as often as occasion presented itself. The chairman had made some able observations relative to consistency. He (Serjeant Atherley) would not give a fig for a man who was not consistent. It was useless to preach that to which a man would not act up. He advocated the principles of not giving a friend liquor. That which was poison to him, was poison to another. Were he even a moderate drinker, he would not dare teach the necessity of total abstinence. His text was the single recommendation—"Try it." Many who tried, afterwards continued to practise Teetotalism.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, called the attention of the meeting to those enemies to the London United Temperance Association, who had exerted themselves to the utmost to injure the sale of *The Teetotaler* journal. He was however happy to inform the meeting that that enterprise seemed to promise the most ample success;

and he declared that the malignity of enemies should not succeed in injuring that publication. It was a pity that men who professed principles of Teetotalism, and who pretended to be embarked in a philanthropic cause, should sacrifice honesty and justice to party feelings and sentiments of private pique. Mr. Reynolds, after having exposed the conduct of one individual in particular, who had dealt largely in scandal, slander and malignity, at his expense and at that of the journal, said that he should treat that individual and all his partizans with the contempt they deserved. He (Mr. Reynolds) was a gentleman by birth; his father, Sir George Reynolds, now deceased, was an officer of high rank in the British Navy; his grandfather was Captain Dowers, late governor of Deal Hospital, and he had an uncle now alive, who was also a Post Captain in the Royal Navy: he was a gentleman by education, for he had been brought up at the Military College, at Sandhurst, and could have obtained a commission in one of the first regiments if he had chosen; and he hoped that he was a gentleman in conduct. At all events he should conduct himself like a gentleman in respect to that Society, and would maintain the same line of behaviour in respect to *The Teetotaler*. After having categorically refuted many of the malicious assertions made by the individual before alluded to, Mr. Reynolds proceeded to read an Essay upon Teetotalism which he had written in the July number of the *Monthly Review*, one of the longest established and most respectable magazines of the day.

CAPTAIN LOWES then addressed the meeting, relative to the case of the Wapping Coal-Whippers. The greater portion of that which appeared in the last number of *The Teetotaler* was correct; but some assertions (he said) were not quite true. He felt persuaded that government would do nothing for the Coal-Whippers: neither would the Common Council of the City of London. The captains of the colliers, against whom great complaint had been made, were not so much to blame as had been represented. They were the servants of the owners, and were compelled to obey the commands of their superiors. He however concurred with the truth of the general principle, that the Coal-whippers were an ill-used body of men, and that some means should be adopted to assist them.

MR. JOHNSON, (the Chairman) asked if a deputation to the owners in the North, would effect any beneficial aim?

CAPTAIN LOWES said he thought a deputation would do good. A lieutenant in the navy had some time ago established a general reference office for the Coal-Whippers of Wapping, but he had converted its object into a means of profit for himself. Captain Lowes concluded by observing that three hundred pounds were paid upon the average every day, as wages to the labourers at Wapping; and of that sum upwards of one hundred pounds were expended—necessarily expended—in drink amongst the publicans.

MR. NOBLE then addressed the meeting at considerable length in favour of the unhappy Coal-Whippers. The Coal-Whippers had established meetings to agitate their cause, and meetings did not succeed. The Coal-Whippers were all drunkards against their will.

GEORGE APPLEGATE requested permission to address the meeting. He observed that Captain Lowes had spoken of the case of the Coal-Whippers according to the dictates of his own (Captain Lowes') upright mind and generous feelings. But Captain Lowes had yet to learn the extent of the horrors comprised in the case of the degraded Coal-Whippers. The publicans are in the habit of bribing the captains of colliers to let them (the publicans) have the monopoly of supplying men to work the ships. The publicans are too influential a body, to have their monopoly wrested from their hands, save by an enactment of the parliament. Let an application be immediately made to the Common Council of London, to ascertain whether that Council will assist the Coal-whippers, or not. Let an affirmative or negative reply be given at once. Suspense increased the evil complained of. If the Common Council will not act, then the government must be applied to; and if the government will not act, then five millions of Teetotalers will agitate in behalf of the two thousand Coal-Whippers of Wapping.

DANIEL BROWN, after having respectfully solicited permission of the Chairman to address the audience, observed that a deputation to the North would be productive of no beneficial effects. Something however ought to be done, and done speedily. He and his children had often been four-and-twenty hours without food. The money which he had been compelled to disburse in the public-houses, would have amply provided for him and his suffering family.

CAPTAIN LOWES informed the meeting that the generality of the publicans of Wapping were decayed tradesmen, sent from the North by the owners of the colliers. He (Captain Lowes) thought that a meeting at Exeter Hall should be got up to agitate the cause of the Coal-Whippers; and he begged to open a subscription for that purpose by the contribution of a sovereign.

A subscription was then collected for the benefit of the Coal-Whippers, and for the purpose of hiring Exeter Hall for the object suggested by Captain Lowes. MR. H. W. WESTON, Hon. Sec., intimated to the meeting that Exeter Hall should be secured as speedily as possible to promote the philanthropic aims in view.

CONFERENCE OF THE BRITISH TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday, June 30th, the sixth annual conference of the British Temperance Association commenced, when the following delegates assembled at the Temperance Hall, Little Bolton, where they remained in deliberation some time.

L. HEYWORTH, Esq., of Liverpool, President.
MR. G. GREIG, Leeds, Secretary.

Bolton, J. Rothwell, H. Boyle, and J. Cunliffe—Bolton, Youths, R. Knowles, jun.—Leeds, J. Andrews, jun., and J. Kershaw—Huddersfield, J. Baker and J. Swann—Dukinfield, Mr. Bell—Birmingham, J. Stubbin and J. Hockings—Bury, Rev. F. Howarth and Rev. W. Roseman—Ottley, T. Barker—Todmorden, J. Greenwood—Rochdale, Mr. Swift and Mr. Booth—Preston, Thomas Swindlehurst and Mr. Charnley—Pocklington, F. Hopwood—Stockport, J. Harrison—Colne, J. Laycock—Oldham, J. Wild—Macclesfield, J. Taylor—Wigan, Rev. W. Roaf—Lancaster, T. R. Lees—Lees and Shaw, T. Micklethwaite—Hull, R. Frith—Newcastle-upon-Tyne, G. Dodd—Burnley, J. Winterbotham—Halifax, J. Smith—Rotherham, T. Wigfield—Rawtenstall, J. King—Manchester, S. Hague—Dublin, H. Brown—London, W. Gawthrop, (From the London United Temperance Association)—Agents, E. Grubb and J. Millington.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, the first of a series of four public meetings in connection with the conference took place in the hall. After a hymn in praise of sobriety had been sung, accompanied by the temperance band, Mr. J. Wright, of Bolton, introduced J. Stubbin, Esq., of Birmingham, into the chair.

Mr. Stubbin made a most eloquent speech, in which he made several observations upon the rapid rise of Teetotalism, and the popularity of the principle as evinced by the crowded state of that hall. Mr. Swindlehurst, of Preston; Mr. James Millington; Mr. George Dodd, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Mr. James Teare; and Mr. H. Boyle then respectively addressed the meeting.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The body of the hall was again nearly filled; Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., president of the British Temperance Society, took the chair, and addressed the assembly at great length in reference to the chemical properties of alcohol, and its effects upon the human system. Mr. Swan, of Huddersfield, spoke for some time; he was followed by Mr. Andrews, of Leeds, and Mr. Greig, secretary of the association.

THURSDAY EVENING.

At five o'clock there was a tea-party at the hall in "honour of the delegates." Between four and five hundred individuals sat down and partook of the repast. The members of the Society of Rechabites, preceded by the Temperance band, walked in procession from their place of meeting, the Temperance Hotel, Black Horse-Street, to the hall. At eight o'clock, R. Knowles, Esq., president of the Bolton Temperance Society took the chair. The hall was crowded in every part. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, the Rev. W. Roaf, of Wigan, Mr. J. Baker, of Huddersfield, and Mr. J. Hockings, of Birmingham. A gentleman from Ireland then said a few words; thanks were voted to the chairman and the meeting adjourned until

FRIDAY EVENING.

Mr. R. Firth, editor of the *Hull Temperance Pioneer*, presided over the meeting. After an appropriate speech from the chair, the meeting, which was again numerously attended, was addressed by Messrs. Lees, of Lancaster, Wild, of Oldham, Gawthrop, (the delegate from the London United Temperance Association,) and Hockings, of Birmingham.

SATURDAY EVENING.

The meeting was on this occasion presided over by the Mayor of Bolton, Robert Heywood, Esq.

NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

This society held a grand meeting on Monday evening, July 6, at Exeter Hall. Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., addressed the meeting at great length, and assured those present that so soon as Father Mathew should inform him that, consistently with his political safety, he might sign the pledge-book, he would cheerfully do so. He declared that Father Mathew intended to visit Manchester very shortly, and would, he had no doubt, also repair to London. Several members of the New British and Foreign Society addressed the meeting, besides two American clergymen, one of whom made a desperate but well deserved attack upon the English Clergymen for not advocating the cause of Teetotalism. Mr. Greig, the Secretary, made an eloquent speech, which he however spoilt by an appeal to Mr. O'Connell to sign the pledge at once—an appeal that was as inconsistent with courtesy, good taste and sound judgment, as it was rendered tiresome by the verbosity and fulsome adulation which characterised it. Upwards of four thousand Teetotalers were present on this occasion. Mr. O'Connell was reading *The Teetotaler* journal during a portion of the time when he was not occupied in speaking.

Westminster Friendly Temperance Society.—A public meeting of the above society was held at the Royal York Theatre, Westminster, on Monday, the 22nd of June. J. F. Maguire, Esq. of Cork, in the chair. The meet-

ing which was very numerous and respectable, was addressed by Messrs. Reddy, O'Leary, Curry, Wild, Williams, jun., Willshaw and Carpenter, all of whom powerfully advocated the cause. The chairman closed the meeting with a very animated speech which lasted more than an hour. The cause is rapidly advancing in Westminster. At the close a great number signed the pledge.

The Clerkenwell and Pentonville Youths' Teetotal Society intend to hold a meeting on Friday evening, July 17, at 7 o'clock precisely, at Aldersgate-street Chapel, when Sir Culling Eardley Smith, bart., the president, will occupy the chair.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TEETOTALER.

SIR,—It is with feelings of exultation that I welcome—aye, a thousand times welcome—the young *Teetotaler*; from the appearances of which it is easy to perceive that it is intended to be not merely a chronicler of meetings, but a journal of interest. Such a paper will not fail to insinuate itself into the good graces of the inhabitants generally of the metropolis and the provinces, and to command attentive examination. It promises to supply to the thousands, who are not altogether in love with the Temperance publications previously in being (which nevertheless are excellent in their way, as far as they go) an enlivening journal of instruction; and to those who have never perhaps thought it worth their while to purchase or peruse any of our Temperance papers, it bids fair to prove alluring and attractive. In short, "The Teetotaler" is a publication, the want of which has been long and seriously felt; and it matters not by what hands or by what party that want is supplied. The subject of Teetotalism is worthy the brightest and noblest genius—the profoundest talent. Can even a thoughtful person forbear to lament, especially on the sabbath, to observe the many groups of half-clad, half-fed, wretched-looking individuals that are to be seen in all the poor and thickly populated localities, doling out to the publican the money they have laboured for?

Most of the objections urged against Teetotalism originate in self-love and pride. "If a man likes to enjoy his glass," says one, "why should he not continue to enjoy it?" Here is self-love predominant. He sets up his own little foolish likes in opposition to a whole community; and in his own person keeps up the custom by which so many are made to suffer, because he likes. Ask the same man whether Teetotalism has done wonders or not; and he will say "Yes!" Another says, "If a man has no confidence, and is obliged to bind himself to Total Abstinence he must be a man of weak mind." Pride is here again predominant—a paltry, very frequent, favourite excuse for getting rid of the thought of giving up the half-pint. The man of weak mind is he who has not courage enough to relinquish his glass. Could the society, which has done wonders, ever have been brought to bear upon the public mind, or have at all existed, without some agreement of persons?—As every man, who seriously signs the promise to abstain, must previously have made up his mind to do so, I look upon the signing to be;—1st. a man's earnest that the principle is good, and a recommendation of it to others; 2nd. an act done for the purpose of strengthening and encouraging those who may be called the steam-engines of Teetotalism; and 3rd. as tending to steel his own fortitude to bear up against the allurements of the old-fashioned gin and beer-drinking folks whom he must fall in with.

Your insertion of this letter, will oblige, Sir,
W. LURCOTT.

REVIEW.

The Last Day of a Condemned. Translated from the French of Victor Hugo, by G. W. M. REYNOLDS. pp. 96. London: George Henderson.

We shall content ourselves for the present with laying a few extracts from this work before our readers. The first extract shall be from the Preface: it is as follows:—

In the south of France—towards the end of September, 1831,—we do not precisely remember either the day or the place of execution, nor the name of the convict—the gendarmes went into a prison, where a man was quietly playing at cards, and told him that he must die in two hours—an announcement which made him shudder from head to foot, because for the previous six months he had been forgotten. He had ceased to reflect upon the possibility of death; but he was now shaven,—his hair was cut,—he was handcuffed,—and he was confessed. He was then consigned to the care of four gendarmes, who conducted him through the crowd to the place of execution. Up to this period there was nothing very much out of the common; for it is in this manner that the thing is managed. When the cavalcade reached the scaffold, the executioner received the convict from the hands of the priest—bound him to the plank—turned him down to the horizontal position—and then let the axe fall. The heavy triangle of iron moved with difficulty, fell sluggishly in its grooves upon the neck of the culprit, and only wounded without killing him. The man gave vent to a terrible cry.

The executioner once more raised the axe, and let it fall a second time—when it again failed to accomplish the dread purpose. The convict howled hideously—the crowd became clamorous. The executioner drew up the hatchet again with the hope of completing the work this time. There was no better result! The third blow caused a third stream to flow from the nape of the convict's neck, but did not sever the head. Let us abridge this recital. The knife was drawn up and suffered to fall five times—five times it wounded the condemned—five times the condemned roared beneath the blow, shaking his head violently, and exclaiming, "Mercy! Mercy!" The multitude took up stones, and, in its justice, began to hurl them at the executioner. The executioner jumped from the scaffold of the guillotine, and concealed himself beneath it, protected by the horses of the gendarmes. But this is not all. The convict, finding himself alone upon the scaffold, had risen up from the plank,—and there, a horrible object—with his head, half-severed, hanging over upon one shoulder—he implored the people, in a feeble voice, to hasten and release him from his position. The crowd, full of commiseration, were upon the point of forcing their way through the rank of the gendarmes and hastening to the assistance of the convict, who had already five times submitted his head to the axe of death; but, at that moment, one of the executioner's assistants—a young man of about twenty—ascended the scaffold, told the sufferer to turn himself round while he untied him, and, profiting by the posture of the dying man, who gave himself up to him without distrust, leapt upon his back and began to cut through all that remained of his neck with a kind of butcher's knife. All this was done: all this was seen? Yes!

The preface proceeds to enumerate arguments against the law of the punishment of death. The following passage must not be omitted from this notice:—

"We are sometimes inclined to believe that those, who advocate the penalty of death, have not maturely reflected what that penalty is. A just idea of its nature will however be obtained, if we place in one scale the most enormous crime we can think of, and in the other the monstrous right which society arrogates to itself, of taking away that which it did not give, thus inflicting a penalty which is the most irreparable of all irreparable penalties!

Every case of capital punishment, must involve one of the following alternatives:—

First—the man whom you condemn to death, has no family—no parents—and no relatives in this world. In this case, he has perhaps received no education,—no instruction,—no cultivation of his mind, nor of the good qualities which might exist in his bosom;—then, by what right do you kill that miserable orphan? You punish him because his infancy was passed like a wild-flower in a field, without support, and without attention. You reproach him with the very isolation of his position in which you left him. You convert his misfortune into a crime: no one taught him to discriminate between good and evil deeds. That man is ignorant—his faults must be attributed to his destiny, and not to him. You kill an innocent being!

Secondly—the individual, whom you send to the scaffold, has a family. Then, do you imagine that the blow, which kills him, does not strike elsewhere? do not his father, his mother, and his children, bleed also? Yes—when you kill him, you slay a whole family; and here again you murder the innocent!

Preposterous and blind penalty which—turn whithersoever it will—strikes the guiltless!

That man, who is culpable, and who has a family, may be locked up for life. In the depths of his dungeon, he may still work for his family. But how can he assist them to live from the bottom of his tomb? And can you reflect, without a shudder, of what will become of those little boys and little girls whom you deprive of their father—in other words, of their bread? Do you reckon upon that family to supply, in the course of fifteen years or so, the galleys with males, and the penitentiaries with females? Oh! the poor innocents!

The following description of the last ceremony will show the terrible state of the human mind, when under the dread anticipation of an awful death. This portion of the auto-biographical narrative is supposed to be written in the Town-Hall of Paris just before the execution of the writer—that execution being ordered for four o'clock p. m.:—

It was three o'clock precisely when I was informed that it was time to depart from the Conciergerie. I trembled—as if I had been thinking of anything else for the previous six hours—six weeks—six months. The announcement produced an effect upon me, as if it were not expected.

They made me traverse their corridors and descend their stairs. They pushed me between two doors in a passage on the ground floor,—a sombre, narrow, and arched passage, scarcely lighted by a day of rain and mist. A chair was in the middle of the place. They told me to sit down upon it; and I sat down.

Near the door and along the walls there were some people standing, besides the priest and the gendarmes;—and besides them, there were three men!

The first, who was the tallest and oldest of the three,

was stout and had a red face. He wore a frock-coat and a battered three-cornered hat. It was he!

It was the executioner—the agent of the guillotine. The two others were the servants of the servant of the guillotine!

Scarcely was I seated, when these two others drew near me—behind—like cats; and then I suddenly felt the chill of steel amongst my hair; and the creaking of the scissars grated in my ears.

My hair, cut at hazard, fell in tufts upon my shoulders; and the man with the three-cornered hat brushed them gently off with his great hand.

The people spoke in whispers around me.

There was a dreadful din without, like a murmuring which undulates in the air. I at first thought that it was the river; but, from the shouts of laughter which burst forth, I discovered that it arose from the crowd.

Suddenly one of the executioner's men took off my jacket; and the other seized my two arms which hung negligently by my side, and drew them behind my back. I then felt a cord turning gently round my wrists which were thus drawn together. At the same time the other assistant divested me of my cravat. My linen shirt—the only relic of my former self which remained—made him hesitate, as it were, for a moment; and he then began to cut away the collar.

At that horrible precaution—at the sensation of the steel which touched my neck—my elbows vibrated, and I suffered a low moaning to escape my lips. The hand of the executioner trembled.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he. "Have I hurt you?"

Those executioners are kind-hearted men.

The crowds were shouting louder than ever without.

The fat man, with the red face, gave me a handkerchief, steeped in vinegar, to scent.

"Thank you," said I, in the loudest accents that I could call to my aid: "I do not require it; I am very well."

One of the assistants then stooped down and tied my feet together, by means of a thin cord, which was however so long as to permit me to take short steps. The end of this cord was then fastened to the one which confined my hands.

The fat man then threw the waistcoat over my shoulders, and tied the sleeves together beneath my chin. All that he there had to do was then done.

The priest drew near to me with his crucifix, saying, "Let us depart, my son!"

The assistants supported me beneath my armpits; I rose—I walked; but my steps were feeble, and my limbs bent as if I had two knees to each leg.

At that moment the outer folding-doors were opened. A furious clamour, and the cold air, and the white light struck upon my senses even in the shade. From the depth of the passage leading to the gates, I suddenly distinguished, all in a moment, and through the rain, thousands of heads of the multitude congregated upon the great stair-case of the Palace of Justice. On the right hand, level with the threshold, was a rank of mounted gendarmes: in face of me was a detachment of soldiers drawn up in a line, and on the left, was seen the back part of a cart, against which a ladder of rude workmanship was placed. Oh! hideous picture—which seemed, from the spot where I stood, to be set in the frame afforded by the prison entrance!

It was for that dread moment that I had retained all my courage. I advanced three steps, and appeared upon the threshold of the gates.

"There he is! there he is!" exclaimed the multitude. "He is coming out at last!"

And those who were nearest to me clapped their hands. Much as the King is loved, his birth-day is less a cause of delight than was my presence on this occasion!

We shall conclude this quotation in our next.

WEEKLY LIST OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS, HELD IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Chair taken at 8 o'clock unless otherwise announced.

THE LONDON UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This society holds two large meetings every Wednesday and Saturday, at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, at 3 o'clock, and on Monday at the School Room, Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell.

SUNDAY.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel. Service at 11 and half-past 6—
Sunday-School at 2 o'clock.
Temperance Room, Young-st. Kensington. Prayer Meeting at 3.
King-st., Lambeth-walk, at 9
Cumberland Market, 9.
Public Prayer Meeting, Rockingham House, at 3.
New Cut, Lambeth, half-past 4.
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster. Preaching—Morning, at 11. Evening half-past six.
Ditto, Enon Chapel, Clare Market, at 11, 3, & half-past 6
Borough Market, at 7 in the morning.
White Stiles, King's Road, Chelsea, 3
IN THE OPEN AIR.
Open space, Saffron hill, at 8 o'clock.

Red Lion Market—Opposite the Alms Houses, Mile End Road—Islington Green—Notting Dale—Broadway, Westminster, at 9.

Behind Brunswick Terrace, Well-st., Hackney—Clerkenwell Green—Islington-green—Starch-green, near Shephard's-bush—Open Space, Cartwright-street, Rosemary-lane—Salisbury-st. Portman Market, 3.
Opposite the Alms Houses, Mile End Road—Stepney Green, at 4

Weymouth Terrace, Hackney Road, at 6
Shepherdess Fields, Islington, London United Temperance Association, at 3

MONDAY.

School Room, Aylesbury-st., Clerkenwell, L. U. T. Asso.
East London Temperance Hall, Church-row, Bethnal Green-road, L. U. T. Association.

Angel Alley, Bishopsgate. Metro Roman Catholic Asso.
Robinson's School-room, Whiting-st., Waterloo-road.
The Chapel, Castle-st., Saffron Hill.

School-Room, Orange-st. Chapel, Leicester-square.
School-Room, High-st., Stokenewington at half-past 7
School-room, Deverell-st., Chapel-yard, Dover-road.
Temperance Hall, Chelsea, New-rd., back of Sloane-st
Tempece-room, Fleur-de-lis-court, Fleet-st. Prayer meet.
William-st., Chapel, Portland-town.
Southwark Academy, Union-st., Borough. Females at 6,
Public-meeting at 8.

School-room, Hare-st., Bethnal-green. Youths only
Enon Chapel, New Church-st., Portman Market.
Aldersgate-st. Chapel

Soho Branch, at Orange-st. Chapel School Rooms.
Mariners' Church, Wellclose Square.
Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.
Rayner's Temperance Coffee Room, Broadway, Westminster. Females at 6, Public Meeting at 8

TUESDAY.

Harp Alley School Room, Farringdon-st.
School-room, opposite the Workhouse, Bethnal Green
Baptist Chapel, Northampton-st., Somers' Town.
School-room, London-lane, Hackney
Ebenezer-chapel, Old-st. Road.

Mr. Lyons's School Rooms, No. 44, Ratcliffe-highway
Meeting of Members for Roman Catholics only
Tempece-rm., back of Kentish Waggoners, Kent-st. Bo.
Catholic Free School, George-st., St. Giles.

Derby-st., School-room, Rosemary-lane
South London Tempece. Hall. Roman Catholic Asso.
Temperance Room, Young-st., Kensington.
School-room, York-st., Walworth. For Females only, 6.
Rockingham House, New Kent Road.
Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.
School-room, Grafton-st., Fitzroy Square.
Providence Chapel, Princes-st., Great-garden-st. Whitel.
Temperance-Chapel, Broadway, Westminster.
British School Room, Stratford, half-past 7.
Chelsea Temperance Hall.

Jerusalem Coffee-ho., Jerusalem-pass., Clerkenwell. Youths

WEDNESDAY.

School-room, Little Chambers-st. Goodman's Fields.
School-room, Oxford-buildings, Oxford-street.
Aldersgate st. Chapel, London United Temperance
Haggerstone. Infant School-room, near the Bridge
Chelsea Tempece. Hall. Catholic Total Abstinence Soc.
Temperance Hall, Hampstead.

Ivy Lane, Hoxton. Females only at 6. Pub. Meet. 8.
Temperance rooms, Fleur-de-lis-court, Fetter-lane. Females at 6, Public Meeting at 8.

Wesleyan Chapel, Adelaide-sq., Shepperton-st. New North Road, Islington.

Peppercell's Coffee-house, Whitecross-st. Females only 7.
Mr. Knight's School-rm., Cambridge-rd. Youths only, 7
Rockingham House, New Kent-road. Youths.

Fisher-st. School Room, Red Lion Square.
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster, 6 to 7,
For Females only. Public Meeting at 8.

Eastfield-st, Limehouse Fields. Youths.
Bayham Terrace Chapel, Camden Town.
Wesleyan Chapel, Wandsworth, 7.

THURSDAY.

Chapel, Aldersgate-st.
Union Coffee-house, Golden-lane.

Chapel House Academy, Vauxhall Row.
Wesley Association Chapel, Giffin-street, Deptford
Mr. Lyon's School-rooms, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Meet.
of the Catholic Association.

Mariner's Church, Wellclose-square
South Lon. Tempece. Hall, near the Elephant and Castle.
School-room, 51, Union-st. Borough. Females only
from 6 to 8, for Males from 8 to 10.

School-room, Nelson-st., Windmill-lane, Camberwell,
Females only at 6, Public Meeting at 8.
School-room, Manor-road, Parrock-st., Gravesend.
Temperance Rooms, Paradise-st., Rotherhithe.

Mariners' Church, Wellclose-square.
British School Room, Ship Yard, Wardour-st.
British School, George-st., Regent-st., Lambeth-walk.
Chelsea Temperance Hall.

Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel
Rayner's Temp. Coffee-rooms, Broadway, Westminster

FRIDAY.

Harp Alley School Room, Farringdon-st.
Wesleyan Chapel, Webber-st., Blackfrs. Membs. Meet.
Broker-row, Mint, Borough

Subscription School-room, Church-st., Islington.
School-room, Wick-st., Hackney.

Angel-alley, Bishopsgate. Females at 6, Public Meet. 8.

Zoar Chapel, Upper Ogle-st., Fitzroy
School Room, London-lane, Hackney. Youths only 7.
Williams's Coffee-house, Staines-road. Youths only.
South London Temperance Hall. Roman Catho. Asso.
School-room, Charles-st., Dalston.
Railway Coffee-house, 49, Church-st. Shoreditch. Youths
only at half-past 4.

Enon Tempece. Chapel, St. Clement's-lane, Clare Market

SATURDAY.

Lyons's School-room, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Social
Meeting of the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Asso.
Aldersgate-st. Chapel. London U. T. Temperance Asso.

Rockingham House, New Kent Road.
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster.
Rayner's Temp. Coff.-rm. Broadway, Westminster. Social-meet.

RECHABITE MEETINGS.

Southern Counties Brotherhood of Rechabites.

July 13th.—"Tent of the good Samaritan," Temperance Coffee-house, Camden-street, Islington.

—16th.—"Tent of Jonathan," 73, Turnmill-street.

—17th.—"Tent of John the Baptist," 74, Blackman-st, Boro.

—23rd.—"Tent of the Star of Temperance," 35, Drury-lane.

THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION
will hold a Meeting every Tuesday Evening, at the Chapel in Aldersgate-street.

"THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS," A

TALE.—As I am now satisfied with the public contradiction I have given to the malicious report circulated by a certain individual, relative to this tale; and as he offered a reward to discover the author of a scurrilous libel scrawled upon a copy of "The Teetotaler" journal in his rooms, and which libel referred to me,—I hereby give notice, that I shall not prosecute the action for defamation, &c., which I had instructed my solicitor to commence against the individual here alluded to.

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

London United Temperance Association.

EXCURSION TO RICHMOND.

The Committee have engaged the well known
Superior Steam Packets

ECLIPSE AND VIVID,

For an Excursion to RICHMOND, on Monday, the 20th of July, 1840. The Members and any Friends wishing to accompany them will meet at the Chapel, Aldersgate-street, at eight o'clock on the above morning, and walk in procession to Queenhithe-pier with the *Splendid Banners, Flags and Band*, used in the late procession, and embark at nine o'clock precisely. Proceed to Richmond, hold a large Meeting, and dine in the Park, and return to the *Delightful New Fauxhall Pleasure Gardens, Fauxhall Pier*, which are engaged for the Evening to Tea, where there will be a Grand Concert D'ETE, by first-rate performers.

PRESIDENT.—JOHN BILTON, ESQ.:

George W. M. Reynolds, Esq., Author of *Pickwick Abroad*, &c. &c. and Editor of the *Teetotaler*; and Messrs. Curry, Balfour, Crump, and Gawthrop, the Advocates, will be of the party.

Tickets, Tea included, 3s. 6d. each. The number being limited to 400, early application must be made to secure them.

Tickets may be had of Mr. Weston, Secretary, 12, Basing-lane; of the following Members of the Committee, Messrs. Caudle and Marriott, 3, Paul's-head-court, Fenchurch-street; Mr. Clark, 7, Chews-ride, Little-moorfields; Mr. Higby, 16, New-court, Milton-street; Mr. B. Kirby, 8, Benjamin-street, Clerkenwell; Mr. Crump, 1 Red-lion-market, White-cross-street; Mr. Griffiths, 49, Southampton-street, Clerkenwell; Mr. Gawthrop, 39, Fore-street, Cripplegate; Dennis's Union Coffee-house, Jerusalem-passage, Clerkenwell; Thompson's Coffee-house, Golden-lane; Mr. Brown, 4 Curtain-road; Mr. Adkins, Curtain-road; and at Aldersgate-street Chapel, every Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, from 8 to 10, of the Excursion Committee.

The Steamers will call at Hungerford-market, at Westminster-bridge, and Chelsea-pier, for convenience of friends in these vicinities, going and returning.

DENNIS'S Jerusalem Temperance Eating-House, Coffee and Reading Rooms, No. 6, Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell Green.

C.D., the person who painted the large Banner for the City Central and North London Auxiliary for the grand procession, the workmanship and materials of which (silk excepted) he gave to the Society, as acknowledged in their last report, begs to inform the friends of true temperance that he has opened the above House, and earnestly solicits their patronage and support. He assures them that nothing shall be wanting on his part to render them comfortable, should they favour him with their custom.

A commodious room for Committee-meetings, and a Temperance Social Meeting every Saturday evening, at eight o'clock.

BABINGTON'S ELIXIR OF RHUBARB.

Too much praise cannot be given to the individual who, having an inclination to drunkenness, joins the Temperance Association, but the difficulty is found great, owing to the weakened state of the stomach; but if the justly celebrated medicine "Babington's Elixir of Rhubarb" were taken for a short period, at the time of joining the Association, it would be found to give tone to the digestive organs, restore them to their healthy action, and relieve at once that distressing feeling of weakness and oppression which all spirit-drinkers experience on first becoming Teetotalers. The action of this medicine is to assist, not force nature; and it is used with the greatest success in all diseases arising from Indigestion; namely, Bilious Headaches, Diarrhoea, Spasm, Constipation, Gravel, Gout, and Rheumatism. Sold in bottles, at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., by J. KING, proprietor, 72, Queen-street, Cheapside; Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street, and all respectable Chemists.

A GENTLEMAN of steady habits can be accommodated with a FURNISHED APARTMENT, on the Ground Floor, in a pleasant neighbourhood, within a quarter of an hour's walk of the Bank.—Terms 6s. per week. Apply to X. Y. Z., at the Printer of this Paper.

All Communications for the Editor, to be addressed, post-paid, to the care of the Printer.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"The Teetotaler" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the *United Temperance Association*; the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of *TEETOTALISM*, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the *Journal* for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of *Teetotalism*, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by MR. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the *UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION*, No. 12, Basing-Lane, Bread-Street, Cheapside: MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: MR. STRANGE, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and MR. WILSON, Printer, 58, Red Cross Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund*, will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

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THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

THE PUBLISHERS.

OUR hero awoke at an early hour; but his head ached, and his brain appeared to be on fire. As he recalled to mind the circumstances of the preceding day, and reflected upon the excess of which he had been guilty, he was ready to tear his hair with rage. He felt that he had done very wrong—that he had disgraced his name and his station in life—and that he had lowered himself to a level with those wretches who may be almost said to dwell in the infamous dens of the publicans. The image of his Louise flashed across his mind; and he for a few minutes seriously meditated upon the means of breaking himself

of the evil habit which he had contracted. He knew his own weakness—he was aware that if he once began to taste the inviting liquors of which he was so fond, he should continue his potations; he had not sufficient command over himself to drink in moderation; and he also felt that even drinking in moderation was a most pernicious indulgence.

In the midst of his ruminations, Mr. Tibbatts entered his room.

"How have you slept?" asked that gentleman, whose eyes were very red.

"Tolerably well," answered Victor "but—"

"But you were terribly drunk last night," added Tibbatts with a loud laugh.

Melville shook his head mournfully.

"A truce to all nonsense of that kind!" ejaculated the shabby individual: "cheer up, my dear fellow—always dread reactions. The ancients universally drank a cup of Setine in the morning after a debauch upon mighty Falernian."

And as he uttered these words, the tempter slowly drew a small case-bottle from one pocket, and a wine-glass without a stand, from the other, while Victor watched his motions with mingled feelings of delight and alarm. Mr. Tibbatts poured out a glass of the liquor which was contained in the bottle. It was brandy; and as soon as the dram reached the olfactory sense of the young man, who was making such rapid progress in the evil paths of intemperance, he endeavoured to persuade himself that his exhausted frame required a powerful stimulant. Strange and fatal mistake—which has raised a powerful barrier between many a drunkard and the ways of reformation!

Melville accepted the glass from the hands of Mr. Tibbatts—swallowed its contents—and all his good resolutions fled for that day!

Mr. Tibbatts shortly after left the room; and our hero proceeded to dress himself, with an unusual degree of attention, for he had already digested in his own mind the plan he intended to adopt. The full particulars of this scheme he did not communicate to his new friend, who would only have thrown cold water upon it: having therefore merely informed Mr. Tibbatts that he had a little business to attend to, he consigned two or three manuscripts, nicely folded up in white paper, and bound round with red tape, to his pocket; and then sallied forth, literally in search of adventures. Elated by the spirituous liquor which he had drank, he suffered himself to indulge in hopes of success, as he journeyed along the streets towards Paternoster-row.

The classic region, to which our hero sped, is a narrow, dirty lane, between Saint Paul's Church-yard and Newgate-street. It is chiefly inhabited by booksellers, the richest of whom, for the most part, possess the least attractive-looking establishments. A butcher, a tailor, a haberdasher, and a coffee-house keeper have intruded themselves into this paradise of publishers; and a splendid toy-shop forms one of the corners towards Cheapside. Perhaps the proprietor of this last-named establishment entertained the impression that, as so many in the same street undertook to cater for the wise, there was at least room for one who might supply food to the frivolous; or else he in-

tended his enterprize to be an existing satire upon the numbers of silly people, who, fancying themselves to be either authors or judges of books, repair to the emporiums of knowledge, whereas their real destination should be the warehouse for childhood.

In the vast store-rooms of the publishers of Paternoster-row, are preserved the choicest treasures of human intellect; for all English books, now in print, and the best of foreign languages, can be there obtained: it is an imperishable mine of wealth; and as soon as one vein of the rich ore is exhausted, the printing press soon replenishes it again. It is scarcely possible for a mere spectator, however superficially he may be accustomed to examine into the philosophy of things, to reflect, without an extraordinary interest, upon the silent action of that machinery which moves a world. Those sombre and dingy-looking houses, in the windows of which there are a few soiled volumes scarcely ever disturbed, possess a scope so vast, and produce results so mighty, that their proprietors and their agents (the authors) may consider themselves the arbiters of the destinies of the moral world, and the fibres of the heart of the intellectual universe, upon which are directed all the streams of thought that sustain the harmony and connexion of its social action.

To that classic region did Victor Melville direct his steps. He had made up his mind to address himself to one of the presiding genii of the locality; and, as he walked down the Row, he glanced anxiously into each bookseller's shop, to select the one that best suited his phantasy. The first was filled with clerks—and so he did not venture into that: another was empty at the moment, and he did not choose to trouble the proprietor to leave his private apartment to talk to him; a third was well attended with customers; and a fourth was only occupied for the instant by an old man, with very large spectacles hanging half-way down his nose. There was something kind and benevolent in the old man's countenance; and, after having walked three or four times up and down the front of the shop, our hero mustered up all his courage, and darted into the literary *sanctum*.

The old man raised his eyes from off a newspaper which he was perusing, and waited for the youth's orders.

"I have called to know if you require any assistance—that is, any literary aid—any one to write anything for you," stammered our hero, while the bookseller surveyed him with the most profound astonishment.

"Who sent you?" enquired the bookseller sharply.

"No one," was the reply. "I know no one—and that was the reason which induced me—"

"Oh! I see," interrupted the bookseller, speaking in a milder tone; "you are a young aspirant to literary honours, and you go about to look for a job. My dear Sir, you do not understand how these things are managed."

"Indeed I do not," cried Victor, almost bursting into tears: "I beg your pardon for having disturbed you—but—I thought—I did not know—"

"You knew that I published a monthly magazine of literature and the fine arts," again interrupted the bookseller, his tone now becoming quite kind and even encouraging, "and you thought you would apply to me. Well—there is no harm in that—you haven't killed me," continued the old man, seeing that Victor was about to make some reply, for the real truth was that our hero was perfectly unaware of any such periodical work being issued from that particular house; "but these applications are usually addressed to the Editor."

"And who is the Editor, Sir?" enquired Victor.

"Ah! that's another thing," said the publisher. "But what can you do? have you any new idea to work out? or do you want general employment?"

"I must candidly confess, that I am an entire novice in these matters," returned Melville.

"So I perceive," said the publisher drily: "then what do you want, my dear Sir—and what can you do? You doubtless had some plan to propose, when you called upon me?"

"I have brought some specimens of what I can do," answered Victor, taking one of his manuscripts from his pocket; "and allow me to inform you that I was lately engaged upon a journal in Paris."

"Oh! then you have written something in your life which has appeared in print," observed the bookseller, with a good-natured smile; and as at that moment his shopman entered, he desired Melville to walk into the parlour adjoining the shop—an invitation which was immediately accepted.

"This is a specimen of my poetry," said Victor, tendering a song which he had copied out three times on some former occasion, in order to avoid any erasure or alteration in the caligraphic part of the performance.

"Ah! poetry—poetry!" exclaimed the old man, somewhat impatiently: "quite a drug in the market—no good now—unless it's of a certain kind. However, let me see it; perhaps it contains some new idea."

The bookseller adjusted his spectacles, turned himself in his chair in order to catch the light upon the paper, and, in a sort of murmur to himself, read the following stanzas, which had cost the young aspirant so many hours to compose and to copy out fairly:

COLUMBUS AND HIS MARINERS.

Over the billows frantic
Of the turbulent Atlantic,
When the waves are white and tempests roar,
And the sea-gull skims the waters o'er,
As if it sought for a long lost shore,
The Spaniards ride
In their joy and pride,
And seek for a clime o'er the ocean wide,
Where their banner may wave as unshackled and free
As the wing of the bird on the tall forest-tree.

Upon the ocean cheerless,
Still of death and danger fearless,
The hardy mariners track their way;
Their path is mark'd by the foaming spray,
And around their prow the meteors play,
While mermaids roam
In their ocean home,
Or ascend to the brim 'mid surf and foam,
In a sudden alarm that intruders should dare
To explore the wild waste of that solitude there.

So long from us concealing,
And reluctantly revealing
Those far-off-isles where summer suns reign,
The genius of earth essay'd in vain
To preserve a spot in her domain
Where Nature's throne
Should exist alone,
And with no other law but Nature's own;
For the Christian invaders sped over the wave,
And establish'd their sway with the lance and the glaive.

"Well—that's not so very bad," said the bookseller, as he returned the poem to the author; "but I have one person employed to write all the poetry for my magazine, and he

does it for a guinea a month. The fact is, we only just want a bit here and there to fill up pages; but no one ever reads it. It isn't the right sort of poetry for the present taste."

"Not the right sort?" ejaculated Melville: "then, pray, what is, Sir?"

"Ah! you should know all these details, if you want to embark as an author," returned the old publisher. "But I have nothing to do for a quarter of an hour or so, and I don't mind if I devote that time to you. Your poetry, I say, is not the right sort: the new style, lately introduced by one or two celebrated authors, is the only one that now takes—especially amongst the ladies."

"Could you afford me a specimen of that style which possesses such attractions for the fair sex?" asked Victor; "it must doubtless be very beautiful!"

"Oh! I have a specimen ready at hand," said the good-natured old man; "this is a song that will appear in one of the chapters of a continuous tale, now publishing in my magazine; I calculate that it will make a great hit;" and with this curiosity-exciting preface, the bookseller proceeded to read the following specimen of the new style to our hero:—

SONG.

Flare up, I say, my jolly friends,
And pass the bing^a gaily:—
Who cares a rap if all this ends
Some morn at the Old Bailey?
"A short life, and a merry one,"
Should be our constant maxim;
And he's a fool that gives up fun
Because remorse attacks him.

Here Ned has forks^b so precious fly,
And Bill can smash the flimsies;^c
No trap^e to Jim could e'er come nigh,
For he so fleet of limbs is.
Bob is the best to crack a crib,^f
And Dick to knap^g a fogle;^h
And I can wag my tongue so glib,
A beakⁱ would wipe his ogle.^k

Who are so happy then as we—
Each with such useful knowledge?
For Oxford University
Can't beat the floating college;^l
To parish prigs^m one gives degrees,
To travellersⁿ the latter;
But I would sooner cross the seas^o
Than in a hum-box^p patter.^q

Each state in life has its mishaps—
Kings fear a revolution;
The knowing covey dreads the traps,
And both an execution.
Death will not long pass any by—
Each chance is duly raffled;
What matters whether we must die
In bed, or on the scaffold?

It would be impossible to describe the profound astonishment—the unfeigned, unaffected, ineffable wonderment—the mute surprise, with which our young hero listened to this effusion. The bookseller read it with the utmost gravity and seriousness, and explained each word or idiom, as he proceeded, according to the references in the foot-notes. Victor for a moment fancied that he was dreaming—that the publisher was in joke—or that he did not hear aright. But when he reasoned with himself, and felt convinced that it was no delusion—that liquor had not as yet quite destroyed his powers of discrimination—and that the bookseller profoundly admired the song he was reading, our hero's marvel was extreme. It exceeded all powers of description.

"Well, what do you think of that?" demanded the publisher, as he laid aside the paper, when he had brought its contents to a conclusion.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| ^a Brandy | ^b Fingers |
| ^c Handy—skillful | ^d Pass off bad notes |
| ^e Police-officer | ^f To commit a burglary |
| ^g Steal | ^h A handkerchief |
| ⁱ A judge or magistrate | ^k Eye |
| ^l The hulks | ^m Clergyman |
| ⁿ People condemned to be transported | ^p Pulpit |
| ^o Be transported | |
| ^q Preach | |

"Think!" cried Victor, not even attempting to disguise the real state of his feelings, "why—that it is impossible for ladies to read such stuff."

"Ah! there you are mistaken, my dear Sir," interrupted the bookseller; "you will permit me to know how to cater for the taste of the public better than you. This song, Sir, will be set to music—read—sung at the theatres—sung at parties—sung in the street—and will form the topic of conversation at every fashionable house at the West-End for at least three days. Eh! and it will create highwaymen, and make many an honest man a rogue, too!"

"You surprise me!" ejaculated Melville.

"Ah! and so was every one surprised when they found this style of poetry taking as it does," continued the bookseller. "But it is not only the poetry, it is the prose also. A good murder, a highway-robbery, or something horrible or unnatural, will be certain to obtain readers; so if you can do anything in that way—a short tale, for instance, for the magazine—I would willingly give you every encouragement that lay in my power."

As he uttered these words, the bookseller rose from his seat, and Victor, in obedience to the signal, hastened to take his leave of the kind-hearted old man, whom he sincerely thanked for the advice and information thus seasonably afforded.

By no means disheartened at the result of this interview, and having indulged himself with a glass of wine at the Chapter Coffee House, in obedience to that habitual craving after liquor which existed in his system, Melville continued his walk along Paternoster Row, and resolved to sound the opinions of some other publisher. He accordingly entered another shop; and, on this occasion, the brandy and wine had fortified him with an air of assurance which immediately procured for him the attention of the proprietor, by whom he was invited to step into the office attached to the premises. The bookseller, in whose presence he now found himself, was a middle-aged man, with a stern and austere countenance, and a mouth that seemed only made to eat and never to smile with.

"I have called respecting a drama which I am desirous of publishing," said Victor, extracting another of his manuscripts from his pocket.

"Upon what terms did you propose to publish the work?" asked the bookseller.

"Oh! I should like to dispose of it altogether—for a small sum," replied Melville bashfully.

"Dramas don't do now-a-days, observed the publisher," shaking his head, "unless they are written by well-known authors, or contain some remarkably new feature."

"I flatter myself that the style of this is perfectly new," suggested Melville.

"Is it an adaptation from the French?" was the next inquiry.

"Oh! no—it is purely original," was the answer.

"Then I am afraid it has not the slightest chance of success," said the bookseller. "Every thing connected with the drama must be French, or it will fail. Is it in verse—blank verse, I mean?"

"You can look at it," said Victor, unfolding the manuscript. "It is in blank verse, and contains several songs adapted to popular airs."

"Of course it is of a serious tendency," said the publisher, glancing his eye over the *Dramatis Personæ*.

"Yes—the title tells you that much," answered our hero: "I have called it *The Bandit's Doom*: it is entirely melodramatic—full of horrors to interest the public—serious throughout—and calculated to convey an ex-

cellent moral to the mind. Shall I give you an outline of the plot?"

"Oh! no; I thank you," answered the bookseller, returning the manuscript to our hero; "I could not entertain the idea for a moment. To write a tragedy entirely serious is to create it with the elements of destruction at once. There is only one chance for your drama; and that is the introduction of another character."

"What character would you have me introduce into my tragedy?" demanded Victor, determined to attend to the hint about to be thrown out, if possible.

"What character must you introduce?" repeated the publisher, astonished that his meaning had not been before comprehended,—"Why, a fool to be sure."

"A fool in a tragedy!" ejaculated Victor.

"Certainly; a fool or a clown," answered the bookseller. "You must follow public taste, sail with the tide, or how can you expect your books to sell?"

Victor bade the publisher good morning, and issued from the shop with a sorrowful countenance and a heavy heart. He reflected in his own mind that, before he could attempt to set himself up as a writer, he must first ascertain the precise nature of public taste: he now began to understand that the author does not form that taste, but that he should constitute himself its caterer; he should enact the part of the menial, and not the master of the public; and must write in accordance with the ideas of the world, and not with his own. The author never forms public taste: he however frequently hits upon some idea which immediately gratifies a point in that taste; but he is no more the modeller of the taste itself, than the cook who invents a new dish is the master of the appetite of him whom it happens to suit. These convictions stole into the mind of the young hero of our tale, as he retraced his steps up Paternoster-row towards Cheapside, with a view of addressing himself to the most eminent publisher of useful works in London.

The vast establishment to which Melville, now bent his steps, was soon reached; and, on inquiring if he could obtain an interview with the principal, he was at once ushered into a neat little office, where he was cordially received by the eminent publisher the moment he stated the object of his visit. Melville, thus encouraged, proceeded to relate his views and his wishes in respect to a literary career.

The publisher surveyed our hero with considerable interest, and appeared to reflect for a moment.

"What are you doing now?" he inquired in a kind tone of voice, for he was pleased with the youth's frankness and honesty.

Victor immediately detailed the particulars of his visits to the two publishers in Paternoster-row.

"They are right in all they told you, young man," said the wealthy patron of letters with whom our hero was conversing; "only they omitted the comments which would have rendered all they said intelligible. The bookseller is as much the slave of the public as the author; and the ridiculous idea that we can force our volumes down the throats of an unwilling audience, or, in other words, push the book in spite of the public, has obtained too general a belief to be easily abrogated. Books usually stand upon their own merits; and the same means of giving publicity to their titles and authors are within the reach of all. Some people imagine that one bookseller can sell books better than another: this is, however, only true in a few instances, and must not be taken as a general rule. If a house keep private travellers, or have extensive agencies, it may justify that assertion; but the principal portion of all books pass through the hands of four or five great establishments, and in that

way proceed to the various libraries or reading societies where the demand for them exists."

"This is a mystery with which I was not acquainted," said Victor. "Is it very difficult now-a-days for a young man to obtain employment in the literary world,—I mean," he added, after a pause, and with a blush, "supposing he is not altogether deficient in talent?"

"Yes,—it is very difficult to succeed in that profession," answered the publisher: "that is to say, the chief difficulty consists in getting a start. Literary popularity is often acquired in the most eccentric and extraordinary ways. There was a time when the editor of a powerful critical periodical could make or destroy the reputation of an author. But now, unless the aspirant begin with some very novel and original idea, he must commence the profession with the same material that is required as a basis for every other—namely, money; and, without a sufficiency of this to publish his first work at his own expense, he had better embark in any other trade or profession rather than endeavour to build his fortune upon his talents; unless indeed, he possess some friend in the shape of a publisher to take him by the hand."

"Your description is far from consoling," said Victor, with a profound sigh.

"I should not have taken the trouble to make you acquainted with all these particulars, did I not wish all young aspirants well," said the publisher. "There is something about you which has pleased me; and, without making a single inquiry concerning you, I will this moment take you as a clerk into my establishment, if you want a situation. I am convinced my confidence will not be misplaced."

"Sir,—I thank you—a thousand times, I thank you," murmured Victor, his voice almost choked by the emotions which this generous offer had stirred up in his bosom: "I am a total stranger to you; and you kindly offer me your protection! Really,—I am ashamed to decline,—but I am resolved—and then there is a failing—"

"Enough, enough!" interrupted the worthy bookseller; "you may probably think better of it before long. When you are without a shilling, come to me; the place shall be still at your service."

Victor wrung the hand of the generous publisher, and hurried away from the house, with tears in his eyes. The hour was now late,—he had promised his new friend, Mr. Tibbatts, to dine with him at five,—and he accordingly returned as rapidly as he could walk to Bartholomew-Close. He vowed as he proceeded thither that he would relinquish his evil habits and render himself worthy of the name of a gentleman: we shall see in our next chapter how he kept this resolution.

(To be continued in our next.)

TEETOTALISM.

(Abridged from *The Monthly Review* for July.)

It is extraordinary that, notwithstanding the importance to be now attached to the Teetotalers as a body, so little notice is bestowed upon them by the leading publications of the day. The newspapers occasionally devote a few lines to describe the transactions or the movements of some sect of this vast whole; but, farther than that, we do not see the principles of teetotalism either tested or reviewed in any monthly or quarterly magazine. Let us therefore reserve to ourselves—at least for the present—the honour of this study of initiation; and let us proceed to examine the question with candour, justice, and impartiality. It is a duty we owe, not only to our readers, but also to the institution itself, to devote a considerable space in this publication to a body whose doctrines are gradually forcing themselves into a notoriety which will soon compel the newspapers and the magazines to awake from the lethargic slumber in which they at present seem wrapped up, so far as they relate to this grand subject—doctrines which threaten to undermine the present system of society, and introduce new man-

ners and new customs,—doctrines, which, like the word of Jesus, have sprung from a few, and which, like the tree in the parable, have now gained growth and acquired strength.—Doctrines, in a word, which, if tested by the fact of the increasing number of their supporters will eventually triumph over the opinions of all opponents, and render the occupation of the wine merchant, the toils of the labourer in the vineyard, and the trade of publicans, at once unnecessary and useless.

The teetotalers recommend a total abstinence from all liquids of an exciting and intoxicating character. We have often been told that spirits, for instance, are more or less necessary to the human frame. As we intend to argue the question with the utmost impartiality, we will not refer to the teetotalers for reasoning in support of their own principles; nor will we, on the other hand, here rely upon our own judgment. We will refer to a third authority, and let that be our judge. To what authority can we better refer than to an *Encyclopædia* of the acknowledged merits of that one which is edited by Charles F. Partington? Turning, then, to the article headed *Spirits*, in his work, we find the following words:—"Among the principal disorders produced by spirituous liquors are the following; sickness at the stomach, dropsy, obstruction of the liver, madness, the palsy, and apoplexy." Here is a hideous picture—here a dreadful development of the miseries of drinking—the danger of using ardent spirits. Dr. Rush has declared that it is not extravagant to suppose that spirituous liquors destroy more lives than the sword. War has its intervals of destruction: but spirits operate at all times and seasons upon human life, and not unfrequently upon persons who are exempted from the dangers of war by age or sex. If we look to the effects of spirits upon property, we shall find that among the inhabitants of cities they produce debts, disgrace, and bankruptcy; and among farmers and other classes of society, they produce idleness and ruin. Hence it is evident—at least so far—that the system of abstinence is a good one.

The injurious effects of spirits are at once a grand argument on the side of the Teetotalers;—the fact that we are the children of habit, naturally leads us to concur with the assertion that we could as well induce ourselves by practice to drink water as intoxicating drinks;—and the circumstance of the practices of adulteration suggests the prudential and safe method of abstaining from anything which is liable to be rendered unwholesome and poisonous to suit the sordid interests of dishonest tradesmen. Thus, considered in respect to the individual, Teetotalism must be deemed a prudential and a philanthropic measure—an useful institution—a wise project—and a system calculated to diminish the prevalence of disease of all malignant kinds.

In every street of London, save a few—a very few, at the West-End; there are several gin-shops; and to those palaces of woe flock thousands of aqualid, miserable, indigent beings, to expend in the noxious drink the half-pence they rob from their starving children; and in those vile dens are sacrificed health, reputation, fortune, and honour; and from those emanate nearly all crimes. London is a strange compound of grandeur and squalor; it is a mass of contradictions and of discrepancies—riches and poverty—vice and virtue—cleanliness and filth. In no city in the world is turpitude more prevalent amongst the juvenile portion of the lower classes. In our occasional nocturnal rambles through the Dædalian mazes of this vast metropolis, we encounter with disgust hundreds of young girls whose years do not amount to anything like maturity, plying their loathsome trade in the most shameful manner. Heavens! what corruption must there be in a city where vice and profligacy commence so early.

But all this woe and crime emanate, either directly or indirectly, from drinking. Fathers and mothers ruin themselves by that baneful vice; and their sons people the prisons, while their daughters throng the public streets. Then those sons and those daughters drink in their turn; and they hand down the frightful habit as the only legacy, besides a tarnished name, which they bequeath to their progeny. The system of gin-drinking in London is the most baneful that can be possibly encouraged or tolerated. In a statistical calculation made some time ago, it appears that the fourteen largest gin-shops in the English metropolis were visited, during one week, by—

142,553 men;
108,493 women; and
18,391 children;

making a total of

269,437 persons.

Now, if the population of London and its environs be one million and a half, and nearly fourteen of the myriads of gin-palaces—those which are so numerous in the metropolis—nearly two hundred and seventy thousand in one week, the mind does not dare contemplate the probable amount of intoxicating liquor drunk in this vast Babel.

A few arithmetical calculations may not be here misplaced, because nothing illustrates argument so well as the combinations of figures, where these combinations enable us to make reasonable deductions. An individual, who during forty years of his existence—say from the age of fifteen to fifty-five—drinks one quart of beer per day, consumes in those forty years 3,650 gallons of beer, and expends a sum of about two hundred and forty pounds. That sum would enable his children to open a shop, and lay the foundation of competency, if not of fortune. A man who drinks a pint of wine a day, for forty years, consumes 7,300 bottles in that time, thus expending a sum of not less than fourteen hundred and sixty pounds. This sum, if he were rich and his family were provided for, would found a hospital or endow a charitable asylum. The man, who for forty years, drinks only two penny-worth of gin every day will have wasted at the end of that period an aggregate of one hundred and twenty-one pounds, a sum which would save many a son from the prison and many a daughter from a hideous traffic in the public streets!

It would appear from the professions of the Teetotalers, that, in one sense they endeavour to correct many of those evils which are undermining society in England. They are aiming a mortal blow at the vice of drinking; would to God that they would shame the government out of the system of encouraging that baneful vice in order to swell the amount of the revenue! Now that we have a female upon the throne, let her legislate for the honour of her sex, for there are thousands of unfortunate beings of the same sex as herself, who are a prey to the vice of intoxication. If one thing can degrade the female sex more effectually than another, it is the disgrace attending ebriety; and yet in the poor quarters of this vast metropolis may we daily and hourly encounter females labouring under the effects of spirituous liquors in the open streets—morning as well as evening. Every virtue disappears before that baneful vice—honour, integrity, and respectability become annulled and forgotten. Intemperance leads to prostitution, adultery—the workhouse, or a prison—and suicide, or the gallows. Intemperance works its way, as the perpetual dripping of water hollows the stone—and in the end it arrives at the very vitals of the body, as well as the character and the fortune of its votary. Those who are accustomed to drink in the morning will soon become habitual drunkards. In vain do they endeavour to persuade themselves that they require such stimulus—in vain do they attempt to extenuate their conduct to themselves. Time will show them that the vice becomes more attractive as they plunge the more deeply into it—and the more ruinous as they gradually cease to think of avoiding it.

The progress that is made in drinking resembles the progress made in all other crimes. From stealing a penny, the thief gradually increases his system of plunder, and at length purloins hundreds of pounds. So it is, that from one glass, unseasonably drunk each day, the self-deluding and deluded victim suffers himself to indulge by degrees more liberally in that which is becoming a more attractive, if not necessary, habit; and he ends by presenting to his friends the sad example of a degraded drunkard. Hence is it that the Teetotalers preach total abstinence; because we must place ourselves beyond the reach of temptation. If we do not steal the penny at first, we shall not purloin the pound afterwards: if we do not drink the one glass, we shall not covet a bottle.

Such are the arguments in favour of Teetotalism; and we must candidly admit that they are based upon sound sense and philanthropy. The Teetotalers argue against the use of intoxicating drinks, because use leads to abuse; and, although this principle pays but a bad compliment to the strength of mind and powers of self-control possessed by man, we cannot say that it is wrong. We must therefore pronounce Teetotalism to be a humane, a wise, and a prudential institution,—a system that will purge the social world of many of its sources of crime, root out the germs of many a disease, inculcate habits beneficial to industry and to the intellect, and the progressive march of civilization and refinement; enable the poor to find time to read and to think for themselves; encourage the blessings by extending

the means of education, protect the weakness of youth, annul a source of evil which feeds vicious propensities; check crime by diminishing the chances of meeting to plot, and of acquiring false courage to execute, schemes of villany; restore happiness to many a fire-side, and diffuse upon the community in general a halo of happiness and contentment.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following letter from Uxbridge:—

To the Committee of the Teetotaler.

I am determined not to subscribe to the Teetotaler, it will not be for me.

Yours &c., JOHN HULL.

We have only to inform this sapient correspondent of ours that we never did send him *The Teetotaler*; and that we are very glad he does not intend to subscribe to it, as it is evident he could not understand its contents if he were to read it. We presume that his note (which is a shabby piece of dirty paper, fastened with a wafer) is written with a malignant view; but we do not hesitate to assure him that we despise all his manoeuvres to injure us. He knows but little of the charities of christianity, and will find that even his endeavours to prevent a poor man of his town from selling *The Teetotaler*, will not prevent its circulation in Uxbridge. The inhabitants of Uxbridge are too enlightened and too independent to be swayed in their opinions by so prejudiced, so illiberal, so malignant, and so illiterate a man.

A person of the name of Jameson, who is employed by the New British and Foreign Temperance Association to sell their tracts, &c., has asserted that the action against a certain individual for the malicious report relative to the "Drunkard's Progress," was stayed through the determined resolution of *this Jameson* and others to oppose it. A more impudent falsehood was never uttered: the Editor of *The Teetotaler* never heard of this opposition to it until after he had decided upon abandoning the action; and even if he had, he certainly should not have listened to the opinions of men who cannot be supposed, either by education or condition in society, to understand such matters. This man Jameson, is like the fly upon the cart-wheel, that exclaims, "Oh! what a dust am I kicking up." We believe the fellow talks of religion, &c.: we should advise him to study Christian charity, and to keep his tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering. Such a man as this we dismiss with contempt: were he an equal, we should quote the words of Sir William Draper to Junius, and say "Cease, viper, thou blest against a file!"

D. D.'s "LACONIC" in our next.

N. N. H.'s "LINES ON INTemperance" are too long or they should be inserted with pleasure. We do not however seek for poetic contributions.

"Clara" is declined with thanks.

"THE LONDON TEETOTAL MAGAZINE" for July, and several other publications already received, shall be noticed in our next.

A Teetotaler, Edinburgh, is thanked for his kind letter, and for his donation to the Coal-Whippers.

"NOTES PICKWICKIANE," No. IV, in our next.

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.

We shall be much obliged to those of our Country Readers, who will favour us with accounts of Teetotal progress, and the transactions of Teetotal Meetings, in the Provincial Towns. We solicit the correspondence of the heads of all Teetotal Societies, promising to devote ample space in our columns to such intelligence.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

For an Advertisement, not exceeding eight lines . . . 5s. 6d.
Every succeeding line . . . 4d.
ERRATUM.—No. 111. Page 20, third column, 20th line from the bottom,—for "speculating," read "speculation."

21, Paternoster-row.

It is requested that persons in the country, who may wish to subscribe to "THE TEETOTALER," will order it through some bookseller, news-vender, or stationer, in preference to a direct application to the London publisher; as the journal, not being stamped, does not pass free of postage through the Post-office.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JULY 18th, 1840.

It will be seen that we have this day published a list of the contributions to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund*, connected with the establishment of *The Teetotaler*. To those who have thus generously stepped forward to aid us in supplying the poor man with a journal which inculcates the principles of Teetotalism, we return our most sincere thanks; and we fervently hope that the example thus nobly afforded, will be followed by those who know how to appreciate the blessings of total abstinence from the poisons which deprive intelligent man of his reasoning faculties, and reduce him below the level of the brute. The next list of donations will be published in Number 8. of *The Teetotaler*.

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION is daily collecting numbers of new disciples beneath its banners, and is progressing in a manner which can leave no doubt as to the fact that it is shortly destined to stand at the head of all Teetotal Societies in the British dominions. One of its delegates, MR. GAWTHORPE, who was the only emissary from the London Societies at the meeting of the British Temperance Association at Boston the week

before last, has experienced the most flattering reception at the great manufacturing towns, where he is occupied in furthering the philanthropic views of the United Temperance Association. In the name of that Association, we sincerely thank our brethren in the same cause at Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, &c., for the kindness which they have vouchsafed to MR. GAWTHORPE, who has expressed himself most feelingly upon that subject in his Reports to the Secretary of the United Temperance Association. We implore the Teetotalers of the great manufacturing towns to take advantage of the presence of our delegate amongst them, and adopt such measures as may tend towards the formation of a strict bond of union between themselves and the society which MR. GAWTHORPE has the honour to represent. "Union is strength"—"Unite and prosper"—are two mottoes which are blazoned upon the banners of the United Temperance Association. Let the societies at Birmingham—at Manchester—at Leeds—at Sheffield—and elsewhere, adopt the same mottoes upon their oriflams; let them join the Association which has established this journal for their use; their defence, their edification, and their representation; let them act in concert with their London brethren; and let them constitute themselves the great local branches or sections of the United Temperance Association. Let them adopt this name—let them found their hopes upon the word "Union"—and let them increase their importance and their power by belonging to that society which has its head-quarters in the English metropolis, and whose interests are represented and defended by *The Teetotaler* journal.

THE General Committee of the United Temperance Association held a meeting, at the Aldersgate-street chapel, on Friday evening, July 10th.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS was called to the chair.

It was resolved that a certain sum of money be immediately devoted to the object of printing tracts for the furtherance of the principles of the Association; and that a *depôt* for the aforesaid tracts, for pledge-books, medals, &c., should be forthwith established at the chapel, the doors of which will be kept open from nine in the morning until seven in the evening, the moment these projects are realized. Other improvements were resolved upon by the Committee; and four gentlemen were appointed to carry out these views, of which a detailed description will be shortly given in "*The Teetotaler*."

MR. REYNOLDS gave notice that, at the next meeting of the general Committee, he should move "that the word *London* be henceforth omitted from the denomination of the society," as that word seemed to imply a principle of exclusion with reference to the branch societies of country towns. From the observations, which fell from the gentlemen present on this occasion, it was evident that this motion would be *unanimously* agreed to: the word *London* is accordingly omitted in any mention of the name of the society in this number of *The Teetotaler*, the denomination henceforth being THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—(From a Correspondent.)—

As a reclaimed character was passing through Milton Street, Cripplegate, a few evenings ago, in his shirt sleeves, the following conversation took place between some young men who were standing together:—

"Here comes a Teetotaler."—"Who is he?"—"I don't know, I never saw him before!"—"Then how do you know he is a Teetotaler?"—"Because he is a *Snob*, and has got a clean shirt on in the middle of the week."

Who will now say that Teetotalism is not in some measure associated with the idea of comfort and respectability? ONESIMUS.

THE LEGEND OF BOTTLE-HILL.

WE are induced to extract the following legend from a popular work, though our analysis must take off much from the ease and spirit with which it is told:—

In the good days when the little people, most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from "the beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family; they all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work; and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, to milk the one cow, and to boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market to Mallow; but with all they could do, 'twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they did manage it for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles—she was sold in Mallow and brought almost nothing; and poor Mick found that he had n't enough to half pay his rent, and two gales were due.

"Why, then, Molly," says he, "what'll we do?"

"Wisha, then, mavourneen, what would you do but take the cow to the fair of Cork and sell her," says she; "and Monday is fair day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may be rested again the fair."

"And what'll we do when she's gone?" said Mick, sorrowfully.

"Never a know I know, Mick; but sure God won't leave us without him, Mick; and you know how good he was to us when poor little Billy was sick, and we had nothing at all for him to take, that good doctor gentleman at Ballydalin come riding and asking for a drink of milk; and how he gave us two shillings; and how he sent the things and the bottles for the child, and gave me my breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy, and never left off his goodness till he was quite well."

"Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I won't be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripped under the arm."

Accordingly, on the morrow, Mick departs with his cow;—

'Twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the walls of the old abbey as he passed under them; he then crossed an extensive mountain tract, and after six long miles he came to the top of that hill—Bottle-hill 'tis called now, but that was not the name of it then; and just there a man overtook him. "Good morrow," says he. "Good morrow, kindly," says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man, you'd almost call him a dwarf, only he was not quite so little neither; he had a bit of an old, wrinkled, yellow face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower, only he had a sharp little nose, and red eyes, and white hair, and his lips were not red, but all his face was one colour, and his eyes never were quiet, but looking at every thing; and although they were red, they made Mick feel quite cold when he looked at them. In truth he did not much like the little man's company; and he couldn't see one bit of his legs nor his body, for though the day was warm, he was all wrapped up in a big great coat. Mick drove his cow something faster, but the little man kept up with him. Mick didn't know how he walked, for he was almost afraid to look at him, and to cross himself for fear the old man would be angry. Yet he thought his fellow-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other but to glide over the rough road, and rough enough it was, like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick's heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he hadn't come out that day, or that he was on Fair-hill, or that he hadn't the cow to mind, that he might run away from the bad thing—when, in the midst of his fears, he was again addressed by his companion.

The stranger, finding that he is going to sell his cow, offers to become the purchaser, and to give an empty bottle, which he produces, in exchange; this proposition is of course received at first with scorn, but after some admirable dialogue Mick finally consents, and the little man leaves him with the following directions.

"When you go home, never mind if your wife is

angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right, and spread a clean cloth over it; then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words; 'Bottle, do your duty,' and you will see the end of it."

Mick accordingly goes home, muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.

"Oh! but I'll take care of that." So he put it into his bosom, and went on anxious to prove his bottle, and doubting of the reception he should meet from his wife! Balancing his anxieties with his expectation, his fears with his hopes, he reached home in the evening, and surprised his wife, sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney.

"Oh! Mick, are you come back? Sure you were n't at Cork all the way! What has happened to you? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? How much money did you get for her? What news have you? Tell us every thing about it."

"Why, then, Molly, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you all 'bout it. If you want to know where the cow is, 'tisn't Mick can tell you, for the never a know does he know where she is now."

"Oh! then, you sold her; and where's the money?"

"Arrah! stop awhile, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it."

"But what bottle is that under your waistcoat?" said Molly, spying its neck sticking out.

"Why, then, be easy now, can't you," says Mick, "till I tell it to you;" and putting the bottle on the table, "That's all I got for the cow."

His poor wife was thunderstruck. "All you got! and what good is that, Mick? Oh! I never thought you were such a fool; and what'll we do for the rent and what—"

"Now, Molly," says Mick, "can't you hearken to reason? Did'n't I tell you how the old man, or whatsoever he was, met me—no, he did not meet me neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me?"

"Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you fool!" said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband's head; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man's advice) loosened his wife's grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who indeed never discouraged her belief in the fairies; may be, he didn't know she believed in them, and may be he believed in them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath; then she tidied up every thing, and put out the long table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle, do your duty."

"Look there! look there, mammy!" said his chubby, eldest son, a boy about five years old—"look there! look there!" and he sprang to his mother's side, as two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. Mick and his wife looked at every thing with astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and didn't think they could ever admire them enough, the very sight almost took away their appetites: but at length Molly said, "Come and sit down, Mick, and try and eat a bit: sure you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work."

"Why, then, the man told no lie about the bottle."

Mick sat down, after putting the children to the table, and they made a hearty meal, though they couldn't taste half the dishes.

"Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Molly put up the dishes and plates very carefully, saying, "Why, then, Mick, that was no lie sure enough: but you'll be a rich man yet, Mick Purcell."

Mick and his wife and children went to their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but

for all that, their landlord found it out, for he came to Mick one day and asked where he got all his money from—sure it was from the farm; and he bothered him so much that Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever: so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle: but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly day-break when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill: the mists were sleeping in the valleys and curling like smoke wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprang from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin song, ascending into the clear blue sky,

"Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending,
And thrilling with music, was melting in light."

"Mick crossed himself, listening as he advanced to the sweet song of the lark, but thinking, notwithstanding, all the time of the little old man; when, just as he reached the summit of the hill, and cast his eyes over the extensive prospect before and around him, he was startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice: "Well, Mick Purcell, I told you, you would be a rich man."

"Indeed, then, sure I was, that's no lie for you, sir. Good morning to you, but it is not rich I am now—but have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago; so if you have it, sir, here is the cow for it."

"And here is the bottle," said the old man, smiling; "you know what to do with it."

"Oh! then, sure I do, as good right I have."

"Well, farewell for ever, Mick Purcell: I told you, you would be a rich man."

"And good bye to you, sir," said Mick, as he turned back; "and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it wants a name—Bottle Hill. Good bye, sir, good bye:" so Mick walked back as fast as he could, never looking after the white-faced little gentleman and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle. Well, he arrived with it safely enough, and called out as soon as he saw Molly—"Oh! sure I've another bottle!"

"Arrah! then, have you? why, then, you're a lucky man, Mick Purcell, that's what you are."

In an instant she put every thing right; and Mick looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, "Bottle, do your duty." In a twinkling, two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle, (I do not know how they got room in it,) and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again, Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he took up his wife and his children; and, leaving them to recover as well as they could, he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company: he got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out to Mick.

"Well, what do you want now?"

"Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle."

"Oh! oh! is it as good as the first?"

"Yes, sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen."

"Come along, then." So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old bottle standing high upon a shelf: "Ah! ha!" says he to himself, "may be I won't have you by and by."

"Now," says his landlord, "show us your bottle." Mick set it on the floor, and uttered the words: in a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running, and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking. Wine cups and aalvera were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out "Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged."

"They never shall atone," said Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there at top of that shelf."

"Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!" says the landlord.

Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their wake, broke the bottle; but still the hill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle-hill to the end of the world, and so it ought, for it is a strange story!

THE WALDEGRAVE OUTRAGE.

Under the influence of intoxicating drinks, Earl Waldegrave and three of his aristocratic companions lately committed a most diabolical outrage upon the person of one of those individuals who watch the safety of our lives and property. If a poor man had set upon a policeman, and beaten him almost to death, he would have been hand-cuffed—dragged to a watch-house for the night—brought up before a police magistrate in the morning—committed for trial, and condemned to death, if the policeman died. There was a convict, of the name of Bailey, the other day in Newgate, who with difficulty escaped an ignominious death upon the scaffold: and he would have been executed, had not his victim recovered.

What line of conduct was pursued with regard to Lord Waldegrave and the only one of his associates who was arrested with him? They were both admitted to bail, in the sum of two hundred pounds each! Supposing this policeman should die; they would have the power of proceeding to the continent, and escaping the dangers and ignominy of a trial, the forfeiture of two hundred pounds to them being a matter of the most perfect indifference.

Now, if the poor man in a similar case were to request to be admitted to bail, he would most probably meet with an indignant refusal at the hands of the magistrate, and an assurance that "so desperate a ruffian should be severely punished for his atrocious conduct;" but if he were by any accident admitted to bail, would the magistrate suffer him to enter into his own recognizances in the sum, for instance, of five shillings? No—of course not; because, the magistrate would say, the delinquent would not surrender to take his trial when so paltry a sum was alone at stake.

And yet the two hundred pounds to the Earl of Waldegrave are no more than the five shillings would be to the poor man. Then, how is the justice of this country distributed? One word will answer that question: the rich man is afforded facilities of escaping the vengeance of the law, which never, never are conceded to the poor man.

Now should this policeman expire in consequence of the injuries he has received from the hands of those aristocratic miscreants, would Lord Waldegrave be tried for his life? Would he be served as Bailey was? Would he be treated as any poor man would be? Would he pass one hour in Newgate? Would he stand the chance of an ignominious death, and be indebted for a reprieve to the Home Secretary? and would he be sent for the remainder of his life to the penal settlements? We boldly answer that he would not! We openly affirm that the case would be *hushed up*. We undisguisedly declare, that he would not even share the fate of Medhurst—and be condemned to three years' imprisonment. We will even go farther—he would not be put upon his trial.

William Lees, with great provocation, murdered his wife in a fit of passion, and when labouring under the effects of intoxicating drink, and he was hanged. Medhurst, without reasonable provocation, and in a state of perfect sobriety, murdered his school-fellow, and he was imprisoned for three years. If the policeman, in Lord Waldegrave's case, die, Lord Waldegrave will be *done nothing to*. These are the three stages of justice: there is the justice for the poor man—there is the justice for the gentleman—and there is the justice for the nobleman.

Let us proceed a little farther in these observations upon English justice. The Marquis of Waterford and the Earl of Waldegrave frequently amuse themselves with the aristocratic recreation of wrenching off knockers, pulling down bell-wires, carrying off pump-ladders, and beating policeman. They are occasionally conducted to the station-house, after a desperate resistance. On the following morning they plead intoxication to the magistrate. The magistrate releases them with a fine, and a permission to "speak to" the policemen whom they have beaten, or the house-holders whose knockers they have wrenched off; and the money of these aristocrats ensures their release from the hands of justice. In similar circumstances, the poor man would be sent to the treadmill.

How differently these things are arranged in France. There the more elevated by birth, wealth, or education, may be the delinquent in any case, the more heavily is he punished, because it is supposed that he ought to have a better idea of good behaviour than the poor man. There no felony is allowed to be compromised by bail; but the King's Procurator demands the same justice in respect to the peer, which he would ask against the peasant.

From the foregoing observations, relative to the aristocratic outrages committed in this country, the

poor man will learn to appreciate the blessings of Teetotalism. Teetotalism places him beyond the chances of following the degrading and disgusting examples of those high-born reprobates who disgrace the names which they bear; and Teetotalism will eventually prove that the aristocrat, the educated, and the wealthy will have to take the example which is set them by the lower orders. Teetotalism is a reformation which is eminently honourable to its disciples, because it commenced with those who were not urged to it by the arguments taught by the refinement of education, but who embraced it from the conviction of their own humble but honest minds. Yes—it is a grand spectacle when the lower grades of society thus set a grand and noble example to the upper classes,—when the poor man teaches the rich one the road to happiness and contentment,—when the uneducated overcome all the sophistry of the learned, in respect to this one grand principle of social reformation,—when the cottage of the labourer can boast of that purification which has not yet reached the mansion of the patrician,—when a grand impulse is given by the masses, and is rapidly working upwards to the palaces of the great,—and when a lesson of forbearance and morality is taught, not from the pulpit of cathedrals and great churches—not from the benches of the House of Commons—not from the bosom of learned societies—not from the columns of the newspaper—but from the platforms of Temperance Associations!

BRANDY-AND-WATER.

BY "THE PRINTER'S DEVIL."

"Three hundred and forty-four pounds!" slowly ejaculated Ephraim, closing his heavy ledger, as he sat on his high stool, in his small, dark counting-house. "Three hundred and forty-four pounds ten shillings;—it can't be done by to-morrow," he muttered in an under tone:—"a renewed bill too,—my fate is too truly sealed:—nothing for me, in my old age, but a prison and a grave!" Then Ephraim laid his head in his hands—the tears gushed through his fingers, and his whole frame was shaken with the violence of his grief.—'Twas a piteous sight, to behold the poor old man, as the light of the candle shone on his glossy, bald head, fringed with a few grey hairs.

But there he sat—unconscious of anything around—till the lusty bawl of the watchman, "Past twelve o'clock," aroused him. "Well, well!" he exclaimed:—"some people say, we are only the wheels of a mighty machine, and cannot avoid our destiny:—but there is one comfort left.—Yes,—one that has often cheered my fainting spirits:—and I never needed it more than at the present." And, stepping from his stool, he took a little key from his pocket, and proceeded to unlock a small mahogany box. Two black bottles and a glass lay snugly enconcealed in their separate partitions; and as Ephraim took them out, he held them up before the light of the candle,—and his little eyes twinkled as he beheld the second one was nearly full. The first, with a look of compunction, he slowly replaced;—'twas water!

"No—no!" said he, "nothing in your way to-night;—my grief has no allay, and my liquor shall have no adulteration." He then proceeded to fill the glass with the sparkling liquor;—'twas brandy. First a gentle sip—and then a deeper draught,—and a smile began to play around his lips, and his eyes to sparkle.

"Ah, well do I remember, when my poor wife was alive, bless her soul! how often would she and I sit here together; and she would say, as I mixed my glass of brandy,—'A little more water, Eph,'—a little more water!' But, poor dear soul, when she died, I left off water by degrees,—and, at last, altogether. Ah! there stands the very bottle her little hand used to lift, and, while my head was turned, partly empty in my glass. She went,—God be thanked,—before ruin had cast its detestable shadow over all my hopes; but she would often prognosticate, and say:—'Eph, dear, do leave off that brandy,—you know the love of it increases with you!' And then I would pat her cheeks, and say, 'Yes, my dear, and so do the cares of business too.'—Ah, well,—here's to her memory!"—and glass after glass were as quickly emptied as filled.

Hours had passed away,—and there was the old man fast asleep, with his head laying over his ledger, and the candle burning with a long snuff that prevented its more than half lighting the dusky apartment. "Past two o'clock," again bawled the watchman. It slightly disturbed him; and slowly opening his blood-shot eyes—in a moment they seemed transfixed with some awful vision. Yes, there it was!—the two bottles had

left their places—moved closer to each other—their corks had taken the shape of heads—their bodies of human beings; and, with arms akimbo, they seemed in earnest conversation. Then, with breathless anticipation, he listened, and fancied he heard the following conversation:—

"Yes, poor old soul," said the brandy bottle; "You see I am his only comfort, as I told you the other day. Poor, dear old man! how often have I cheered his spirits, and revived him when fainting with despair,—whilst you do nothing to alleviate his sorrow."—"You, you!" cried the water-bottle, quite indignant; "you are the very villain that has filched the money from his pocket—the cash from his till—and now left him nothing but dismal horrors for his portion." Now Master Brandy, at this, got quite hot, and fiery red in the face,—and resorted to abuse:—"You,—a nasty, low-lived, pale-faced fellow,—an associate of milksops and babies,—the parent of scrofulous diseases,—fit for nothing else but to make tea, and other slops:—you dare to speak thus to a gentleman bred and born.—Away!"

But the water-bottle kept himself quite cool, and, looking as serene as the moon, gently said; "Repress your ire, my fine fellow, for one moment, and read the truths deduced from that ledger;—how many of those bad debts are to be laid to your charge: which of us serves him most disinterestedly; and, by the bye, I doubt very much, with all your bounce, whether you are paid for." Now, at this, Brandy blushed to his very neck, for his spirit was up.—"Yes, yes," said he, "you may well serve him for nothing, you mean, cadaverous looking fellow; turn to your family connexions and look at mine—look at all the statesmen, heroes, orators, and generals that have been my acquaintances. Of course," holding his head two inches higher, "they must pay for my acquaintance."—"You need not brag so much about your acquaintance," said the other calmly, "I believe I can boast of belonging to a far more ancient and honorable family. I came pure from the hands of the Creator of all things, and our family has retained its purity, but you and your race are an illegitimate branch—nothing but bastards, the servants and offspring of the devil."

Now at this, Brandy could no longer hold himself, but literally burst with rage, and some of the spirit coming in contact with a spark from the candle, the whole room was in a blaze.

"Past three o'—! Fire! Fire! Halloo! Halloo!" resounded through the streets. Quickly the engines arrived, a rush of water was poured on the devouring element, the old man was saved,—and the last sentence heard between the contending parties, was uttered by the water bottle, when with a cry of exultation, as the rush of his own element came into the room, he said, "Now, who set the house on fire? and who saved it?"

The old gentleman certainly, had a bother with the insurance company, for they disbelieved his story—and insinuated (perhaps maliciously,) that he must in a drunken fit have broken the bottle, and accidentally dropt the candle in the liquor—but they nevertheless paid the insurance—he proceeded with his business—amassed a fortune—and as before he drank his brandy without any water, he now drank the water without any brandy.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS.

Metropolitan Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Association.

On Tuesday evening, the 7th of July, this association held its first grand meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, which was crowded to excess with a large body of Roman Catholics and of Members of the Society of Friends.

Mr. JOHN GILES, the founder of the association, was called to the chair. This gentleman, in a very neat and appropriate speech, expounded the advantages of Teetotalism, and detailed the objects of the Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Association.

Mr. WADDICK then addressed the meeting, and impressed upon those present the necessity of stating, on occasions of public speaking, who each orator was, whence he came, and how he got his living, in order to show the world that they were all honest men.

Mr. JAMESON, of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, said that, so far as his humble efforts would avail, he would do all that lay in his power to promote the objects of the Catholic Association.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, of the United Temperance Association, expatiated upon the blessings of Teetotalism. He declared that nearly all crimes emanated from the public-house, and considered Teetotalism to be the only means of reforming the morals of Society. He was proud to address the Catholics and the members

the Society of Friends on that occasion, because, from his long residence in France, some of the most pleasing reminiscences of his life were connected with a nation professing Catholicism; and secondly, because the Society of Friends advocated a measure which he (Mr. Reynolds) strenuously supported. He alluded to the total abstinence of the punishment of death.

Mr. NUNN, from Stratford, next addressed the meeting in a speech replete with humour.

Mr. GREEN, Editor of the *Intelligencer*, said that he was determined to be present at that meeting, in order to witness the progress made by the disciples of Teetotalism. Mr. Green then expatiated eloquently upon the blessings of the grand principle, and the necessity of supporting it.

Mr. MAC CURDY, of Belfast, expressed the lively interest which he felt in the welfare of the Metropolitan Catholic Total Abstinence Association.

Mr. GILES, the Chairman, wound up the business of the evening in a very able oration, in which he strenuously impressed upon those present the necessity of paying frequent visits to the places of Teetotal assembly.

Thanks were then voted to the Chairman; a number of songs were taken; and the meeting separated, the organ playing the favourite air of "Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning."

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Meeting at Aldersgate-street Chapel,—on Saturday Evening, July 11th.

Mr. WESTON, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to the Association, was called to the chair. He addressed a few words to the meeting, requesting those present, who were not Teetotalers, to listen with great attention to the speakers, whom they would hear upon the platform that evening, and to weigh with impartiality the arguments that would be adduced in favour of Teetotalism.

Mr. EALES then addressed the meeting. He said that he had tried the principles of Teetotalism for thirteen weeks before he definitely signed the pledge-book; and, at the expiration of that period, he had unfortunately succumbed to the force of temptation. He had however determined upon reformation once more, and had signed the pledge-book. He then considered himself to be bound by a solemn moral obligation, and had never broken the vow he had ratified with his signature.

The Rev. Mr. ADENEY said that experience had taught him that even the most moderate use of intoxicating liquors was deleterious to the human frame and to the human intellect. He felt convinced that intoxicating liquors did not contain anything strengthening. A glass of wine does not equal in solid substance, a grain of wheat. Substantial solids are alone nourishing. What a claim (observed Mr. Adeney) have these societies upon Christians! The Rev. Gentleman concluded a very eloquent speech with a powerful appeal to those, who were not Teetotalers, and were then present, to sign the pledge.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, next addressed the meeting. He hoped that, as there was now a female upon the throne, the legislature would adopt some measures to check the dreadful progress of intemperance—if not for the sake of English men, at least for that of English women. The legislature should countenance Teetotal Associations, and assist their humane exertions. If the female portion of the community of the lower orders would abstain from drinking, the male portion would soon follow the good example. Women naturally possess a great moral influence over men; and hard must be that husband's heart, which will not yield to the tears and the prayers of a wife. Let the wives set a good example to their husbands—then let these wives implore their husbands to abstain from their habits of intemperance—and the tears of women will affect much in that glorious cause.

"What lost the world, and bade a hero fly?

The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye!

Oh, let the soft triumph be forgiven—

How many lose for her not earth, but heaven!"

If woman possess the influence—the magic influence, thus described by Byron, let her use it in behalf of the drunkard's salvation. Teetotalism was making grand and gigantic progress, and the excellence of its principle would be soon universally acknowledged. With the alteration of one word, a line of Pope's "Essay on Man," might be converted into one of the most appropriate maxims of Teetotalism:—

"A sober man's the noblest work of God."

Mr. DONALDSON then addressed the meeting. He said that no one could deny the rapidity of the progress now made by Teetotalism. Any one who walked through the streets might hear something said upon Teetotalism. The Teetotalers were determined to attack the enemy in all his strong holds, and root him from the earth. He, (Mr. Donaldson) would continue a Teetotaler, until it should please God to call him away from this sublunary stage of being. Philanthropy commanded us to exert ourselves in the cause—Christianity commanded us—morality commanded us—our duty towards each other commanded us. He (Mr. Donaldson), should abstain from intoxicating drink, for the sake of himself—for the sake of the world—for the sake of the Church—for the sake of example.

Mr. JOHN GILES, secretary to the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Association, remarked, that the grand principle to be observed by Teetotalers is union. Union is strength,—and union will lead them on to prosper. Mr. O'Connell has declared that Teetotalism is a hammer which will be used amongst the Irish to knock down political parties.

Mr. CLOSE, of Stratford, addressed the meeting at considerable length in support of the principle of Teetotalism. He declared that he had never known what true happiness was until he had signed the pledge-book.

Mr. JOHN SPARROWE BENSTEAD addressed a few observations to the meeting previous to signing the pledge-book. He signed it solely on the score of moral principle, because he was not addicted to any habits of intemperance which it was necessary to reform; but he signed it, he repeated, for the sake of example—for the sake of his relations and friends—for the sake of those who were dependent upon him. Mr. Benstead then signed the pledge-book amidst the most tremendous cheering.

Mr. SMITH, of Stratford, said that a man under the influence of intoxicating drink, was not in his right senses. He himself had been a most inveterate drunkard; and he was now a Teetotaler. He hoped that the United Temperance Association would soon hold a grand meeting at Exeter Hall.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS observed that such was the intention of the Association.

Mr. SMITH, in continuation, said that he was delighted to hear this intelligence. It would be a grand spectacle for three or four hundred reclaimed drunkards to present themselves upon the platform of Exeter Hall, as testimonies to the excellence of Teetotal principles.

GEORGE APFLEGATE, the member of the Coal-Whippers' Association, requested permission to address the meeting. He said that Mr. O'Connell, M.P. had consented to take the chair in case the United Temperance Association should determine to hold a meeting at Exeter Hall on behalf of the coal-whippers.

Mr. CERRY, of Chelsea, then addressed the audience, and furnished several anecdotal illustrations of the efficacy of Teetotal principles. He also alluded in most feeling terms to the terrible condition of the unhappy coal-whippers.

The platform has seldom been so crowded with the able advocates of Teetotalism, as on this occasion. Amongst those who were there present, but who did not address the meeting, were Messrs. Wilson, Sims, Adkins, Crump, Grimshaw, Glenn, (of Hackney,) Falshawe, Parsons, John Wilson Ross (the author of "Ninian," &c. &c.), Johnson, &c.

THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

THE annual Trade dinner or Weigh-Goose was given by Mr. Clay, printer, of Bread-street-hill, to the persons in his employment, amounting to about fifty in number, at the Rose Tavern, Gravesend, on the 6th instant. According to former usage a bottle of wine was placed beside each; but Mr. McCulloch desired the waiter to take away the one intended for him, and supply him with a glass of ginger-beer in its place. This excited some jeering remarks from the rest, which were heard by Mr. Clay, who sat at the head of the table. This gentleman desired Mr. McCulloch to come and sit by him, and taking his glass of ginger-beer immediately drank his very good health. Mr. Clay then, in a short but pithy speech expressed his admiration of the Temperance cause, and stated he hoped that Teetotalism would soon spread over the universe; then turning to Mr. McCulloch, he said, "I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of the individual beside me, who possesses moral courage sufficient thus to stand aloof from the usages of those who differ from him." R. G. IBBETT.

REVIEWS.

The London Magazine, Charivari, and Courier des Dames. With Three illustrations by Leech. Number for July. London: Simpkin and Co.

This periodical is a new candidate for public favour, this being only the sixth publication of the work. Its contents, in respect to literary merit, are very uneven. "The Diurnal Revolutions of Davie Diddledoft" are excellent,—full of shrewd and caustic observation,—and replete with interest. "Dancing amongst the ancient Egyptians" is a clever paper; "The Bristol Banker" is the greatest trash ever penned. The coincidence of a conjugal infidelity and a murder in the house at the same moment, does not even seem probable in a romance, where almost any monstrosity is recorded as truth. The "Hymn to Nature" is very beautiful. We quote five stanzas as a specimen:—

"We bless you," says the Moon—"source of all light!"

"We also bless you," say the countless stars,
And the mysterious comet cries—"Amen!"

The dense clouds gather, and aloud exclaim,

"We are his dark pavilion in the sky,
Here spring his sky-convulsing arrows forth!"

"Upon my viewless pinions," saith the wind,
The balmy-breathing wind—"he floats along!"

"I am his breath," proclaims the zephyr soft.

"Shall I be silent?" saith the teeming earth,
"Whose parched lips drink up the pearly dew?"

The dew replies—"I rear thy frailest flowers."

"We flourish and rejoice," say the young flowers:
"We court thy crystal drops, which every morn
Gladly we yield unto the glorious sun."

We neither envy the heart nor the head of the man who wrote the notice upon D'Israeli: we cannot admire these malignant sketches of living characters, where truth is sacrificed to a jest, and sincerity of opinion to a merry conceit. The *Charivari* contains some good "hits."

The Monthly Magazine. EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq. Number for July. London: Sherwood and Co.

Our old friend, the *Monthly Magazine*, is the learned magazine, *par excellence*, under the management of Mr. Heraud. All its articles are of sterling merit; but whether so much learning produce commensurate profits, is another consideration. Mr. Heraud is decidedly a talented writer—deeply imbued with a love of all that is German—and strongly attached to dissertations upon subjects, the mere names of which have never reached the ears, much less the intellect, of half the readers of periodicals of this kind. The contents of this number are varied. There is a very clever paper upon "Cousin's Electricism,"—an article in which the great French philosopher is ably considered. "Reginald de Baillaunce," is a very clever tale. The "Persian Reminiscences" are particularly amusing. Of "Peter Pindar's Pic-Nic" we shall only say that if Dr. Walcott really did write the poem, he must either have been half-witted or drunk (forbid it, Teetotalism!) at the time. It possesses the similitude of his former pieces; but all the spirit is crushed out. We extract the following just observations from a paper upon her Majesty's late escape:—

The loyalty of the English people is so jealous of its character, that it will not permit the supposition that the perpetrator of such an act, as the one which now suggests these few remarks, could be in his proper senses at the time of its committal. No sane Englishman can be so disloyal as to aim at the life of his sovereign;—such is the dogma of the national loyalty. To this sentiment the young villain will probably be indebted for his worthless life. The milder punishment also will most likely succeed in subduing the passion for regicide which the more severe might have a tendency to excite. Against a monarchy, which proves that mercy is the brightest jewel in its crown—none but the most hardened would yield to the impulse of imitation, in contriving measures of destruction. No, no! the life of the Queen is safe from any new attempt, as the result of the present. There may, of course, be other causes in operation.

[We now conclude the extract, commenced in our last week's Number, from "The last Day of a Condemned," By VICTOR HUGO.]

The cart was a common one, with a miserable-looking horse, and a driver clad in a blue smock ornamented with red stripes, like those of the inhabitants of the marsh in the vicinity of Bicêtre.

The officer gave the word of command. The cart and its cavalcade were set in motion, as if they were thrust onwards by the oscillations of that living ocean.

We proceeded very slowly.

The quay, on which the Flower-Market is situate, embalmed the air:—it is a market-day. The flower-girls left their stalls to gaze upon me.

Almost opposite the square tower which forms the corner of the Palace of Justice, there are several public-houses, the first floors of which were crowded with spectators who were rejoiced at having secured such excellent places,—especially the women that were amongst them. The day's work will be a good one for the tavern-keepers.

Tables, chairs, scaffoldings, and carts were hired in all directions. Every place was groaning beneath the weight of spectators. Those who trafficked in supplying their fellow-creatures with a sight of human misery, exclaimed, "Who wants a place?" I suddenly became irritated against those people, and felt a strong inclination to cry out, "Who will take mine?"

In the meantime the cart advanced. At every step which the horse took, the crowd was thinned behind it; and, with my haggard eyes, I saw them rush onwards to other points of view in the path which I was taking.

At the turning of the bridge, some women commiserated me for being condemned to die so young.

We then entered upon the fatal quay. I began to see nothing more—to hear nothing more. All those voices—all those heads at the windows, the doors, the gates of

shops, and on the arms of lamp-posts,—those greedy and cruel spectators,—that multitude of people that all knew me, and of whom I knew not a soul,—that road which was paved and walled on either side with human images,—all these rendered me inebriate, as it were—in-sensible—stupid. Oh! it is impossible to bear the weight of so many glances all pressing upon you at the same time!

I tottered to and fro upon the bench, not even paying any further attention to the priest or his crucifix.

And the cart proceeded—onwards—onwards; and the shops passed—and inscriptions and signs succeeded each other, painted or gilt—and the people laughed and tripped about in the mud,—and I did not attempt to control my feelings, but gave way to their violence like those who are in a dream.

Suddenly the series of shops, which occupied my eyes, was cut short by the angle of a square: the voice of the crowd became more mighty, more boisterous, and more joyous still. The cart stopped suddenly, and I nearly fell with my face upon the planks. The priest supported me.

"Courage!" said he.

A ladder was then placed to the back of the cart; he offered me his arm—I alighted—and then I advanced a step. I endeavoured to take another step, but could not. Between the two lamp-posts upon the quay I had caught a glimpse of something which was dreadful to behold.

Oh! it was the reality!

I stopped, as if already convulsed with the blow of the axe.

"I have a last declaration to make!" I exclaimed feebly.

I was accordingly conducted hither.

I demanded permission to commit to paper my last wishes. My hands were unbound, but the cord is here—again to bind them; and the rest is below!

A judge—a commissary of police—or else a magistrate of some kind or other, has just been to see me. I implored my reprieve of him, joining my hands together, and dragging myself upon my knees before him. He asked me, with a fatal smile, if that were all that I had to say to him?

"My pardon! my pardon!" I repeated, "or—at least—allow me five minutes more. Who knows but that my pardon will come yet? It is so horrible at my age to die thus! Such things have been seen as pardons being sent at the last moment. And whom would they pardon, if they would not pardon me?"

That abominable executioner has just whispered to the magistrate to inform him that the deed should be accomplished at a certain hour, that he is responsible—that it moreover rains—and that the iron stands a chance of rusting.

"Oh! for pity's sake—another minute to see whether my pardon will not arrive; or I shall defend myself—I will bite!"

The magistrate and the executioner have left the room. I am alone—alone with the gendarmes!

Oh! that horrible populace, with its hyena-like yells! Who can say that I shall not escape from the horrible fate which the crowds have met to gaze upon? Who knows that I shall not be saved? Oh! it is impossible that my reprieve should be withheld!

Ah! the wretches! Meseems that they are ascending the staircase—

FOUR O'CLOCK.

WEEKLY LIST OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS. HELD IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Chair taken at 8 o'clock unless otherwise announced.

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This society holds two large meetings every Wednesday and Saturday, at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, at 8 o'clock, and on Monday at the School Room, Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell.

SUNDAY.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel. Service at 11 and half-past 6—Sunday-School at 2 o'clock.

Temperance Room, Young-st. Kensington. Prayer Meeting at 3.

King-st., Lambeth-walk, at 9

Cumberland Market, 9.

Public Prayer Meeting, Rockingham House, at 3.

New Cut, Lambeth, half-past 4.

Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster. Preaching—Morning, at 11. Evening half-past six.

Ditto, Enon Chapel, Clare Market, at 11, 3, & half-past 6

Borough Market, at 7 in the morning.

White Stiles, King's Road, Chelsea, 3

IN THE OPEN AIR.

Open space, Saffron hill, at 8 o'clock.

Red Lion Market—Opposite the Alms Houses, Mile

End Road—Islington Green—Notting Dale—

Broadway, Westminster, at 9.

Behind Brunswick Terrace, Well-st., Hackney—Cler-

kenwell Green—Islington-green—Starch-green, near

Shepherd's-hush—Open Space, Cartwright-street,

Rosemary-lane—Salisbury-st. Portman Market, 3.

Opposite the Alms Houses, Mile End Road—Stepney

Green, at 4

Weymouth Terrace, Hackney Road, at 6

Shepherdess Fields, Islington, United Temperance Association, at 3

MONDAY.

School Room, Aylesbury-st., Clerkenwell, United T. Asso. East London Temperance Hall, Church-row, Bethnal Green-road, United Temp. Association.

Angel Alley, Bishopsgate. Metro. Roman Catholic Asso. Robinson's School-room, Whiting-st., Waterloo-road.

The Chapel, Castle-st., Saffron Hill.

School-Room, Orange-st. Chapel, Leicester-square.

School-Room, High-st., Stoke-newington at half-past 7

School-room, Deverell-st., Chapel-yard, Dover-road.

Temperance Hall, Chelsea, New-rd., back of Sloane-st

Tempee.-room, Fleur-de-lis-court, Fleet-st. Prayer meet.

William-st., Chapel, Portland-town.

Southwark Academy, Union-st., Borough. Females at 6,

Public-meeting at 8.

School-room, Hare-st., Bethnal-green. Youths only

Enon Chapel, New Church-st., Portman Market.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel

Soho Branch, at Orange-st. Chapel School Rooms.

Mariners' Church, Wellelose Square.

Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.

Rayner's Temperance Coffee Room, Broadway, West-

minster. Females at 6, Public Meeting at 8

Phoenix Coffee-house, Milton-street.

TUESDAY.

Aldersgate-street Chapel. Catholic Association.

Harp Alley School Room, Farringdon-st.

School-room, opposite the Workhouse, Bethnal Green

Baptist Chapel, Northampton-st., Somers' Town.

School-room, London-lane, Hackney

Ebenezer-chapel, Old-st. Road.

Mr. Lyons's School Rooms, No. 44, Ratcliffe-highway

Meeting of Members for Roman Catholics only

Tempee.-rm., back of Kentish Waggoners, Kent-st. Bo.

Catholic Free School, George-st., St. Giles.

Derby-st., School-room, Rosemary-lane

South London Tempee. Hall. Roman Catholic Asso.

Temperance Room, Young-st., Kensington.

School-room, York-st., Walworth. For Females only, 6.

Rockingham House, New Kent Road.

Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.

School-room, Grafton-st., Fitzroy Square.

Providence Chapel, Princes-st., Great-garden-st. Whitel.

Temperance-Chapel, Broadway, Westminster.

British School Room, Stratford, half-past 7.

Chelsea Temperance Hall.

Jerusalem Coffee-ho., Jerusalem-pass., Clerkwl. Youths

School-room. Ship-yard, Wardour-street. Females

every 2d and 4th Tuesday in the month.

School-room, Johnson's-st., Tower-street, Westminster-

road. Females at 6. General Meeting at 8.

WEDNESDAY.

Aldersgate st. Chapel. United Temperance Association

School-room, Little Chambers-st. Goodman's Fields

School-room, Oxford-buildings, Oxford-street.

Haggerstone. Infant School-room, near the Bridge

Chelsea Tempee. Hall. Catholic Total Abstinence Soc.

Temperance Hall, Hampstead.

Ivy Lane, Hoxton. Females only at 6. Pub. Meet. 8.

Temperance-rooms, Fleur-de-lis-court, Fetter-lane. Fe-

males at 6, Public Meeting at 8.

Wesleyan Chapel, Adelaide-sq., Shepperton-st. New

North Road, Islington.

Pepperell's Coffee-house, Whitecross-st. Females only 7.

Mr. Knight's School-rm., Cambridge-rd. Youths only, 7

Rockingham House, New Kent-road. Youths.

Fisher-st. School Room, Red Lion Square.

Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster, 6 to 7,

For Females only. Public Meeting at 8.

Eastfield-st, Limehouse Fields. Youths.

Bayham Terrace Chapel, Camden Town.

Wesleyan Chapel, Wandsworth, 7.

Albert Coffee-rm. 1, Crown-court, Crown-st., Finsbury.

Phoenix Coffee-house, Milton-street. For Youths.

THURSDAY.

Chapel, Aldersgate-st.

Union Coffee-house, Golden-lane.

Chapel House Academy, Vauxhall Row.

Wesley Association Chapel, Giffin-street, Deptford

Mr. Lyon's School-rooms, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Meet-

ing of the Catholic Association.

Mariner's Church, Wellelose-square

South Lon. Tempee. Hall, near the Elephant and Castle.

School-room, 51, Union-st. Borough. Females only

from 6 to 8, for Males from 8 to 10.

School-room, Nelson-st., Windmill-lane, Camberwell,

Females only at 6, Public Meeting at 8.

School-room, Manor-road, Parrock-st., Gravesend.

Temperance Rooms, Paradise-st., Rotherhithe.

British School Room, Ship Yard, Wardour-st.

British School, George-st., Regent-st., Lambeth-walk.

Chelsea Temperance Hall.

Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel

Rayner's Temp. Coffee-rooms, Broadway, Westminster

Railway Coffee-house, 49, Church-st. Shoreditch.

FRIDAY.

Harp Alley School Room, Farringdon-st.

Wesleyan Chapel, Webber-st., Blackfrs. Membs. Meet.

Broker-row, Mint, Borough

Subscription School-room, Church-st., Islington.

School-room, Wick-st., Hackney.

Angel-alley, Bishopsgate. Females at 6, Public Meet. 8.

Zoar Chapel, Upper Ogle-st., Fitzroy-square

School Room, London-lane, Hackney.

William's Coffee-house, St. S.-road,

South London Temperance Hall. Roman

School-room, Charles-st., Dalston.

Railway Coffee-house, 49, Church-st. Shoreditch.

only at half-past 7.

Enon Tempee. Chapel, St. Clement's-lane, Clap-

SATURDAY.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel. United Temperance Asso.

Lyons's School-room, 44, Ratcliffe-highway.

Meeting of the Metropolitan Roman Catholic A.

Rockingham House, New Kent Road

Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster.

Rayner's Tem. Coff.-rm. Broadway, Wstmr. Mem.-meet

Temp. Cof.-rm. 86, Waterloo-rd., Lambeth. Mem.Mee-

RECHABITE MEETINGS.

Southern Counties Brotherhood of Rechabites.

July 23rd.—"Tent of the Star of Temperance," 35, Drury-lane.

—27th.—"Tent of the good Samaritan," Temperance Coffee-

house, Camden-street, Islington.

—30th.—"Tent of Jonathan," 73, Turnmill-street.

—31st.—"Tent of John the Baptist," 74, Blackman-st, Boro'.

Independent Order of Rechabites.

"Samson Tent," 86, Waterloo-road, Lambeth, Wednesday

evening, at 8 o'clock.

"British Metropolitan Tent," 157, High-street, Shadwell, Thurs-

day evening, 8 o'clock.

"City of London Tent," 159, Aldersgate-street, Wednesday even-

ing, 8 o'clock.

The Rev. Mr. Adeney, Vice-President of the United Tempe-

rance Association, will preach two Sermons, on Sunday, the 19th

instant, at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, at morning and even-

ing service.

On the 31st of July will be published, price Elevenpence,
Part I. of

THE TEETOTALER.

Five Numbers of this Journal will be published in a neat Wrapper. The PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR will be given GRATIS with this Monthly Part.

Advertisements for the Wrapper to be sent to the Printer's, 58, Red Cross-street.

Orders will be received by all Booksellers, Stationers, and Newsmen.

W. STRANGE, 21, Paternoster Row.

MR. HENDERSON'S NEW PUBLICATIONS:—

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Paul de Kock.	Jules Janin.
Merimee.	Alexandre Dumas.
Nodier.	Michel Masson.
Ricard.	De Jouffroy.
De Lamartine	De Berenger.

II.
This day is published, price 6d.

THE LAST DAY OF A CONDEMNED,

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo,

By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

GEORGE HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILEY.

United Temperance Association.

EXCURSION TO RICHMOND.

The Committee have engaged the well known

Superior Steam Packets

ECLIPSE AND VIVID,

For an Excursion to RICHMOND, on Monday, the 20th of July, 1840. The Members and any Friends wishing to accom-

pany them will meet at the Chapel, Aldersgate-street, at eight o'clock on the above morning, and walk in procession to Queen-

hithe-pier with the *Splendid Banners, Flags and Band*, used in the late procession, and embark at nine o'clock precisely. Pro-

ceed to Richmond, hold a large Meeting, and dine in the Park, and return to the *Delightful New Vauxhall Pleasure Gardens*.

Vauxhall Pier, which are engaged for the Evening to Tea, where there will be a Grand Concert D'ETE, by first-rate performers.

PRESIDENT.—JOHN BILTON, ESQ.:
George W. M. Reynolds, Esq., Author of *Pickwick Abroad*, &c. &c. and Editor of the *Teetotaler*; and Messrs. Curry, Balfour, Crump, and Gawthrop, the Advocates, will be of the party.

Tickets, Tea included, 3s. 6d. each. The number being limited to 400, early application must be made to secure them.

Tickets may be had of Mr. Weston, Secretary, 12, Basing-lane; of the following Members of the Committee, Messrs. Caudle and Marriott, 3, Paul's-head-court, Fenchurch-street; Mr. Clark, 7, Chews-ride, Little-moorfields; Mr. Higby, 16, New-court, Mil-

ton-street; Mr. B. Kirby, 8, Benjamin-street, Clerkenwell; Mr. Crump, 1 Red-lion-market, White-cross-street; Mr. Griffiths, 49, Southampton-street, Clerkenwell; Mr. Gawthrop, 39, Fore-

street, Cripplegate; Dennis's Union Coffee-house, Jerusalem-passage, Clerkenwell; Thompson's Coffee-house, Golden-lane; Mr. Brown, 4 Curtain-road; Mr. Adkins, Curtain-road; and at Aldersgate-street Chapel, every Wednesday and Saturday

Evenings, from 8 to 10, of the Excursion Committee.

The Steamers will call at Hungerford-market, at Westminster-bridge, and Chelsea-pier, for convenience of friends in these vicinities, going and returning.

This day is Published, Two for Three-half-pence,

THE DRUNKARD'S COAT OF ARMS.

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JOHN CLEAVE, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street; and Sold by all Book-

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All Communications for the Editor, to be addressed, post-paid, to the care of the Printer.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

VOL. I., No. 5.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"The Teetotaler" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the United Temperance Association; the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of TEETOTALISM, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the Journal for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of Teetotalism, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by Mr. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, No. 12, Basing-Lane, Bread-Street, Cheapside: Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: Mr. STRANGE, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and Mr. WILSON, Printer, 58, Red Cross Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund*, will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DINNER PARTY.

The moment Victor reached his own room, Mr. Tibbatts hastened to communicate to him a piece of news which made his own countenance radiant with joy.

"Only think!" cried Mr. Tibbatts, "one of my literary friends has been with me this morning, since you went out, and has announced his intention of dining with us to-day. He is going to bring two or three such nice fellows with him—all literary birds also; and, what is better than all, he has sent the provisions and liquor himself."

"I would rather not be of the party," said Victor, still thinking of his good resolution, and afraid of temptation,—"I am not in spirits to meet company."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Titus Tibbatts; "only come and look at the bottles Frank Fippins has sent us, and you'll soon change your mind. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink; and I shall drown all cares in mine."

"I do not see that your simile is very happy," observed Melville, as he followed his new friend to the apartment up-stairs, where half-a-dozen bottles, containing spirits, were ranged in a sort of military rank upon the table that served as Mr. Tibbatts' desk. The chest had been removed from the middle of the room;

and Mr. Robus had lent a large table for the grand occasion. This table had been duly laid for six people, by Mr. Tibbatts himself, he being assisted in his arduous labours by a char-woman, who attended upon the lodgers at certain periods of the day; and certainly, considering the paucity of the materials, a very decent display of crockery, glass, and cutlery, was made with them upon this occasion. Six knives and six forks were placed on the table in their proper places: four breakfast cups, one tumbler, and one slop-bason were enlisted in the service of the beer; and six chairs, which might have been taken for six different specimens of as many particular shapes and makes, graced the circumference of the table. The cloth was composed of three napkins and a towel; and an immense earthen pan, glazed inside, had been borrowed from Mr. Robus to make punch in after dinner.

"There!" cried Mr. Tibbatts, as he surveyed these preparations with a complacent expression of countenance; "that isn't so bad, is it? If we have neither the luxuries nor comforts of Heliogabulus, we have that which he never had, pampered as he was—and that's a good appetite. Such a prime leg of mutton and potatoes sent to the bake-house—and a magnificent dish of eggs and bacon cooking down at Robus's. But here are the boys!"

As Mr. Tibbatts spoke, four gentlemen rushed into the room, laughing heartily because they had tumbled up stairs, and swearing at the same time because they had been insulted by the little boys who were playing in the court below.

"Well—here you are, all," exclaimed Tibbatts: "let me introduce my friend Mr. Melville to you. Melville, this gentleman is my old friend Fippins; this is Mr. Buggridge—a great poet; this is an ancient ally of mine, and his name's Pluffers; and this is a not less esteemed, though the last-mentioned individual—the learned and well-known Mr. Mullins."

Mr. Frank Fippins was a young gentleman of four or five-and-twenty, with a very red face, light hair, pinkish blue eyes, and large white teeth. He was attired in a complete suit of black, which made the characteristics of his physical exterior the more remarkable by the extraordinary contrast.

Mr. Richard Buggridge was only a couple of years older than Mr. Fippins, and was so remarkably thin that he would have been deemed a formidable rival to the Philadelphian, whose leanness was so excessive that only one person could see him at a time. He had long, lanky black hair, small dark eyes, and a nose so sharp it seemed as if it would have served its proprietor for a razor, had it not been glued to his face. He was dressed in an old brown coat which had either been made for a somewhat fat man, or else when its present owner was at least four stone heavier than at the period when we introduce him to our readers: his breeches were grey, and were so covered with ink, that they resembled Oxford mixture; and the long ends of his black neckerchief dangled over the front of his shirt.

Mr. Timothy Pluffers was a little, stout, fat man, with black kerseymere tights and gaiters,

and pocket-holes on the outside of the skirts of his coat, in imitation of the old fashion. He was about six-and-thirty years of age, and had an excellent appetite, as well as a very good opinion of himself.

It only now remains for us to notice Mr. Mullins, who was an old man of sixty, very ignorant, very conceited, and calling himself a literary man, because he had once induced a bookseller to publish an edition of Shakspeare with notes—a speculation which sent the bookseller before the commissioners in Basinghall-street six months afterwards.

"What a jovial party we shall be!" exclaimed Mr. Tibbatts, when the ceremony of introduction was accomplished. "Now then, Mrs. Duncan, go and see after the dinner."

These words were addressed to the char-woman, who had fortified herself against the labour of waiting upon so many people, with about a pint or so of gin: the consequence was that she felt very happy, and very contented, not precisely knowing whether she stood upon her head or her heels. She however bestowed a sweet smile (she was't quite sixty) upon Mr. Tibbatts, and set off to execute the commission with such good will, that, in order to manifest her alacrity in his service, she did not wait to descend the stairs as other people do, but rolled down the first flight with surprising rapidity.

"That woman's drunk, Titus," observed Mr. Pluffers.

"Oh! she never gets into any harm when she's had a little drop too much, poor thing," returned Mr. Tibbatts: "she fell down a well when in that state, about eight years ago, and it produced such an impression upon her that she never can be induced to touch water when she can get gin: it's a sort of hydrophobia with her."

"That's not poetic, my dear Tibbatts," observed Mr. Buggridge, in a calmly remonstrative tone of voice.

"If Shakspeare had introduced such an idea into one of his plays, I would have struck it out in my edition," said Mr. Mullins; "upon my honour, I would; and when I say my honour—"

"Why, then we know what you mean," interrupted Mr. Fippins. "What are you always talking about your honour for? I might as well talk of my estates."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I have no honour, Sir!" demanded the commentator on Shakspeare, turning as pale with rage as the ghost in *Hamlet*.

"I shall insinuate myself into that mutton," said Mr. Fippins, as Mrs. Duncan rolled into the room, with the dish in her hands; a delicately clean apron, with which she had been dusting the windows in the morning, protecting her fingers from being burnt by their vicinity to the earthenware.

"Now, then, boys, sit down," cried Mr. Tibbatts.

"So we will," said Mr. Mullins; and he swallowed his indignation and a huge mouthful of mutton simultaneously.

"Give some us *grace humidum*, Mother Duncan," exclaimed Mr. Pluffers, meaning thereby to express the words "heavy wet."

"Ask Mr. Tibbatts for the gravy," returned the char-woman, deeply indignant at being adjured as a mother, although she was old enough to have been a great-grandmother.

"Well, then, beer," said Mr. Pluffers; and Mrs. Duncan slowly proceeded to obey his command.

"Here's the heggs!" ejaculated this lady, just as Mr. Robus made his appearance with a smoking dish, which he set upon the table: "them as is for mutton had better speak."

"Mrs. Duncan," said Mr. Buggridge, with dignity.

"Well?" answered that amiable female, with the bewitching familiarity which is the characteristic of all char-women.

"We can dispense with your hints and advice," said Mr. Buggridge solemnly: "it is not poetical."

"We know not whether Mrs. Duncan fancied that some covert insult was meditated against her reputation or her conduct by this latter observation: it is nevertheless our distressing duty to relate, that she bestowed a most vigorous cuff on the poetical brow of Mr. Buggridge, and commenced a series of abusive epithets, all of which are not recorded in the English dictionary.

"I wasn't awcer that it becomed any gentleman as calls himself a gentleman to insult a poor woman, and she a vidder for the last nineteen year," said Mrs. Duncan; and then the epithets, which did not however hit so hard as the blow, were again levelled at the devoted head of the poet.

It is impossible to say to what an extent hostilities might have been carried, had not Mr. Robus fulfilled the highly disagreeable, and somewhat dangerous, task of turning Mrs. Duncan out of the room, and in process of time, as soon as he had got her down stairs, out of the house. The poor woman's feelings must have been excited to a very extraordinary pitch by the supposed insult; for she proceeded forthwith to the nearest public-house, whence she was removed to her own home in a wheel-barrow about half an hour afterwards.

But let us leave Mrs. Duncan to her fate and the wheel-barrow, and turn once more to the apartment where so many eminent men were assembled. The dinner passed off without any further accident; and, when the cloths and towel (we like to be precise) were removed, Mr. Tibbatts proceeded to make a mighty jorum of rum-punch. As soon as this beverage was concocted, the cups and the glass were filled, and the contents emptied down the throats of those present. Punch is a wonderful weapon to cut asunder the Gordian knot which confines the tongue; and, accordingly, by the time the second glass and cup had been drank, a fit of extreme garrulity simultaneously seized on each of the individuals there assembled, not even excepting our hero, who unfortunately suffered the odour of the punch to predominate over all the good resolutions which he had formed in the morning.

The poet began to hold forth upon the divine art which he professed; the commentator upon Shakspeare quoted passages from his favourite author; the Latinist exercised his powers of translation with wonderful perseverance; and Mr. Fippins chatted with Mr. Tibbatts upon an immense variety of subjects. It may however be observed that the poet mistook the punch for the honey of Parnassus, and drank very deeply of the delusive liquor; that the Shakspearian commentator cited a line from *Hamlet* and declared that it belonged to *Macbeth*; that the classical scholar really fancied his own absurdities to be eminently tasteful; and that Mr. Fippins, Melville, and Mr. Tibbatts, each talked of different topics at the same time, and paid not the slightest attention to one another. At length they all grew

wearied of this disjointed style of discourse; and then Victor was far more amused than he previously had been.

"What are you doing now, Buggridge?" enquired Mr. Tibbatts, as soon as he had seized the punch once more.

"I am always writing for the—you know what," was the reply.

"Oh! I know," said Mr. Tibbatts, as innocent of any acquaintance with the paper or periodical alluded to, as most likely Mr. Buggridge was himself.

"I say, old fellow," exclaimed Mr. Pluffers, addressing the president; "shan't we blow a cloud?"

"Certainly," answered Tibbatts; "who's got any cigars?"

"I have!" said Mr. Mullins. "A light! a light! my kingdom for a light,—which is not so bad a paraphrase upon the words of Othello in *Richard III.*"

Victor bit his lip; but Mr. Buggridge was preparing to sing; and so he turned his attention towards that gentleman.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Buggridge, "I am about to sing you a song of my own composing. It is my last—hem! and not the worst thing—hem! that ever I wrote. It will appear in the—you know what—next Sunday. You will observe, it is supposed to be sung by a bookseller."

"Is there any chorus?" demanded Mr. Mullins.

"Chorus—no," returned Mr. Buggridge; and, after having cleared his throat once more, he commenced the following effusion:—

THE BOOKSELLER'S LAMENT.

These are terrible times for the bookselling trade—
So hard that there's scarcely a hit to be made;
Though ladies and lords take to writing romance,
Or books of their travels in Spain and in France:—
America's prov'd the most fertile of fields,
And a work to upbraid it a sure profit yields,
Although on my shelves there still linger a few sets
Of Lord Grogblissom's book upon Massachusetts.

It is hard now to make a new novel go down;
(I really don't know what's come over the town.)
A poem would make a sad hole in my purse,
And sacred effusions are sure to fare worse:
A volume of essays would never be read,
Or would make a man sleep and set fire to his bed:
The public are tired of the works of the Germans,
And now-a-days none will waste coin upon sermons.

"Throw physic to the dogs," said Mr. Mullins, "as Dogberry remarked to Verges."

"Is that all?" enquired Mr. Tibbatts, alluding to the song.

"Every word," was the reply vouchsafed by Mr. Buggridge, evidently annoyed that no clapping of hands was heard.

"It ends rather abruptly," remarked Mr. Fippins.

"Well—what do you think I and Pluffers are going to do?" exclaimed Mr. Frank Fippins, to Mr. Tibbatts.

"I really can't say," replied this gentleman.

"Why—going to start a weekly paper, to be sure!" said Mr. Fippins, with the most sublime dignity.

"A weekly paper!" cried Titus.

"A weekly paper!" repeated Mr. Fippins. "We have clubbed together a ten pound note; and on that we shall raise a little fortune."

"Ten pounds to start a paper!" ejaculated Victor, in the most unfeigned astonishment.

"Oh! yes—my dear sir," rejoined Mr. Fippins; "that is plenty, all we want is an office—and for the desks to put into it we are obliged to pay ready money. We have divided the duties pretty fairly between us; you shall hear how. Pluffers finds the printer and writes the heavy articles. I find the stationer and do the light ones. We intend to support the Whigs; and, to place the paper within the reach of every one, shall only make it a penny."

"Penny unstamped, I suppose?" said Mr. Tibbatts.

"Exactly," replied Fippins, caressing his light hair, and glancing around him in a manner that was quite refreshing to those who gazed upon him.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," observed our hero, who had sate uneasily upon his chair for the last few moments; "but I am really sufficiently dull-witted not to comprehend your scheme. I cannot conceive how you will start a paper upon a ten pound note."

"My dear Mr. Belville," said Fippins—

"Melville," said our hero correctively.

"Melville, I beg your pardon," continued Mr. Fippins, "since I understand from mutual friend Tibbatts that you are one of us—a literary dustman, you know—I do not care if I let you into the secret. The truth is, Pluffers has credit at a printer's; and I at a stationer's: if the thing succeeds on going off, so much the better, every one will be paid; if not, so much the worse; we lose ten pounds, and the printer and stationer lose all."

"But is that exactly honest?" said Melville.

The whole party, Mr. Tibbatts included, cast a most extraordinary glance of mingled contempt and surprise at our hero: the Shakspearian annotator declared that it would be a rum go if people didn't look out for themselves now-a-days; the Latinist recorded his conviction that the young gentleman was a greenhorn; Mr. Fippins slapped our hero on the back and recommended him to carry those principles with him to the grave, and he would soon get on; Mr. Buggridge expressed his opinion, in truly poetic terms, that what Melville said was merely a particular piece of bacon, otherwise, "gammon;" and Victor himself really began to think that he knew nothing of the world, or at least of the literary one.

"Why, you see," said Mr. Fippins, taking upon himself the task of explaining, "these things are all a lottery. But I'll tell you what we are going to do."

"What?" said Victor.

"We intend to give grand woodcuts on the first page," answered Mr. Fippins, "representing the state of the country through a series of caricatures. We have also secured the services of a policeman to answer questions."

"A policeman!" exclaimed Victor: "is he not a novel appendage to the editorial department of a newspaper?"

"Why—rather," answered Mr. Fippins; "but it will secure a sale. The fact is, we shall have a number of correspondents who will write to us to ascertain whether a person guilty of such and such an action would be taken in charge by a policeman; and by giving correct replies, we shall at once acquire a reputation."

"I should think the statute-book would be the most satisfactory reference," observed Victor.

"Oh! not at all," returned Mr. Fippins; "no one knows any thing of English laws from books or acts of parliament, because they all contradict each other. Even the judges themselves don't pretend to be versed in our laws; for, whenever a point is referred to them, they are invariably divided in opinion. This is a blessed country for all that; and thus you see every day that the rich escape from the penalties due to those crimes for which the poor are severely punished."

"I really believe you are right," said our hero, after a moment's consideration. "But have you any other attractive feature in your projected journal?"

"Oh! plenty," was the instantaneous reply. "We intend to give answers to all kinds of correspondents. Besides the policeman, we have enlisted in our service a decayed gentleman—an insolvent prize-fighter—and a bankrupt horse-chaunter."

"And what, my dear Sir," cried Mr.

Buggridge,—"what, in the name of all that's poetic, sublime, and beautiful, are they to do?"

"How very dull you are to-night, old fellow," returned Mr. Fippins. "Why,—points of honour, relative to duels, bets, gambling transactions, and those kind of fashionable amusements, will be referred to the decayed gentleman: the names of the other two sufficiently explain their use and attributes in our establishment."

"And what is the pay allotted to these worthies?" enquired Mr. Tibbatts; "for, I believe, that in London, as in Rome, all things are venal."

"Oh! the wages and privileges are pretty fair," explained Mr. Fippins, running his fingers through his hair: "the policeman will be allowed thirty shillings a week, and will have the right to thrash the office-boy at all hours, because a policeman must bully somebody; the decayed gentleman may give tradesmen and discounters references to the proprietors, and make his bills payable at the office; the prize-fighter will be permitted to give morning lessons in boxing to young noblemen, in an empty room on the first-floor; and the horse-chaunder has stipulated that we shall bail him, as often as he is had up for swindling, before the police-magistrate."

"Nothing could be better arranged, I think," said Mr. Mullins, approvingly. "But is this really all true; or is it a hoax? 'To be, or not to be—that is the question,' as the gravedigger says in the *Tempest*."

"Of course it's all true," answered Mr. Fippins: "the first number will be out on Saturday week."

Mr. Tibbatts here proposed "the success and prosperity of the new undertaking;" and the toast was drunk with enthusiasm. The earthenware pan was soon emptied, and another jorum of punch was speedily concocted; whereupon Mr. Pluffers, in a most elegant and eloquent speech, proposed to drink the health of the ancients and of ancient classical literature—a suggestion that was immediately acceded to without a dissentient voice. Mr. Buggridge, in an oration interspersed with numerous poetic quotations, next proposed to honour the ancient English bards in a similar manner; and no one objected to this offer; so that, in process of time, the gentlemen at the banquetting-table, by dint of toasting the past, lost all recollection of the present. Victor was soon overtaken by the liquor which he gladly swallowed in order to keep pace with the conviviality of the company; and when he awoke in the morning, he found himself in his own bed, but had not the slightest idea how he got there. He nevertheless remembered in a confused manner, that Mr. Mullins rose to make a speech, and dropped under the table in the middle of it, just as he was asseverating, in an impassioned manner, "that he had stood by Shakspeare all his life, and that he would fall with him;" and our hero had also a faint reminiscence of Mr. Robus having made his appearance, at one particular part of the evening, with his white nightcap upon his head, to implore the party "not to kick up so much noise," as the lodgers could not sleep in peace.

Having thus far collected his scattered ideas, Melville rose with a dreadful head-ache, and more than ever dissatisfied with himself for having been induced to commit another debauch.

(To be continued in our next.)

Mahomet displayed his wisdom by forbidding the use of wines and intoxicating drinks. He knew that his gigantic schemes would be entirely defeated by those who necessarily compromise everything when labouring under the influence of intoxicating drinks.

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

If it be argued that some dreadful punishment should await the individual who is guilty of enormous crimes, then let the reader judge whether condemnation to the galleys in France be not a hideous punishment; and if the English legislature do not imagine that the sufferings of English convicts at Norfolk Island are severe enough to expiate even the crime of murder, then let them invent those horrors which are now about to be detailed. We select the following passage from "The Last Day of a Condemned,"—a work translated from the French of Victor Hugo:—

Within these last few days I saw a most hideous spectacle.

It was scarcely day-light, and the prison was full of noise and bustle. I heard the din of many gates opening and shutting—of bolts and padlocks grating horribly—of the bundles of jingling keys fastened to the belts of the jailors—of precipitous footsteps, beneath which the very stairs shook and trembled—and of voices which called and answered from one end of the long corridor to another. My neighbours in the adjacent dungeons—those galley-slaves who had been placed in the small cells before described, on account of breach of prison discipline—were more joyous than ever. All Bicêtre echoed with laughter, singing, running, and dancing.

I, who was alone silent in the midst of all that din—alone immovable in that tumult, I—who was astonished and attentive—had naught to do but listen.

A jailor passed up the corridor communicating with my cell.

I ventured to call him and ask him if it were a holiday throughout the prison?

"It is a holiday, if you like," was his answer. "To-day the galley-slaves are chained together, previous to their departure to-morrow for Toulon. Would you like to see the spectacle? It would amuse you."

It was indeed, for a solitary recluse, an instance of good fortune to be enabled to witness such a spectacle, odious though it were. I accordingly accepted the amusement proposed.

The jailor adopted the usual precautions in order to prevent me from escaping, and then conducted me into a little empty dungeon, which was entirely denuded of all kinds of furniture, which possessed a real window, with iron bars to it, and through which I could behold the sky.

"There," said the jailor: "here you can see and hear everything. You will be alone in your box like a king."

He then left the cell: securing after him bolts, bars, and padlocks.

The window looked upon a vast square court-yard, hemmed in on all sides, as by a wall, by a great stone building, six stories in height. Imagination cannot picture to itself anything more degraded, more naked, or more miserable to the eye than that quadrangular facade pierced with a number of windows protected by iron bars, and at all of which, from top to bottom, were crowds of thin and squalid faces, pressed one against another like stones in a wall, and all enclosed as it were in the frame-work of the cross-bars of iron. These were the prisoners who were spectators of a ceremony, at which they would be speedily destined, at a future day, to perform the part of actors. They might have been taken for souls in a state of punishment, gazing from the loop-holes of purgatory upon the domains of hell.

All looked in silence into the court-yard which was as yet empty. They waited in breathless suspense, for the commencement of the drama: and amongst those faded and miserable countenances, there were here and there eyes that seemed as bright and sparkling as red-hot cinders.

The square of buildings which surround the court-yard, is not altogether closed up. One of the four sides of the edifice (that with an eastern aspect) is separated in the middle: and the two portions are only connected together by an iron gate. This iron gate opens upon a second court-yard, much smaller than the former, and also surrounded by high walls and blackened buildings.

There are stone benches fixed round the walls of the larger court; and in the middle there is a curved iron post, upon which a lamp is suspended at night.

Twelve o'clock struck. A wide gate, which was concealed beneath an arch-way, opened abruptly; and a cart, escorted by filthy-looking and disgusting men, who distantly resembled soldiers, as they were dressed in blue uniforms, with red epaulettes and yellow shoulder belts, rolled heavily into the yard with a noise like that of iron bars rattling together. These were the galley-serjeants and the escort.

At the same time, as if that din aroused all the echoes of the prison, the spectators at the windows, who had up to that period maintained a profound silence, burst out into cries of joy, songs, menaces, and imprecations mingled with shouts of laughter that were terrible to hear. It seemed as if they were demons engaged in masquerade. On each countenance there was a hideous grimace—every hand was thrust through the bars—their voices absolutely roared—their eyes flashed fire—

and I was horrified at beholding so many sparks appear in that vast cinder.

In the meantime the galley-serjeants, amongst whom it was easy to distinguish a few new ones from Paris, by their clean garments and the disgust that appeared upon their countenances, commenced their labours with the utmost tranquillity. One of them ascended the cart, and threw toward his companions chains, collars for the necks of the convicts, and heaps of pantaloons made of canvas. They then divided their labours; some of them proceeded to stretch out, in one part of the court-yard, long chains which, in their slang, they denominated "strings;" others spread out the pantaloons; and the remainder, who were the most cunning of the whole escort, examined, under the superintendence of their captain (a fat little old man) the iron collars, the strength of which they tested by ringing them upon the pavement. And all this was done amidst the raillery and shouts of the prisoners, whose voices were only drowned by the boisterous mirth of the galley-slaves for whom these preparations were in progress, and who were busily employed in gazing from the windows of the old prison, which looks upon the smaller court.

When these preparations were completed, a man, covered with silver lace, and who filled the post of inspector, gave an order to the director of the prison; and in another moment two or three low doors vomited forth, all at the same instant, and in small portions at a time, crowds of men, whose appearance was revolting and hideous in the extreme.

These were the galley-slaves.

The moment they entered the court-yard, the joy at the windows redoubled. Some amongst them—the great names of the prison—were greeted with acclamations and applauses, which they seemed to receive with a kind of proud modesty. The greater portion of the galley-slaves had a species of hat made with their own hands from the straw of their dungeons, and formed into grotesque shapes, so that in the town through which they passed the hat might draw attention to the head. Those who wore these hats were more applauded than the others. One especially excited enthusiastic transports amongst the spectators: this was a young man of seventeen years of age, and who had the countenance of a young girl. He issued from his cell, where he had been subject to solitary confinement for the previous eight days: with his sraw he had made himself a garment which enveloped him from his neck to his feet; and he entered the court, turning head over heels with the agility of a serpent. He was a buffoon condemned for robbery. Hands were clapped, and cries of joy echoed round, with demoniac violence. The galley-slaves replied in a similar manner; and it was a frightful thing to witness this interchange of gaieties between those who were to depart for the galleys at once, and those whose turn would arrive on the next occasion. The society of the great world, represented by those who were not criminal—the jailors and the visitors,—was there; but how vainly! for crime ridiculed that society to its very face, and converted that horrible punishment into a family holiday.

In proportion as the galley-slaves arrived, they were shoved between two rows of guards into the little yard, where the surgeons were waiting to inspect them. There they all endeavoured to make a last effort to avoid the journey, alleging some excuse connected with their health,—such as bad eyes, lame legs, and mutilated hands. But in almost all cases they were pronounced capable of undergoing the full amount of their sentence; and then each resigned himself with carelessness to his fate, forgetting in a few minutes the affected infirmity of his whole life.

The gate of the smaller court was opened; and one of the guards called the muster-roll of the galley-slaves alphabetically. They then walked out one by one; and each criminal proceeded to take up his position in a corner of the great court, next to some companion whom the initial letter of his name thus rendered his future comrade. Thus every one is reduced to himself—every one wears his own iron next to a stranger—and if by hazard the galley-slave have a friend, the chain separates them. This is the most miserable of all miseries!

When about thirty had thus taken up their places in the rank, the gate was again closed. A galley-serjeant forced them into a correct line with his staff, threw down before each a shirt, a waistcoat, and a pair of canvas pantaloons, and then made a sign to them all to assume the garb thus allotted to them. An unlooked-for incident, as if it had been however arranged to occur at that precise moment, now arrived to change this humiliation into a torture.

Up to that period the weather had been tolerably fine; and although the breeze of October chilled the air, from time to time a crevice was open here and there in the grey clouds of heaven, to enable the rays of the sun to cheer the earth. But scarcely had the galley-slaves laid aside their prison-rags, at the moment when they presented themselves naked and upright to the suspicious inspection of the keepers and to the curious gaze of the visitors who walked round them to examine their shoulders, the heavens became black—a cold shower of autumn suddenly burst forth—and the rain fell in torrents upon the square court, on the bare heads and naked limbs of the galley-slaves, and on their

wretched rags which were stretched upon the pavement.

In a moment the yard was vacated by all who were not galley-serjeants or galley-slaves; and the strangers from Paris hastened to seek shelter beneath the arches of the gates.

In the meantime the rain fell in torrents. Nothing was seen in the court-yard save the galley-slaves, naked and streaming with water, on the deluged pavement. A dead silence had succeeded their boisterous bravadoes. They shivered with cold—their teeth chattered—their thin legs and their bony knees knocked together—and it was pitiful to see them cover their bare limbs with those dripping shirts, waistcoats, and trousers. Their nakedness had been better.

One only—an old man—had preserved a portion of his gaiety. He exclaimed, as he wrung out his wet shirt, "This was not in the programme of the entertainments;" and he menaced the skies with his clenched fist, as he laughed aloud.

When they had put on their travelling attire, they were conducted in bands of twenty or thirty to the farther corner of the yard, where the chains, which were stretched along the ground, awaited them. Those chains were very long, and were intersected at every interval of two feet, by shorter chains placed transversely; at each end of these shorter chains was an iron collar, which opened in a particular spot by means of a rivet. These collars were fastened during the whole journey, round the necks of the galley-slaves. When these chains, the long and the short together, were spread out upon the ground, they resembled the backbone of a fish.

The galley-slaves were commanded to sit down in the mud, upon the inundated pavement; the collars were then tried on; and two smiths, belonging to the escort, and provided with portable anvils, rivetted them together while cold by dint of blows with a heavy hammer. That is a terrible moment, in which the most hardy turn pale. Every blow of the hammer, struck hard upon the anvil which is supported upon the back, makes the chin of the sufferer rebound again; and the slightest movement backwards, would cause the smith to dash his brains out as easily as a shell is broken from its nut.

After this operation, the galley-slaves became gloomy. I no longer heard aught save the clashing of the chains, and, at long intervals, a cry, or the sound of the staff of one of the serjeants upon the limbs of the refractory. Some amongst them wept; the old shuddered and bit their lips. I surveyed with terror all those sinister countenances set in their frames of iron.

Thus there were three acts to this drama;—the surgical inspection—the visit of the jailors—and the fastening of the chains.

A ray of the sun re-appeared. One would have thought that it set all those brains on fire. The galley-slaves rose simultaneously, by a convulsive movement. The five chains joined themselves together by the hands, and formed an immense circle about the iron lamp-post. They then danced round it with a rapidity that fatigued my eyes. They sang a song of the galleys—a slang song to an air sometimes plaintive,—at others furious and gay. Piercing cries were heard at intervals, varied by half shrieking shouts of laughter, mingling with the mysterious words of the song; and then savage exclamations, and chains which rattled together, served as a chorus to that wild and brutal chant. If I were anxious to seek for an image for a nocturnal meeting of demons, I should select one neither better nor worse.

A large tub was now conveyed into the court-yard. The galley-serjeants interrupted the dance of the convicts with blows of their sticks, and conducted them to this tub, in which were swimming God knows what filthy herbs, in God knows what smoking and discoloured water. The convicts partook of the soup.

Then, having partaken of that food, they threw upon the pavement all that remained to them of their soup and their brown bread, and began to sing and dance once more. It appears that this license is allowed them upon the day when the fastening of the iron takes place, and on the following night.

I observed that strange spectacle with a curiosity so greedy, so palpitating, and so attentive, that I forgot my own condition. A profound sentiment of pity excited me to my very entrails; and their shouts of laughter made me weep.

Suddenly, in the midst of the profound reverie into which I had fallen, I saw the howling circle of galley-slaves stop and remain silent. Then all eyes were turned towards the window at which I was placed.

"The condemned! the condemned!" they all cried, pointing with their fingers towards me: and the ebullition of their joy redoubled.

I remained petrified.

I know not how they first knew me, or in what manner they came to recognize me then.

"Good day! good night!" they all ejaculated with their horrible sneering tone.

One young man who had been condemned to the galleys for life, and whose countenance wore a heavy expression, like that of lead, glanced towards me with a species of envy, ejaculating, "He is happy! he'll be clipped. Good bye, comrade!"

I cannot say what passed within me at that moment. I was indeed their comrade. The Place de Grève is the sister of the galleys at Toulon. I was even placed in a lower rank than they: they did me honour. I shuddered.

Yes—their comrade! and even then I said to myself, "In a few days I shall perhaps become a spectacle for them."

I remained at the window, motionless, speechless, paralyzed. But when I saw the five ranks of galley-slaves advance, and rush towards me with expressions of cordiality which might suit the denizens of hell,—when I heard the tumultuous din of their chains, their clamours, their foot-steps, at the foot of the wall, it seemed to me that that cloud of demons escalated the miserable cell in which I was; and I gave vent to a dreadful cry, as I precipitated myself against the door with a violence which nearly dashed it open; but there were no means of flight for me! The bolts were drawn without. I dashed myself against it—I screamed for release with frantic rage. It then seemed to me that I heard the terrible voices of the convicts—and that their hideous heads had already reached the level of my window-sill: I uttered a second cry, and fell down insensible upon the cold floor.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B. B. is thanked for his communication, which shall appear in our next.

A. D. S.'s article upon Consistency shall be inserted in Number VII. of *The Teetotaler*.

We have received John Jacquet's letter, and are delighted to find that he is so staunch a Teetotaler. We shall not neglect the cause of the coal-whippers.

We intend shortly to give an elaborate review of that admirable work, "Bacchus."

To C. D. We shall be always happy to give the poor man any advice which lies within the compass of our knowledge. You must bring a civil action against the party complained of: by a strange enactment of the English law, the circumstance is not considered a felony.

X. Y. Z. Although we do not profess to possess medical acquirements, we will still answer your question. You state that a long course of intemperate habits has brought on an inflammation of the eyes, of which even Teetotalism has not cured you. Follow this prescription of the celebrated French oculist, CAEON DU VILLARDS, and you will be cured in less than a week:—Procure a pot of Singleton's golden ointment, and take upon the head of a pin as much ointment as is equal in size to the head of the pin itself; apply this to the lower rim of the eyes, where the lashes grow, then close the eyes, and allow the ointment thus to get into the eyes, which will smart a little. Repeat this operation every morning and evening for four or five days; wash the eyes three or four times each day with a decoction of souchong tea; and at the expiration of a week at the outside, you will be cured.

To W. J. B. Harvey, we reply in the affirmative.

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.

We shall be much obliged to those of our Country Readers, who will favour us with accounts of Teetotal progress, and the transactions of Teetotal Meetings, in the Provincial Towns. We solicit the correspondence of the heads of all Teetotal Societies, promising to devote ample space in our columns to such intelligence.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

For an Advertisement, not exceeding eight lines . . . 5s. 0d.
Every succeeding line 4d.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JULY 25th, 1840.

We have received several letters from correspondents complaining that the grand argument advanced against Teetotalism by the enemies to this good cause, still remains unanswered in print. We allude to the species of sanction to the use of wine, which is supposed by many to have been given by our Saviour at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. Those advocates of Teetotalism, who have addressed us upon this head, and those enemies to Teetotalism, who imagine that they have raised up an insuperable barrier between us and the completion of our glorious work, will find an article upon the miracle wrought by our Saviour at Cana, in the next number of our journal. We hope that the question, as to the divine sanction, will then be set at rest. We might challenge all the divines of the two Universities to enter into the discussion with us, upon this point: but we do not believe that any minister of the Gospel would have the unblushing effrontery to come forward, and maintain, by implication, that the Saviour of the World would advocate that habit which has destroyed more lives than the sword, and more souls than all the other devices of Satan taken together.

We regret to be compelled to state that the clergy of the English Protestant Church has not followed that grand doctrine of self-denial which is preached by Teetotalism. There are a few glorious exceptions to this rule; but, as a body, the Clergy of the Church of England

is opposed to us. What! cannot the members of that body forget the vicious habits which they acquired at those hot-beds of iniquity—the Universities? cannot they cast off that garment of sin which is more fatal to those who wear it, than the robe of Dejanira? and cannot they turn their thoughts aside from the pernicious voluptuousness of this world's pleasures, in order to reform this world's denizens?

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND FATHER MATHEW.

With this day's Number of *The Teetotaler* is given to all our readers a handsome lithographic drawing, which represents Mr. O'Connell, M. P. receiving the pledge from the hands of the Rev. Theobald Mathew. It must not however be imagined that this happy event has as yet taken place: our picture is prophetic of a grand occurrence which we can safely promise our readers is near at hand. Three weeks ago did Mr. O'Connell assure a crowded audience at Exeter Hall that "the moment Father Mathew should inform him that he might sign the pledge consistently with his own political safety, he should do so;" and the great champion of Irish liberties—the advocate of Irish welfare—the defender of Irish interests, moreover declared "that this announcement would be shortly made to him." We have, therefore, only anticipated by a few weeks, and probably only by a few days, that consummation of all the duties which O'Connell owes to Ireland.

If Ireland were once effectually removed from the trammels of intemperance, she would become a great and a powerful nation. England owes many a hard-earned laurel to Irish courage, and is indebted to the Irish soldier for many a successful fight. To ensure her maritime supremacy did England connect herself with Ireland; and Irish courage has often and often steered the fleets of Britain victoriously over the ocean. Father Mathew is now aiding O'Connell in his great work of regenerating the Irish nation; for the one teaches it to be temperate, and the other to be free. Without the counsels of the former, the boon which the latter hopes to confer upon Ireland, would be but of small avail. Intemperance would conduct the use of liberty to the abuse of that sacred privilege; and thus it is that Ireland must first pass through the purifying hands of Father Mathew, ere it receive from O'Connell the stamp of its freedom. The dross must be extracted from the ore, and then the metal will be adapted to the hands of him who will mould it into a fitting shape.

The eyes of all British subjects are now fixed upon two individuals, whom Providence seems to have sent to decide the destinies of Ireland. O'Connell, as a politician, and Mathew, as a moralist, will raise the Irish nation to an eminence which shall command the attention and the respect of the world. The natural good qualities of the Irish character, when no longer overshadowed by intemperance, will aid in the progress of the glorious work; and O'Connell may then fearlessly demand that repeal, which shall not be refused him on the pretence that the Irish are incapable of self-government.

The prophetic scene, which we this day introduce to the eyes of the readers of *The Teetotaler*, will doubtless awaken a thousand happy emotions in the bosoms of our Irish friends. Let us take this opportunity of assuring them that their interests are as near and dear to us as those of our own Association; and that the conductors, like the proprietors, of *The Teetotaler*, are men who feel proud in uniting their interests, in respect to the grand cause of total abstinence, with those of Ireland.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

A few days ago, the inhabitants of a populous district in Manchester, hearing an unusual noise in the streets, hurried to their doors and witnessed the following singular procession. In front, marched a number of lads with frying-pans, kettles, and various other articles of domestic use, somewhat the worse, it must be confessed, for wear, by means of which they produced a noise, not very musical, but sufficient to attract popular attention. After these strange musicians followed a number of boys who had hoisted aloft, in an old arm chair, the figure of a drunkard, large as life, and clothed in rags. The face (an excellent mask), exhibited the nose and chin of the drunkard, covered with carbuncles. On his back was pinned a large placard on which was printed in conspicuous type, "The Drunkard's Doom." The mob was convulsed with laughter, and the drunkards sneaked off ashamed of the sight as well as struck with the moral.

NOTES PICKWICKIANÆ.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. IV.

Old Weller.—Samivel, wot ought to be done vith a obstinate old feller, as knows wot's good for him, and yet can't muster up pluck enow to foller it?

Sam.—Vy, pitch into him, to be sure: inflict concealment on him, as the gen'leman said, ven he wanted to be gen-teel and didn't choose to say give him a "good hiding."

Old Weller.—Vell, Samivel, arter all there's nothin' like a good hiding. It's the paytent settler as is better than all med-i-cines. Ven you was a small-hinfant, Samivel, if ever you wos rayther ill, I always per-ferred givin' you a small dose o' the birch-rod to all the doctor's pills and potions in the world. I rayther think too, that there 's the reason o' your havin' turned out so vell in life, Sammy.

Sam.—You're a very virtuous old man, you air. But wot did that there observation o' your'n apply to, about the feller as know'd wot is good for him, an' yet won't foller it, which wos precisely wot the old beggin'-letter impostor said, ven they told him to take a little exercise at the tread-mill.

Old Weller.—I'll tell 'ee wot it is, Samivel, I've bin a ruminatin' a good deal about that there pledge-book vich you've signed, an' I raly think it's a good thing. But if I wos for to sign it, wot 'ud become o' that there genivine breed o' English coachmen as now does honor to the country? You would look in wain for those fellers as used to get so precious lussy that they couldn't sit on their boxes! Wot a loss they 'ud be to this very civilized nation!

Sam.—A very great loss, indeed.

Old Weller.—Loss, ah!—to be sure, they is? See wot innovations is already introduced among us. Vere do you see von o' them railroad fellers as can take his sixteen tumblers o' grog on a fifty mile stage, to say nothin' o' ale, bitters, an' purl, vich invariably goes for nothin'? The good old English coachman will soon go out of fashion, wot with railroads and Teetotalers.

Sam.—I hopes he vill.

Old Weller.—Vy, Samivel?

Sam.—Cos he's a uscless old feller, vith his great coat, summer or vinter, and his blue cotton ankercher round his neck. Vy, you coachmen can't go a mile at a time vithout a-stoppin' to drink. But go on—you're in your own element now, as the gen'leman said ven he chucked his vife into the tub o' hot water.

Old Weller.—Vell, if coachmen does go to ruin in this here way, I don't hesitate for to say that the nation itself 'ull soon be done up. England never flourished till she had stage-coaches; and the reason vy the selvidges isn't as civilized as ve is, is cos they hasn't got no coaches. Do you think them canibals 'ud venture to eat up a stage-coachman?

Sam.—Yes, I do.

Old Weller.—Samivel, Samivel, they'd never swaller his top-boots.

Sam.—This is wot I calls wanderin' away from the pint. I knows wot you're a drivin' at, old touch-an-go; an' I knows how all this is to end. So you may just as vell out vith it at once.

Old Weller.—An' blowed if I don't too, Samivel! I'll set the example to all stage-coachmen, an' to them rail-road fellers into the bargain. So let's off to some chapel or another, an' sign that there thing as is called the Teetotal Pledge-Book.

(To be continued in Number VII.)

Oxymel;—Take of clarified honey two pounds, and acetic acid, one pint. Boil down with a gentle fire, in a glass vessel, to a proper thickness. This syrup is now rarely prepared by the apothecary, but is a favourite and useful domestic remedy in colds and slight sore throats.

TEMPERANCE LYRIC.

I love the chrystal fountain,
I love the bright cascade,
That issues from the mountain,
And flows into the glade.
I love the flashing billow
Of dark November's sea,
That forms the sailor's pillow,
And sings his lullaby!

I love the mighty ocean,
I love the gurgling stream:
Each ripple, with its motion,
Reflects a cheering gleam.
The moon shines on the waters;
Those waters that obey
(Diana's loving daughters)
The goddess on her way.

When in the desert lonely
The Arab speeds afar,
He seeks for water only,
Beneath his guiding star.
Avaunt, delusive Bacchus,
In wine-stain'd garments dress'd;
Remorse will ne'er attack us,
If Temperance be our guest.

THE DEMON LOVER.

BY "THE PRINTER'S DEVIL."

"No, George,—no more! I dare not touch that intoxicating glass, which you so earnestly press upon me, and with such beseeching glances: no, George,—never again," said the beauteous Emily to her admiring lover.

"Dearest Emily!" exclaimed he, "why thus energetic in your refusal? You know this is the anniversary of your birth, and you must join in making the day happy by a little rational conviviality."

"George, you know not the repulsive feeling with which I view that sparkling liquor:—my soul shudders as I gaze on its fascinations."

"But, Emily," said her lover, "this was not the case the other evening, when, with all the playfulness of happy innocence and beauty, you pledged future happiness to our friends in successive glasses; and declared, afterwards, that you never felt a glow of delight equal to that which then exhilarated you."

"Yes!" exclaimed Emily, in a sadder tone, "so I did; but that was not all. After you left me at the garden gate, I felt a sudden reverse of feelings: my head began violently to throb,—a strange nervous feeling ran through me from head to foot,—and, in the greatest alarm, I hastened to my room, hoping to lull to rest my waking fancy; but, horrid shapes seemed fitting round my bed,—and no sooner had my eyes closed in sleep than I began to dream with a violence and velocity never experienced before. Years rushed by only as moments—crowded with objects,—but all very confused and indistinct. I felt myself no longer a free moral agent,—but was hurried along, resistless, through complicated scenes of misery and woe; but,—oh! too horrid to relate;—" and the beautiful girl hid her face in her hands, as if to screen from her mental vision some object too awful for her sight.

"Come, Emily," said her anxious lover, "do not let idle dreams thus haunt your mind: you were indisposed,—and dreams are always influenced by the state of the body. 'The helm of reason lost,' Fancy always steers a wild and wayward course. Unburden your mind, and let us carefully examine your dream, by the light of common sense, and you will soon find 'tis nothing but a thing of 'shreds and patches.'"

"Oh!" replied Emily, "but it casts a strange influence over the soul. But now that I can command my feelings, I will endeavour, as far as possible, to relate the circumstances thus mysteriously placed before me.—You must first remember, that it all appeared as a phantasmagoria—where one picture becomes gradually blended with another,—and, more than that, I appeared to be at one and the same time, the actor and the looker-on. But, as near as I can recollect, my first feelings were pleasurable:—in short, George, I thought I was married; but where, or when I knew not—only that you were by my side; and I felt a degree of confiding happiness I never anticipated,—for friends surrounded me—and the soft tones of their adulations sounded in my ears as music;—indeed, the whole atmosphere seemed melody, in which were sweetly blended all the harsher and more incongruous feelings of human nature.—In a word, I was inexpressibly happy!—But—in a moment—a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, and I thought all had vanished—and I was alone, sitting solitarily, by an open window, gazing upon the moon, as she shone coldly on a darkened land-

scape.—Yes! and my very heart seemed cold and chilly, as if some grief had frozen its functions. I thought I was then anxiously waiting the return of him I loved above all the world, when—by some strange magic—two scenes were presented to my view at once.—The one was, as I have just described, myself sitting lonely and disconsolate; the other, a festive board, where the object of my affections was unfeelingly sitting, forgetful of his wife, forgetful of his home;—and, more than that, with his arms"—

"Nay, nay, Emily," violently interrupted her lover, "that cannot be;—no, not even in your sleep, did you do me this injustice. But, proceed."

"Well, George, you have suddenly broken the thread of my description; but I will relate the next scene. I thought years had suddenly passed away, and I was disconsolately weeping over a sickly child, that lay upon my knee; and, as I rocked the scarcely conscious infant, I sang a melancholy tune. I suddenly stopped, and—Oh, horror!—the babe was dead. No friend—no loving partner—was there to console. I was alone! And, in a swoon, I thought I lay unconscious till his return. One look, and that sufficed to add to my horror; he was inebriate and unconscious of what had transpired; but, seeing me in tears, he wildly pressed a bottle to my lips, and said, in an unmeaning, senseless tone,—'DRINK, and drown your cares.' In my frenzy, I thought I drank deeply of the fiery, Lethæan draught; and then, to my excited fancy, he seemed to assume a demon's shape, and for ever kept babbling in my ears, 'Drink, drink!' But, oh! that is not all—the worst remains untold. In the next scene, I thought we inhabited a lowly, dirty room, with shelving roof—no article of furniture was there, save two rough seats on which we sat: rash words and vile recriminations passed between us, till—urged on to phrenzy by taunts—he seized me by my hair, and clenched his fingers round my throat—and I felt all the agonies of death!" And here the lovely girl could no longer control her feelings; the remembrance seemed too frightful, and her eyes were suffused with tears.

"My dearest Emily," said her lover, soothingly, "I know you have higher views of my mental strength, than ever to suppose that I should become the creature you have depicted; and, as it is only a wild dream, let it for ever be banished from your remembrance."

"Now, George," said she, exultingly, "I see it all: I now remember perfectly well reading a somewhat similar account in a newspaper. But," said Emily, thoughtfully, "that only proves the possibility of such events occurring again."

"Well, then," replied her devoted admirer, "to prevent any such catastrophe, I will at once take a pledge of total abstinence, and thus for ever prevent the fulfilment of your dream; and prove, at least, that I am NOT THE DEMON LOVER!"

REPORT OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS.

MEETING AT STRATFORD.

There was a crowded Meeting of the Teetotalers at Stratford on Tuesday evening, July 14th.

Mr. WESTON, the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer to the United Temperance Association, took the Chair. He opened the business of the Evening with a very eloquent speech, in which he congratulated the Teetotalers of Stratford upon their respectability and numbers. He said that he was also pleased to see so many females present. Mr. Weston then expatiated at some length upon the doctrines of Teetotalism, and exposed the unprincipled conduct of those publicans who vended their malt poison at three-pence per pot. Mr. Weston said that the publicans could not obtain their beer from the brewers at a price which would enable them to sell the liquor at so low a rate; and he therefore concluded that it must be terribly adulterated to permit such a reduction. This adulteration is only calculated (said Mr. Weston) to make the poison of malt liquor more virulent.

Mr. CORNISH, a fishmonger, Mr. FORD, a blacksmith, Mr. JOHNSON, and Mr. MERRITT, then respectively addressed the meeting, each recording his testimony in favour of the doctrine of total abstinence.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS said that this was his first visit to Stratford, and he was glad that he had paid, that visit with the object of promoting the grand cause of Teetotalism. He proceeded to inform the meeting that he had first come forward as the opponent of Teetotalism; and that he was now one of its most enthusiastic supporters. He had not been ashamed to acknowledge himself vanquished by the force of argument, and he had done homage to the great cause by immediately signing the pledge. He now abhorred all intoxicating drinks, and shuddered when he thought of the crimes of which people are frequently guilty, when labouring under their influence. All stimulants of that kind were necessary

and unnatural. When the hand of adversity overtook a man, it was useless to fly to the public-house for solace; why did he not have recourse to the blandishments of domestic comfort? Again, wherefore, when good fortune blessed an individual, did he hasten to a public-house to toast that unexpected joy? Why did he not share his felicity at home, with his wife and children? When labouring under a state of intoxication, all is delusion. To use the words of Rasselas, "we listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; we expect that age will perform the promises of youth; and that the deficiencies of the day will be supplied by the morrow;" and on the following morning, we wake disgusted with ourselves, oppressed by head-ache, and a prey to such a depression of spirits that we feel compelled to renew the deceitful draught, in order to avoid hastening to the grave of the suicide.

MR. SMITH then spoke at considerable length. Amongst the numerous excellent arguments adduced by him on this occasion, was the following:—If I wound my arm, or otherwise injure myself (said he), the doctor immediately tells me to abstain from all spirituous liquors, wine, and beer, because they will inflame my blood, and dispose the wounded part to inflammation. Now if these liquors will inflame the blood when my arm is cut, they will produce the same effect when it is not cut. In other words, it is here admitted by medical men that strong drinks produce an unnatural excitement in the human frame. If this be the case, how dangerous is it thus to trifle with nature!

It was announced that Mr. Reynolds would repair to Stratford on Tuesday evening, July 21st, to take the Chair, and the meeting then separated.

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Meeting at Aldersgate-street Chapel,—on Saturday Evening, July 18th.

MR. GLENNY (of Hackney), was called to the Chair. He said, after some general observations upon Teetotalism, that he had once been afflicted with a dreadful asthma, and had been advised by his medical attendants, to drink gin and water as a remedy. He however embraced the doctrines of Teetotalism, after a series of dreadful asthmatic sufferings, and was soon completely cured. Total abstinence restored him to perfect health; and he has never had any return of his asthma since he lost it through the beneficial effects of temperance.

MR. BAYLIS said that it was impossible to walk through the streets without beholding on one hand the dreadful effects of intemperance, and on the other the beneficial results of Teetotalism. Strong drinks not only give man the head-ache, but also the heart-ache; and he (Mr. Baylis) had seen so much of the good results of total abstinence, and was himself so deeply indebted to the principle, that he determined upon henceforth devoting himself with more enthusiasm than ever to the great cause of Teetotalism.

MR. PARKER, a West Indian, then addressed the meeting, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter for upwards of three quarters of an hour, with his humorous observations. He said that Teetotalism had done much for him, and advised those who had not already signed the pledge to do so.

MR. DONALDSON observed that he who signs the pledge finds himself increasing in his possessions from day to day: for every farthing which he saves from the public-house he has to spare. From his enthusiastic application to the study of the grand principles of Teetotalism, he (Mr. Donaldson) had much to say upon the subject; and yet he was never wearied with expatiating upon that theme. He regretted that Dissenting Ministers did not advocate the cause of Teetotalism more generally. He would relate an anecdote which had lately occurred:—At the anniversary of Cheshunt College, Sir Culling Eardley Smith was in the chair. This gentleman, after dinner, said "he had subscribed to the Teetotal Pledge, which of course was incompatible with the drinking of toasts;" when the Rev. J. Blackburn, (minister of Claremont Chapel, Pentonville) said "he was not a teetotaler,—he was not in bondage,—and on that subject he had very recently been preaching." What could the Rev. Gentleman mean by this, but that he had recently been preaching against Teetotalism? Let the Rev. Gentleman look at drinking customs and their enormous evils, and ask himself if he has done his duty; or whether he expects to be pronounced "a good and faithful servant," if he continues even from the pulpit to encourage the great damning evil of this nation. Mr. Donaldson said that he was happy to add, that one of the most popular ministers of the day, the Rev. J. Sherman, gave Mr. B. a pretty severe and well-merited reply, by saying "His brother Blackburn had said, he (Mr. B.) was not in bondage; he must be allowed to say, that he rejoiced that he (Mr. S.) had been enabled to break through the old and stupid custom of washing down sentiments by draughts of intoxicating liquors. He had thus become a free man." Mr. Donaldson concluded with some very severe animadversions upon the infamous conduct of Mr. Blackburn.

MR. BENSTEAD said that the object of this society was so important that he did not think it was necessary to make any apology for addressing the audience from that platform, although he were but a new disciple in the cause. He would not, however, be deterred by false delicacy, from stating that the effects of Teetotalism

upon him, short as had been his experience, were highly beneficial. He had at first trembled lest he should not be enabled to keep the pledge. He had certainly endured physical inconvenience; but that was rapidly decreasing. His spirits were more even than they ever before had been. He had had his share of good-natured ridicule; but he had been enabled to turn the ridicule against those who used it; and this circumstance had reverted to the good of the society. He (Mr. Benstead) would speak for one moment of the object of that society. It was calculated to work an immense change in the world of mind. It would exercise the most extraordinary influence upon the moral and intellectual world,—an influence so great, that as yet no one could venture to guess at its magnitude. The mind is lost in the immensity of the scope possessed by the influence of that society; and none can anticipate the extent to which its beneficent principles might reach. The mind is God's best gift to man, and is dependent upon the human frame for its energies. How dreadful is it then to derange those bodily functions which exercise so considerable a power over the operations of intellect.

MR. FAIRSHAW then addressed the meeting, and stated that he had lately been to Brighton. He gave an account of his trip, so far as it related to the objects of Teetotalism, and concluded with some observations upon the efficacy of its principles.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS expatiated upon the necessity of avoiding temptation of all kinds, and all opportunities which might lead to crime. Many people (he said) when sober, felt confident in their own honesty, and their own powers of self-control in moments of passion; but if they were overcome by the excitement of liquor, they might forget their honesty, or give vent to their evil passions in some serious manner. The only safety is in temperance—or rather total abstinence; because temperance is a measure which no one can precisely define. One man can drink a pint of wine, whereas a glass will overcome another; and thus it is impossible to draw the line of demarcation which shall be supposed to separate temperance from excess. Temperance doctrines had been tried, and had failed; and total abstinence, both from experience and the dictates of reason, was the only purifying system which could be applied to the present vicious state of society. Mr. Reynolds then called upon those drunkards, who by their example sent their sons forth upon those paths which lead to a prison or a workhouse, and their daughters to the public streets or a hospital, to come forward and join the United Temperance Association.

MR. MEN then addressed the meeting in a most eloquent speech, in which he adduced many arguments eminently calculated to serve the good cause of Teetotalism.

EXCURSION TO RICHMOND OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Monday, July 20th.

Many fears were entertained that the weather would turn out unfavourably for an aquatic excursion, as on reference to the celebrated Murphy, a rather inauspicious day was found prognosticated. (By the way, we should advise all excursion committees to consult this oracle, as it may materially affect the sale of tickets, especially with those whose faith is implicitly fixed thereon.) But nevertheless, all fears were dissipated on the arrival on board of so many sun-shiny faces. The ex-military band struck up, (with our laughter-exciting friend at their head), and the vessel was unloosed from her moorings with the happiest crew she ever carried. Music, singing, dancing, &c. &c. enlivened the journey; and on the arrival at Richmond, a procession was formed, which, preceded by the band, with a splendid banner, flags, &c., marched through the town, and, by its extent and respectability, quite astonished the inhabitants. They proceeded to the Park, where they dined, and afterwards held a public meeting, when Mr. Curry and others addressed them. On their way through the town, they waited on our staunch supporter, Mr. Day; and at three o'clock re-embarked for the New Vauxhall Tea Gardens, where, under an ample awning, tea was laid out on a scale of comfort which did credit to the generous proprietor, who not only fulfilled his engagements in every respect with the committee, but surpassed their most sanguine expectations. After tea the gardens were thrown open, and, without any additional expense, the company were regaled with a delightful concert, &c., concluding with a pyrotechnic exhibition. At eleven the company returned to their boats, and thus ended a day pre-eminently remarkable throughout for the most perfect harmony and concord.

We cannot help noticing our much esteemed and ever-to-be-valued president, J. Bilton, Esq., whose countenance beamed with perfect pleasure, and whose affectionate solicitude and urbanity of manner won the hearts of all present. Our worthy secretary, Mr. Weston, was indefatigable in his efforts to promote the general enjoyment. Also our valued friend, Mr. Crump, the registrar of the society, must not be forgotten, nor ever will he be by those present on this occasion.

Messrs. Reynolds, Benstead, Donaldson, &c., joined the party in the evening at the New Vauxhall Tea Gardens.

Mr. Batger, the Secretary of the Clerkenwell and Pentonville Youth's Teetotal Society, and several of the members with their banners, accompanied the party.

MANCHESTER CORRESPONDENCE.

BY R. B. GRINDROD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BACCHUS."

The following circumstance took place during the late procession of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Societies. The procession, from some cause or other, was delayed in its progress up Oldham-road. The horse-men at the head of the procession stopped near to a public-house in front of which was a large watering trough well filled with nature's pure element, not uncommonly called in the north, "Adam's ale." The horses, thirsty from the heat of the day, eagerly hurried to the watering-trough, and were indulging in large draughts of the refreshing fluid, when the landlord of the house, with significant tokens of displeasure, rushed to the spot, and by no gentle means deprived the poor animals of their anticipated treat. The Teetotalers who witnessed this spleenish procedure, dryly remarked that to all appearance the publicans were unwilling to permit even the brute creation to remain water-drinkers. The event, as our readers may well suppose, made no trifling impression upon the bye-standers.

Among other events which occurred during the procession of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Societies, was one which excited no little interest and pleasure in those who were in the immediate neighbourhood. The upper windows of a large provision warehouse in Deansgate were open, and in the vacant space on which something like a scaffolding had been erected, were piled large cheeses, loaves of bread, hams, and other necessaries of life, decorated with gay ribbons, and surmounted with an appropriate flag. The Teetotalers hailed the compliment with hearty cheers; no doubt hundreds in the procession had experienced the blessings of temperance in the possession of these good creatures of God since their happy reformation.

The thieves and pickpockets of Manchester, we imagine, will in future be careful in the exercise of their "profession" on the persons of Teetotalers. On the Monday succeeding the late procession, several prisoners were brought before the Magistrates at the Borough Court, having been detected in their guilty practices. According to the Manchester Police Reports, three or four of these "light-fingered" characters were found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for periods varying from one to three months. During that time they would be subjected to hard labour on the treadmill. The regulation of the prison moreover confines its inmates to water diet. Industry and temperance are useful virtues, and it is to be hoped that the individuals in question will issue from the jail wiser and better men.

Another individual was brought up at the same time for throwing a quantity of beer on some member of the procession, while he passed near to the Collegiate Church. The Magistrates, who were anxious to punish the man with deserved severity, at the request of the Rev. Mr. Hearne, the Catholic Priest, and one of the members of the Executive Committee, suffered him to depart after administering to him a severe reprimand. The man promised to behave better in future, and it appears had committed the outrage at the instigation of the Publicans.

Much good is effected in Manchester by means of open air meetings, in the week; but in particular on the Sabbath, at times which do not interfere with Divine Worship; frequent meetings are held, and in general very large audiences are assembled. On Sunday's the speeches usually are more religious in their character. Thousands, in consequence of these meetings, hear the principles of Temperance advocated, who seldom or perhaps never attend meetings of any description held within doors. Not long ago the writer witnessed in a popular part of Manchester a plan commonly adopted in that town. Two or three dozen zealous Teetotalers were marching in procession, singing appropriate hymns. The crowd increased as they passed along, and in a suitable place some judicious advocates addressed the auditory. The procession then moved on, and from time to time sung hymns in praise of temperance, and advocated the cause to large assemblies. We are convinced that open air meetings, properly conducted, would in general be found to be attended with beneficial effects.

The Temperance Society, under the patronage of the Rev. Mr. Hearne, is effecting much good among the Catholics of Manchester, and in particular among the Irish. The meetings of this society are always crowded, and numbers of signatures are obtained each night. After the procession, a considerable number were added. Mr. Hearne is indefatigable in his labours. Father Mathew is expected shortly to visit Manchester.

The Rechabite annual Conference has just been held. This valuable auxiliary to temperance is effecting a vast amount of good. As a sick society alone it is deserving of great praise; but the influence extends yet further—it proves a bond of union which those alone can appreciate who have enjoyed its advantages. During the last year a very considerable number of new tents have been opened. We wish this society God speed.

(For further correspondence see our last page.)

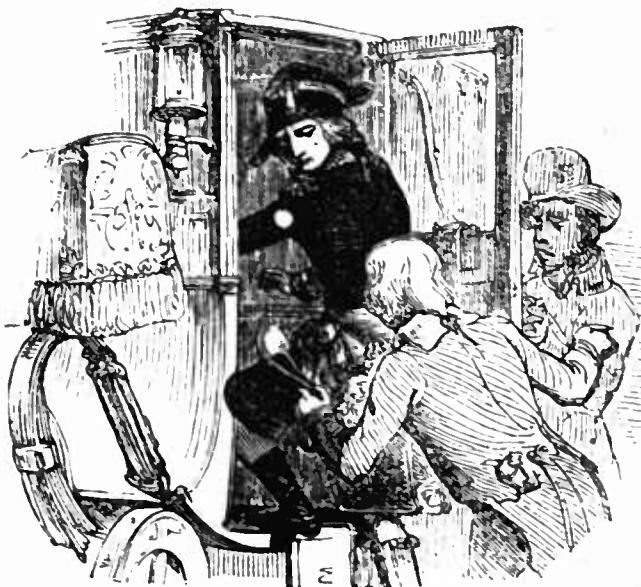
REVIEW.

History of the Emperor Napoleon. Published in Weekly Numbers and Monthly Parts. 8vo. London: W. Strange.

We shall reserve an elaborate notice of this very valuable work, which may be denominated "The People's Edition," until its completion. The history of the greatest man this world ever saw,—whose reputation far outshone that of Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Timour, or Solymán,—will possess attractions which must ever render it welcome to all classes of readers. In the meantime we shall content ourselves with a few extracts, in order to introduce a few of the very beautiful illustrations which ornament the publication.

Our first extract shall relate the following anecdote:—

"The conferences," adds M. de Las-Cases, "were at first very tedious. M. de Cobenzel, according to the custom of the Austrian cabinet, showed himself very diligent in carrying matters to a great length. The French General, however, resolved to come to the point at once; the conference which he had determined should be the last, was conducted with great vehemence; he demanded a decisive answer to his proposals, and they were rejected. Rising in a passion he energetically exclaimed, 'You wish for war? well then, you shall have it!' and seizing a magnificent porcelain vase, which M. de Cobenzel daily boasted had been given him by the great Catharine, dashed it with all his strength on the floor, shivering it into a thousand pieces. 'Look,' said he, 'such shall be the fate of your Austrian monarchy in less than three months; I promise you.' He immediately hastened from the apartment, leaving M. de Cobenzel petrified; but M. de Gallo, who was much more conciliat-



ing, accompanied the French General to his carriage, endeavouring to detain him; "bowing most profoundly," continues the Emperor, "and in so piteous an attitude that, notwithstanding my apparent anger, I could not help laughing heartily to myself."

This mode of negotiating, which seemed to justify what Napoleon had said as to his inaptitude for diplomacy, did not fail, however, to produce the effect he desired.

The ensuing extract relative to the battle of the Nile may not prove uninteresting:—

The fleet arrived on the 1st of July, before Alexandria. Nelson had been there two days before, and, surprised at not meeting the French expedition, imagined it had made for the coast of Syria, in order to disembark at Alexandretta. Bonaparte, informed of his appearance, and foreseeing his speedy return, resolved immediately to effect the landing of his army. Admiral Brueys raised objections to this, and opposed it strongly; but Bonaparte insisted upon it. "Admiral," said he to Brueys, who asked for a delay of twelve hours only, "we have no time to lose; Fortune gives me but three days; if we do not profit by it, we are lost."

The admiral was forced to yield, happily for his fleet; for Nelson, not having found them in the straits where he sought them, delayed not an instant in returning to Alexandria. But it was too late; the promptitude of Bonaparte had saved the French army, the whole of which had been landed. The disembarkation took place at one o'clock in the morning of the 2nd July, at Marabout, three leagues from Alexandria. They marched immediately upon this town, and scaled the ramparts. Kleber, who commanded the attack, was wounded in the head. This conquest was achieved with little effort, and was not followed by any excess; there was neither pillage nor murder in Alexandria.

At the moment of giving battle to Murad Bey at the foot of the Pyramids, Bonaparte, pointing to these ancient and gigantic monuments, exclaimed; "Soldiers, you are about to fight the rulers of Egypt; reflect that from these monuments you are contemplated by forty centuries."

Forty centuries, in fact, did look down on the French from the pyramids. Forty centuries, of which the first had seen the foundation of these immense royal tombs laid by the servile hands of the inferior Egyptians, and of which the last, saw these monuments of ancient servitude conquered by the hands of the free citizens of France. Napoleon's short harangue indicated the great distinction between the founders and the conquerors; the former, tyrants, or slaves, by birth; the latter, all free and on an equality, leaders or soldiers, according to their merits. From the Pharaohs, absolute masters and oppressors of the tribes hereditarily subjected to the most severe labour, and the most abject existence, down to the general, who had just declared to the Egyptians, "That all men were equal before God," and who announced to them the exclusive reign of talents and virtues, there is an uninterrupted chain of slow and painful, wearisome progress, the first link of which is connected with the foundation stone of the pyramids, laid by hereditary misery, and the last with the proclamation of the warrior, who acknowledged the right of wisdom and capacity alone to govern mankind; and who showed himself more jealous and more proud of the preponderance of his reason, than the power of his sword. In telling the soldiers of the Republic that



they would be regarded by forty centuries, and then that they were about to face, and give battle to the tribes who still exercised the ancient practice of slavery, Bonaparte powerfully excited the ardour of his troops to preserve and extend the benefits of a civilization, which had cost humanity four thousand years of struggle and sacrifice. These imposing and mysterious witnesses were not appealed to in vain; the French army replied by a complete victory to the eloquent invocation of its general.

We shall now introduce a full-length portrait of the great Desaix, in order to give an idea of the nature of all the pictorial embellishments in this work:—



DESAIX.

In our next number we shall notice the pictorial "Robinson Crusoe," some of the embellishments of which publication we shall introduce into our columns, as on this occasion.

FROM OUR MANCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

THE cause of Teetotalism is making steady, but rapid, progress in Manchester and Salford. In Whitsun week the procession and annual meetings excited an unparalleled degree of interest and excitement. The procession was by far the largest which had been witnessed in that town. It was from one to two miles in length and lasted from seven to eight hours. In the evening, at Christ Church, Hulme, the annual meeting of the Rechabites took place; the members first partaking of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." The meeting afterwards was addressed by a number of interesting speakers who occupied its attention until a late hour. On the same evening the anniversary meeting and tea-party of the Salford and Pendleton societies was held in the large hall commonly used for their meetings. R. B. Grindrod, Esq. Surgeon, President of the Manchester and Salford United Association presided on the occasion. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, Mr. Hambleton, late of Ireland, Mr. Holden, from Burnley, Mr. Moffat, from Rochdale, Mr. William Howarth, (alias *Slender Billy*, so called from his somewhat corpulent figure,) from Preston, Mr. Scott, from Bacup, Mr. Renwick, from Bolton, Messrs. Chadderton's, of Salford, and that veteran in the cause, Mr. Pollard, of Manchester. The speeches delivered on that occasion were extremely interesting, whether as it regards eloquence, value of matter, or the effect produced on a crowded and enthusiastic auditory. The meeting was concluded at a late hour.

The result of these meetings and the procession is not a little encouraging. In the course of the next week from one to two thousand persons signed the pledge. The exact number is not yet ascertained. The readers of the Teetotaler may shortly expect farther particulars. The meetings of the Manchester and Salford Society are in every instance densely crowded, and the success is in proportion to the interest excited. This society now numbers about thirty influential branches; and on a moderate calculation each branch has not less than twenty signatures every week; many of them exceed forty; making thus an average weekly accession of from six to nine hundred members. The time, it is to be hoped, is not far distant when teetotalism will complete its work, in this large and influential town—the annihilation of the drinking system, and the universal diffusion of temperance principles, with the blessings sure to follow, more prosperous trade, improved morals; and what is best of all, the inevitable enlargement of the church of Christ.

WEEKLY LIST OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS,
HELD IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Chair taken at 8 o'clock unless otherwise announced.

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This society holds two large meetings every Wednesday and Saturday, at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, at 8 o'clock, and on Monday at the School Room, Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell.

SUNDAY.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel. Service at 11 and half-past 6—
Sunday-School at 2 o'clock.
Temperance Room, Young-st. Kensington. Prayer Meeting at 3.
King-st., Lambeth-walk, at 9
Cumberland Market, 9.
Public Prayer Meeting, Rockingham House, at 3.
New Cut, Lambeth, half-past 4.
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster. Preaching—Morning, at 11. Evening half-past six.
Ditto, Enon Chapel, Clare Market, at 11, 3, & half-past 6
Borough Market, at 7 in the morning.
White Stiles, King's Road, Chelsea, 3
Temperance Room, Kent st., Borough. Evening at 6

IN THE OPEN AIR.

Open space, Saffron hill, at 8 o'clock.
Red Lion Market—Opposite the Alms Houses, Mile End Road—Islington Green—Notting Dale—Broadway, Westminster, at 9.
Behind Brunswick Terrace, Well-st., Hackney—Clerkenwell Green—Islington Green—Starch-green, near Shepherd's-bush—Open Space, Cartwright-street, Rosemary-lane—Salisbury-st. Portman Market, 3.
Opposite the Alms Houses, Mile End Road—Stepney Green at 4
Weymouth Terrace, Hackney-Road, at 6
Shepherdess Fields, Islington, United Temperance Association, at 3

MONDAY.

School Room, Aylesbury-st., Clerkenwell, United T. Asso.
East London Temperance Hall, Church-row, Bethnal Green-road, United Temp. Association.
Angel Alley, Bishopsgate. Metro. Roman Catholic Asso.
Robinson's School-room, Whiting-st., Waterloo-road.
The Chapel, Castle-st., Saffron Hill.
School-Room, Orange-st. Chapel, Leicester-square.
School-Room, High-st., Stoke-newington at half-past 7
School-room, Deverell-st., Chapel-yard, Dover-road.
Temperance Hall, Chelsea, New-rd., back of Sloane-st
Temperance-room, Fleur-de-lis-court, Fleet-st. Prayer meet.
William-st., Chapel, Portland-town.

Southwark Academy, Union-st., Borough. Females at 6, Public-meeting at 8.
School-room, Hare-st., Bethnal-green. Youths only
Enon Chapel, New Church-st., Portman Market.
Aldersgate-st. Chapel
Soho Branch, at Orange-st. Chapel School Rooms.
Mariners' Church, Welleclose Square.
Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.
Rayner's Temperance Coffee Room, Broadway, Westminster. Females at 6, Public Meeting at 8
Phoenix Coffee-house, Milton-street.

TUESDAY.

Aldersgate-street Chapel. Catholic Association.
Harp Alley School Room, Farringdon-st.
School-room, opposite the Workhouse, Bethnal Green
Baptist Chapel, Northampton-st., Somers' Town.
School-room, London-lane, Hackney
Ebenezer-chapel, Old-st. Road.
Mr. Lyons's School Rooms, No. 44, Ratcliffe-highway
Meeting of Members for Roman Catholics only
Temperance-room, back of Kentish Waggoners, Kent-st. Bo.
Catholic Free School, George-st., St. Giles.
Derby-st., School-room, Rosemary-lane
South London Temperance Hall. Roman Catholic Asso.
Temperance Room, Young-st., Kensington.
School-room, York-st., Walworth. For Females only, 6.
Rockingham House, New Kent Road.
Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel.
School-room, Grafton-st., Fitzroy Square.
Providence Chapel, Princes-st., Great-garden-st. Whitel.
Temperance-Chapel, Broadway, Westminster.
British School Room, Stratford, half-past 7.
Chelsea Temperance Hall.
Jerusalem Coffee-ho., Jerusalem-pass, Clerkenwell. Youths
School-room, Ship-yard, Wardour-street. Females every, 2d and 4th Tuesday in the month.
School-room, Johnson's-st., Tower-street, Westminster-road. Females at 6. General Meeting at 8.

WEDNESDAY.

Aldersgate st. Chapel, United Temperance Association
School-room, Little Chambers-st. Goodman's Fields.
School-room, Oxford-buildings, Oxford-street.
Haggerstone. Infant School-room, near the Bridge
Chelsea Temperance Hall. Catholic Total Abstinence Soc.
Temperance Hall, Hampstead.
Ivy Lane, Hoxton. Females only at 6. Puh. Meet. 8.
Temperance-rooms, Fleur-de-lis-court, Fetter-lane. Females at 6, Public Meeting at 8.
Wesleyan Chapel, Adelaide-sq., Shepperton-st. New North Road, Islington.
Pepperell's Coffee-house, Whitecross st. Females only 7.
Mr. Knight's School-rm., Cambridge-rd. Youths only, 7
Rockingham House, New Kent-road. Youths.
Fisher-st. School Room, Red Lion Square.
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster, 6 to 7, For Females only. Public Meeting at 8.
Eastfield-st, Linchouse Fields. Youths.
Bayham Terrace Chapel, Camden Town.
Wesleyan Chapel, Wandsworth, 7.
Albert Coffee-rm. 1, Crown-court, Crown-st., Finsbury.
Phoenix Coffee-house, Milton-street. For Youths.

THURSDAY.

Chapel, Aldersgate-st.
Union Coffee-house, Golden-lane.
Chapel House Academy, Vauxhall Row.
Wesley Association Chapel, Giffin-street, Deptford
Mr. Lyon's School-rooms, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Meet. of the Catholic Association.
Mariners' Church, Welleclose-square
South Lon. Temperance Hall, near the Elephant and Castle.
School-room, 51½, Union-st. Borough. Females only from 6 to 8, for Males from 8 to 10.
School-room, Nelson-st., Windmill-lane, Camberwell, Females only at 6, Public Meeting at 8.
School-room, Manor-road, Parloek-st., Gravesend.
Temperance Rooms, Paradise-st., Rotherhithe.
British School Room, Ship Yard, Wardour-st.
British School, George-st., Regent-st., Lambeth-walk.
Chelsea Temperance Hall.
Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel
Rayner's Temp. Coffee-rooms, Broadway, Westminster
Railway Coffee-house, 49, Church-st. Shoreditch.
Albion Coffee-rooms, Pockocks fields, Islington. Youths

FRIDAY.

Harp Alley School Room, Farringdon-st.
Wesleyan Chapel, Webber-st., Blackfrs. Membs. Meet.
Broker-row, Mint, Borough
Subscription School-room, Church-st., Islington.
School-room, Wick-st., Hackney.
Angel-alley, Bishopgate. Females at 6, Public Meet. 8.
Chapel, Upper-Ogle-st., Fitzroy-square.
School Room, London-lane, Hackney. Youths only 7.
Williams's Coffee-house, Staines-road, Hounslow.
South London Temperance Hall. Roman Catho. Asso.
School-room, Charles-st., Dalston.
Railway Coffee-house, 49, Church-st. Shoreditch. Youths only at half-past 7.
Enon Temperance Chapel, St. Clement's-lane, Clare Markt
Temperance room, Kent-street, Borough.

SATURDAY.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel. United Temperance Association
Lyons's School-room, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Social Meeting of the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Asso.
Rockingham House, New Kent Road
Snod's Coffee-house, Ethan-place, Boro'. Social meet.

Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster.
Rayner's Temp. Coff.-rm. Broadway, Watm. Mem.-meet.
Temp. Cof.-rm. 86, Waterloo-rd., Lambeth. Mem. Meet.

RECHABITE MEETINGS.

Southern Counties Brotherhood of Rechabites.
July 27th.—"Tent of the good Samaritan," Temperance Coffee-house, Camden-street, Islington.
— 30th.—"Tent of Jonadab," 73, Turmill-street.
— 31st.—"Tent of John the Baptist," 74, Blackman-st, Boro'.
Aug. 6th.—"Tent of the Star of Temperance," 85, Drury-lane.

Independent Order of Rechabites.

"Samson Tent," 86, Waterloo-road, Lambeth, Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.
"British Metropolitan Tent," 157, High-street, Shadwell, Thursday evening, 8 o'clock.
"City of London Tent," 159, Aldersgate-street, Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock.

•• The Secretaries of the various Societies are particularly requested to correct the above list.

On the 31st of July will be published, price Elevenpence, Part I. of

THE TEETOTALER

Five Numbers of this Journal will be published in a neat Wrapper. The PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR, and the beautiful lithographic representation of DANIEL O'CONNELL signing the pledge to FATHER MATHEW, will be given gratis with this Monthly Part.

Advertisements for the Wrapper to be sent to the Printer's 58, Red Cross-street.

Orders will be received by all Booksellers, Stationers, and Newsmen.

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Translated from the French of Victor Hugo;
By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

GEORGE HERDERSON, 2, OLD BAILLY.

Published this day, No. 1, price 2d., neatly printed in 4to, of

THE COMIC ALBUM;

a weekly Periodical of fun and fancies, with a separate pictorial embellishment, beautifully Lithographed by a first-rate Artist. The work will also appear in Monthly Parts in a neat wrapper.

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A. Heywood, Oldham street, Manchester; J. Duncan, High-street, Edinburgh; Smith, Scotland-place, Liverpool; Noble, Market-place, Hull; D. France & Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and all booksellers.

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Too much praise cannot be given to the individual who, having an inclination to drunkenness, joins the Temperance Association, but the difficulty is found great, owing to the weakened state of the stomach; but if the justly celebrated medicine "Babington's Elixir of Rhubarb" were taken for a short period, at the time of joining the Association, it would be found to give tone to the digestive organs, restore them to their healthy action, and relieve at once that distressing feeling of weakness and oppression which all spirit-drinkers experience on first becoming Teetotalers. The action of this medicine is to assist, not force nature; and it is used with the greatest success on all diseases arising from indigestion; namely, Bilious Headaches, Diarrhoea, Spasm, Constipation, Gravel, Gout, and Rheumatism. Sold in bottles, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. by J. KING, proprietor, 72, Queen-street, Cheapside; Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street, and all respectable Chemists.

All Communications for the Editor, to be addressed, post-paid, to the care of the Printer.

Published, for the Proprietors, by W. STRANGE, Paternoster-Row; and Sold by all Booksellers in Town and Country. Monthly Parts stitched in Wrappers.

To THE TRADE.—Back Numbers changed.

London:—J. WILSON, Printer, 58, Red-Cross-Street.

THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

VOL. I., No. 6.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"THE TEETOTALER" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the *United Temperance Association*; the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of TEETOTALISM, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the Journal for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of *Teetotalism*, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by MR. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, No. 12, Basing-Lane, Bread-Street, Cheapside: MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: MR. STRANGE, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and MR. WILSON, Printer, 58, Red-Cross-Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TALE.

IN the course of the afternoon our hero wrote a letter to Mademoiselle Dorvilliers, (for she bore the name of her adopted father,) and when he had concluded it, he began seriously to reflect upon the course he was to pursue. To introduce a clown into his drama, and thus endeavour to render it acceptable to the second publisher whom he had consulted, was an idea that was at once discarded from his mind: he accordingly resolved to attempt a tale for the magazine belonging to the bookseller, who had so elaborately initiated him into the existing tastes of the public, and who had favoured him with the flash-song as a specimen.

Pleased with the thought, and already fancying that he saw the tale in print—also extending his ideas so far as to believe that he had actually received the proper remuneration for it—Melville spread his pens, ink, and paper upon the table before him, and commenced his task. Without having any precise notion of the incidents he intended to incorporate in his tale, he nevertheless unhesitatingly began by informing the reader that the night of a certain date was a stormy one—that the rain fell in torrents—that the thunders rolled and the lightnings flashed across the canopy of heaven—that the elements seemed at war with each other—and

that the powers above appeared to be in deadly wrath with the denizens of this world. Indeed, according to Victor Melville, there never had been such a storm before. But, somehow or another, all writers, who are novices, commence their first essay in the walk of fiction with a dreadful storm, or else a most placid and delicious calm: none ever attempt the variety of boldly asserting that the weather was neither very fine, nor very bad, but something between the two.

However,—Victor declared that a terrible storm took place; and all this thunder, rain, and lightning were only used to introduce to the reader an individual, who, with a foreboding countenance, eagle eye, lowering brows, curled lips, grinding teeth, clenched fists, and palpitating heart, was pacing his apartment in a condition bordering upon despair. This gentleman (who is the hero of most tales, the plots of which are romantic, but whom Melville fancied to be an entirely original character) spoke darkly of some mysterious deed, and then told himself, in a soliloquy, all the actions of his past life. It is very common to make heroes thus chatter in tales or plays—and it is very kind of the author to do so; as, unless he possessed so much forethought, the reader might possibly remain ignorant of many important facts; but it is at the same time very extraordinary that any gentleman, whether a hero of a book or of real life, should take the trouble to tell himself a quantity of things that he could not possibly fail to remember, and which are not always the most comfortable to a qualmish conscience. Be that as it may—Victor adopted this plan, and through it did he intend to make his reader (when he had one) aware that this individual with the gloomy countenance and the explanatory soliloquy, had poisoned his brother in order to obtain possession of the family estate. Then a ruffian suddenly interrupted this reverie, during which the murderer was recapitulating to himself every particular of the crime; and this ruffian talked in a slang language that Victor hoped would quite delight the fairer portion of his readers. But to make the scene quite suitable to the existing taste, he represented the ruffian to sing a flash song, which the hero very quietly put up with, instead of kicking the musical sinner out of his house.

Melville then proceeded to state how this ruffian had been the accomplice of the hero in the murder, and how he came to torment him for money. The hero throws him a purse of gold, with a tragic air, and the ruffian departs well-pleased with his nocturnal visit. Then comes a tender wife—beautiful as a star—who inquires what is the cause of her husband's melancholy. But the husband declines gratifying her curiosity; and so about two pages of foolscap closely written are devoted to the secret grief and melancholy of the amiable wife.

Years pass away, (so Victor continues his tale,) and the hero and heroine are again introduced to the reader; but this time a beautiful daughter is presented along with them. Then the ruffian comes again, and demands in the most elegant swell-mob language, the hand of the daughter. The father will not consent: a

quarrel ensues—words lead to blows—and the ruffian has his brains blown out by a convenient pistol, which is lying already loaded near at hand in the apartment where the dispute takes place. The ladies rush to the room; the hero confesses his guilt, and falls down and dies (although in the possession of the most excellent health) upon the body of the ruffian. The mother and daughter throw themselves into each other's arms; and there ends the tale.

As soon as this task, which occupied nearly the whole day, was accomplished, Victor laid down his pen, and leant back in his chair to refresh himself with a few hopes which he was enabled to enjoy through his conviction that he had just composed one of the most interesting tales in the English language. What pathos in those parts where pathos was required! What a graphic description of the apartment where the last struggle took place, and which was delineated even to the colour of the window-curtains! and what a magnificent scene between the murderer and his accomplice when they first meet! Victor felt persuaded that his tale would be received with pleasure and paid for on the spot: and he already fancied that he saw before him, in elegant type, the words,—*"THE FRATRICIDE'S FATE: A Tale. BY VICTOR MELVILLE."*

Pleased with these ideas, our hero permitted his fancy to range a little more extensively in the fields of hope; and he speedily saw himself a popular writer—solicited by booksellers to accept engagements—riding in his cab—talked about by the public—quoted in the papers—and sought after by the fashionable. He thought that he was in a little library, with Louise sitting opposite to him reading one of his own volumes, and he engaged in composing a new work. This new work was to crown his glory, to stamp his fortune, to raise him to the pinnacle of fame; and he was already deeply buried in the plot of the romance, when he was awakened from his reverie by a loud knock at his door.

"Come in," cried Victor, the library and the books vanishing from his mind's eye, and the nakedness of his apartment usurping their place.

"It's only I," said Mr. Tibbatts. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Writing one of the most romantic tales I ever invented," was the answer; and Victor half made a motion as if he were inclined to read it to his friend.

"Oh! is that all?" cried Mr. Tibbatts; "a romance, eh? Well, I dare say it is very interesting; but what should you say to a bit of cold mutton and a drop of half-and-half?"

"What! is it dinner-time?" exclaimed Melville, somewhat shocked at the anything but sentimental associations of cold mutton, half-and-half, and romance: "I had no idea it was so late; but I have been so occupied."

"Ah! so have I," said Mr. Tibbatts, shaking his head.

"What—writing?" demanded Victor.

"Oh! no—not to-day," was the reply.

"What then?"

"Why, baiting traps to catch the mice in my cupboard," returned Mr. Tibbatts; "I am swarming with them."

Victor began to suspect that authors were common men after all, and that they were occasionally under the painful and disagreeable necessity of performing many of the every-day occupations which he had hitherto imagined to belong only to the scope of the rest of mankind. His appetite, however, strengthened the suspicion he had just entertained, by making him aware that authors must eat and drink, and that they cannot live upon that pure and wholesome element in which he had been building so many castles; he accordingly agreed to accompany Mr. Tibbatts to this gentleman's dinner-table. He nevertheless first inclosed his tale in a clean envelope, accompanied with a very polite note to request the earliest attention to it, and to say that he should call in a few days for the answer; and then despatched the parcel by the accommodating Mr. Robus to the first publisher whom he had addressed in Paternoster-Row.

Mrs. Duncan, having made every apology for her singular behaviour of the preceding evening, was restored to favour; and the excellent female accordingly waited at the chest, (for the table had been returned to Mr. Robus) as if nothing unpleasant had occurred.

"Anything more this evenin', gen'lmen?" said Mrs. Duncan, when she had cleared away the things.

"Nothing," answered Mr. Tibbatts; "except that you may put the bottle in which a little rum was left from last night upon the table—the chest, I mean, and then make yourself particularly scarce."

This command was obeyed; and as soon as Mr. Tibbatts had mixed for himself a glass of rum and water—an example which Victor was not asked twice to follow—he observed, after a few sips, "Well—it was devilish lucky that Frank Fippins sent these things; for one fact can be easily demonstrated—and that is, I could not have procured them."

"What things?" asked Victor, looking round the room to discover the objects of his companion's remark.

"I mean the dinner and spirits of yesterday, and which have served us again to-day," answered Mr. Tibbatts. "But how shall we dine to-morrow? I am quite aground."

"And my exchequer is very low," said Victor: "I have not so much as a sovereign left; but in a few days, I dare say, I shall be paid for my tale—"

"Your fiddlestick," interrupted Mr. Tibbatts. "However, we can go on pretty comfortably with what you have got for a short time; and then, if nothing turns up, why—I must have recourse to my uncle again,—that's all."

"Ah! it is a fortunate thing to have a relation to fly to in the hour of need," said Victor with a sigh.

Whether horses really do laugh in any peculiar manner, even if they laugh at all—or whether the phrase be only a poetical license, we know not: but very certain it is, that Mr. Tibbatts broke out into that which is usually denominated "a horse-laugh," and a long and sincere one it was too, as our hero made this pathetic observation.

"Why, my dear fellow," said Mr. Titus, when he had partially recovered himself, but with the tears still running down his cheeks, "you really are green! This is a Lombardy uncle to whom I allude—a general relative to the human race, a well-known person who dwells at the sign of the three balls—"

"Oh! I comprehend you," interrupted Victor, now laughing in his turn: "you mean the pawnbroker. But do you really anticipate being shortly reduced to such a dreadful alternative as that of being compelled to pledge your property?" asked our hero anxiously, as soon as he had indulged in a little inclination to mirth at his own expense.

"I only wish I was reduced to the dreadful alternative of having a few more coats and breeches to spout," said Mr. Tibbatts. "But look here."

As he uttered these words, he took a small greasy parcel from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, and displayed to the astonished eyes of our hero about thirty duplicates for articles pledged.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Victor: "are those the pawnbroker's receipts?"

"These are the mortgage-deeds," coolly answered Mr. Tibbatts; "and a very tidy collection there is, I hope. If there were a place in London, as there is in Paris, where they would buy the duplicates, I dare say I should have sold them long ago. See, here is one for a stomach-pump: they only lent nine shillings upon it; that was a burning shame. Here is another for a lady's work-box—twelve shillings: and a third for a kitchen-fender—three and sixpence. Next is a warming-pan—"

"What strange articles for a man, especially a bachelor!" ejaculated our hero.

"Ah! this matter requires explanation," said Mr. Titus Tibbatts, replacing his duplicates in his pocket. "The fact is, that I once got a bill discounted: it was for eighty pounds; and so I took twenty in money, twenty in steel spectacles, ten in pen-knives and paper-cutters, and the remainder in miscellaneous articles of all kinds."

"Upon my word, you astonish me!" cried Melville, really expressing his true sentiments; for every thing he had seen or heard since his arrival in London convinced him that he knew nothing at all of the world.

"Astonish you indeed!" exclaimed his companion: "you will be still more astonished by the time you have been in this city a year. You know not as yet one-half of the shifts to which men, situated as we are, are put sometimes to obtain a meal. There are thousands who leave their beds every morning without knowing where they will sleep at night, or whether they will have a mattress to sleep upon at all; and those same individuals are equally uncertain about their dinners and breakfasts. A man has accomplished half his fight against adversity, when he has got a house over his head and a little furniture about him which he can call his own: he then manages to live on, somehow or another, if he have the least sense about him."

"This must be the case," said Victor, after a moment's pause, during which he reflected upon all that his companion had remarked to him: "but I never thought of these matters before."

"I have seen—and have felt all I tell you," said Tibbatts; "and you will probably have to do the same. I therefore thought it prudent to forewarn you. Would you like to see a little of London life?"

"With pleasure," returned Victor. "I now perceive that it is impossible to get on in this world without experience."

Mr. Tibbatts tossed off his rum and water, threw his hat upon his head, drew on his gloves, and intimated his readiness to act as Victor's guide and *chaperon* for the evening. Our hero did not hesitate for one moment to accompany his new friend: and they sallied forth together, after having carefully locked the doors of their rooms.

(To be continued in our next.)

Attar of Roses is an aromatic oil obtained from the flowers of the rose, but in such small quantities that half an ounce can hardly be procured from 100 lbs. of the petals. This oil is solid and white at the common temperature of the atmosphere; but, on the application of heat, becomes fluid, and assumes a yellow colour. It is brought in considerable quantities from Turkey, and is sold at more than five pounds per ounce; that from the East Indies, where it is said to be chiefly manufactured, when genuine, has been sold at a much more exorbitant price.

THE MECHANISM OF ART AND NATURE.

WHAT a beautiful instrument is a watch, and how admirably defined are all its combinations. The main-spring consists of a flexible plate of steel, wound round a small axis, which is effected by the key; and its subsequent effort to uncoil itself becomes the maintaining power. The power of the spring is transmitted to the balance by means of several toothed wheels, which multiply the number of revolutions that the chain makes on the fusee, to such a number that though the last or balance-wheel turns nine times and a half every minute, the fusee will at the same time turn so slowly that the chain will not be all drawn off from it in less than twenty-eight or thirty hours, and it makes one turn in about four hours. This assemblage of wheels is called the train of the watch.

The rate of the watch's movement is regulated by two means, either by increasing or diminishing the force of the main-spring, which increases or diminishes the arc that the balance describes; or it may be done by strengthening or weakening the pendulum-spring, which will cause the balance to move quicker or slower.

The beautiful French watches have jewelled pivot-holes for the top and bottom of the verge, to diminish the friction. These jewels are fixed in the bottom part of the pottance and in the top of the cock. Each consists of two pieces, one of which has a cylindrical hole drilled through it to receive the pivot; the other is a flat piece, making the rest or stop which forms the bottom of the hole. Both stones are ground circular on the edge, and are fitted and burnished into a small brass ring, which is fastened into the cock and pottance by two small screws applied to each. The addition of jewels to a watch is a great advantage, as they do not tend to thicken the oil in the manner brass holes do, from the oxidation of the metal.

A circumstance which is essential to the accurate going of a watch, is that it should continue its motion whilst winding up; and this aim is effected by the going-fusee. By a very simple mechanism, the main-spring, while the watch is going, acts on an intermediate short spring, which is called the secondary spring. It is constantly kept bent to a certain tension by the former; for the fusee has no communication with the great wheel except by this spring. When the watch is winding up, and the principal spring, fusee, chain, &c., cease to act, the secondary spring being placed on a ratchet-wheel which is hindered from retrograding by a click, continues the motion of the great wheel without alteration.

Without entering any more minutely into the details of a watch, we may repeat our exclamation—*What a beautiful instrument it is, and how admirably defined are all its combinations!* If, then, a man were to take one of these beautiful instruments, and day by day apply a drop of water to its perfect mechanism, so that that mechanism should at first become defective through rust, then uncertain in its operations, and at length ruined altogether,—should we not stigmatize that man, who could perform such an action, as something worse than an idiot thus to profane a noble work—thus wilfully to ruin an useful thing—and thus to insult the maker of that wonderful combination? We should: but let us see how this argument can be applied.

Far more extraordinary than the combinations and arrangements of the watch are those of the human frame. The phenomena of life are divided into different classes or functions, and their specific classifications by various commentators have been numerous. One of the principal functions of vivification and secretion is the nutritive circulation, or the course which the blood pursues in the heart and lungs, and in the blood-vessels of the body. This course is justly named a circulation—as the blood is always passing round in the same track, and its motion constantly tends to the point from which it began. The *greater circulation* is the passage of the blood from the aortic ventricle of the heart, through the arteries, to the extremities of the body, and its return through the veins to the same viscus. The *lesser circulation* is the transmission of the blood from the pulmonic ventricle to the left side of the heart through the lungs. The uses of the blood in the animal economy are so important that every circumstance relating to its properties, or to the laws of its motion, cannot be too carefully investigated by the anatomist, the physiologist, and the medical practitioner. Blood is a fluid, occupying two sets of vessels, the arteries and veins. Its specific gravity is about 1052. It separates into serum and a fibrinous mass: the former coagulates at a heat of 165° F.; the colour is red, but modified by nitre and gases; it contains globules; the heat

varies from 102° to 104° F.; the taste is saline; and the feel is slippery. The heart of an infant, sleeping tranquilly, performs, in the first days of its existence, about 140 pulsations in a minute.

At the end of the first year	124
second year	110
third and following year	96
seventh and following	89
time of puberty	80
At the age of manhood	75
sixtieth year	65

beyond which time the variations are very great.

The mean velocity of the blood in the aorta is calculated at eight inches each pulsation, which gives about fifty feet in a minute. When the circulation ceases before death, it appears to stop in the small vessels, and thus stagnation is propagated towards the heart.

The brain, which is usually considered as the organ of thought, acts a most important part in the animal economy. This organ is of a very delicate texture, and appears, through a microscope, to be formed of an immense number of globules of different sizes. They are said to be eight times less than those of the blood. One extremity of the nerves, which possess the functions of innervation, is confounded with the substance of the brain. The nerves are generally formed of very fine filaments, divided into threads still finer. The physical explanations of sensation consist in applying more or less the law of physics and chemistry to the physical properties presented by that part of the apparatus situated anteriorly to the nerves. Sensations assist, direct, modify, and sometimes mutually injure each other. Smell is made the guide and sentinel of taste. Taste, in its turn, exercises a powerful influence over smell. The sensations are agreeable and disagreeable; the first, particularly when they are vivid, constitute those feelings we denominate *pleasure*, whilst those of the second cause *pain*. By pain and pleasure nature makes us to concur in the order that she has established amongst organized beings. The causes modifying the external or internal sensations are numberless; age, sex, temperament, climate, habit, the seasons, and individual disposition, are all so many circumstances which separately would be enough to occasion many modifications in the sensations; and in being united it is reasonable to suppose that the result should be more manifest. The difference of the sensations of individuals is expressed in common language by this phrase, "Every one has his own ways, feelings, or sentiments."

The brain is larger in man than in any other known animal, in proportion to the nerves arising from it: its general weight is from two pounds five ounces and a half to three pounds three ounces and three quarters. The brain of Lord Byron weighed six pounds, and that of Oliver Cromwell nearly as much. The brain of Dr. Gall, the founder of modern phrenology, weighed only two pounds ten ounces seven drams and a half. Baron Cuvier's brain weighed three pounds thirteen ounces and a half.

We might continue this string of observations upon the wonderful construction of the human frame, and its collateral circumstances, until we should weary the patience of our readers. We think we have, however, said enough to warrant the exclamation—*Far more extraordinary than the combinations and arrangements of the watch are those of the human frame.* The watch is an inanimate thing: the human frame is an animate thing. The one can be replaced by man, if man destroy it; but God alone can replace man, by man destroyed. If then it be wrong to apply a drop of water day by day to the beautiful mechanism of a watch, how much more enormous is the crime of administering to the human frame, that which at first renders its organs defective, then uncertain in their operations, and then ruins them altogether! He, who imbibes poisons which produce these terrible effects, is worse than an idiot thus to profane a noble work—thus wilfully to ruin that which he cannot replace—and thus to insult the Maker of that wonderful combination which we call Man!

Those poisons, which produce such dreadful results—which inflame that blood which we are now described—irritate those nerves which we are now alluded to—destroy those sensations to which we referred—and impair that brain which we designated as the seat of thought,—those poisons, which are more deleterious and more fatal in their consequences to man, than the drops of water are to the watch,—those poisons, in a word, which form the bane of the human race, are the intoxicating drinks that operate as more bitter scourges upon the earth than plague, famine, disease, accident, and war!

TEETOTALISM.

THE time is now come when Teetotalism need neither be ashamed of its numbers or its advocates. When the "Birmingham blacksmith," with his iron eloquence, first advocated the infant, unpopular cause, its best friends did not anticipate the day when the greatest and most polished minds, the most powerful and cultivated talents, and the most eminent literary characters of which our country can boast, should be employed in the advocacy of its blessed principles.

When Teetotal societies were contemptuously spoken of as assemblies of "tinkers and tailors," and it was "vulgar and low" to belong to them, we did not think that ere the Teetotal sun had fairly risen above the horizon, rank and wealth would delight to bask in its cheering and inspiring rays, and pronounce it their highest honour to be associated with Birmingham tinkers, and to join with them in the duty and privilege of giving countenance and support to the once-despised institutions, which have for their object the most needful moral reformation that this country can witness. When Teetotalers were driven from Harpsley,—when its advocates met with nought but jeer and gibe, we little thought how soon, meeting in the great assembly room of our great metropolis, we should hear legislators and senators testifying their unqualified approbation of the cause, and assembled thousands proclaiming by their loud plaudits their admiration of, and love to, the principles which have raised many of them, and are calculated to raise all, from the miserable depths of depravity and vice to a comfortable and honourable position in society;—or, that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland would be found ready to bear the reproach of other noble lords by his "willing testimony to the benefits the temperance-pledge had conferred on that country." But the strength of our principle is great: so great, that all opposition falls harmless at its feet;—it has passed through a furnace of prejudice, heated seven times hotter than it was wont,—it has come out uninjured;—it has been tried by a fiery ordeal, the ordeal of public opinion, and it has obtained a verdict in its favour: physicians of all nations have pronounced it "very good," nay, the very best of systems; the noblest minds of every country where Teetotalism has been named, declare in its favour;—it is a heavenly principle, and "if God be for us, who shall be against us?"

I might bid the reader cast his eye over the whole of the human race, and on the brow of every nation would he see more or less, Ruin! ruin! Accursed! accursed! branded by the fiery draught! But look merely at England! the inhabitants of civilised, Christianized England! the land of privileges! the land of Bibles! witness all their evils, all their crimes, all their abominations, all their poverty, all their distress, all their diseases, their deaths, and the souls that are lost! 'Tis an awful picture! What causes their crimes? Consult the annals of crime; ask yonder felons under what influence did they commit them? Ask that miserable wretch who is about to pay his life as a forfeit for some dark deed. What evidence gave that unhappy wretch, whom English Christians, assembled by thousands to see murdered but the other morning, a victim to our blood-thirsty, anti-Christian laws? What causes their poverty? Ask that wretched wife; those ragged, starving children. What aggravates all their diseases? What sends thousands to the grave prematurely? What damns tens and hundreds of thousands of souls yearly? Will not every tongue reply, "Tis drink! the demon drink!"

Then, look at London!—in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, in the third of the Protestant Reformation—favoured London! The eloquent pen of Dr. Harris has well described the state of its inhabitants:—

"What is their state? It is a condensed mass of heathenism, a concentration of depravity, so virulent that it might suffice to inoculate a continent, a world, with vice. What is their state? 12,000 children are always training in crime, graduating in vice, to reinforce and perpetuate the great system of iniquity; 3,000 persons are receivers of stolen property, speculators, and dealers in human depravity; 4,000 are annually committed for criminal offences; 10,000 are addicted to gambling; above 20,000 to beggary; 30,000 are living by theft and fraud; and that this dreadful energy of evil may not flag from exhaustion, it is plied and fed with three millions' worth of spirituous liquors annually!"

Dr. Harris has traced this "system of iniquity" to its right source. Three millions' worth of spirits alone, without the vast consumption of other intoxicating drinks! But he goes on to say:—"Twenty-three thousand persons are annually found helplessly drunk in the streets; above 150,000 persons are habitually gin-drinkers. Such is their ordinary state. Nay, it has grown worse while I have been describing it: for like the magic erections in pandemonium, in addition to the 5,000 temples of drunkenness already existing, other 'fabrics huge rise like an exhalation.'" Yes—from these "temples of drunkenness" springs all this vast amount of guilt.

"But," continues Dr. Harris, "were any one to attempt to portray the abominations of London, where are the colours dark enough, or the imagination keen enough to draw the picture of the guilty reality? There must be seen splendid porticoes, the entrances of which must be inscribed, 'Hells'; and on the breast of those entering must be written in letters of fire, 'Hell.' There

must be gorgeous palaces in which death and disease shall appear holding their courts; in which busy hands shall be seen distributing liquid fire to crowds of wan and squalid forms; and each of those palaces must be shown standing in the midst of a gaol, a poorhouse, a lunatic asylum, and a country all crowded and leaning over the mouth of the bottomless pit. And over the whole must be cast a spell—an all-encompassing network of satanic influence, prepared and held down and guarded by satanic agency. And to complete the picture—three hundred thousand Christians passing by—without scarcely lifting a hand to remove it!" Great God! can this be in Christian England! Oh! is not Teetotalism needed? Indeed it is! It is an angel of mercy sent "to proclaim liberty to the captive," the willing captive of the devil, by means of this drunkenness, his best agent,—to proclaim "the opening of the prison to them that are bound" in fetters stronger than iron, the fetters placed on them by the damning thing, and which chains them fast to endless perdition.

But, say you, this is the intemperate, not the temperate, use of these things; it is, but will you cut off the branches of a noxious weed, or pull it up by the roots? The latter; and, so help us God! we will not rest till we have pulled up by the root this cursed practice; we will not stop till our sun has arisen on the whole family of man, and every one of its members has felt the benign influence of its beams.

Will you stand idly by? Will you with apathy and indifference behold hundreds and thousands of your fellow-men enslaved and brought to a state of the most abject misery, suffering in mind and body, and falling into a drunkard's grave—will you see tens of thousands die, who we know "cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven," and never raise a hand for their help? No! yield to our entreaties; as a patriot, wipe off the foul blot from your country's page; as a philanthropist, pity your degraded, deluded fellow-creatures, your brethren; and as a Christian, have an eye to the glory of God, by the saving of souls, and "come over and help us."

Thurlow-place, Hackney-road.

G. B. B.

ARISTOCRATIC OUTRAGES AGAIN.

We extract the following paragraph from the *Sunday Times* of Sunday last:—

At a late hour on the night of Sunday the town of Hounslow was disturbed by the freaks of a party of gentlemen, who had passed through the town in a splendid "four-in-hand" in the course of the afternoon of the previous day. It appears that, on their return, these persons, who are stated to have been some of the parties implicated in the late desperate outrage on a policeman at Hampton, drew up at the outside of the George Inn, and, whilst their horses were being refreshed, amused themselves by breaking with stones the windows of the neighbouring houses. Not content with that, they then commenced pulling down the poles in front of the barbers' shops, and wrenching the knockers off the doors; that belonged to Mr. Friberg, a baker in the town, they threw with great violence through a window of the house, which had nearly inflicted a severe injury upon Mrs. Friberg, on whose pillow it fell, close to her head. Mr. Friberg called for the police, when the whole party drove off at full gallop towards Town before the police could muster in sufficient numbers to prevent their departure. For the correctness of this statement we are unable to vouch; but from the scandalous impunity with which men of a higher station in society are in this country allowed to commit outrages against persons in the humbler walks of life, it would not at all surprise us if it were true to the letter. A prosecution of a man of fortune for an offence in England, who cares nothing for public opinion, is a mere farce. A very small expenditure of money will enable him, if no serious accident ensue, to prevent conviction; and should the outrage lead to loss of life, from the low amount of bail exacted by magistrates, he can easily escape from justice. It was reported that the policeman referred to in the above account died of the injury he sustained; but we learn, from inquiry, that he is now considered out of danger. But if the poor man had fallen a sacrifice, the bail exacted would have been no obstacle to the escape of his assailants. The amount of bail demanded ought to bear some proportion to the fortune of the parties. And yet we see noblemen charged with an outrage threatening to be followed by loss of life, held to bail in a sum of 100*l*. Some functionary in every neighbourhood, to see that the law is fairly carried into effect against rich and poor, is urgently required in this country. A public prosecutor would feel his honour and professional character concerned in bringing to justice all descriptions of persons. In the mean time, all such means as are compatible with the defective state of the English institutions ought to be resorted to in the case of the authors of the outrages which have diffused such a feeling of insecurity in peaceable neighbourhoods. The policemen ought to be made to feel that no man, whatever his rank or fortune, can injure them in the discharge of their duty with impunity. We trust that these matters will not be hushed up. The public must watch carefully the proceedings. A feeling must not gain ground that any man, or set of men, can set themselves above the law.

We prophesied in our journal of last week that no severe notice will be taken of the conduct of Lord

Waldegrave in respect to the policeman at Hampton; and we still declare that we believe our prediction will be fulfilled. It is disgusting to reflect upon the miserable distribution of laws which permit the rich man thus to outrage society with impunity, and which would visit similar misdeeds with terrible vengeance upon the head of the poor man. Is not such a line of conduct on the part of our legislators sufficient to excite the people to rise in a mass against such unjust—such partial—such outrageous institutions? Is the throne of Victoria safe while such injustice is practised beneath her very eyes—within the very suburbs of her capital? Wherefore should there be one law for the poor man, and another for the rich man? Our blood boils with indignation when we reflect upon the manner in which the poor are trampled under foot, and the rich are protected in all their villainies, in a country which is called free!

We received an intimation from a certain quarter, a few days ago, that we had better be careful how we inserted articles written in the style of that one which appeared in our journal of the other week, and which was denominated *The Waldegrave Outrage*. We shall not comply with the terms of this intimation. We have a duty to perform to that Association whose interests are represented by this journal, and we shall exert ourselves to our utmost to expose all those misdeeds which militate against the glorious principles of Teetotalism. We cry "Shame" upon those aristocratic debauchees—those hereditary legislators—who thus set so vile an example to the lower orders: we are determined to speak out; and if, by one of the infamous laws of this country, we shall be prosecuted for speaking too freely, ten thousand Teetotalers will visit us in the prison to which we might be consigned. We have embarked in a good cause, and we shall not flinch from the just performance of our duties. We shall, in their turns, expose the atrocities committed by a dissipated aristocracy—the licentiousness which characterizes the upper classes of society—and the evil tendency of those laws which protect the rich man, and oppress the poor one. If the boldness and determination, with which we may fulfil these duties, should lead us into trouble, we shall find an adequate reward in the approval of our own conscience, and in the applause of that enlightened body of men who are denominated Teetotalers. Our object is to raise an insuperable embankment against the tide of dissipation and intemperance; and in this object we are resolved not to suffer our ardour to be damped by threats of latent vengeance on the part of those who have already oppressed the masses much—much too long.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. A. L., HOMO, VINDEX, JUNIOR, P. C., F. N. O. (Hackney,) and X. are all sincerely thanked for their communications.

We beg to inform Mr. WILLIAM TITLAV, of Bath, that the United Temperance Association advocates both pledges; its object being the Union of Teetotalers, and the Unity of Teetotalism.

Mr. J. W. WALKER, of Olding, is informed that alcohol does not exist in a natural state, but can only be produced by the process of fermentation. To his opponents, why does he not put this question—"Poisons exist; but is that any reason wherefore you should swallow them?"

If IOTA (Bethnal Green) will forward us a longer article upon the interesting subject he has selected, we shall have great pleasure in inserting it.

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.

We shall be much obliged to those of our Country Readers, who will favour us with accounts of Teetotal progress, and the transactions of Teetotal Meetings, in the Provincial Towns. We solicit the correspondence of the heads of all Teetotal Societies, promising to devote ample space in our columns to such intelligence.

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THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1840.

THE TRIUMPHS OF TEETOTALISM.

A new weekly paper, entitled *The Journal of the British Empire*, contains a desperate attack upon the doctrines of Teetotalism. It ridicules the extremes to which Teetotalers carry their innovating reform, and indulges in a laugh at Teetotal processions and galas. We are grieved to find so silly an article in a journal which otherwise appears to possess many substantial claims upon public favour. We shall however take the trouble of answering the main objection adduced by the writer against the principles of Teetotalism.

The writer declares that "Temperance

doctrines" would confer a real benefit upon society; but that the extremes preached by Teetotalism are absurd. We are here compelled to repeat the frequently urged and unanswerable argument relative to the use and abuse of intoxicating drinks. The generality of men have not sufficient command over themselves to be contented with a small quantity; and the founders of all new systems legislate for the masses, and not for the few. The exceptions prove the general rule; and if the writer of the article in the *Journal of the British Empire* be one of those who can abstain from acts of intemperance, and practise the doctrine of self-denial after a partial enjoyment of exciting liquor, he should remember that thousands are not possessed of the same fortitude. It is sufficient for many merely to taste one drop, in order to unhinge months or years of sobriety and abstinence. The doctrine of the moderate use of liquors is feasible in theory; but experience has taught us that its efficacy is not confirmed by practice.

It is therefore certain that the use of intoxicating drink will lead to the abuse; and that it is impossible, either consistently with the dictates of reason or of circumstances, to draw a line of demarcation between temperance and excess. No definite rule could be laid down to mark that distinction, and thus form a principle to be inculcated by a reforming body of philanthropists; because a glass of strong liquor will produce upon one man the same effects which result from a pint drunk by another. Thus as no specific quantity could be defined as the mid-way stage which might be called Temperance,—and as it would be ridiculous for any association of reformers to commence their labours upon a principle so ill-defined as one which admits the propriety of each man partaking of as much liquor as he can imbibe without danger of experiencing inconvenience,—mere Temperance measures are evidently impracticable, and incapable of working out the great moral reformation projected by the Luthers, the Calvins, and the Melancthons of Teetotalism. Total abstinence can alone succeed in accomplishing that great aim, by placing a barrier between men and the object of temptation.

The writer in the *Journal of the British Empire* ridicules the processions of the Teetotalers. Does this writer comprehend the utility and the object of those processions? Does he know that by a manifestation of numerical strength, the Teetotalers bring in evidence to the eyes of the world a grand argument in favour of the efficacy of their principles? Is he aware that, while those processions pass through the streets, numbers of degraded drunkards—struck by the cleanly and comfortable appearance of the Teetotalers and their families, attracted by the halo of happiness and contentment which surrounds them, and shamed by the example thus afforded them by their fellow-creatures—basten to enlist themselves in the ranks of Teetotalism? Thus it is that the avalanche of the new doctrine pursues its way, gathering up fresh masses as it rolls onwards, collecting strength in its progress, and sweeping away the strong-holds of intemperance in its path from the summit of that cold and cheerless mountain, whence it took its birth, to the peaceful regions of that happy valley where all is felicity, contentment, and joy.

Others of our opponents have directed our attention to the practices and customs of our forefathers, and indignantly demanded of us wherefore we venture to change them. To them we reply that all reforms are adapted to the necessities of the age, and that vicious institutions find no sanction in the fact of their antiquity. Times have strangely changed since—

Inclitus Albertus, doctissimus atque disertus
Quadrivium docuit, et totum scibile scivit.

But the knowledge of these days is the knowledge of things, and not of words,—the slowly ripening fruit of laborious observation—not the easy produce of a dexterous and fantastic logic. Society was for a long while, in its intellectual progress, like a traveller, who, fixing his eye on the point of his departure, keeps steadily in view all its features while he can—reproduces in his imagination such as he can no longer see—and has neither concern nor attention for the objects which surround him, save as by some accidental resemblance they recal the objects he has left. The pure clear landscape of the present, with its broad masses of fertility, its virgin soil, that asked but the slightest tillage, was contemned as an unfruitful waste; while the future seemed but as the prolongation of the desert which the exile must pass in his eternal pilgrimage from home. But the scene has changed,—our long night at the tomb of antiquity is broken, and changed for ever! The spirit song of the past still floats melodiously around us; but our ears are filled with a louder and with a nearer strain—the Pæan of an enfranchised intellect! We look rarely and furtively at the past, for the prejudice of the age is against authority. Our respect is no longer a superstition, but a sentiment;—no longer a subsidy, but "a benevolence." It is a great point gained to be enabled to give up our minds, unfettered and unbiassed, to the investigations of philosophy and science, the interpretation of nature, and the magnificent application of the results of these researches to the increase of the power and the dignity of man. How noble a destiny to be, from the first glimmering of our reason, brought into contact with that active and productive knowledge, which is everywhere scattering its riches over the surface of society—to be no longer immured in a narrow space, splendidly adorned with the remnants of antiquity, but where our voices could awaken no echoes save of the past, and our minds acquire no more than a conjectured knowledge of the present—to receive the revelation, not of other men's minds, but of nature—to possess the key of her oracles—to listen to the wisdom she teaches—and boldly to follow whithersoever she vouchsafes to lead!

Teetotalism is thus intimately connected with the philosophy and wisdom of the present day, because it triumphs over the prejudices of the past, and dares assert an opinion which militates against the usages of antiquity.

THE WINES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the mighty achievements already wrought by Teetotalism, we cannot but admit that one or two of its first principles are as yet in a crude and undigested state. A true, orthodox, and established code of opinions must be formed; or like a body, whose constituents are divided and opposed, whose foundation is not thoroughly based on commonly-received axioms, it must eventually fall before the subtle and insinuating wiles of sophistry.

A subject so important as the sanction of Scripture is fought for, and ought to be strenuously fought for, by both parties, and the subject should be agitated till for ever set at rest. We wish the Christian public (those especially who oppose our cause) to remember that this subject was involved in mystery and puzzled divines long before Teetotalism was introduced, or at least brought to bear on the community at large.—Commentators, years ago, when discussing those passages that seem to sanction the use of wines, threw out the idea that their nature was materially different from our wines; for they supposed that the ancients, being ignorant of the chemical power of concentrating spirits, were consequently prevented from infusing anything into their

• We have been induced, on second thoughts, to enter more fully into the subject than we at first intended. The miracle, wrought by our Saviour, at Cana, will be discussed as soon as we have established our positions.

liquor to make it stronger than it was from its own fermentation. This proves that it is not Teetotalism alone which is raising any objection to the commonly-received notions on this subject.

That our Saviour should have miraculously turned upwards of 100 gallons of water into wine, and that for a small company, puzzled deeply-read and good-minded Christians long since, and led them to doubt the correctness of our translation; and they laid their objections first against the *quantity*, and, secondly against the *quality*; at the same time contending they did not invalidate the nature or extent of the miracle. Under the first objection they contended that the word *Μετρητας* was incorrectly translated "firkins," and that an indefinite quantity was intended. Under the second, they urged the opinion that the word *Οινος*, *wine*, was a general term, including in its signification all kinds of wine; and, producing proof that some wines were un-intoxicating, they concluded, that as our Saviour's mission was divinely merciful, they had a right by implication to infer that the wine thus miraculously given was not of an intoxicating nature.

But it is our intention to present to our readers a series of articles on this important subject, wherein we shall collect all that has been or can be said to the purpose; and we solicit our friends to favour us with their ideas as we proceed; and we assure them our columns shall be open to the discussion pro and con.

We shall, in the first place, prepare the way, by laying down, in the simplest form possible, the various Greek words used in the New Testament for the expressions "wine," "old wine," "new wine," "strong drink," and "mixed wine;" appending to each, selections from various parts of the Gospel and Epistles explanatory of their acceptation.

WINE.

Οινος, oinos, (from *יין* *yayin* or *een*), a term for wines of all kinds, whatever might have been their qualities and their ingredients. Examples,—

"John came not drinking wine."—Luke vii. 33.

"Turned the water into wine."—John ii. 3.

"Be not drunk with wine."—Eph. v. 18.

"Take a little wine."—1 Tim. v. 23.

"The wine of wrath."—Rev. xvii. 2.

In all these cases *Οινος* is used, and it will be evident no particular kind was intended to be specified, but wine of any description; so that there could be no evasion on the one part or deception on the other.

OLD AND NEW WINE.

Luke v. 35. "No man having drunk of old wine straightway desireth new;" the adjectives, *Νεος, new*, and *Παλιος, old*, being merely added to the indefinite word *Οινος*—no particular kind is or can be meant. The expression "new wine" is only used four times in the New Testament—three times by the evangelists when relating the parable above alluded to: Matt. ix. 17, Mark ii. 22, Luke v. 37.

But in Acts ii. 13, "These men are full of new wine," the word *Πλεως, full*, is used, specifying some particular kind;—for it is rendered in the Latin, *dulsis succus*, a sweet juice or sirup,* and is supposed to be un-intoxicating; nor does the accusation of drunkenness implied in the words *μεμεστωμενοι εστι*, "are filled," remove our preconceived notions. For the persons thus accusing the apostles were not Hebrews, but "men out of every nation under heaven," who came there for merchandise; and who, perhaps, judging by the appearance of the poor fishermen of their inability to purchase the costly intoxicating wines, and wishing to bring them to ridicule, exclaimed, "These men are filled with *Πλεως*!"—that is, we suppose, satirically implying that their brain was so weak that they had actually become intoxicated with that which would not intoxicate a child. For if they had intended to have expressed that which intoxicates, would they have mentioned a liquor, which, at any rate, possessed the *least* intoxicating power? (See Luke v. 39.) Would they not rather have used some stronger expression, as *old wine* or *strong drink*?

STRONG DRINK.

This expression is only used, we believe, once in the New Testament, (Luke i. 15,) "Shall neither drink wine or strong drink," *Σικερα* (from *שכר*

sicar;) on which word Buxtorf remarks, "It is an inebriating drink which is called *Σικερα* by the Greeks, and *sicera* by the Latins. It is distinguished from common wine, Lev. x. 9, Num. vi. 3, and other places. Yet it seems also to include wine in general, as appears from Num. xxviii. 7, where it is used as a libation or drink-offering; to which otherwise the common wines were appropriated. Hence the Chaldee Onkelos, here and elsewhere, renders *שכר* both *old wine* and *strong drink*."

But Kimchi in the same place, says that *sicar* is more properly a drink made from fruits. Thus also Hieronymus thinks that, in the Hebrew language, every drink that can intoxicate, is called *sicar*, whether made from fruit or the juice of apples, &c.

FRUIT OF THE VINE.

Γεννημα της αμπελου is used by our Saviour in those ever memorable words, whereby we are commanded to commemorate his death to the end of time. On this point we would offer no remarks whatever which should offend the good taste or religious opinion of any class of individuals, (more especially our coadjutors, the Roman Catholics;) but it is our opinion, (and whilst expressing this idea, we own we are willing to receive correction,) that it is merely a general term, and alludes to the wine most commonly used by his disciples; as, literally, the words do not specify any kind of wines, but merely wines in opposition to "strong drinks."

Lastly,

MIXED WINE.

Ακρατος. We are only aware of one allusion to this in the New Testament; and that in the symbolical language of John in his Revelation. But it cannot for a moment be doubted that the Jews mixed their wines with various ingredients, as is evident by the fact that our Saviour was offered wine or vinegar, mingled with myrrh, or some opiate drug, it is supposed, whereby the dying pangs of malefactors were relieved.

We wish our readers to give the above their most serious consideration; as, in proceeding with the subject, constant reference will be made to the foregoing statements. J. W.

(To be continued.)

THE BANQUET.

WITHOUT being absolutely aware of the fact, many writers both of truth and fiction, place upon record many arguments, which, without the necessity of a very extensive fancy, may be turned as weapons against the evil habits of drinking. What advantages were not taken, in the middle ages, of the intemperate habits of men, to instil a deadly poison into their bodies, through the channel of their cups! There is a scene in a drama of Victor Hugo's which powerfully develops this truth. We shall accordingly extract from *Lucrece Borgia* the following account of a banquet; merely prefacing the passage by informing our readers that Lucreza Borgia, the Duchess of Ferrara, has been grossly though deservedly insulted by five gentlemen, whom she inveigles to a banquet at the palace of one of her creatures, the Princess Negroni. A youth named Gennaro, is also present, although an uninvited guest at the festivity, in which however he takes but little share. The scene then proceeds thus:—

Maffio. I know not wherefore my blood seems to roll like liquid fire in my veins.

[Donna Lucreza clothed in black, appears suddenly before the guests.]

Donna Lucreza. You are in my house, my lords!

All (except Gennaro). Lucreza Borgia!

Donna Lucreza. It was but a few days ago that you uttered that name in triumph! Now you pronounce it with alarm and horror. O yes!—you may regard me with eyes in which terror is but too visibly depicted. It is well, my lords! I am now come to announce to you—to you five, my lords—that you are poisoned, and that not one of you has another hour to live. Start not—move not! the adjoining chamber is filled with men-at-arms. It is now my turn to speak with the head erect, and to level you with the dust. Jeppo Liveretto, hasten and rejoin your uncle Vitelli, whom I murdered in the dungeons of the Vatican! Ascanio Petrucci, seek your cousin Pandolfo, whom I assassinated to procure his city! Oloferno Vitoloazo, Iago d'Appiani your uncle, whom I poisoned at a feast, awaits you! Maffio Orsini, betake thee to the other world, and there converse of me with thy brother Gravina, whom I ordered to be strangled in his sleep! Apostolo Gazela, I caused your father Francisco to be beheaded, and your cousin Alphonso of Arragon to be put to death, you say: hasten and rejoin them! On my soul, my lords, ye invited me to a ball at Venice: I gave ye a supper at Ferrara. Feast for feast, my lords!

Jeppo. This is an unwelcome interruption to our mirth, Maffio.

Maffio. Let us prepare to stand before our Maker!

Donna Lucreza. Ah! my young friends of the last carnival, ye did not anticipate this! and yet it appears that I know what vengeance is! How silly ye, my lords! does any one of ye know more of vengeance than I? what think ye of this banquet—a banquet offered by a woman? My lords, in the adjacent chamber, there are five priests ready to shrive you; profit by the few moments that remain for you, to save somewhat of your immortal parts. Your souls will be in good keeping. Those holy fathers are the regular confessors of Saint Sextus; and his holiness, the Pope, has allowed them to assist me upon occasions like this. And, oh! if I have taken care for your souls; I have not done the less by your bodies. See! [A curtain at the bottom of the room is drawn aside, and discovers five coffins, each covered with a black velvet pall.] The number is correct: there are five—Ah! young men, ye heap burning ashes on the head of a wretched woman, and ye think that she will not avenge herself! Jeppo, here is your coffin! Maffio, here is yours! Oloferno, Apostolo, Ascanio, here are yours also!

Gennaro (stepping forward). You require a sixth, my lady.

Donna Lucreza. Heavens—Gennaro!

Gennaro. Himself!

Donna Lucreza. Let every one leave this room. We must be alone. Gubetta, whatever may happen—whatever you may hear passing in this chamber—let no one enter!

Gubetta. Your highness's orders shall be obeyed.

[The five friends and the remainder of the guests, make their exit in procession.]

Donna Lucreza. 'Tis he—Gennaro!

[Hymn of the priests heard without.] *NISI DOMINUS EDIFICAVERIT DOMUM, IN VANUM LABORANT QUI EDIFICANT EAM.*

Donna Lucreza. Once more you, Gennaro? and it is ever upon you that the blows, which I strike, rebound. Heavens, wherefore didst thou join the guests at that banquet?

Gennaro. I suspected every thing.

Donna Lucreza. Once more, you are poisoned. You will die!

Gennaro. I am the arbiter of my own fate: the antidote is in my possession!

Donna Lucreza. True! may God be thanked!

Gennaro. One word—you are expert in these matters. Is there enough elixir in this phial to save those noble lords, whom your priests are about to consign to the tomb?

Donna Lucreza [examining the phial]. There is scarcely enough for you, Gennaro.

Gennaro. You can procure more forthwith!

Donna Lucreza. I gave you all I had.

Gennaro. It is well.

Donna Lucreza. What dost thou? Gennaro? Despatch—and play not with aught so terrible. An antidote is never drunk too soon. Haste—in the name of heaven! I can still favour your egress from the palace by a secret door, known only to me; all may yet be well. To-morrow morning you will be afar from Ferrara. It is now night—horses may speedily be procured. Did not the transactions of this evening strike you with alarm? drink—and depart. You must live—you must save yourself!

Gennaro [seizing a knife]. No, madam—you must die!

Donna Lucreza. What? Speak!

Gennaro. Most treacherously have you poisoned five noble young men—my friends—my best friends; and amongst them, Maffio Orsini, my brother in arms, who saved my life at Vicenza, and against whom all offence and all vengeance are equally felt by me. I repeat—that it is an infamous deed of which you have been guilty, and that I must avenge Maffio and his companions. You must die.

Donna Lucreza. Heaven and earth!

Gennaro. Pray—Oh pray—and let your parting supplication be short. I am poisoned—and have no time to spare.

Donna Lucreza. This cannot be! Oh! no—Gennaro may not—must not be my executioner. It is not possible!

Gennaro. It is possible, madam—and I call God to witness that, were I in your place, I should begin to implore the mercy of heaven in silence, and with clasped hands, and on bended knees.

Donna Lucreza. I tell you it is impossible! Oh! no—not even amongst the most terrible thoughts that harass my imagination—no—that one idea has never yet intruded itself. Ah! you raise the knife! An instant—Gennaro—I have something to reveal.

Gennaro. Haste—Haste!

Donna Lucreza. Throw aside your weapon, unhappy youth: throw it aside, I say! Oh! if you knew—Gennaro, art thou aware of who thou art? Canst thou tell me who I am? thou little thinkest how closely linked together are we! But must I tell thee all? the same blood circulates in our veins, Gennaro! John Borgia, duke of Gandia, was thy father!

Gennaro. And thou art, then, mine aunt?

Donna Lucreza, [aside]. His aunt!

Gennaro. Ah! I am your nephew: and it was my mother, the unfortunate duchess of Gandia, whom all the family of Borgia rendered so unhappy. Madame Lucreza, my mother speaks of you in her letters. You are one of those unnatural relations of whom she makes mention with horror, who slew my father, and who

* The nature and ingredients of the wines of the Hebrews will be entered into more at large in another part of this essay.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS.

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Members and Friends of this Society was held at the Aldersgate-street chapel, on Friday evening, the 17th inst., when in the unavoidable absence of SIR CULLING EARDLY SMITH, the President, the REV. J. H. HINTON, took the Chair, and congratulated the audience that the time had come when Youths were so laudably exerting themselves to stem the torrent of intemperance by the establishment of Youths' Societies for the further prevention of the use of intoxicating drinks.

MR. JOHN HULL, the Vice-President, stated that he felt great pleasure in attending this meeting; he had long been engaged in assisting the progress of the cause of education, but that would be of little avail, unless the principles of this Society also accompanied it.

MR. DONALDSON was gratified at the success which attended this Society; he trusted that all classes would be willing to assist them in their endeavours, for thereby the cause of Christianity would be beneficially promoted, happy homes would be produced, and the rising generation greatly benefited. He had long known the esteemed friend who took the most active part in this Society; he neither received nor wanted pay, but funds were required to enable them to spread their opinions more generally, and he trusted that that night they would receive good encouragement from that meeting.

MASTER SENNINGTON, MR. BRIDLE, MR. BUTEUX, and MASTER PAYNE, then addressed the meeting, each in an eloquent oration on the glorious doctrines and effects of Teetotalism.

MR. R. T. BATGER, the Secretary, stated that assistance had been kindly offered by the REV. C. STOVEL, and the REV. DR. TRACY, and that MR. WALKDEN and the REV. GEORGE EVANS were only prevented attending by other engagements; after which he read an address, stating that since the formation of the Society on the 2nd of January last, they had received the signature of 472 Youths, the majority of whom were believed to be consistent.

MASTER JACQUES, MR. ANDERSON, and MR. CURRIE (of Chelsea), then addressed the meeting; previous to the dispersion of which, twenty-three new members signed the pledge.

We are glad to be informed that the morning following the above meeting, the Secretary was favoured with a communication from Sir Culling Eardly Smith, expressive of his desire to attend a meeting of this Society either on the first or third Monday in August; and we understand they are only waiting to obtain a suitable place previous to the public announcement.

HAGUERSTONE.

The friends of Teetotalism held, as usual, a numerous meeting at the Infant School, on Wednesday evening, July 22nd. Several able speakers addressed the audience. In our next number we shall give a report of the proceedings at the Assembly-room, on Wednesday, July 29th.

CHELSEA.

A numerous meeting of the Teetotalers of Chelsea took place, according to the hebdomadal custom, at the Temperance-hall, Chelsea, on Thursday evening, July 23rd.

MR. BALFOUR, upon being called to take the chair, proceeded to read the pledge, in order to enable those present who might not be Teetotalers, to ascertain the principles that formed the pivot upon which the machinery of the association turned. He then expatiated upon the efficacy of the doctrines of Teetotalism, and energetically called upon those who had not as yet signed the pledge, to come forward and ratify that vow of moral reformation.

MR. GREEN, of Chelmsford, then addressed the meeting. He said that he had once exercised the avocation of a brewer, but that he had abandoned that business from a conviction of its immoral tendency in respect to society.

MR. WESTON, the Honorary Secretary of the United Temperance Association, made one of the most eloquent speeches that ever issued from the lips of this able advocate of the Teetotal cause. He said that he had once been a wine-merchant in an extensive way of business, and that he also had abandoned that avocation in consequence of its tendency to promote the intemperate habits of the people. He expatiated at some length upon the infamous conduct of the publicans in adulterating the liquors which they dispense to their deluded customers, and expounded the principles of that work of adulteration.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, after having advocated at some length the cause of Teetotalism, said he should trouble the meeting with a few observations of an egotistical nature. He had been assailed by many enemies in different directions, since he had signed the Teetotal pledge of the United Temperance Association. He had in a few instances resented the infamous falsehoods that had been circulated concerning him by two or three malicious individuals; and because he did not choose to crouch like a spaniel, he had been again abused. He alluded to certain paragraphs which he had penned in the "Notices to Correspondents" of No. 4, of "The Teetotaler" Journal, and which would not have ap-

peared had not he (Mr. Reynolds) received gross provocation and uncalled-for aggression in the first instance. He did not seek a quarrel with any man; on the contrary, he would exert himself in every way to serve a fellow-creature; but he would not tolerate the attempts of those, who pretended to be Christians and religious men, to injure him. He abominated a religious hypocrite, and should not hesitate to expose him.

MR. CURRIE closed the meeting in a most able speech, in which he narrated the beneficial effects, both moral and domestic, which he had experienced from Teetotalism. He called upon all the Teetotalers to join in one bond of union, and to abstain from intestine dissensions which would only bear out the scriptural proverb, "that a house cannot stand against itself."

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The Aldersgate-street Chapel, on the occasion of the meetings of the members of this Association, is invariably crowded with a most respectable audience. It is really exceedingly interesting to behold the neatness of attire displayed by the wives of the Teetotalers who are present at these assemblies. The most determined opponent to the doctrine of total abstinence, could not view without emotion the numbers of respectable persons—happy families, sober husbands and thrifty wives—that fill the pews of the Aldersgate-street Chapel on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Such an opponent would feel convinced that there must be something correct in that principle which has turned squalor and poverty into cleanliness and respectability—disease into health—sorrow into joy—and dissipation into rectitude and morality.

On Saturday evening, July 25th,

MR. BROWN was called to the chair. This gentleman made a neat and appropriate speech upon the beneficial effects of that doctrine which would regenerate the degraded portion of the human race.

MR. CRUMP, Registrar to the United Temperance Association, addressed the meeting on the same subject, and explained the satisfactory results of his own experience in the Teetotal cause.

MR. DAVIS said that Teetotalism had worked so complete a reformation in him, that it had transformed him into a moral and upright character (he hoped) from a degraded condition, in which he had been almost lost, mentally and bodily.

MR. JOYCE, a merchant of Addele-street, made a short but appropriate speech upon signing the pledge-book that evening.

MR. MEE addressed the assembly in a most eloquent speech, which elicited unequivocal applause from all present. He entered elaborately into the principles of adulterating liquors by the publicans, and quoted instances of landlords having been fined for such exploits. He drew a striking comparison between the happiness resulting from total abstinence and the miseries produced by intemperance. Whichever way we glance (said Mr. Mee), we see the baneful effects of intoxication. The ruin of Nineveh, of Babylon, of Carthage, of Rome, and of Greece, was brought about by dissipation and unbridled intemperance. There are now seventy thousand prostitutes walking the streets of London—and nearly all were degraded to that unhappy state by the use of strong drink. There are a hundred and sixty-three thousand people who are annually sent to the hospitals—and the primary cause of whose maladies, or the aggravation of them, is intoxicating drink. There is a stream of alcohol rolling through the land, and that stream is thirty feet wide, three feet deep, and a hundred and sixty-eight miles long. It is not therefore prematurely devised by the Teetotalers to propagate those doctrines which will remove so many sources of misery, disease, crime, and ruin.

MR. BENSTEAD pursued the line of argument he had commenced on the previous Saturday, and afforded several striking illustrations of the evil effects of intemperance upon the human frame, and its properties. He showed that intemperance destroys the acuteness of those sensations which are denominated the five senses; and that the use of intoxicating drinks is the most baneful enemy to the reasoning faculties, and to the nerves, which can possibly exist. Sight—hearing—feeling—smelling—and speaking, are all faculties upon the healthy tone of which more or less depends human comfort and felicity. But strong drinks (said Mr. Benstead) undermine all the mental properties of those faculties, and disorder the machinery of the noblest work of the Creator.

MR. ANKINS begged to inform the meeting that a Benefit Society, for Teetotalers, had been established in Bethnal Green, and that he was the founder of it. He had now the pleasure of observing that a similar institution was shortly to be established at Thompson's Coffee-house.

EAST LONDON TEMPERANCE HALL, CHURCH ROW, BETHNAL GREEN.

The Bethnal Green Branch of the United Temperance Association, held its weekly meeting at this place, on Monday evening, July 27th.

MR. THOMSON, who was called to the chair, after explaining the motive of the meeting, proceeded to show the necessity of adopting the principles of Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks. He spoke in a very plain but forcible manner, and seemed to make a great impression.

plunged the youth of her, that gave me birth, in misery and blood! Oh! I have more than my father to avenge—I have my mother also! you are my aunt—and I am a Borgia! Oh! the idea is maddening—maddening! Listen, Donna Lucreza Borgia, you have lived a long time, and you are so sullied with vice and impurity, that you ought to be almost loathsome to yourself. You are doubtless tired of existence—are you not?—If so, terminate it. In families like our's, where crime, being hereditary, descends from father to son, as well as the ancestral name, it always happens that this fatality is brought to a crisis by a murder, and that generally the murder of a relation—a murder which, as a last act of turpitude, excels all the rest. A gentleman has never been reproached because his genealogical tree bears one sullied branch. Mudarra, the Spaniard, slew his uncle, Rodriguez of Lara, for far less than thou hast done. That Spaniard was praised by all for having killed his uncle: dost thou hear me, aunt? Come, then, enough upon this subject! recommend your soul to God, if you believe in God and the existence of a soul!

Donna Lucreza. Gennaro, have mercy upon yourself! thou art as yet innocent. Commit not this crime!

Gennaro. A crime! Oh! my head wanders—confusion seizes upon my brain. Is it a crime? and if it be a crime—shall I not dare commit it? Ridiculous—I am a Borgia, I am: therefore, on your knees, I say—on your knees, aunt—on your knees—on your knees!

Donna Lucreza. Sayest thou what thou meanest, dear Gennaro? Is it thus that thou repayest my love to thee?

Gennaro. Love?

Donna Lucreza. It is impossible! I must save thee from thyself—I must call for help.

Gennaro. Thou wilt not open this door—thou shalt not make an effort to summon assistance hither! and as for your cries—they are useless. Didst thou not thyself ere now command that none should break in upon our privacy?

Donna Lucreza. Oh! that is cowardly, Gennaro—that is cowardly—to slay a woman—a woman without defence—Oh! you have sentiments more noble than those, in your soul, Gennaro. Listen, and thou shalt kill me afterwards, if thou wilt: I do not cling to life—but my bosom must be discharged of all the agony which now fills it—the amount of its misery is increased by the way in which you treat me now. You are young, child—and youth is always severe. Oh! if I must die, I will not fall by thine hand. It is not possible—I may not meet my death by thy weapon. Thou knowest not thyself how terrible that would be. Besides, Gennaro—my hour is not yet come. It is true, I have been guilty of a thousand crimes—I am very criminal; and it is because I am so great a criminal, that I must have time to recollect myself and repent. Thus must it be, Gennaro!

Gennaro. You are my aunt. What have you done with my mother?

Donna Lucreza. Stay—stay. O God—I cannot tell thee all at once, and were I even to tell thee all, I should but perhaps redouble thy horror and contempt for me. Listen an instant. Oh! how I wish you would receive me penitent at your feet! You will spare my life—will you not? Would you have me take the veil? Shall I shut myself up in a cloister? Were the world to say to you, "That unhappy woman has shaven her head—she sleeps upon ashes—she digs her grave with her own hands—she prays to God night and day, not for herself, but for thee—she who so much requires the mercy of heaven, and you who need it not! All this she does, that wretched woman, in order that one day a single glance of pity from your eye may fall upon her, that one of your tears may heal the wounds of her lacerated heart, and that you may no longer say to her in that voice which is more severe than the last judgment of the Eternal, 'YOU ARE LUCREZA BORGIA!'"—if all this were told to you, Gennaro, shouldst thou have the heart to repulse me? O pardon—pardon—do not kill me, my Gennaro! Let us both live—you to pardon me; I to repent! Have some compassion upon me; for it is of no avail to banish pity from your breast, when a miserable woman is at your feet imploring that pity! Pity—Oh pity—pardon—pardon—pity! Besides, Gennaro—I say it for your sake—the deed would be cowardly in the extreme—a terrible crime—a murder—an assassination! a man to slay a woman—a man who is the stronger! Oh; you cannot—you cannot!

Gennaro. Madam—

Donna Lucreza. Oh! I comprehend you!—you have pardoned me, I read my pardon in your eyes. Oh! now let me weep at your feet.

A voice within. Gennaro!

Gennaro. Who calls?

The voice. My dear brother—Gennaro.

Gennaro. It is Maffio!

The voice. Gennaro—I die! Vengeance on my murderer!

Gennaro, [raising his knife.] I am resolved—I will now hear no more. You understand me, madam—you must die!

Donna Lucreza, [holding the arms of Gennaro.] Pardon—pardon! a word—a word.

Gennaro. Not one!

Donna Lucreza. Pity—and listen to me!

Gennaro. Not a moment.

Donna Lucreza. In the name of God!

Gennaro, [stabbing her.] No—no!

Donna Lucreza. Oh! thou hast killed me! Gennaro—I am thy mother!

MR. GLENNY then addressed the meeting in a very able speech, adducing instances of the ill effects of intoxicating drink as regards the health of working men in general, especially of journeymen bakers.

MR. CRUMP, the Registrar of the United Temperance Association, then addressed the meeting. He painted in a very feeling and forcible manner the evils of drunkenness, in many shapes, with the comforts to be derived from adopting the principles of the Society. He sat down amidst the applause of a very crowded meeting, the members of which seemed to appreciate the truth of the arguments adduced by this staunch and tried friend to the Teetotal cause.

GEORGE APPLEDATE, the Coal Whipper, then made a very forcible appeal to the feelings of working men assembled, upon the necessity of giving up their habit of drinking.

[Having received the following communication from our esteemed President, we hasten to lay it before our readers.]

To G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Esq.

Dear Friend:—I contemplate the goodness of God towards me, and others of my fellow creatures, in purifying our minds and our bodies in so miraculous a manner, by the graces and adornment of Temperance. I feel that we ought to show our thankfulness in every acceptable way in our power: in this I am sure you will concur, and it would rejoice me very much to have a day of public thanksgiving appointed throughout this part of the world, that we may simultaneously praise the Lord for the greatest blessing that we have seen in our day,—a blessing enjoyed by us and offered to all. Blessed be the Name of the Lord, henceforth for ever. Amen.

It would be presumptuous to appoint a distant day, for no man knoweth the day appointed for him to die.

Yours very truly,
JOHN BILTON.

1, King's-Road, Gray's Inn, July 21st, 1840.

TEETOTALISM IN ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Extract of a letter recently received from a stone-mason, formerly of Chichester.

"The Rev. T. Q. Stow, the Independent minister, lent us his Chapel for our first total abstinence meeting; we had about ninety sat down to tea, and the chapel was well filled when we addressed the meeting. At the close of the proceedings twenty-four signed the pledge. I bless God he enabled me to advocate our noble cause for nearly an hour, fearlessly. It is very hot weather here at this time, but the Teetotalers are better able to stand this hot climate than the tipplers by far. We are about to build a place to meet in, and for a temperance hotel. We have just had eight Teetotalers landed on our shore, two of them are at work for me. I hope the Lord will raise up among us some able and wealthy men, as this meeting has fallen very heavy on me; but, thank God, I have been able to bear it, as I am not at a loss for a few pounds."

REVIEWS.

Bacchus. An Essay on the Nature, Causes, Effects, and Cure, of Intemperance. By RALPH BARNES GRINDROD. Third thousand. 8vo. pp. 535. London: J. Pasco.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

This excellent work was originated by an advertisement put forth by the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and offering a premium of one hundred guineas to that author who should produce the best essay upon the benefits of Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Drinks. Mr. Grindrod's work was adjudicated as the successful essay, and the approval of public opinion has since appeared to ratify that of private arbitration.

Before we enter into a detailed review of this extraordinary work, we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise at the publication of one of the unsuccessful essays. We allude to *Anti-Bacchus*, which, although a very clever book, should not have been issued to the world, considering that it was rejected by the adjudicators of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. A sentiment of delicacy, in respect to the successful candidate—if not of modesty in respect to himself—should have induced the author of *Anti-Bacchus* to have withheld his work from the public, or at least to have postponed its issue to a distant period. It is evident that Mr. Grindrod has not been fairly treated in this respect: but as we are totally unacquainted with any of the collateral circumstances of the transaction, but argue merely from our own impression, we shall not extend our observations on this head.

The contents of *Bacchus* are so varied that it will be impossible to do justice to the work in one article in *The Teetotaler*. We shall accordingly devote our review-columns this week to a notice of the first part, which contains six chapters. These chapters are devoted to disquisitions upon the nature and characteristics of intemperance—the history of intemperance, and its connexion with religion—intemperance, considered in a rational point of view—and the effects of intemperance on the moral and intellectual powers. Mr. Grindrod commences his work with the following observation.

The term *INTEMPERANCE*, according to its general signification, is indefinite and unsatisfactory. In the present day, however, it is almost exclusively and universally employed in reference to excess in the use of intoxicating liquor.

Mr. Grindrod understands the great difficulty in tracing any definite line between the use and abuse of intoxicating drinks, and adduces some singular facts to illustrate the various opinions held by different writers and societies at different times upon this subject. He then places upon record the incontestable fact "that that part of the community which is in general termed temperate, consumes a larger proportion of inebriating liquor, than those individuals who are usually denominated drunkards." Mr. Grindrod then makes the following striking observations:—

The universal tendency of intoxicating liquors is to debilitate the intellectual and to deprave the moral powers of man. The habitual use of alcohol in any of its varied combinations, strengthens the powers of motives to do wrong, and weakens the power of motives to do right. The nature and tendency of strong drink are such, that mankind in general cannot continue long to indulge in the moderate use of it. From the earliest period of its introduction to the present time, these evidences of its nature and character have been uniform and certain.

It is very certain that the use of intoxicating drink produces an unnatural excitement, of which a species of intellectual delusion is one of the chief characteristics. When labouring under the effects of this delusion, the most upright and honest men may be led to the commission of crimes at the mere names of which they would shudder in their cooler moments. We do not fear contradiction, when we assert our conviction that very few individuals are so naturally depraved as to commit a murder or any other heinous crime, save at those periods when they labour under the *unnatural* excitement produced by strong drinks. Mr. Grindrod says that

Entire nations are known to have existed for ages in a state of comparatively superior health, comfort, and happiness, without the aid of intoxicating liquors. When first offered to the inhabitants of those countries, they have, in general, evinced considerable aversion to their use, and have been reconciled to the practice only by a conformity to the habits and persuasions of those civilized nations who had seduced them into the destructive vice of intoxication. A corresponding illustration of this statement may be found in the fact that young persons, and in particular children, almost universally exhibit signs of repugnance, when first induced to taste of any kind of intoxicating liquor; which indications of disgust are not manifested when they partake of the almost unlimited varieties of nutritious food.

A note appended to this paragraph, and quoted from Mr. Buckingham, informs us that one-fifth of the entire population of the globe are abstainers from all intoxicating liquors—"a number sufficiently large to show that they are not necessary to human existence, health, or enjoyment." The habit of producing excitement by intoxicating drinks, grows on us by degrees, and is not adopted on a sudden as any real means of gratification would be. This fact shows us that nature revolts against such measures, and that nature is only forced to submission by the arbitrary and perverse powers of human volition. Habit possesses the peculiar faculty of rendering disagreeable things welcome to us; "it is however the business of rational beings," says Dr. Garnett, quoted by Mr. Grindrod, "to discriminate carefully between the real wants of nature, and the artificial calls of habit."

We regret to find that so talented and enlightened a man as Mr. Grindrod should have quoted such

a piece of rubbish as the following remarks by the Rev. Dr. Hewitt of America:—

The common people of France (says Dr. Hewitt,) are burnt up with wine, and look exactly like the cyder-brandy drinkers of Connecticut and the N. E. drinkers of Massachusetts. If they do not drink to absolute stupefaction or intoxication, it is because sensuality with Frenchmen is a science and a system. They drink to just that point at which their moral sense and judgment are laid asleep, but all their other faculties remain awake. Hence all the horrors of the French Revolution!

The Editor of *The Teetotaler* can give an unqualified contradiction to the statements made in this paragraph, both from personal observation and from a perfect acquaintance with the French character, in consequence of a long residence in France. The lower orders of the French are particularly sober—especially in the "wine-countries," and as for their being burnt up with the *piquette*, or small wine which is their beverage, the assertion only shows Dr. Hewitt's ignorance of even the nature of their liquor. The Rev. commentator on the French also manifests his ignorance of French history, when he alludes to the horrors of the revolution. Those horrors were committed by the chiefs individually, under mistaken notions of the necessity of exterminating the old generation, and not by the masses generally. The French, as a nation, are a sober people; and, in Paris, or any of the large cities or towns, it is a rare occurrence to see a French gentleman in a state of intoxication.

The chapter denominated "The History of Intemperance" is a learned narrative of the rise and progress of that dreadful evil, from the times of Noah and Lot up to the present day. The author diverges into the histories of the intemperance of all states and climes, and calls to his aid a mass of valuable authorities. Throughout this portion of his work, Mr. Grindrod has manifested the most patient spirit of investigation, and the most unwearied labour of research.

(To be continued.)

The London Teetotal Magazine. Number for July. London: George Wightman.

This is a very useful publication, and is well compiled. Its contents are varied, and the editor endeavours to render the truths of Teetotalism more apparent through the means of amusing fictions. We extract the following useful recipe:—

EXCELLENT TEMPERANCE BARM.—The following receipt may be relied on, as it has been tried for a period of two years in the potteries with the greatest success, fully answering the purposes required.

Put one ounce of hops into a coarse bag, and boil them in two quarts of water; pare, boil, and mash well one pound of potatoes, and press them through a cullender into the hop water. Place the mixture on a fire until it begins to boil, then empty it into an earthen vessel with a narrow bottom, in which there has been previously mixed half a pound of flour, with a gill of cold water in the form of paste; stir it well while pouring in, and when it is about the warmth of new milk, add one ounce of dry flour, and one pound of teetotal barm, or, if that cannot be had, half a pound of common yeast; let it stand in the vessel, covered up, in a situation where it will keep its temperature.

It will take from four to twenty-four hours to ferment, according to the state of the weather. When it begins to lower in the vessel it is fit for immediate use; and may be preserved, bottled, and corked, for several weeks; and even should it be frozen, it will be no worse after being thawed. If you have no barm with you, make a quart as above directed except in this particular; instead of putting any barm with the dry flour into the mixture, put two or three spoonfuls of sugar with the flour,—bottle it immediately, tie down the cork, set it where it will keep warm, and in twenty-four or thirty hours this will answer to ferment with, instead of the common barm: but it is always better to preserve some of the old for this purpose.

Directions for Use.—Take twelve or fourteen pounds of flour; when you have mixed the salt with it in the kneading vessel, as is usual, make a hole in the middle, and pour in one pound of the yeast. Let the water for kneading be two parts of boiling to one of cold, in winter, and in summer, equal quantities, (soft water;) when the dough is of proper consistence, cover it up, and keep it warm while it rises, which will probably be from five to ten hours. If kneaded at night it will be ready for baking in the morning; but if not then ready, (having been kept too cool,) apply a hot iron plate under the vessel containing the dough, and in a short time it will be fit for baking.

On Stimulants. Extracted from "Life, Health, and Disease," by EDWARD JOHNSON, Surgeon, Second Two Thousand. London: G. F. Cooper.

We strongly recommend this little pamphlet to all our friends and readers. A Teetotaler has by permission made the extract from Mr. Johnson's very valuable work, and we are rejoiced to see, by the announcement on the title-page, that the speculation has answered so well. While novels and romances are selling by hundreds, Teetotal publications are selling by thousands. A work by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer does not obtain a circulation of more than fifteen hundred copies: and we can assert upon authority the fact that three thousand copies of "Bacchus," by Mr. Grindrod, have already been disposed of. The following curious experiment is worth extracting from the pamphlet *On Stimulants* :—

Now, if you evaporate a glass of wine on a shallow plate, whatever solid matter it contains will be left dry upon the plate; and this will be found to amount to about as much as may be laid on the extreme point of a penknife blade; and a portion—by no means all, but a portion of this solid matter, I will readily concede, is capable of nourishing the body—a portion which is about equal to one-third of the flour contained in a single grain of wheat.

Pocket Diary. With Life and Annuity Tables of the National Endowment and Assurance Society. Arthur Street, West, London Bridge.

We are induced to notice this little publication, because it affords us an opportunity of recommending our Teetotal friends to lay out the money which they save by their abstinence from intoxicating drinks, in securing a sum to their families at their death. The little work before us, says—

When Life Assurance is as universally understood and practised as it ought to be, he who has not made such a provision, or something equivalent, for the possibility of his death, will, we verily trust, be looked on as a no less detestable monster than he who will not work for his children's bread, and his memory after death will be held in no less contempt.

We concur with these observations, and pronounce Insurance Companies to be prominent amongst the greatest blessings afforded us by civilization. Upon an average, only one family in sixty-two is provided against an event which in the course of nature must happen, and which, happen when it may, must be a serious blow to the survivors. The National Endowment Office is peculiarly suited to the views of poor men, because it allows the premium upon policies to be paid in weekly instalments. We shall quote an example of the efficacy of life insurance :—

EXAMPLE.—A person aged 25 may assure the sum of £100, to be paid to his wife and family at his decease, should that occur within one year, by a Premium of £1; if within seven years, by an Annual Premium of £1. 2s.; or whenever the decease may happen, at an Annual Premium of £2. 0s. 6d.; being, in the latter instance, but little more than 9d. a week; and so in proportion for any other amount. Thus £2000 may be assured for one year, by the payment of £20, or for the whole of life, by the payment of £40. 10s. annually.

WEEKLY LIST OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS HELD IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Chair taken at 8 o'clock unless otherwise announced.

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This society holds two large meetings every Wednesday and Saturday, at the Aldersgate street Chapel, at 8 o'clock; a third on Monday, at the School room, Aylesbury st., Clerkenwell; and a fourth on the same Evening at the East London Temperance Hall, Church row, Bethnalgreen-road.

The Rev. Wm. Curtis, will preach two Sermons at Aldersgate Chapel,—Morning and Evening Service.

SUNDAY.

Aldersgate st. Chapel. Service at 11 and 6½, and Sunday School at 9, and 2½.
Temperance room, Young st. Kensington. Prayer meeting at 3 King st., Lambeth walk, at 9
Cumberland market, 9
Public Prayer-meeting, Rockingham House, at 3
New Cut, Lambeth, half-past 4
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster. Preaching—Morning, at 11. Evening, 6½
Ditto, Enon Chapel, Clare-market, at 11, 3, 6½
Borough market, at 7 in the morning
White Stiles, King's road, Chelsea, 3
Temperance Room, Kent st. Borough, Evening at 6
IN THE OPEN AIR.
Open space, Saffron-hill, at 8.—Red-Lion-Market—Opposite the Alma-Houses, Mile-end-road—Broadway, Westminster, at 9—

Behind Brunswick terrace, Well st. Hackney—Clerkenwell grn.—Islington green—Starch green, near Shepherd's bush—Open space, Cartwright st., Rosemary lane,—Salisbury st., Portman market at 3—Stepney green at 4—Weymouth ter. Hackney at 6
Shepherdess-fields, Islington, United Temp. Association, at 3

MONDAY.

School-room, Aylesbury st. Clerkenwell, United Temp. Asso.
Angel Alley, Bishopsgate, Metropolitan Rom. Catholic Association
Robinson's School room, Whiting st., Waterloo road
The Chapel, Castle st., Saffron-hill
School-room, Orange-st-Chapel, Leicester square
School-room, High st., Stoke-newington, at 7½
School-room, Deverell st. Chapel-yard, Dover road
Temperance Hall, Chelsea, New-road, back of Sloane st.
Temperance rm., Fleur-de-lis Court, Fetter lane. Prayer meeting
William street-Chapel, Portland town
Southwark Academy, Union st. Borough. Females at 6, Public meeting at 8
School-room, Hare st., Bethnal green. Youths only
Enon Chapel, New-Church-st., Portman market
Aldersgate-street Chapel
Soho Branch, at Orange-st. Chapel School-rooms
Mariners' Church, Wellclose square
Ebenezer Chapel, Church-lane, Whitechapel
Rayner's Temperance Coffee-room, Broadway, Westminster.
Females at 6, Public meeting at 8
Phoenix Coffee-house, Milton St.

TUESDAY.

Aldersgate-street Chapel. Catholic Association
Harp Alley School-room, Farringdon st.
School-room, opposite the Workhouse, Bethnal green
Baptist Chapel, Northampton st., Somers' Town
School-room, London-lane, Hackney
Ebenezer Chapel, Old street road
Mr. Lyon's School rooms, No. 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Meeting of members for Roman Catholics only.
Temperance room, back of Kentish Waggoners, Kent st. Boro'
Catholic Free School, George st., St. Giles
Derby-st., School room, Rosemary-lane
South London Temperance Hall. Roman Catholic Association
Temperance room, Young st., Kensington
School-room, York st., Walworth. For Females only at 6
Rockingham House, New Kent road
Ebenezer Chapel, Church lane, Whitechapel
School room, Grafton st., Fitzroy square
Providence Chapel, Princes st., Great Garden-st., Whitechapel
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster
British School room, Stratford, 7½
Chelsea Temperance Hall
Jerusalem Coffee-house, Jerusalem-passage, Clerkenwell. Youths
School-room, Ship-yard, Wardour st. Females every 2nd and 4th Tuesday in the month
School-room, Johnson's street, Tower st., Westminster road.
Females at 6. General meeting at 8

WEDNESDAY.

Aldersgate st. Chapel, United Temperance Association
School-room, Little Chamber's st., Goodman's Field
School-room, Oxford-buildings, Oxford st.
Haggerstone. Infants' School-room, near the Bridge
Chelsea Temperance Hall. Catholic Total-Abstinence Society
Temperance Hall, Hampstead
Ivy lane, Hoxton. Females only at 6. Public meeting at 8
Temperance-rooms, Fleur-de-lis Court, Fetter-lane. Females at 6, Public meeting at 8
Wesleyan Chapel, Adelaide square., Shepperton st. New North Road, Islington.
Pepperell's Coffee-house, White-cross-street. Females only at 7
Mr. Knight's School room, Cambridge road. Youths only 7½
Rockingham House New Kent road. Youths
Fisher st. School room, Red Lion square
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster. 6 to 7, For Females only. Public meeting at 8
Eastfield st., Limehouse Fields. Youths
Bayham terrace Chapel, Camden Town
Wesleyan Chapel, Wandsworth, at 7
Albert Coffee room, 1, Crown Court, Crown st., Finsbury
Phoenix Coffee-house, Milton st. Youths

THURSDAY.

Chapel, Aldersgate street
Union Coffee-House, Golden lane
Chapel House Academy, Vauxhall row
Wesley Association Chapel, Giffin st., Deptford
Mr. Lyon's School rooms, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Meeting of the Catholic Association
Mariners' Church, Wellclose Square
South London Temperance Hall, near the Elephant & Castle
School room, 51½, Union st. Borough. Females only from 6 to 8, for Males from 8 to 10
School-room, Nelson st. Windmill lane, Camberwell. Females only at 6, Public Meeting at 8
School-room, Manor road, Parrock st., Gravesend
Temperance-rooms, Paradise st., Rotherhithe
British School-room, Ship yard, Wardour st.
British School. George st., Regent st., Lambeth walk
Chelsea Temperance Hall
Ebenezer Chapel, Church lane, Whitechapel
Rayner's Temperance Coffee-rooms, Broadway, Westminster
Railway Coffee-house, 49, Church st., Shoreditch
Albion Coffee-rooms, Pockock fields, Islington. Youths

FRIDAY.

Harp Alley School-room, Farringdon st.
Wesleyan Chapel, Webster st., Blackfriars. Members meeting
Broker-row, Mint, Borough
Subscription School-room, Church st., Islington
School-room, Wick st., Hackney
Angel Alley, Bishopsgate. Females at 6, Public-meeting at 8
Chapel, Upper Ogle st., Fitzroy square
School-room, London lane, Hackney. Youths only
Williams's Coffee-house, Staines road, Hounslow
South London Temperance Hall. Roman Catholic Association
School-room, Charles st., Dalston
Railway Coffee-house, 49 Church st., Shoreditch. Youths only—7½
Enon Temperance Chapel, St. Clement's lane, Clare Market
Temperance-room, Kent st., Borough

SATURDAY.

Aldersgate-st. Chapel. United Temperance Association
Lyon's School-room, 44, Ratcliffe-highway. Social Meeting of the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Association
Rockingham House, New Kent Road
Snead's Coffee-house, Ethan place, Boro'. Social meeting
Temperance Chapel, Broadway, Westminster
Rayner's Tem. Coffee-rm., Broadway, Westminster, mem. meet.
Temp. Coffee room, 86, Waterloo road, Lambeth. Mem. meeting.
Stanbope Coffee house, 73, Turnmill st., Social meeting

The Secretaries of the various Societies are particularly requested to correct the above list.

RECHABITE MEETINGS.

Southern Counties Brotherhood of Rechabites.
Aug. 6th.—Tent of the Star of Temperance, 35, Drury-lane.
—13th.—Tent of Jonadab, 73, Turnmill-street.
—14th.—Tent of John the Baptist, 74, Blackman-st, Boro'.
—17th.—Tent of the good Samaritan, Temperance Coffee-house, Camden-street, Islington.

Independent Order of Rechabites.

"Samson Tent," 86, Waterloo-road, Lambeth, Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.
"British Metropolitan Tent," 157, High-street, Shadwell, Thursday evening, 8 o'clock.
"City of London Tent," Dennis's Coffee-house Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell, Wednesday Evening, 8 o'clock.

DURHAM PARK, GRAND GALA.

AUGUST 10th, 1839.

The Members and Friends of the UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION are respectfully informed, that every arrangement will be made by the Committee to accommodate them with conveyances on the above occasion. Tickets may be had of the Committee at Aldersgate-street Chapel, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

W. H. WESTON, Secretary.

The Teetotalers of Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Bedfordshire, are respectfully informed that the talented Advocate of the "United Temperance Association," MR. JAMES MEE, will visit the above Counties immediately, and our friends in those parts will do well to avail themselves of his valuable services.

MR. GAWTHORP, the talented Advocate of the United Temperance Association, will be present at the Chapel on Saturday Evening, when he will give an account of his visit to the North, &c.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE MEMBERS are respectfully informed that the next QUARTERLY MEETING OF MEMBERS will be held at ALDERSGATE CHAPEL,

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5th.

at half-past Seven o'clock,—for Renewal of Cards, and on other SPECIAL BUSINESS.—Members must produce their Cards at the door.

28th July, 1840.

H. W. WESTON, Secretary.

Public Meeting at Nine o'clock.

This day is published, price 6d.

THE LAST DAY OF A CONDEMNED,

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo,

By GEORGE W. M. RYLANDS.

GEORGE HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILEY.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

VOL. I., No. 7.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS "TEETOTALER" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the *United Temperance Association*; the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of *TEETOTALISM*, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the *Journal* for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of *Teetotalism*, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by MR. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, No. 12, Basing-Lane, Bread-Street, Chertside: MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: MR. STRANGE, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and MR. WILSON, Printer, 38, Red-Cross-Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN LONDON.

It was then about ten o'clock in the evening; and London was all bustle and light. The honest portion of society had desisted from its labours: and the toils of the bad began. The merchant, the clerk, and the tradesman had given up the avocations of the day; and the adventurer, the thief, the prostitute, and the gamester commenced their pursuits with all the ardour that is usually manifested in a good cause. Then the poor houseless wanderer begs the charity of the passenger with more assurance, because the partial darkness of the hour conceals his face, and because the prospect of sleeping in the streets fortifies his courage to do that at which his soul revolts. A strange contrast to that shivering mendicant is the lady of pleasure—clad in gay attire, bedecked with ribands, her cheeks covered with rouge to supply that hue which dissipation has taken away—and arraying her countenance in all the smiles usually worn by happiness and contentment. The lot of the beggar is preferable to that of the fallen girl: the former may be loathed by an uncharitable world; the latter is loathed both by the world and by herself!

Victor was led by his *chaperon* along Fleet-street and the Strand, to Leicester-square; and

Mr. Tibbatts did not fail to call his companion's attention to everything worthy of the observation of a novice upon London. When they reached Leicester-square, the guide knocked at a door over which a lamp burnt brightly. The summons was immediately answered by a domestic in very shabby livery; and Tibbatts, without making any enquiry, led the way to a room on the first floor, where a scene, to our hero quite new, suddenly broke upon his sight.

In the midst of this room, to the windows of which there were dingy red curtains, was a large oval table, covered with green cloth; and the green cloth itself seemed to be embellished with certain cabalistic lines and divisions, which were evidently of great use to those who were seated or standing round the table. On each side of this table, at the flattened parts of the oval, sat a shabby ill-looking man, both with wooden rakes in their hands, and large green shades over their eyes to protect them from the glare of the lamp which was suspended immediately over the centre of the table. Before one of these persons was a tin box containing money, and which Victor understood to be denominated the "Bank;" and four or five other individuals were engaged in playing at the game called "Hazard." One was a young man, with a very pale countenance, sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks, and who drank gin-and-water as he attempted the chances of the game. Chances! there are no chances at "Hazard;" but there are certainties—and they are all in favour of the "Bank," which in process of time must possess itself of all the capital advanced against it. This young man however played desperately; and each time he lost was signalized by a new draught of spirits-and-water.

The money staked at this gambling-house was only silver; and Mr. Tibbatts informed our hero that it was therefore called a "Silver Hell."

"There are several magnificent establishments of this kind, upon a very grand scale, and where only gold is staked, at the West End," said the *chaperon*; "but here my shabby coat is not noticed, and it would be there. Besides, it is easier to obtain a lesson from life in these minor dens, than in the larger pandemoniums of infamy. Watch that pale-faced young man!"

Victor glanced again towards the youth whom he had before noticed, and saw that he was now deeply agitated. He plunged his hands desperately into every pocket, and found nothing more to stake. In the course of an hour, as it appeared from an observation which he suffered to fall from his lips, he had lost about ten pounds in stakes of a few shillings each; and then an old man, who was sitting close by one of the *croupiers*, and who was busily engaged in pricking a card (a method by which he calculated the chances of the game) coolly informed the young gambler that he deserved to lose his money for having played it so recklessly. Impatient of receiving advice on such an occasion, the young man threw the remnants of his gin-and-water into the face of the old one; and in a moment all was riot and confusion. The *croupiers*

called to order, while they kept a fast hold upon the tin box; and Tibbatts, fearing to be compromised in the disturbance, should the police visit the house, desired Victor to follow him away from the den.

"Well—what think you of the first scene in the great drama of London life?" enquired Tibbatts, when he and our hero were once more in the open air.

"I am glad that I have visited that place to-night, because I feel that I can now never become a gambler," was the reply.

"You may depend upon it (if I must hold forth upon morality) that it is better to let the youth who is just embarking in the world, see all that is hideous in the shape of those snares into which he may be likely to fall, and this measure will be a better preventive against delinquency than the opposite system of forbidding him even to gaze upon such scenes:—at least, such are my sentiments," said Mr. Tibbatts, with well affected sincerity.

"I am inclined to agree with you," observed Victor. "But here is a poor fellow apparently in a great state of exhaustion."

As he made this latter remark, our hero pointed to a mendicant who was lying upon the threshold of a door in the Square, and who was sending forth the most piteous moans. The light of the street lamp shone fully upon his countenance; and Victor saw that it was distorted with pain and anguish. He accordingly took a few half-pence from his pocket (poor as he himself was), and presented them to the beggar.

"Thankee' kindly, Sir," said the man, apparently deeply grateful for this assistance. "You have probably saved the lives of nine innocent children this night by your bounty. I dared not go home without taking them bread; and now I have sufficient to make them happy at least for a few hours."

The beggar raised himself up with great difficulty, as he uttered these words, and clung to the railings for support.

"What is the matter with you, my good fellow?" enquired Victor, commiserating the man's condition.

"Misery and want have nearly killed me, Sir," was the answer. "This is the first night I ever came out into the streets to beg; but I could not see my wife and children famishing before my face. I have not tasted food myself, for three days, and shall only eat a mouthful of bread to-night. But, while I eat that mouthful, I shall bless you, Sir."

The tears started to our hero's eyes, and he hurried his companion onward at a rapid rate, his mind deeply affected with the idea that there were hundreds of poor wretches in the same predicament as the beggar whom he had just relieved, in the streets at that moment. Mr. Tibbatts said nothing; but led the way towards the Strand.

At the corner of one of the streets leading from the Strand to the banks of the river, is a well-known pawnbroker's and jeweller's shop. The proprietor of this place is a great discounteer, and does a considerable quantity of business in many ways with the fashionable young men about town.

It was to the shop belonging to this pawn-

broker that Mr. Tibbatts conducted our hero; and, when they reached it, the former led the way into the side entrance, which communicates with the row of little boxes, in the door to each of which there is a window.

"Three words were sufficient to denote Cæsar's pursuits," said Mr. Tibbatts; "let the same quantity be enough to instruct you how to act. Use your eyes!"

Victor did as he was bade, and glanced into the half-dozen boxes, one after the other. The first contained a fashionably-dressed individual, with long flowing hair, a slight *moustache*, and incipient whiskers. He leant against the side of the box with considerable *nonchalance*, playing with his eye-glass, while one of the shopmen, on the inner side of the counter, was strictly examining a very handsome watch which the young fashionable had tendered to him: indeed, he seemed as happy and comfortable as if he had just received a magnificent present, instead of being compelled to take his watch to the pawnbroker's.

Presently the shopman said something to him, and the young fashionable answered in a voice which was easily overheard by our hero.

"Well, 'pon my word, that's too bad! only eight guineas upon a watch which I paid—or rather am to pay forty-five for! I got it as a part of the value given for a discount—a little vulgar piece of stiff; and the discounteer swore it would pledge for fifteen at least! This is deuced provoking: you must make it ten—I shall take it out again to-morrow!"

The shopman however refused to give any more than the sum he had originally offered, which was eight pounds eight shillings; and the young gentleman calmly consigned the money to his waistcoat pocket. He then sneaked out of the box, and darted down the street towards the Thames, tearing up the duplicate into little pieces as he went along. So much for his intention of redeeming the watch again!

In the second box was a sickly, but interesting-looking girl, belonging to the middling classes. Her eyes were of a soft deep blue, and the elegance of her form was visible even through the large shawl in which it was enveloped. There was a placid melancholy upon her countenance, which immediately rivetted the attention of our hero towards her; and it was with a certain tightening sensation about the heart that he saw her take from beneath her shawl, a shirt—probably her father's shirt, and receive from the shopman four shillings in exchange. She carefully placed the duplicate in her bosom, and then issued from the box with hasty and timid steps, casting down her eyes, and drawing her shawl more closely around her, when she found that two men were standing in the corridor communicating with the boxes.

In the third department allotted to customers, was a gaily-dressed female, whose face was flushed with drinking, and who laughed and joked with the shopman, as she exchanged her gold ear-rings against a pound; then, as she left the box, she uttered some obscene joke for the behoof of our hero and his companion, and walked boldly up into the Strand, as if she were not ashamed of the place from which she had just emanated.

In the fourth box there was a poor old man, bowed down apparently as much by misfortune as by years, and with a deep settled melancholy upon his countenance. He pledged a blanket, and begged so hard for a shilling beyond the amount proffered, that only a pawnbroker's shopman could have refused the demand. But all persons connected with the pawnbroker's business have lost the soft feelings of humanity.

We shall not introduce our readers to the fifth and sixth boxes at this pawnbroker's shop, on the evening when Victor Melville and Mr.

Tibbatts performed their journey of discovery, and (as far as regarded the former) of initiation. We shall follow them away from this dispiriting scene, and pursue their footsteps as far as High-street, St. Giles's, to which quarter Mr. Tibbatts conducted his companion through the most convenient cuts and alleys, not forgetting to take Seven Dials in his way.

Like no other quarter of London is Saint Giles's, at the hour of midnight. In all the streets which lead from the High-street, the doors of the houses are for the most part open; and groupes of women stand at the wooden railings before the dwellings, engaged in a conversation where oaths and curses are far more frequent than flowers of rhetoric. The men sail home from the public-houses in a happy state of independence and elevation, caring not whether they make their way over the bodies of friends or foes, anathematizing the policeman who dreads the denizens of that happy region, and ready to fight all the world, from their deadly enemies, if they have any, down to their own wives. Before the shops close at night, numbers of itinerant vendors of fried fish, meat pies, and oysters, erect little portable shops on the curb-stones of the pavement, and ply their trade with all the importance of licensed victuallers.

But it was now twelve at night, and the shops were closed,—so were the public-houses. The principal objects of attraction in those regions, at that hour, were the groupes of women engaged in conversation, the numbers of men who had been overtaken by liquor (and, by the way, this was a pursuer which they never eluded), the little knot of individuals engaged in witnessing a fight between two drunken coal-heavers on one side, the beggar-woman and her four or five starving children all crowding together on another, the women of the town, and the old libertine sneaking along some obscure alleys as if he were well aware of the impropriety of his conduct. Mr. Tibbatts struck into one of the narrowest, dirtiest, and darkest streets in that neighbourhood,—its precise situation we shall not, for many reasons, point out to the reader;—and, after having examined three or four houses with the utmost attention, he boldly knocked at the door of one of them.

There was an area to this house; and before the front door was opened, a gruff voice challenged the visitors from that abyss.

"Holloa!" said the voice, "who's here?"

"Fly to the fakement,^a old fellow," returned Tibbatts, suddenly changing his tone to that of the most familiar vulgarity. "Hand up the darkey,^b and don't keep me and my pal here in the cold. There's a bob^c in his cly^d which may find its way into your gropus,^e if you're nibsom^f and will make it all right."

"I understand," said the voice; and the area door was then closed very gently. In a few moments a man, with a dark lanthorn in his hand, appeared at the front door, which he opened cautiously. "What's your name?" he demanded of Tibbatts, as soon as he had admitted the two visitors and had shut the door again.

"Mine's Wilkins, and his is Thompson," answered Mr. Tibbatts, pointing to his companion. "He's rather green—not full-fledged yet; but wants to soar. Still he's downey enough not to nose^g it on you or the ben-culls;^h and if he don't mean to go to Tuck-up-fairⁱ himself, he's not likely to send any one there."

The man, who was probably well pleased at receiving so excellent a character of our young hero, honoured him with a gracious

^a "Wide awake."

^b Dark lanthorn

^c Shilling

^d Waistcoat-pocket

^e Pocket

^f Gentlemanly—civil

^g Betray

^h Good-fellows

ⁱ The gallows

smile; and Mr. Tibbatts intimated the necessity of a small reward being tendered to the Cerberus.

"It will cost you a shilling or two now," said this gentleman: "but depend upon it, the lesson will be an useful one."

Victor presented the man with a shilling; and he and Mr. Tibbatts were immediately ushered into a large room, to which they descended by a flight of about half a dozen steps. The door then closed behind them; and Tibbatts, hastily leading the way to two vacant chairs at a long deal table, whispered to his companion not to appear embarrassed or alarmed.

But in sooth there was enough to embarrass and alarm our hero. Instantly burst upon a scene, which, if done justice to by the most graphic pen, would be a room, about seventy feet long, by twenty-five broad, were assembled upwards of forty of the most strange-looking persons Melville had ever beheld. Rags, filth, and ugliness seemed to be their characteristics. Two long tables were laid out for supper,—that is, so far as a greasy cloth and a quantity of knives and forks of all shapes and sizes, can be denominated a preparation. The room itself was lighted by means of a number of tallow candles in tin shades; and as no one took the trouble to snuff them, the tallow streamed to the ground in some instances, and on a gentleman's back in another. But neither the ground nor the back were much injured by this species of anointment, the one being covered with sand, the other with rags. The walls of the apartment had originally been white-washed; but they now manifested the total disregard to all unnecessary expense which was experienced by the proprietor of this house of entertainment.

The inmates of this apartment were immediately taken by our hero for that which they really were,—viz., the beggars from the streets. One had a coat without sleeves, another had sleeves and no coat; here was an individual, one leg of whose trousers was of canvass, and the other of cloth; and there was a fourth, whose garments were so perforated with holes, that it was impossible to decide whether a larger portion of rags or naked flesh met the eye. One had a wooden leg in reality—another a sham one; or rather, they had both wooden legs, but the former required that substitute; and the other did not. One had a black patch over a sound eye; and another left his blind eye naked. In fact, the guests assembled at those two tables, presented to the eyes of our hero the most extraordinarily combined mass of contradictions, deceptions, and misfortunes he had ever gazed upon. And then the hum of all their voices—their oaths—their asseverations—their flash language—and their disputes, added for a few moments, until he gradually became accustomed to the strangeness of the scene, to the embarrassment which he naturally experienced upon suddenly finding himself in such society.

In the course of a quarter of an hour after Victor and his companion had taken their seats, and when the members of the club had ceased to regard them with looks of curiosity, a side-door opened, and two or three waiters, with aprons which seemed to have been usually hung up the chimney when their proprietors did not require their services, hastened into the room, laden with gigantic dishes which they placed upon the table. The sound of the busy voices was then suddenly hushed, and all eyes were turned to scrutinize the luxuries provided for the evening's entertainment. There were joints roasted and boiled—mighty pies—large quantities of vegetables—and a profusion of bread. Vigorous arms soon made deep incisions upon the joints; and hungry jaws speedily committed dire roads upon the dainties thus provided. Num-

berless pots of porter were then introduced by the same dirty-aproned lacqueys; and the clatter of knives and forks for a time superseded the din of tongues.

In order not to appear singular amongst that strange society, our hero and his companion forced themselves to partake of the viands set before them. Suddenly Melville laid down his knife and fork in the most unfeigned astonishment, and followed with his eyes an individual who had just entered the room, and who, ere he took his seat, cut a saucy fling in the middle of the room, thereby displaying a great elasticity of limb.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Titus in a whisper. "You must not seem to be astounded at anything here."

"Astounded!" returned Victor, in the same *sotto voce*: "who could help being astounded, at now seeing a man in full possession of health and strength, when only a short time previously that same individual was apparently all but dying in the streets? Do you not recognize our friend?"

"Ah! I was not mistaken," coolly observed Mr. Tibbatts, as he glanced towards the man, whom his companion had relieved in Leicester-square. "My dear fellow," he added, still whispering, "it is almost useless to felicitate one's self upon having done a charitable deed in London: nearly every beggar whom we meet in the streets is an impostor. Probably this man is unmarried, and has no more children than you or I."

"This is indeed an useful lesson which I have received to-night," remarked Melville. "But see; the impudent fellow has recognized us, and is amusing his companions with the tale."

"Do not appear to notice the circumstance," whispered Tibbatts. "We have no right to intrude ourselves here; and these men, who only tolerate us as long as we behave in a quiet and tranquil manner, would make us remember this evening to the latest hour of our lives, if they suspected that we came to spy their actions with any other motive than one of pure curiosity. They know that gentlemen occasionally come amongst them; and then they affect to take no notice of their presence. I have been here before, and am acquainted with the efficacy of a few flash words uttered to the porter of the establishment."

"That was the secret which obtained us admission," said Victor; but, ere Mr. Tibbatts could make any reply, a plate was handed round by the waiters, and every individual threw nine-pence into it. This was the price of each man's supper: Victor accordingly increased the contributions by eighteen-pence, thereby settling for himself and companion.

When this ceremony was accomplished, the dishes were cleared away, the cloths were removed, and pipes, tobacco, and cheroots were placed upon the tables. The guests then proceeded to order that which each preferred to drink: some chose beer; others spirits; and one or two, who had probably carried on their traffic that day to considerable advantage, indulged in a little hot elder wine. Our hero and his companion immediately followed this example; although no one pressed them to take any refreshment. Not a syllable was addressed to them by a soul; and, when the conversation again became general amongst the beggars, their presence seemed to have been entirely forgotten.

It is almost impossible to rush headlong into scenes of temptation, either through motives of curiosity or to test our powers of self-control, without becoming contaminated. Such was the case with Melville in this instance. He drank glass after glass, and at length entered into familiar conversation with the mendicants around him. He became their intimate friend and their jovial companion in that hour

of debauchery; and low as he had already fallen from the effects of drink, he now fell lower still. Like all drunkards, he had increased the quantity of his diurnal potations by degrees; and in the same gradient manner had he each day descended a step more on the ladder which led him from the eminence of his respectability to the depth of his shame. He had committed a debauch in a gin-palace, and he thought that was bad enough for a gentleman; he now committed a debauch amongst beggars; and he made the impostor and the rogue his equals. When he awoke in the morning, he found himself in his own room, in Albion-buildings; and it was with feelings of the most unmitigated disgust that he recalled to mind the particulars of the previous evening's dissipation.

Scarcely had he collected his scattered ideas and convinced himself that he was really that degraded being—an habitual drunkard—when Mr. Robus entered the room, bearing a letter in his hand. The epistle was addressed to Victor Melville: its edges were marked with a broad black border. Hastily snatching it from the hands of his landlord, Melville tore it open; and when his eyes had rapidly scanned its contents, the letter fell from his hands—he threw himself back upon his pillow, and exclaimed in a tone of the deepest grief and perplexity, "Heavens! what can I do? I have not even a friend to assist me with his advice!"

(To be continued in our next.)

INSTINCT AND REASON.

It was a bold attempt in that most quaint and pleasant, yet—most profound of essayists,—Montaigne, to venture to efface the broad line of demarcation which a proud philosophy has so disdainfully traced between the instinct of brutes and the intelligence of man. It was a bold attempt, in such an age as his, to affront that metaphysical superstition, which, severing man from the animal creation of which he is but the head, placed him at an immeasurable distance above it, endowing him with a nature not only superior, but essentially distinct. For the metaphysician, not startled at the idea of supposing a gap in that gradual series of ascents so visible throughout creation, coolly snapped the chain of instinct, and abruptly fixed man at the lower extremity of another chain, to which he assigned the name of Reason. Except the relation of juxtaposition, he would acknowledge none other between them. It seems never to have surprised him that nature, hitherto so regular and progressive, "liberal, but not profuse," superadding with such beautiful frugality one improvement upon another, and effecting vast results by successive and almost inappreciable differences, should at this stage of her operation proceed for the first time *per saltum*, leaving an immense chasm between the point from which she had departed and that at which she had arrived. He found it more easy to imagine this anomaly than to look upon creation as Montaigne looked upon it, and to say with him, "*Il y a quelque difference, il y a des ordres et des degres, mais c'est sous le visage d'une meme nature*;" for he could not abide to see in the instincts of the superior brutes too close an approximation to the intellect of man. It was impossible, indeed, to overlook the fact that a type was to be found in them, however imperfect, feeble, and obscure, of the faculties of the human mind; but he contemptuously rejected the only legitimate inference that could be drawn from it. Spurning instinct as a mere product of matter, he assumed a new principle, an immaterial substance as the exclusive source of intellect. Never was there a more gratuitous assumption—never a grosser disregard of that system of relation everywhere so manifest in nature.

Glance as carelessly as we may at the vegetable or animal kingdom, it is impossible not to be struck by that law of progressive improvement, in virtue of which the lowest and most feeble forms of life in each are gradually varied into the highest and most vigorous. If, for instance, we consider the most inartificial form of animal life as exhibited in the homogeneous structure of the zoophyte, with what solemn interest do we perceive it becoming complicated by degrees, diversified into parts, enriched with organs and their appropriate functions, the energy and number of its manifestations corre-

ponding with the increasing opulence of its structure, until at last it receives its consummation in the wonderful mechanism of man. But how does our interest soar, when once we are sensible that as the organization loses its primitive simplicity and rudeness, in the same ratio it evolves not only a more profuse and imposing manifestation of the vital principle, but a class of functions, the especial object of which is to determine its relation with other objects. Suppose, for a moment, that we were making acquaintance with animal existence in its ascending series, with what delight should we watch the development of these functions—called instinct in all animals but one,—and with what intense impatience should we press on to contemplate their final and most excellent development in the highest of all animals! How certainly—confiding in our experience that the more perfect the organization, the more perfect the intelligence—how certainly should we expect to find the most exalted illustration of this unerring law in man. And to what a high pitch of expectation should we be wrought, were we previously apprized that the peculiar organ of these functions had received a superb development in him! What magnificent anticipations should we indulge of the variety, and extent, and force of his intelligence! But what would be our astonishment at the very moment of their being realized, when the metaphysician stepping up, solemnly proclaimed that though our anticipations were right in fact, they were wrong in principle; that though the results we admired were those we had foreseen, they were not the results of the law we had observed, but of a new and distinct one now coming suddenly into operation; that what we had hitherto seen was the product of matter; what we now saw was the product of spirit! Should we not, as soon as we could command our gravity, or be assured of his,—should we not insist that the law of relation and continuous improvement progressing in other respects unbroken to the end, there is no more reason to suppose it suspended for one class of phenomena than for the rest?

Consequently, if he maintain that brute intelligence is a material product, he has no pretence for affirming that human intelligence is not; if he can prove the latter to be the product of spirit, he must acknowledge the former, which is cognate with it, to be also its result. Such is the conclusion at which common sense arrives, and which the sublime philosophy of Locke admits.

Nor would there have been any confusion on a matter so plain and obvious, if the dreams of philosophy had not invoked religion to their aid. The pernicious habit of bringing all knowledge to the altar to be gauged and measured by the theological scale, was the eternal resource by which dogmatism, in this as in other things, threw obstacles in the way of rational inquiry. Had this pretended scale of truth been really that one which we believe is graduated by the hand of God, the evil would have been infinitely less; but unhappily its divisions were the arbitrary assumption of human speculation. Whatever, therefore, was adverse to the pretensions of metaphysical philosophy, became adverse to religion; and whenever these pretensions were rudely menaced, she rang her tocsin and proclaimed, trumpet-tongued, that revelation was in danger. The subject we have been considering furnishes an illustration of this. Obeying a passionate desire of man to triumph over that greatest imperfection which is essential to all living matter, its mortality, the metaphysician very early imagined an immaterial substance, which, incorporated with his material structure, would at its dissolution be released, and exist in a separate and immortal state. When revelation, therefore, armed with its divine credentials, announced the resurrection and another world, philosophy gladly received this triumphant proof of its whole theory of an immortal part in man. But as the promise of immortality was made exclusively to the latter, who was by no means anxious to share this magnificent privilege with inferior animals, philosophy willingly flattered his vanity by denying an immortal, and consequently, by the converse of its own reasoning, an immaterial principle to them. Hence, by a misconstruction of revelation, she found herself compelled to consider the whole existence of brutes, with all its manifestations of life and intelligence, as the mere product of matter. This was a first error, which gave rise to a second and graver one.

In process of time there sprang up a class of reasoners, who, after attentively observing the phenomena of matter, pronounced it to be equal to the manifestation of every function which is anywhere connected with it. Of an immaterial substance they saw no trace, and denied all existence. Instinct they found acknowledged as a property of

matter: they could not assign a different origin to reason. The metaphysician was therefore in despair and wrath: the thunders of heaven were invoked against the wretch who presumed to question its decrees; the finger of scorn haunted him at every step; he was abhorred and avoided as a leper. One of two things he must choose,—either to abandon his convictions, or to scorn the doctrine that assailed him, as a fable. It is easy to conceive which of them he chose; and thus men were driven into hatred and contempt of religion by this injudicious eagerness to make it the arbiter between contending speculations, with neither of which it was concerned. For what does religion teach? That man is immortal? No—only that he shall become so! That he differs from other matter? No—only that he shall be made to differ! And because philosophers choose to overlook these marked distinctions, they have been compelled to commit an absurdity in their own speculations, and, what is of very different importance, gratuitously to ascribe a contempt of revelation to the speculations of other men. But the time is fast approaching when the pious will overcome the dishonourable suspicion that religion is not in itself a compact of proof,—“that impious diffidence,” as Bacon finely calls it, “which is afraid lest it should discover in nature what would subvert faith.” We shall believe in revelation, yet believe too in whatever has evidence enough to satisfy our reason; and we shall not hesitate to confront the oracles of God with those of Nature, confident that if they do not at present coincide, a deeper investigation will efface their opposition.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

During the seven weeks of the existence of *The Teetotaler*, we have received such numbers of letters and communications from various correspondents, that we must now solicit the favour of being permitted to answer them all *en masse*.

In making up our minds thus to dispose of a mass of correspondence, and to answer many letters with one reply, we hope that those who do not receive private rejoinders to their valuable suggestions and hints, will not accuse us of rudeness, but will find for us an apology in the press of business which naturally and necessarily devolves upon us at the outset of this gigantic enterprise. For, although the mere editorship of this journal may seem an easy matter to the superficial beholder, we do not hesitate to inform our readers that it is associated with other duties which render the whole stewardship of the enterprise a laborious and fatiguing one, and an occupation which would try the patience of many, were not that patience supported by the excellence of the cause.

In the first place we have been accused of devoting too much of our space to light matter, and almost altogether losing sight of religious articles. To this accusation we so far plead guilty, that we admit that our chief aim is to inculcate the principles of Teetotalism through the medium of amusing fictions as much as through dry essays or lectures. By this plan we form a new feature in the world of Teetotal Journalism; we supply a desideratum acknowledged by the mere fact of the support which we have experienced; and we present the world with a periodical which will procure access into many coteries, assemblies, and private families, into which a mere report of Teetotal progress and operation would never find its way. We thus interfere but little with the other journals already established; and we have the vanity to suppose that we shall in time create our own class of readers. It is therefore evident that religious disquisition is incompatible with a journal so conducted; and, although we render our articles perfectly moral, and admit none that militate in the least against the pure doctrines of the Christian creed, we do not profess to publish essays whose subjects are entirely of a religious nature. We thus hope that our journal will suit the Catholic as well as the Protestant—the Dissenter as well as the disciple of the Church of England—the votary of one sect as well as the adherent to another.

We have, in the next place, received multifarious epistles upon the long and short pledges; and many have point-blank demanded of us which pledge we advocate. We now answer these queries. We do not enter upon dissertations on the qualities of either pledge, because we advocate both. We do not embarrass ourselves, nor trouble our readers, with the discrepancies of opinions entertained on this head: we are devoted to the grand principles of Teetotalism; and we revere and support all measures which we deem calculated to further the views of its disciples. The United Temperance Association, whose interests we chiefly represent, admits the advocates of both pledges beneath its banners; its aim is union; and its object and its hope is to connect in one vast society—to link together in one grand fraternity—all those who profess the doctrines of Teetotalism. The necessity of union, amongst the Teetotalers of London at least, is every day becoming more apparent, in consequence of the intestine

feuds and the petty jealousies which exist amongst the members of rival societies. Those who really wish well to the cause of total abstinence, will seriously reflect upon the necessity of joining the United Temperance Association, which admits the votaries of both pledges, and which offers the grand principle of Union as the guarantee of its strength, its moral excellence, its disinterestedness, and its increasing importance.

Amongst a heap of letters lying upon our writing-table, are several from correspondents in the country, soliciting information relative to the manner in which we expound certain Teetotal doctrines, or the way in which we refute certain arguments used by our opponents. To the often-repeated question, “Whether Temperance measures are not sufficiently effective?” we at once reply, “Read our leading article of last week. You will there find it stated that the use leads to the abuse of intoxicating drinks, and that the cause of temptation should be removed altogether.” We may add that we must extirpate the use of strong drinks, in the same way as a gardener roots up a poisonous weed; he does not content himself with simply cutting off the leaves; he tears it out of the ground altogether. Others of our correspondents inform us that many of their acquaintances and friends would join total abstinence associations, did they not labour under the impression that “alcohol is in nature—that it is one of the good creatures of God—and consequently that it is fitted for our use.” Mr. Grindrod, in his admirable work “*Bacchus*,” has adduced several excellent arguments to refute this opinion. He has shown that the elements of alcohol are in nature, but not alcohol itself; and he says that, even if alcohol were in nature, that fact would be no justification of its use. We do not use hemlock, nor any other natural poison, as an article of food; God has taught us to discriminate between evil and good; and in the same way has he enabled us to choose between wholesome aliments and poisons. But alcohol can only be produced from the effects of fermentation, and does not exist in nature.

Another of our correspondents writes to us a letter in which he says, “Instinct prompts us to the use of that which gratifies the palate or the senses; but Reason forbids us.” We can show this correspondent, and all those who entertain a similar opinion, that the use of intoxicating drinks will find but a sorry advocate in the idea that instinct and reason point to two different ways; because instinct and reason are not two separate and specific states of knowledge or intellect; they are the gradations of the same faculty under different denominations.

A correspondent at Manchester deprecates the circumstance that we should have been led into any observations of a personal nature. We can only point to a lying and impudent advertisement in the *Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society*, of the week before last, and signed by a man of the name of Jameson, as a specimen of the malignant endeavours of a few base and grovelling wretches to injure us. This Jameson, although pretending to be a Christian, and sometimes appending the word *Reverend* to his name, has here given the sanction of that name to a statement which he knows to be a direct falsehood. He says that the Editor of this journal “promised to be good;” whereas no such compromise was ever made in the matter alluded to. Even Mr. John Hull himself highly reprobated the officious conduct of this hireling, in thus publicly parading his name in the *Journal*. Mr. Hull has lately declared that he never intended to insult the Committee of *The Teetotaler* by his letter declining to become a subscriber thereto, and that he did not consider it a breach of politeness to return the Editor of *The Teetotaler*’s letter to the writer, with a few words of his own at the back of it. As his ignorance is thus made the ground-work of his apology, we accept that apology, and here may the matter drop.

Several correspondents have written to us to express their approval of the “bold and manly conduct we have adopted in respect to Lord Waldegrave and Captain Duff.” We are pleased to find that our indignation against the aristocratic rioter and his accomplice is shared by so many; and we can assure our correspondents that we shall not fail to watch the proceedings adopted in this matter. We perceive that the “noble” Earl and the “gallant” Captain have been held to a bail of a ridiculous amount by the “worthy” magistrate of Marlborough Street. Why they should have been only bound over for their appearance in a sum which they would doubtless much more readily forfeit than appear on their trial, is a query which only the Solons of the London police courts can answer. A poor man would not have been suffered to put in bail at all; or, if he had been allowed that facility of evading the retribution of justice, the sureties required of him would have been ridiculously disproportionate (in the worst sense of the phrase) with those demanded of Lord Waldegrave and Captain Duff.

To upwards of fifty or sixty correspondents, who suggest “alterations” or “improvements” in the editorial plan of *The Teetotaler*, we return our sincere thanks for their kind suggestions, all of which are received with deference and considered with care. It will be perceived that a few have been adopted; the majority are rejected for reasons which we cannot now explain.

To those correspondents who have written to inquire whether the history of Victor Melville, in the tale entitled “*The Drunkard’s Progress*,” be the autobiography

of the Editor, we return an unqualified negative, thanking them at the same time for the compliment conveyed by the supposition. There is nothing in common between the fortunes of Victor Melville and George W. M. Reynolds. The latter had not to struggle against difficulties at the commencement of his literary career, because he found at the outset an arena ready opened to him in the editorship of the *Monthly Magazine*, a situation which he held for upwards of two years. Then his first work, “*Pickwick Abroad*,” experienced the most unqualified success, its circulation having amounted to many thousands of copies. He was not moreover a drunkard, nor did he enter upon life with all the evils of poverty to surmount. He inherited a large fortune when he came of age five years ago, and lost it by legitimate though unfortunate speculations in Paris. He has, since his return to England, found kind and generous publishers—amongst whom he will mention with gratitude, Mr. Thoms of Warwick Square, Mr. Henderson, No. 2, Old Bailey, and Mr. Tegg, of Cheapside—to support his literary achievements.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank Mr. Cocks, of Manchester, for his kind communication, and consider the conduct of the landlord of the public-house alluded to, to have been most scandalous. The publication of the statement is only omitted through press of matter. We shall be glad to hear again from Mr. Cocks.

We sincerely thank our Loughsight Correspondent for his kind communications; and regret that it does not enter into our plan to insert sketches of so purely a local interest. We shall be glad to receive any account of the transactions of his society with which he may think fit to favour us; and we are obliged to him for his support.

“*THE DRUNKARD’S WILL*” is a clever composition, but rather too severe. E. G. is thanked for his communication. Will he send us an account of the transactions of the Teetotal Society of his town?

A SINCERE FRIEND is thanked for his spirited and manly letter. We regret that his lines upon the Chestnut College affair were forwarded to us so long after the occurrence: they should otherwise have been inserted.

Private answers have been forwarded, as requested, to H. L., X. Y. Z. (Cheriton, Kent), X. Y. Z. (Dover), MARIA, B. C. D., M. N. N., N. L., M. V. C., P., SATIRICUS, HOMO, PROSPER, A. F. and S. S. S.

We regret that we cannot comply with the proposition of ALPHA, relative to the contributions alluded to.

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.

We shall be much obliged to those of our Country Readers, who will favour us with accounts of Teetotal progress, and the transactions of Teetotal Meetings, in the Provincial Towns. We solicit the correspondence of the heads of all Teetotal Societies, promising to devote ample space in our columns to such intelligence.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

For an Advertisement, not exceeding eight lines . . . 5s. 6d.
Every succeeding line 4d.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1840.

How lovely is this earth, with its green trees—its waters—and its flowers! When we wander through the verdant groves, where thousands of feathered warblers are pouring forth their untutored harmony—or when skimming the surface of the deep in the noble vessel that triumphs over the tide; how boundless should be our admiration of Nature’s enchanting wonders! The blue and serene sky—the dun clouds of sun-set—the variegated colours of sweet flowers—the blossoms of spring—the fruits of autumn—the golden harvests—the shady bowers of jessamine and clematis—the lofty hill—the peaceful valley, with its happy village—the splendours of great cities—the simplicity of the hamlet—the pomp of armaments—the humble congregation of peasants around the pulpit of their pastor—the hoary-headed patriarch—the lovely shepherdess;—all these, the glories of Nature and of God, are but distant and fitful visions in the mind of the intemperate man!

How distressing is it to know that at the moment when the votaries of Teetotalism are thronging around the platforms of their advocates in the Chapels and Halls consecrated to the genius of Temperance,—how distressing is it to know that at that moment so many myriads of our fellow countrymen are offering up their holocausts at the shrine of Intoxication! Or, again, when the happy and right-minded Teetotalers are passing the evening agreeably together in some gay, but innocent place of resort, the intemperate portion of the community is engaged in those dens of iniquity—the public-houses. The drunkard knows not the joys which are experienced by the Teetotaler. He cannot appreciate that mental placidity—that equanimity of spirits

which are the associates of temperance: he is blind to all the charms of Nature, the sweets of domestic comfort, the consolations of a virtuous mind, and the soothing beneficence of religion; he does not walk up the shady grove to enjoy the beauties of Nature, but to reach the tavern which may be in its vicinity; he changes the hours of rest into a period of boisterous mirth; and he pursues the road of dissipation with that recklessness which belongs to the mind that is compelled to bring bravado to the aid of its courage, because the prospects which bound the vista of its existence are the work-house, the lunatic-asylum, the penal colony, or the scaffold!

Can any man in his right senses oppose the doctrines of Teetotalism? Can any one venture to assert that poverty—crime—disease—anarchy—ignorance—and eternal perdition, are preferable to a competency—to virtue—health—peace—education—and salvation in the world to come? And yet the former are the consequences of Intemperance; and the latter are the companions of Total Abstinence. Like the Oromazes and the Ahrimanius of the Persians—like the good and the evil principles taught by the Manichæans—like the Vishnu and Chiven of the Chinese—like the propitious and the inauspicious spirits worshipped by the untaught savage—do Temperance and Intemperance maintain a constant warfare. But, like the old serpent in the "Revelation," the spirit of Intemperance shall be hurled down into the bottomless pit, and Temperance shall be exalted to the seventh heaven of honour and of peace.

It is impossible that a doctrine, which aims at so great a moral reformation as Teetotalism, shall long have to endure the opposition of so many. Truth must triumph over the delusions of falsehood—truth shall conquer all the arguments which are adduced to defend a vicious habit—truth shall hoist a beacon of light upon the rock of salvation—truth shall reduce to silence those who would fain justify their own vices by the pleas of necessity and of the propriety of moderate enjoyment—and truth shall teach the senator as well as the peasant, the monarch as well as the tradesman, the noble as well as the commoner, that social reformation can be alone effected through the uncompromising medium of Teetotalism.

We have been called to account for the levity with which we spoke of the customs of antiquity in our leading article of last week. We do not however hesitate to recapitulate our assertions relative to the folly of attaching any degree of importance to the imagined authority of the habits of our ancestors. The great increase of information on all subjects and in all classes—the many things which in these days it is necessary to know—the many of which one is ashamed to be entirely ignorant—the variety of acquirements essential to a liberal education, all render the task of instruction every day more complicated and difficult. We are no longer at liberty to regard the first years of our childhood as a period of preparatory training, in which we desire to instil habits rather than ideas: on the contrary, intelligence and instruction must appear on the horizon together. Hitherto sixteen of the most precious years of life have been devoted to graceful antiquarian pursuits—to the study of the ancient mind in the beautiful languages which embalm it, but with far greater reference to the language than to the mind. The great art of education was to employ the intellect usefully on what was comparatively useless; and to administer instruction less as a source of ideas than an exercise of faculties. To be a Scholar was fame, and to be imbued, not so much with the spirit of the writings of antiquity, as with a fine subtle sense of the graces of their style,—to be filled with a contemplative admiration of their genius,—to be as nearly as possible an index

to the volumes of antiquity, and their echo,—this was to be a Scholar! But those unfading garlands, wreathed from the choicest flowers of the philosophy and poetry of old, which festooned so gracefully around modern intellect, covering its bare places, and shedding their perfume into its deepest chasms, were fetters (and strong ones too), flowery and fragrant though they were. While they seemed, like light and graceful ornaments, to lie in harmless serenity upon its surface, they effectually restrained that natural and unimpeded action essential to the development of its strength. It has required a long effort, and a powerful one, to release it from this brilliant thralldom.

In philosophy as in literature, in science as in art, there was for many an age the same superstitious reverence for the past—the same reverted and adoring glance. But, by degrees, the intellect became agitated with new desires; the present business of mankind became the proper object of their knowledge; the craving of their wants summoned science to its aid; and science, becoming practical, found itself in communication with every man, stimulated every man, and, teaching him that the future would be the scene of his triumph and his power, gradually weaned him in all things from his exclusive veneration for antiquity.

Let not, therefore, the opponents to Teetotalism quote the customs of our ancestors as arguments against us; we shall refute them by adducing the line of conduct pursued, in respect to the past, by the literary, the scientific, and the moral worlds of the present day.

THE WINES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

(Continued.)

Secondly.—We intended to have commenced this branch of our essay with lengthy extracts from the works of Columella, Pliny, &c., respecting the nature of the ancient wines, and to have adduced abundant proofs that many of the liquors termed wines were of an unintoxicating nature. But we deem this a work of supererogation after the able and elaborate treatises already written on the subject by our contemporaries. It will be sufficient for our argument merely to state, that the earliest method of manufacturing wine was by squeezing the juice of the grape into a cup; this is evident from the Hebrew root *ץץ*, *yanah*, to squeeze, or press; from whence *ץץ*, *yayin*, Greek, *οινος*, wine; so that it will be evident that the unintoxicating or the mere expressed juice of the grape has the most legitimate claim on the word wine. This simple process of manufacture is alluded to in Gen. xl. 11, "Pharaoh's cup was in my hand, and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand." Nor was it entirely confined to this early age; for long after our Saviour's time do we read, that in the council-chamber of the Goths, each chief was attended by his *Gany-mede*, or cup-bearer, who, standing by his side, squeezed the juice of the grape into his chalice. Pliny notices the various kinds of wines in his day as amounting to nearly two hundred, and made from about one hundred different fruits and vegetables. There were the aromatic, or spiced, wines, the sweet wines or sirups, the sour wines or vinegars, the drugged wines or opiate draughts, and various others: indeed, every one made and mixed according to his own palate; so that we may take it for granted, that the unintoxicating juice of the grape has in every way, not only from etymological derivation, but by its long-continued acceptance, every claim on the word wine.

Thirdly.—We now proceed to notice the word generally translated "drunken;" and, however strange it may appear, still we are confident, that repletion rather than intoxication is intended. And this will be at once evident to our readers, when we point out its connexion in one or two passages of Scripture. (1.) In 1 Cor. xi. 21, the apostle Paul,

reprobating the custom of the early Christians making a feast at the sacrament of the Lord's supper, says, "One is hungry and another is drunken." Now, if inebriation, in its mildest form, had been here intended, would not the severest reproaches have been passed upon them? indeed, would St. Paul have been justified in not at once excommunicating them from the sacred altar?—but with the gentlest reproof, he says, "Shall I praise you in this? I praise you not:" and closes by saying, "If any man hunger, let him eat at home." (2.) Eph. v. 18, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be ye filled with the Spirit." We unhesitatingly assert, that the whole force and point of this passage is entirely lost by the use of so ultra a word as "drunk." It must be evident to every one, that the apostle never intended to have so associated the two extremes, in one sentence, of the lowest and most degraded state of sin, and the highest state of holiness. We might proceed to notice the expressions, "Be not given to wine," "to much wine," "filled with wine;" but enough has been said to prove, that as we have no word conveying the idea of excess in drinking without intoxication, our translators were driven to the necessity of using so repugnant a term.

Having endeavoured to establish these three positions;—

I. That the word *Οινος*, "wine," is a general, not a specific, term, implying unintoxicating as well as intoxicating liquors.

II. That the unintoxicating juice of the grape was in general use amongst the Hebrews, at the time of our Saviour, and that it has a legitimate claim to the term "wine."

III. That the word translated, "drunken," implies repletion rather than intoxication;—

We now proceed to apply these positions in the examination of

THE MIRACLE OF OUR SAVIOUR AT CANA.

We have before established the position, that the word "wine" implies no more the nature or quality of the liquor, than the word "medicine" implies any particular drug; consequently it follows, that where an indefinite and comprehensive word is used in connexion with our Saviour, we are justified in supposing that particular thing is intended which would most "manifest forth his glory." Now the established truths of modern physiological and medical research have never been found to contradict the Word of God;—and if the principles on which Teetotalism is founded be correct, namely, "That the use of alcohol is injurious, or, to say the least, needless," then we pledge our lives the word of God will be found to support and advocate the same. And Christians, above all others, ought to prove the principles incorrect, before they look to the Bible for a warrant for their opposition. How strikingly was this manifested in the opposition of the Christian churches to the theories laid down by Galileo,—as to the annual circuit of the world round the sun. Without staying for a moment to examine the truth of his assertion; because it ridiculed their ignorant rendering of the Scriptures, they determined to crush for ever this mighty genius by inquisitorial authority. But how puerile was their attempt! truth prevailed, and they, not the Scriptures, were found in error.

But so far from Teetotalism being in opposition to the will of God or to the Scriptures, we have abundant proofs that total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors has met with the divine approval; as in the cases of Samson, Hannah, Daniel, John the Baptist, the priesthood of the Levites, the Rechabites, and even a pledge of the same, in case of the Nazarites' vow.

We now proceed, without farther comment, to notice how and where this miracle seems to contradict our principles. And the only difficulty has arisen from a supposition that our Bacchanalian orgies had any thing in common with their customs. The remarks of the ruler of the feast have been much misunderstood. "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when they have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now."—From its being the custom of the low pot-house landlords of our

day, when men are "well drunk," (in the common acceptation of the word,) to give them liquors of a weaker sort for the purpose of extortion, it has been judged that a similar practice prevailed at private parties amongst the Jews:—so that every fraudulent publican might quote, as a precedent, ancient practice from the Word of God. If it had been the custom of the Jews, when calling a feast amongst their friends, to present their most inebriating wines at the beginning, in order the earlier to produce intoxication, and thus save expense by the introduction of inferior wines, then we unhesitatingly say, that lost as our country is to every sense of shame,—fettered as she is by the trammels of drinking usages,—yet she is comparatively virtuous,—she happily has not yet arrived at so low an ebb, as to practise, in her social circles, any usage so mean or so grovelling.

It is our duty to free, at once, the Jewish nation from so vile an aspersion; and to state that drunkenness was not a national sin,—and that the Jews have always esteemed intoxication as a great, if not the greatest, crime. Their custom was first to offer to their guests their delicious and unintoxicating liquors, (for a love of inebriation was not present with them; then afterwards that which they deemed worse, as least palatable, a small quantity of an alcoholic beverage.

The bride and bridegroom were doubtless poor, and had expended all they could afford on their feast; and as they deeply regretted their lack, perhaps on our Saviour's account, he, seeing their faith elicited in that very circumstance, wrought the miracle,—a most delicious and perhaps fragrant wine was produced. Then the ruler of the feast, when he had tasted the water that was made wine, said, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, that is, unintoxicating, and when men are well drunk, (that is, as we before proved, well filled,) then that which is worse, (worse in every sense of the word,—the intoxicating,) but thou hast reserved the good wine, (good in every way, good to the bodies, and good to the spirits,) till now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana, of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory." We will not be so presumptuous as to ask, "Is there unrighteousness with God?" but we inquire, If it had been of an intoxicating nature, would it not have induced the parties themselves to mistrust his divinity? And could his glory have been manifested by the creating of that, which, in the smallest quantities, tends, in a certain ratio, to disorganize the nervous system of man?—Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God. J. W.

TEMPERANCE LYRIC.

Genius of good, if still thy wing
O'er Albion's land auspicious soar,
Help to a fallen nation bring,
And raise the drunkard up once more.

The boisterous passions of the soul,
Hate, envy, lust, wrath, and despair,
By Temperance kept beneath controul,
Will ne'er the path of crime prepare.

Genius of good, let Temperance raise
The poor, the humble, and distressed,
To leave the drunkard's evil ways,
And seek the paths of peace and rest.

Cast down the gibbet,—dry the tears
Of those who mourn their fathers' crimes,
So that the deeds of present years
May lead us on to happier times!

NOTES PICKWICKIANÆ.

BY THE EDITOR.
No. V. and last.

Mr. Tupman.—Strong drink is a decided enemy to the charms of the countenance; and without a handsome face, one cannot expect any success amongst the ladies. Since I have left off wine and beer, I have been stared at by all the old women in the workhouse, and all the girls at the charity school. It is however true that I had a peony stuck in my breast—

Mr. Winkle.—Tupman is quite right: intoxicating drinks are certainly prejudicial, especially to the sportsman. I never could kill a bird while I drank; and on the very day that I signed the pledge I caught two in a trap with bird-lime.

Mr. Snodgrass.—Well, that is very singular: but a similar piece of good fortune occurred to me. I never could get any editor to receive my poetry so long as I drank; and since I

became a Teetotaler, I have had three effusions accepted. It is true that these three are translated from the Italian; but—

Sam.—Vell, them is testimonies to the system o' vorkin' properly, as the inventor o' the Treadmill said ven the fellers complained that it broke their shins.

Mr. Hook Walker.—It will henceforth be a part of my system to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. Pickwick, my dear fellow, lend me half-a-crown to lay in a stock of ginger-beer.

Mr. Lipman.—I have found Aldgate Pump such an excellent place to draw upon, that I shall in future do no business with any other establishment. What say you, Jopling?

Mr. Jopling.—All I can say is that I shall not only patronize the parish pump at every town I go to, but shall never take my breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, or supper anywhere else.

Sam.—Wery considerate that is o' you gentlemen; and wery much to your credit is that there forbearance o' yours. Nothin' like a independent spirit, as the pauper said ven he refused to break stones on the road.

Mr. Adolphus Craschem.—Temperance for ever! as my friend the great Cham used to say. I've made up my mind never to borrow money of any one save a Teetotaler in future; and by those means I'll show you how staunch I can be. Snodgrass, just lend me a couple of sovereigns to pay off my tavern score, so that I may avoid temptation in future—will you?

Mr. Pickwick.—We will do anything we can to assist those who will sign the pledge-book and try our principles. I bless the day when I embraced the doctrines of Teetotalism. Those of our friends, who have been rather wild, and who did not hesitate to play me a few tricks during my sojourn in France, will now become steady and sedate. This is a happy day, on which you have met at my house to celebrate the signing of some of you. An excellent supper is provided in the next room—with plenty of ginger-beer, lemonade, and iced water. We will see whether total abstinence will impair our intellects.

Sam.—Hooray! Pickwick and Teetotalism for ever! Here's for the triumphs of principle. I'd rather be the walley o' Pickwick with cold water, than the friend and hale-feller vell-met with that there drunken lord o' Waterford celebrity. Now, then gentlemen—there's the supper; make yourselves at home, as the Hindoos said to the chaps in the Black Hole at Calcutta.

A WORD TO TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

On the Importance of Consistency.

It has ever been matter of reproach by men of the world, against the professors of Christianity, and in too many cases has there been abundant room for the accusation, that, however their lips may declare their attachment to the principles they profess, their daily conduct and conversation do not well accord with such a profession.

The misfortune is, that religion is estimated, more by the fruits its adherents manifest to those around them, than by its own intrinsic merit. And although the good or bad example of religious people can never destroy the authority of divine truth; it is no less certain that religion is honoured or disgraced in the eyes of the world, just in proportion as its professors are consistent or otherwise in the profession they sustain.

There is another class of persons, upon whom consistency of character is equally binding, if they really wish the prosperity of the cause they have embraced: I mean total abstinents from all intoxicating drinks. It is not sufficient, that they can challenge any proof of inconsistency, so far as the mere pledge is concerned. The moral character ought to be above suspicion. Is it not highly inconsistent in the man, who wishes by his example to promote sobriety, to indulge in swearing, and thereby increase profanity? or get into debt without any reasonable prospect of discharging the obligation, and thus be justly liable to the charge of dishonesty? to make promises and engagements, which are never intended to be kept, so as to forfeit his character as a man of his word? It is not a diffi-

cult matter to point out other causes of injury to the spread of total abstinence: those mentioned would be sufficient to illustrate our meaning. There are some others of minor importance, which have nevertheless been productive of great mischief. It is quite evident that no consistent total abstainer ought to be seen in or near the beer-shop or public-house; nothing but imperative necessity can justify such a want of caution. We have known some, who, confiding in the strength of their but half-formed resolution, have in an unguarded moment, fallen awfully, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. And when no such mournful result has followed, the example of a total abstainer will be wrested to the injury of such as are always looking out for something to give even the appearance of good to that which conscience, if permitted to perform its office, would condemn in the most unqualified manner. Injury has also been done to the cause, when it is evident that some other motive than the right one has led to the adoption of the total abstinence pledge. If interest, love of human applause, or the force of example merely, has been the actuating principle, the subject of it is not likely to continue firm to his engagement, and would then give occasion of triumph to such as rejoice in the fall of a total abstainer; that being, as they suppose, a palliation of their own less glaring misconduct. It is the right principle of action when total abstinence is embraced and advocated for our own good, and the good of others over whom our example and weight of character would exert an influence. There is no man in existence, whose example has not its share in forming the character of those around him; and it is, therefore, clearly the duty of every man (being a responsible agent) to see to it, that his example is not only, not injurious, but positively beneficial to his fellow men. Ireland has set an example, which all who take the pledge would do well to remember, and imitate. Of the vast multitudes who have bound themselves to the entire disuse of all intoxicating drinks, the instances of apostasy are comparatively rare. I know this is attributed by some persons to a superstitious feeling of sacredness attaching to their engagement; but even if this were the case, it seems but an indifferent commitment to our superior light and knowledge, that this should fail to produce a principle of action equally powerful, with a superstitious one, so called. If reformation of character, an increase of personal and domestic comfort, and the enjoyment of the good opinion of those whose approbation is valuable, be motives of any weight; how cautious should every Teetotaler be; that he do not indiscreetly give occasion of slander. He should prove that his principle is not only negatively, but positively good.

It is hoped that these remarks will not be looked upon as proceeding from a censorious spirit. We are happy to bear our humble testimony to the general good conduct of total abstinents, and are the more anxious that nothing should interfere with the progress of a mighty principle, which we hope is destined to bless and purify our beloved country from its national and degrading vice. A. D. S.

REFLECTIONS IN A HORSE-POND.

TIME, NIGHT.

LET me consider a little where I am! My senses are beginning to clear at present; albeit my body is sticking in the mud, and seems to think of nothing less. This plunge, disagreeable as it is, has been of service to me; we should be thankful for every thing, for they say "every thing is for the best;" and upon this principle, a tumble into a horse-pond may be a good. I shall, however, ascertain this better to-morrow (that is, if I shall ever get out of this mud, of which I am doubtful). In the mean time, I will try way of passing the time, acknowledge my obligation. I am a regenerated creature! Thanks be to heaven, I can see; before my tumble into these revivifying waters, my thoughts were wandering, and my sight was dazzled; now they are fixed, immovably fixed—to this horse-pond; and I only behold one moon instead of two.

I do not exactly know how I came here. I spent last evening with Tom Rattlebrain, Ned Flighty, and Wilk Scamper; we had a famous supper, and resolved to make a night of it. The weather was hot, stormy, and goblinish; it led us to tell ghost stories, which we did, till our marrow froze, and our parched throats cried out like the horse-leech's two daughters, "Give, give." Purely to raise our courage and moisten our palates, we had a couple of bottles additionally. I recollect, that after this, we told some stories partaking more of the flesh than the spirit, and that at two o'clock in the morning, I agreed to ride home on Daylight, hand in hand, like the fire-office insignia, with Scamper, who was mounted on Wildf e. I remember something of trying to force Daylight to cross what I took to be the ferry; I recollect something of our dispute upon this subject, but faintly; I can only guess how the matter ended, by the result; for he is gone, and I am here.

I suppose I must have struggled, flopped, and floundered about a good deal, before I could have been so firmly wedged in the mud, as I am at this moment: the water all around me is up to my chin, and the firm mud beneath me is up to my knees; I have sunk considerably above my calves. I really cut a very ridiculous figure!

The first thing I remember distinctly was seeing my

anted cigar, floating, fizzing, and spitting peevishly upon the water. Poor thing! I put out my hand to catch it, but it fizzed angrily, and floated away from me. This "was the unkindest cut of all;" and when I saw its light go out, I felt as if abandoned by all the world.

It just occurs to me that I have another cause of thanksgiving; since one must sometimes fall into a horse-pond, I am grateful that it is an English one. In some countries, now, those demons of the air, the birds of prey, would keep wheeling, whirling, and shrieking above my head, complimenting each other upon the good supper prepared for them, and then coolly peck out my two eyes before my face! This idea is suggested by a somewhat uncomfortable circumstance which, notwithstanding my patience, I cannot but be sensible of. Something—I conjecture either an eel or rat—is gnawing at the boot on my right leg; no other animals venture so deeply into the mud. I wish I could raise my foot.

If it be a rat, he will content himself with the leather, and gnaw away till it be gone—but the eel prefers a bit of meat, and in that case, he is only busying himself to open his "pantry door." Pray heavens it be a rat!

I am a most enduring man. I remember suffering infinite misery a whole season at the house of a particular friend: I was lodged in the best bed-room; and a superb apartment it was. The bed was a magnificent one; but to my cost there was a flea in it—"the last flea of summer." Never shall I forget what I suffered from that single tormentor. I should have known it was only one, from the peculiar pungency of his bite, if the invariable character of the mark had not also been a witness. The room had been for a long period unoccupied, save by this flea, the survivor of all his family and friends, who had died of starvation in the course of the summer. I bore it patiently enough for several nights, thinking that it was a tax to flea-manity that must be paid; but when night after night, week after week, the same torture continued, I began to grow nervous, and irritable. I sought after him diligently in the morning, but never found anything but his trail. Like destiny, he was always to be felt, but never seen. In the night, scarce had I torn the skin off my shoulder, ere I was imperiously called upon to apply the same remedy to my leg. I felt him hop across my hand as I raised it up; and so rapid were his movements, that he seemed to be jumping in every part of my body at once: like the Indian Apollo, he appeared to have the power of multiplying his person, and being in fifty places at the same time; he was a single fiend, whose name was "Legion." I started in anguish, shook my sheets and my shirt, apostrophized the mistress of the house, and mentally sent the house-maid to the hottest place I could think of. It was all to no purpose; he seemed to have some extraordinary power of disgorging his prey, and clearing his stomach, which, like time, was always devouring, never full. So rapidly did his constant meals of breakfast, dinner, and supper tread upon each other's heels that I seemed to live twenty days in one tortured night. I longed to complain to the master of the house; but how tell him there was a flea in his best bed—that bed in which he took such pride, and beheld with so much admiration? At length I met the housemaid on the stairs. She was as ugly as repentance, crabbed as chastity, and old as mother Shipton; nevertheless I addressed her as "my dear little girl," gave her a kiss and a piece of money, and entreated her to kill the fleas in my bed. The next day I met her, and she said, "There are no fleas in your bed, sir." Alas, I knew that; there was but one; and he was a flea of fate beyond her power to destroy. Still the torture went on; still did I lie, night after night, miserable, feverish, sleepless, pinched, torn, and tortured in every part of my burning skin. At length, considering the enormous power possessed by my tormentor, his divisibility, his invisibility, his infallibility, I came at last to the conclusion, that it was no living flea that thus distracted and disturbed me, but the ghost of some starved tenant of former times, who was allowed this recreation to make amends for past sufferings. This idea once established, I knew that I had no hope; I had nothing for it, but to fly; so I descended to my friend, declared to his astonished nent my intention, and when hard pressed for my reason, painfully and reluctantly gave it. "A flea!" shouted he, in a voice between displeasure and mirth, "a flea—and in that bed! then you must have brought it with you." Now was not this too much? I thought my heart would have broken. I, who had endured so much—I, who had suffered torture in silence, for six long weeks, to be accused of having brought it with me! It was beyond human nature to bear. I burst from his presence, packed up my clothes, and though I am a very good-tempered man, have not seen that friend since. I can never forgive his accusation; I can never forget what I suffered! As I call to mind that burning sorrow, I take comfort in the knowledge that I am standing up to my neck in a horse-pond. Thank you, gentle lady moon! I am grateful for any kind of attention, even though it should be of no use to me; but yours is. I wish I was a poet now, I could make something of this scenery. I have read a good deal about "moonlight on the waters," but I never was so near its dancing beams before. The devil take this rat! how he nibbles! My boots are new—a hole in them at

least. There's a villainous odour comes over me from some part of this horse-pond, "at which my nose is in great indignation;" it strikes me also, from something uncomfortable in my stomach, that in my plunge, I must have swallowed a good allowance of Mark Antony's liquor. (See *Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra*: act 1, scene 4.) The hare idea is enough to make me faint; only who would be fool enough to faint in a horse-pond?

I have been several times in my life taken in, besides to-night by these waters.

Thank you again, dear gracious moon! She's very bright just now—there is a large tract of blue in the heavens over which, for at least the next twenty minutes, she may travel without being "capped by a cloud;" so I shall have time to look about me. I am nearly in the centre of the pond; the water is perfectly tranquil, except when it hobs against my chin, disturbed by the movement of my head. Lord help me! Suppose I should die here, as, if nobody comes to my assistance, I certainly shall. On my first ascertaining the character of my position, recollecting that horse-ponds are generally in the neighbourhood of town or farms, I hallooed so lustily, that I found my voice grow husky; so I determined to reserve it for a better occasion—I mean in case any persons should approach—Heaven send them. This would be a comfortless bed to die in.

A huge frog has just discovered me; and he sits among the weeds below the opposite bank, croaking out his speculation as to what I can be; he stares earnestly—so do I—he takes my eye for a challenge—he is a frog of courage however, for he plunges into the water, swims toward me, and plants himself directly opposite to my face. He croaks—I answer very naturally—for the water has qualified my voice. The frog stares again. "The voice is the voice of Esau, but the form is Jacob's." Now he very gravely swims entirely round my head, and then again plants himself in front. I laugh aloud. He backs a little—I open my eyes very wide at him; he returns the compliment—my chin splashes the water about him; he takes flight and disappears. Hark! certainly footsteps in the neighbourhood. Halloo—ough—ah—mercy upon me; my voice is quite gone, and I shall be compelled to live in this horse-pond the remainder of my days. Who will feed me, I wonder; the rat will not be so civil to me, as the ravens were to Elijah; and I have affronted the frog. Ha! the footsteps come nearer—and nearer. 'Tis a man—I see him—a groom—I'll call. Halloo—ouk—era—ak! "Hang your croaking soul," quoth the vagabond; and he flings a huge stone at my head. Despair and distraction! what shall I do? Die! No—that's cowardly—I'll live, bravely—that is, if I can. The fellow is gone, and "I'm all alone." Alone! What do I hear? Voices—yes—they come—most sweet voices. A gentleman and the rascally groom aforesaid. "You have not dragged this pond to-night," says the master. "Indeed, sir, we did, from one end of it to the other," replies the fellow. "see how the weeds are disturbed."—"You lie, you rascal; you did not, or you would have found me there," said I.—"Heighday," said the master, "what have we here?"—"A gentleman in distress"—"I should think so—but how came you in this pond?"—"I'll tell you when I am out."—"Help, all of you fellows," says the gentleman. "Now, sir, hold fast: I was in search of a drunken uncle, who has escaped from his servants; I expected to find him in this horse-pond; and I discover a sober gentleman in his place."

N. B. I did not think it necessary to rectify this latter mistake.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS.

HAGGERSTONE.

ON Wednesday evening, July 29th, there was a crowded meeting of Teetotalers at the Infant's School-Room, which is the usual place of their weekly assembly. The persons present were of the most respectable appearance, all being particularly neat and well-dressed. The female portion of the audience offered a striking testimony to the good effects of Teetotalism, the principles of which are the most undoubted friends to the beauty of woman.

MR. GREEN, the Editor of the *Intelligencer*, was called to the Chair, upon the occupation of which he briefly unfolded the business of the meeting, and called upon the Secretary to read the first *Annual Report* of the Haggerstone Auxiliary branch.

THE SECRETARY proceeded to read the *Report*, which detailed the great progress made by the Teetotalers of Haggerstone in the good cause, and held out the most flattering hopes for a continuation of the same successful career. The *Report* was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was welcomed as an instance not only of the triumphs of Teetotalism, but also as a proof of the activity of the Committee of the Haggerstone Auxiliary.

DR. OXLEY, MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, and several other advocates of the Teetotal cause, then addressed the meeting in support of several Resolutions connected with the welfare and interests of the Society. The school-room was crowded to excess, and ingress to a vast number was absolutely impossible.

GREAT MEETING IN FAVOUR OF THE COAL-WHIPPERS.

ON Friday evening, July 21st, pursuant to public notice, a grand meeting was held at the Aldersgate-street chapel, which was lent for the purpose by the United Temperance Association, to take into consideration the distressing case of the Coal-Whippers of Wapping. Shortly after eight o'clock the Chapel was crowded in every part, numbers being absolutely compelled to obtain seats in the organ-loft. All the avenues between the pews were densely filled; and the most lively interest was taken by a most respectable audience in the business of the evening.

UPON the platform were the following members of the Committee of the United Temperance Association:—Messieurs WESTON, (the Secretary,) GAWTHORP, SIMS, JOHNSON, EALES, and G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS was called to the Chair: upon taking which, he proceeded to explain the object of the meeting. He said that the case of the Coal-Whippers is a most distressing one, and demands the consideration of all philanthropists. The facts connected with that afflicted body of men are these. They are compelled to apply to the publicans of Wapping for employment: the monopoly of all the labour of unloading colliers being in the hands of those publicans. The result is that the Coal-Whippers can only obtain employment upon condition of dispensing upwards of one-third of their wages with those base and mercenary monopolizers. It was in vain that the Coal-Whippers endeavoured to free themselves from that state of terrible thralldom. The publicans of Wapping (said Mr. Reynolds) are protected and supported by the Coal-proprietors and Ship-owners of the North, who entrusted them with the discretionary privilege of employing the men to unload their vessels that were bound for Wapping. The sail-makers, biscuit-venders, and slop-sellers, are all linked in one grand chain of monopoly and oppression with respect to the Coal-Whippers. Those sail-makers and other tradesmen are for the most part shareholders in colliers, and of course give the working of their ships to those publicans who are patronized by the owners in the North, because those owners in return bestow their custom upon these tradesmen. The publicans take advantage of this power, and compel each Coal-Whipper, for whom they procure employment, to purchase at least nine quarts of beer *per diem*. This beer is the vilest of all vile compounds, and is charged at an exorbitant price. Then, unless the Coal-Whipper will consent to anticipate his wages every evening, by calling for drink upon the credit of next day's labour, that labour will not be continued to him. The Coal-Whippers are thus compelled to be intemperate; they would gladly emancipate themselves from this frightful condition of being, but they dare not openly break with the publicans. They would cheerfully contribute towards the establishment of an office as a place of call for the labourers and the employers; but the publicans are too powerful to be thus openly opposed. The Common-Council (continued Mr. Reynolds) has been appealed to, and the matter has been referred to the President of the Board of Trade, who has in his turn referred it to the Crown Lawyers, who have most likely forgotten the business altogether. The rich and the potent of the West-end of London know not even by name the nature of the miseries experienced by the denizens of the East-end. He (Mr. Reynolds) implored the meeting to adopt some measures to relieve the unfortunate Coal-Whippers: he said that their cause was the cause of Teetotalism, because the point to be considered was the means of knocking down that barrier which was raised by the publicans of Wapping against the emancipation of the Coal-Whippers from the shackles of intemperance; he added that if the Common Council of London would not aid the Coal-Whippers, then the Government should be appealed to; and if the Government would not grant them redress, then the members of the United Temperance Association would march in procession to Downing street, and demand justice in behalf of those wretched men.

MR. JOHNSON then rose and addressed the meeting. He said that the philanthropist could scarcely believe that such oppression and misery could exist in a civilized country—in England, the land of freedom and of Bibles—in England, which had emancipated the blacks, and which could boast of so many charitable asylums and humane institutions. Those poor degraded beings would be virtuous if they could, but the publicans would not let them. He (Mr. Johnson) could not do otherwise than deeply deprecate the appalling inhumanity of the publicans, much as he disliked the usage of strong personal vituperation at any time. But this is a matter in which men must speak the truth—and speak that truth boldly. Public opinion should be appealed to; and public opinion should be the advocate of the Coal-Whippers against the oppression of the Publicans. The Chairman (said Mr. Johnson) had spoken truly in denominating the cause of the Coal-Whippers the cause of Teetotalism; and he hoped that all the Teetotalers then present would join in rescuing the Coal-Whippers from the galling chains of oppression. He said that Christianity demanded the emancipation of the slaves of Wapping in the same way as it had demanded and achieved the liberation of the slaves of the West Indies. He then proposed that a committee of some of the members of the United Temperance Association be nominated to take into consideration the best means of assisting the unfortunate Coal-Whippers—of agitating in their favour—of advocating their cause—and of taking the

necessary steps to hold larger meetings, and make their grievances more extensively known. Mr. Johnson then proposed a Resolution to the effect that Messrs. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, WESTON (the Secretary), CRUMP (the Registrar), POKKELL, SIMS, and WILSON, be nominated members of the Committee proposed, with power to add to their numbers.

CAPTAIN LOWES seconded this resolution, and moved that Mr. Johnson's name be added to the list already proposed. He then made a most able speech, in which he corroborated the foregoing statements relative to the miseries of the Coal-Whippers, and the oppressive conduct of the publicans.

GEORGE APPLGATE and O'BRIEN then consecutively detailed the particulars of their grievances in the most moving and pathetic language. They showed the terrible effects of the evils of intemperance in respect to the Coal-Whippers, and declared that the ruin of hundreds of families at Wapping was annually accomplished through the means of the villainous conduct of the publicans of that district. The daughters of the Coal-Whipper become prostitutes, and the sons of the Coal-Whipper become thieves.

MR. COWELL, a coal-meter, then addressed the meeting in corroboration of the statements made by the foregoing speakers. He (Mr. Cowell) had invariably set his face against the oppressions of the publicans, and his disinterested line of conduct had frequently entailed upon him the insults of those whose monopoly he was helping to destroy.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS then put the resolution, which had been proposed by Mr. Johnson and seconded by Captain Lowes, to the meeting; and it was carried unanimously. A vote of thanks to the chairman was proposed and carried without a single dissentient voice: a most liberal collection was made for the benefit of the Coal-Whippers; and the meeting separated at a quarter before eleven.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The meeting on Saturday evening, August 1st, was most respectably, though not very numerously attended.

MR. WESTON, Secretary and Treasurer to the Association, was called to the chair: after a forcible speech in favour of the great doctrines of Teetotalism, this gentleman proceeded to read a letter from the Rector of Queenhithe, in which the Reverend Minister expressed his advocacy of the grand principle of Total Abstinence, and his determination to forward the interests of the cause to the utmost of his power.

MR. SMEETON was delighted to behold the fathers of families conducting their wives and children to Teetotal meetings. The custom must be productive of the most beneficial results.

MR. WILSON said that he had only been a Teetotaler for nine months, but that he considered that period ample time to test the efficacy of the doctrines of total abstinence. He should imagine that if no other motives would induce men to sign the pledge, selfish ones might at least produce that effect, inasmuch as a great economy was the consequence of total abstinence from those liquors whose price was both health and wealth.

MR. BOWLER, from Kensington, said that he considered Teetotalism to be one of the greatest blessings ever conferred by philanthropy upon society. He then illustrated the good effects of the principles by several interesting and amusing tales.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS delivered a long speech upon the nature, properties, and characteristics of alcohol. He adduced arguments to prove that although the elements of alcohol be in nature, still alcohol is not itself found in a natural state. He described the process of fermentation and the manner of distilling spirits; he demonstrated the fact that beer and wine are more noxious to the human frame than simple spirits diluted with water; and he concluded by refuting the common objection of the opponents of Teetotalism—viz. "that alcohol is a good creature of God, and is therefore adapted to our use."

MR. BENSTEAD, said that the brain is the great laboratory whence all ideas are eliminated. The brain is delicate—tender—and irritable; and the least act of intemperance materially injures it. Where then is the difference between the suicide who with one blow severs the long connecting mind, or life, and the body—and he who effects the same end by more gradual measures? The brain is made perfect by the Deity; but it is easily rendered imperfect, if trifled with. Any change that it experiences through the habits of man, must change its condition for the worse. It is so nicely adapted to the mysterious duties that it has to perform, that no variation, brought about by human interference, can possibly benefit it, save in cases where medical aid is required and properly administered. Mr. Benstead then developed the dreadful effects of intemperance upon the delicate organization of the brain, and proved to demonstration that even a glass of exciting liquor is calculated to produce prejudicial effects.

MR. GAWTHORP (the delegate who has lately been advocating the cause of Teetotalism at Manchester and the other great manufacturing towns) then addressed the meeting, and expatiated upon the increasing importance of the United Temperance Association. He gave a brilliant account of the successful nature of his mission, and took that opportunity of observing that Teetotalers of all classes, of all societies, of all associa-

tions, and of all principles, in those districts which he had visited, were glad to hail the appearance of *The Teetotaler* journal. He felicitated the Association upon possessing the best organ of Teetotal progress that had as yet been issued to the world, and wound up an able speech with several powerful arguments in favour of total abstinence.

MR. GREEN made some very able and talented remarks upon the propriety of remunerating those publicans who would at once abandon their traffic in alcoholic poisons; and upon the impropriety of the clergy of the Church of England not more generally advocating the blessed cause of Total Abstinence.

NOTTING-HILL, BAYSWATER, AND KENSINGTON United Friendly Society of Total Abstinents.

The Committee of this Association assembled at the Temperance Coffee-house, Kensington, on August 3rd, when the following resolutions were proposed by Mr. Mee, seconded by Mr. Bowler, and carried unanimously:—

"That this Association do now unite itself with the United Temperance Association.

"That the first meeting, after the junction, be held on Monday, August 17th, at the Camden chapel, Kensington Gravel Pits, and that Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds be requested to take the chair on that occasion.

"That the second meeting, after the junction, be held on Thursday, the 20th of August, at the same place, and that Mr. Benstead be requested to take the chair on that occasion."

EAST LONDON TEMPERANCE HALL, CHURCH ROW. BETHNAL GREEN.

On Monday evening, August 3rd, the Bethnal Green Branch of the United Temperance Association held their weekly meeting, Mr. Adkins in the chair. The meeting was forcibly addressed by Messrs. Baylis, Marriott, Parker, Gawthorp, and Bastion; when several signatures were obtained.

The members of the Stratford Auxiliary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society intend to walk in procession to the Forest on Monday the 17th of August. To start from the Sunday School at Bow at 1 o'clock, pass through Stratford and Leyton, and hold a public meeting in the Forest at 5 o'clock, at which the Rev. W. R. Baker is expected to preside.

On Wednesday the 19th instant, at 7 o'clock, the new Temperance Hall at Plaistow, will be opened: on which occasion, Mr. Whittaker and other advocates are expected. Admission, by Tickets, 3d each. On the two following evenings, public meetings will be held, to commence at 7 o'clock. All friends of Temperance are respectfully invited. J. BURTON, Secretary.

The Welch Total Abstinence Society will hold a Meeting at Aldersgate Chapel, on Friday, the 7th of August, when the Father Matthew of Wales, MR. PARRY, will deliver a Lecture to his countrymen in their own language.

We caution our readers from taking any substitute for spirituous liquors: but as a medicine, when the stomach has lost its tone from previous excess, or other causes, we can safely recommend Babington's Elixir of Rhubarb as a valuable and proper remedy for Teetotalers.

We shall in future publish the List of Meetings every month only.

This Day is Published, Price Half a Crown, 5s. 6d., containing as much letter-press as three volumes of the usual novel form.

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A Novel Translated from the French of Ch. Paul de Kock.
By G. W. M. REYNOLDS.
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FACTS and OBSERVATIONS relative to a successful mode of treating Piles, Fistula, Hemorrhoidal Excrecences, Tumours, and Strictures, without cutting or confinement: illustrated with numerous cases. Being a familiar exposition of the practice of Mr. S. J. VAN BUTCHELL, Surgeon Accoucheur.

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Published by H. Reuslaw; sold also by the Author, No. 16, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

DIET—"INGLIS'S DIGESTIVE BREAD"

Is extremely easy of digestion, wholesome and nutritious."—*Dr. Walker*.

"From the excellence of the materials of which it is composed and the healthful stimulus it produces on the intestinal canal, it cannot fail to prove an invaluable article of diet to all classes of persons, especially those engaged in sedentary employment."—*Dr. Spilman*.

"Ingles, New-street, Covent-garden, makes very good brown bread. It is well for those who live in town, to know where to find it."—*See Graham on Diet and Regime*.

"Attend to Diet, regulate your stomach, and that will regulate all the rest of the human frame."—*Abernethy*.

"My family have been in the habit of eating your brown bread for several years past, and I consider it particularly wholesome and nutritious, and superior to any bread of the kind I have as yet partaken of."—*George Jewell, M.D.*

Upwards of 100 testimonials may be seen at the shop, New-street, Covent-garden.

BABINGTON'S ELIXIR

Too much praise cannot be given to this medicine, having an inclination to drink Association, but the difficulty is... weakened state of the stomach; but of the medicine "Babington's Elixir of Rhubarb" were taken a short period, at the time of joining the Association, it would be found to give tone to the digestive organs, restore them to their healthy action, and relieve at once that distressing feeling of weakness and oppression which all spirit-drinkers experience on first becoming Teetotalers. The action of this medicine is to assist, not force nature; and it is used with the greatest success on all diseases arising from Indigestion; namely, Bilious Head-aches, Diarrhoea, Spasms, Constipation, Gravel, Gout, and Rheumatism. Sold in bottles, at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., by J. KING, proprietor, 72, Queen-street, Cheapside; Messrs. Barclay, Far-thingdon-street, and all respectable Chemists.

SIGHT RESTORED.

NERVOUS HEAD-ACHE AND DEAFNESS CURED.
Under the Patronage of his late Majesty, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the Lords of the Treasury.

THIS is universally recommended by the Faculty for its efficacy in removing Disorders incident to the Eyes and Head.

Dr. Abernethy used it, and termed it the Faculty's Friend and Nurse's Vade Mecum.

Dr. Andrews also recommends its use as a preventive. (See his report when in Sunderland, published in the *Times*, *Cheltenham Journal*, and *British Traveller*, in November, 1831.) He says:—"The herbaceous quality of the snuff had such an effect on the stomach, as well as the nerves of the head, from the tenacious sympathy of the membrane of the nose with the nervous system, that Grimstone's Eye Snuff, when taken frequently, must prevent any contagion entering the System, and recommends its universal adoption." Dated 10th Nov., 1831.

G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S.—This eminent surgeon strongly recommends Grimstone's Eye Snuff. See J. B. Lachfield's, Esq., Letter.

THE ECCENTRIC SNUFF-TAKER.

Should trade be dull and times go rough.

Oh! give me then a pinch of snuff:

Give me my box a pinch to take.

Even when I'm pleased, for pleasure's sake.

When fortune's frowns disturb my mind.

And friends appear to grow unkind:

Relief I seek within my box.

My system is quite orthodox.

When a true friend perchance I meet.

I cheerfully his person greet.

A hearty "How d'ye do?" takes place.

When lo! my snuff-box shows its face.

My pulveriferous box supplies

A recipe for weaker eyes:

That man must be a silly goose

Who thoughtlessly condemns its use.

If my proboscis could but speak.

'Twould often say the dose repeat:

Each grateful sneeze and titillation

Excites a frequent iteration.

Then here's my glass in which I toast.

Success to that which I love most.

Reader, I pray don't think me bluff—

Mark well the hint!—'tis GRIMSTONE'S SNUFF.

To MR. W. GRIMSTONE, W. H. W. L., Cooper's Arms, Bristol.

Observe this Caution.—W. GRIMSTONE is the SOLE INVENTOR, and the only genuine is prepared by him.

Read a few cases of Sight Restored by the use of GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF.

MR. A. M. INTYRE, aged 63, No. 8, Silver-street, Golden-square, cured of gutta serena and deafness.

H. LISTON, Esq., Marine Library, Ramsgate, Kent, cured of cataract and deafness.

MRS. HACKETT, cured while at Jamaica of gutta serena, 56, Queen-street, London.

MR. P. SAUNDERS, No. 10, Harper-street, Leeds, cured of cataract.

MR. H. PLUCKWELL, Tottenham House, Tottenham, Middlesex, cured of ophthalmia.

MISS S. ENGLEFIELD, Park-street, Windsor, cured of nervous head-ache.

MARCHIONESS DE BRAGLIA SOLARI, 46, Charlotte-street, hearing and sight restored.

DECIANUS BLACKBURN, Esq., Chertsey, Surrey, head-ache, weakness, and dimness of sight cured.

GEORGE SMITH, Esq., 6, York-place, Kentish town, weakness and dimness of sight cured by its use.—(See letter.)

ELIZABETH ROBSON, 19, Bell-street, Edgeware-road, aged 65, cured of Ophthalmia and deafness.

Copy of a letter sent to Mr. Grimstone, Feb. 10th, 1840.

Sir,—Having been afflicted with bad eyes for a long time, a friend who had received benefit from using your Eye Snuff, recommended it to me. I have taken the contents of your 2s. 4d. canister; and am happy to say my sight has improved; the weakness and dimness is removed; and, Sir, it is my wish that you may make this known for the good of the public. Yours,

G. YORK-PLACE, KENTISH TOWN. GEORGE SMITH.

To Mr. W. Grimstone, inventor of Eye Snuff, 19, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, March 2nd, 1840.

Sir,—I have been afflicted for many years with a severe pain in my head, attended with a dimness of sight and certain pains in my eyes, for which I have had the first medical advice; indeed, I have taken large quantities, without receiving any relief; but I am now delighted to say, with truth, that ever since using your valuable Eye Snuff, which I have taken copiously, that is a 2s. 4d. canister weekly, I am quite free from those excruciating pains, and can read the smallest print, a thing I am in the 60th year of my age. This is my third testimony, and shall be most happy to give it to you or to any respectable enquirer at my residence as under. I remain, with gratitude, sir, your obedient humble servant.

E. ROBSON.

19, Bell-street, Edgeware-road, Marylebone.

This odoriferous Herbaceous Compound of Herbs is sold in canisters at 8s., 1s. 3d., 2s. 4d., 4s. 6d., and 15. 6d., by all wholesale Tobacconists, Merchants, and Druggists, in town and country; by whom dealers may be supplied. It can be obtained in all the principal towns and cities. A liberal allowance to Shippers, owners, captains, and all vendors of Grimstone's Eye Snuff. This celebrated Snuff is shipped to all quarters of the globe, and retains its benign qualities in every climate. All Snuffs and Cigars shipped on the shortest notice.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

VOL. I., No. 8.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"THE TEETOTALER" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the *United Temperance Association*; the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of TEETOTALISM, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the Journal for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of *Teetotalism*, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by MR. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, No. 12, Basing-Lane, Bread-Street, Cheapside: MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: MR. STRANOE, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and MR. WILSON, Printer, 58, Red-Cross-Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STRANGER.—TEMPTATION.

As soon as Mr. Robus had delivered to Melville the letter, which produced so strange an effect upon the young man, he hastened down stairs to pursue his usual avocations. These avocations chiefly consisted in writing out fair copies of his lodgers' bills, and delivering them at the respective doors of those tenants. He however found it a much more easy task to write out than to collect the amounts due to him; and he frequently assured his friend the milk-man, and his flying acquaintance the two-penny postman, "That if it weren't for an occasional drop of half-an-half he didn't know how he ever should get through the fatigues of the day." This was one amongst the numerous delusions that intemperance imposes upon its votaries.

Be it known, then, to all men, by these presents, that Mr. Robus proceeded to his own apartment as soon as he had delivered the letter to Victor Melville. But scarcely had Mr. Robus seated himself at a table, and commenced the addition of the three-pair back's running account (so called because the three-pair back did subsequently run away without paying it,) when a low knock was heard at his door.

"Come in," shouted Mr. Robus: and his invitation was immediately obeyed.

The door opened, and an old man, of about

sixty-five years of age, and of venerable appearance, entered the apartment. This individual was bowed down, by the weight of affliction as well as of years; and this much was betrayed by his deeply-thoughtful countenance. There was a certain dread and timidity about the manners of the stranger which only tended to increase the native impudence of Mr. Robus. He was well dressed, and appeared to belong to that class of society which bears the miscellaneous denomination of "gentlemen."

"Sit down, Sir," said Mr. Robus, indicating a chair with his left hand, and helping himself to a draught from a pewter-pot with his right.

"I thank you," answered the stranger, with an accent which immediately proclaimed him to be a foreigner—a fact that delighted the heart of Mr. Robus, who was resolved that, if any business were to be done, due advantage should be taken of the presumed ignorance associated with foreign extraction. "I believe you are in the habit of letting lodgings?" added the stranger.

"Well, that is von o' my numerous habits," answered Mr. Robus; and he might have added that drunkenness was too; but he prudently suppressed that unnecessary particular.

"Have you a lodging to dispose of now?" demanded the stranger; then, without waiting for a reply, and apparently forgetful that he was overheard by a soul, he said in a low and musing tone, "Yes—I will retire from the busy world.—I will fly that phantom which is ever pursuing me,—I will hide my head in this retreat—and there—there—there will I die!" and as he thus gave vent to his excited feelings, he struck his forehead violently with his clenched fist, as if he were in a paroxysm of rage.

"A lodging, is it that you want?" cried Mr. Robus, who did not trouble himself much with the affairs of other people, unless those affairs were more or less connected with his own: "well—I am quite full now, Sir. There was that there lovely room as the Irishman and his family lived in, and was never cleaned out all the time; but that's taken by the cat's-meat man as supplies this very thickly populated neighbourhood. But—if you really wants a room—and as you seems a decent sort o' chap—why—I don't care if I let you have this here."

The stranger was a man of very few words, and he immediately concluded a bargain with Mr. Robus for the apartment in which they were then seated. It was pretty tolerably furnished by Mr. Robus's own moveable materials; and a second bargain was immediately ratified for them. The stranger did not attempt to cheapen the price put upon the furniture by the landlord; and the landlord did not attempt to act over honestly in the transaction. The consequence was that the stranger paid about fifty per cent. above the cost price of the furniture. Mr. Robus was so overjoyed at this unexpected piece of good luck that he proceeded to an adjacent public-house, where he expended in reckless dissipation the greater portion of that which he had acquired by the most deliberate dishonesty.

In the meantime, Mr. Tibbatts sought his friend Victor Melville as usual.

"My dear boy," said Titus, "what means this air of dejection—this mournful countenance? You resemble Cato meditating suicide."

"Alas! nothing but misery pursues me in this world," said Melville, as he pointed towards the letter which he had just received, and which lay open upon his bed.

"What, bad news!" ejaculated Mr. Tibbatts. "Ah! my dear boy, and I have not a single drop of anything to console you."

Victor shuddered at the sense of this observation flashed upon his mind, and he ground his teeth with the ferocity of a maniac.

"If you knew," said he to his companion, "what it is to love—and if you knew what it was to feel assured that the object of that affection is overwhelmed with grief, while you are unable to fly to her relief, to assist her with your advice, to console and comfort her, then would you give way to the force of your affliction. There is a young girl in the vicinity of Paris, at this moment—a young girl of exquisite beauty and great accomplishments—a young girl whose personal and mental endowments would adorn a queen,—a young girl, in a word, who adores me, who would lay down her life to make mine happy, and who is at this instant suffering and wretched. She has just lost the kind guardian of her youth—her more than parent—the man who has acted a father's part to her: he is gone—gone to the cold grave, and left a warm heart behind to mourn his loss."

"Why don't you marry this Phoenix of all perfection?" demanded Mr. Tibbatts, carelessly sitting down upon the edge of the bed, while Victor rose and proceeded to dress himself.

"Marry her!" ejaculated Victor, in a hoarse tone of voice: "marry her!" he repeated, laughing wildly. "What—marry her, without a farthing to provide for us! It is sufficient for me to dream all day and all night of misery for myself; but misery for another—misery for a third—misery for a fourth—misery for numbers—for misery is as prolific as was the box of Pandora—oh! all this is too horrible to think of!"

There was a decanter of water upon the table; Victor took it up and emptied it almost at a draught.

"Water! water!" he exclaimed; "would that I had never drank anything but water;" and then he began to walk up and down his chamber.

Nothing is so bad as to turn about in a narrow space: the wolf turns, the sorceress turns, the eagle turns: to turn about is to encourage the presence of misery; hell is invoked by turning about in that foreboding fashion. The more Victor increased his steps and augmented the number of his circles, the more his head wandered, and his brain became confused. His lips were white, his cheeks were burning; from his mouth emanated a whirlwind of scarcely articulated and unintelligible words; and his whole frame trembled. He forgot that another human being was in the room; he thought only of his companion, misery! And like none other is that companion; having no heart, no soul, no smiles, no tears, no pity,—

naught that is proper to human companionship. Any other comrade—aye, even among comrades in a gaol—attaches himself to his comrade, and shares with him the little that he has, even where he has nothing to share. But misery is a wretch who speaks not, sighs not even, gives no answering glance, yet presses on you with a weight like lead. Suddenly Victor opened the window and looked into the court beneath. He appeared irresolute, uncertain how to act, and seemed to calculate the chances of life and death; and then he once more resumed his walk up and down the room. But death was always in his eyes, death was in his gestures, death was in all his thoughts. He hastened once again towards the window—a curse issued from his lips—he leapt upon a chair to reach the sill—he was about to execute his horrible purpose of suicide, when a strong arm pulled him back, and the voice of Tibbatts recalled him to his proper senses.

"That is not the shortest way to marry the girl," said Titus, as he closed the window, and returned to his seat upon the bed. "Cato was a coward—so was Cleopatra: Victor Melville shall not follow their example."

"I am a wretch—unfit to live!" ejaculated our hero in a tone of despair.

"Let us see whether we cannot induce you to honour this world a little longer with your presence. Have you any money?"

"Not a farthing," was the answer. "We expended all my stock last night at the beggars' assembly room."

"Have you anything to eat?"

"Nothing."

"Nor I."

And the two men exchanged such looks with each other as two hungry, poverty-stricken men would exchange in such a case.

"I wish I knew where or how to obtain a few pounds!" ejaculated Victor, as his ideas were once more reflected towards the far-distant orphan whom he loved, and who solicited his advice—because she had no other friend whose counsel she could implore. Oh! he thought of her—of her who was so beautiful and whom he loved. He then called to mind every lineament of her fair face—he remembered that she possessed one of those charming countenances that sometimes emanate from the pencil of Watteau—one of those thousand-and-one feminine animations which belong to him alone, and which he knows so well how to depict upon the canvass—a charming creature, with a complexion of milk and roses—with a delicious though melancholy smile—shining hair, and luxurious contours of form. Yes—Victor thought of his absent mistress, first as a lovely thing which seized upon and captivated his imagination—then as a soft lustre which stole for a moment upon the dark cloud of his ideas, like an angel passing into the hell of his soul,—and then, by dint of thinking upon so much youth, innocence, accomplishments, and beauty, he felt steal into his heart that which he had never felt before—a kind of icy-cold that made his teeth chatter—a kind of remorse that made all the misery of his mind the more appalling!

"You wish you had a few pounds?" said Mr. Tibbatts, slowly, and gazing fixedly upon Victor's countenance.

"I do—I do!" cried the young man. "Oh! to know that she is there—all alone—without protectors—and not to be enabled to fly to her!"

"The case is very urgent, then?" said Tibbatts, eyeing Melville as before.

"Very—very," was the impatient reply.

"Robus has money," said Tibbatts, assuming a careless air.

"But he would not lend it to a stranger—he would not assist me," cried Victor.

"We would not ask him," laconically returned Mr. Tibbatts.

"Then of what use was your observation, that he had money?" demanded Victor.

"You say the case is urgent," replied Tibbatts, pretending to be looking towards the mantel-piece; "you want to get away from here as soon as you can—you will perhaps lose the girl if you don't—so I just thought—"

"Thought what?" interrupted our hero, a partial shudder creeping over him.

"Oh! don't bother me," said Tibbatts. "If you want the money, it can be had—that's all; and if we don't get it, we shall starve—that's all again."

These words were uttered with an affected pettishness that added materially to the mystification in which Victor's mind was enveloped relative to the real meaning of his new friend. A long pause ensued: he did not choose—he knew not wherefore—to ask for any farther explanation; and Tibbatts remained in a half-sulky, half-musing attitude on the bed.

"Well, this won't do," said Tibbatts, after a long silence. "We can't starve—that's very certain."

"I see no other prospect," quietly remarked Victor.

Mr. Tibbatts suddenly rose from his seat, hurried out of the room, and returned at the expiration of about ten minutes with the well-known case-bottle in his hands. How he obtained the liquor Victor did not think of inquiring: he suffered himself to be prevailed upon to partake of the alcoholic poison produced by the tempter; and he suddenly felt curious to know at what end his companion had ere now been aiming. Another glass of brandy was poured out for him and drunk: and he then hazarded a leading question.

"Why, I'll tell you what it is," answered Tibbatts, a demonic smile of satisfaction and triumph playing upon his lips—"the truth is, Robus has got plenty of money—and I know where he keeps it. It is all in a small bag in his portmanteau: the rascal! he's often consigned the produce of my brain to that spot! He sleeps deuced hard—and, as you could replace the money on your return—and as he would never miss it—why—"

"Say no more!" cried Victor: a deadly pallor overspreading his countenance, and his whole frame trembling, as he now comprehended his companion's design.

"Well—just as you like!" said Mr. Tibbatts coolly; and he handed Victor another glass of the burning fluid.

The young man seized it—swallowed it to drown thought—and, as he had as yet eaten nothing that morning, he soon felt the effects of the liquor ascending to his head. He then thought once more of Louise's letter, and settled all his ideas upon a paragraph in which she styled him her only friend and adviser. He knew not what step to pursue: he did not like the idea of writing to her, confessing the denuded state of his resources, and soliciting the means of joining her in Paris; and he felt deeply anxious to proceed without delay to that city. He pictured to himself the inexperienced young girl in the hands of the harpies of the law; and he wrung his hands with agony as he thought of his inability to hasten to her assistance. He again paced the room, and Mr. Tibbatts watched him as the boa-constrictor eyes its victim from the bough of the tree nearer the trunk of which that victim is advancing at every step.

Suddenly Victor stopped short and addressed himself to his companion.

"Do you think Robus might be induced by the prospect of heavy interest to lend me the money?" he said.

"He would as soon give as lend," was the reply.

Victor again paced the room. Presently a clock in an adjacent apartment struck the hour of mid-day.

"Twelve! twelve already," said Melville,—"and nothing done!"

"And nothing will be done at this rate," doggedly observed Tibbatts.

"I must write to her," exclaimed Victor, impatiently.

"And where is the money to pay the postage of the letter?" demanded Tibbatts, who seemed resolved to take advantage of every untoward circumstance to excite the feelings of the unhappy young man.

"You will drive me to desperation—to madness! You are my evil genius—to show me my misery in all its nakedness!" cried Victor, almost foaming at the mouth. "What would you have me do?"

"Nothing is more easy than to make yourself comfortable and happy," was the reply.

"How? Speak—I am nerved to hear you," said Melville, folding his arms across his chest.

"You can make Robus act as your banker," answered Tibbatts, handing him the last glass of spirits out of the bottle.

"Well—it could be replaced, as you say," murmured Victor, after he had imbibed the intoxicating drink which fills the strongest imagination with delusion.

"So it could," added Tibbatts; "and no one ever the wiser."

And then there was a great deal of whispering between the two—and much hesitation and reluctance on the part of Victor—and much persuasion on that of his companion. At length Victor ceased to speak save at long intervals; and Tibbatts continued talking in a low and very earnest tone, while the young hero of this tale sat by him, and listened to all he said with the deepest attention.

At length Victor broke silence once more, after a long—long pause.

"When—when can it be done?" said he, in a low and hoarse tone, and laying one of his feverish hands upon Tibbatts' arm.

"To-night—to-night at twelve," was the reply.

"And then I shall be able to start to-morrow!" murmured Victor, as he endeavoured to steel his soul against the approach of compunction and the warning voice of the good genius that had not as yet entirely deserted him.

To be continued in our next.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES IN AMERICA.

At the first formation of Temperance Societies the total abstinence of spirituous liquor was not contemplated, their occasional use being permitted to their members: their abuse only being strictly forbidden. It was in the United States, in the city of Boston, that, for the first time, a union was entered into, and those who formed it were associated together by the common bond of sobriety; but it was ten years later that, in this same city, many of the most influential inhabitants entered into a determination, which they most strictly adhered to themselves, of avoiding all fermented liquors, and of discountenancing their use in others. In 1828, two years after the enrolment of the names of those who formed a society of this nature, there were no less than 220 similar institutions, comprising nearly 30,000 persons, all animated with one spirit, not that of Bacchus and Mars, two of the most mischievous maniacs that ever made their escape from Babel, but of Temperance and Sobriety. The effect upon the mortality of persons under the age of forty was visible in the following year; and wherever the system has been pursued, a decrease in the number of deaths has rapidly followed. In the year 1834, a central body was formed in Philadelphia, with associations in every town in the United States; from the great body of the people, the determination quickly spread throughout the army and navy. In 1832, 500 vessels quitted the American ports without a supply of spirits on board; and such was the feeling of increased safety to the vessels, that the underwriters lowered their rate of assurance; and that they were borne out in their estimate of diminished danger was fully proved. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that vessels which were strictly upon the Temperance system, have made more prosperous and more rapid voyages than others. One fact is of the most extraordinary character—that 161 whaling vessels out of 186 employed, took not a drop of spirits on board; and although they had to encounter the cold, the privations, the miseries of a north sea, the crews returned healthier, happier, and more successful, than did those who repudiated the opinions and the customs of this vast and prevailing sect.

AN APPEAL

To the Manufacturers and Venders of Intoxicating Beverages.

(Abridged from the original Tract)

BY THE REV. FRANCIS BEARDSALL.

ALLOW me, under the influence of deep solicitude for your present and eternal welfare, to address you, not in the language of reproach, but of earnest solicitation. Do not, I entreat you, turn away from the appeal of a sincere friend, who deeply sympathizes with you, while he depicts and deprecates the effects of your traffic. Christian philanthropy urges me to the too long neglected duty of attempting the rescue of the perilled maker, vender, and consumer of intoxicating beverages. I would spread the mantle of charity over your motives, and draw the curtain of oblivion over the past, while, with uncompromising fidelity, I endeavour to expose the immorality and awful consequences of your business; and, if needful, in thunder-tone, warn you of your danger and impending ruin. There are those among you who need to be addressed in pointed terms. I address you as my fellow-men, and some of you as my brethren in Christ. I suppose you are aware of the progress of Teetotalism—that you have heard of its triumphs, especially in Ireland and America—that you have heard of the disastrous results in reference to the traffic in intoxicating beverages. I expect it is unnecessary to apprise you of the steady progress of the Temperance reformation in England, by which the fate of the traffic is predicted, and its final overthrow made as certain, as that Divine light and truth will progress, and finally, destroy every abomination, than which, we are assured, there are none more vile than the drinking system. I suppose you know that there are some individuals, and not a few, among whom I have the honour to rank, who are bent upon the extinction of your traffic. Your serious attention is therefore solicited to the following appeal, and to the timely warning hereby given, that you may, without delay, abandon your traffic, and seek by honourable means to obtain the providential blessings of heaven, and, instead of contributing to the immorality, degradation, and final destruction of your fellow-men, you may secure your own, and promote their eternal welfare.

Perhaps you may not be conversant with the following facts, which claim your serious consideration. Intoxicating beverages are not, properly speaking, natural productions, but are obtained only by the decomposition or destruction of the good creatures of a beneficent Providence. They are, properly speaking, poisons, and, as beverages, are by the Divine and universal laws of the human constitution forbidden. (See Drs. Mussey and Grimrod's Prize Essays.) The opinion entertained by some good, but mistaken men, viz.—that the Scriptures sanction the use of intoxicating wine, &c., is incapable of proof; but the contrary is clearly proved. Prov. xx. and xxviii. Chaps. (See our Treatise on Wines.) It should be remembered that the preparation of malt for fermented beverages is a regular system of Sabbath-breaking. Indeed there is not a single view in which the drinking system can be contemplated by the light of Divine truth, without discovering its deformity and diabolical character.

I appeal to you, then, as men. Will you continue to traffic in that which breaks the social bond, and brutalizes your fellow-men? The drinks you make and sell have given a peculiar tenacity to their victims, who, even in the midst of an enlightened British population, have exhibited a brutality worse than is known in savage tribes, or even among the most ferocious beasts of prey; for these fight and destroy one another with more decency than do the men and women who are enraged by your drinks: and will you—I ask again, in the face of the daily scenes of brutality—will you continue in connexion with such a trade? If the traffic must be continued, leave it to demons, but let men abandon and abhor it.

I appeal to you as humane men, and ask if you can consistently continue that system of human slaughter, which is the natural result of your traffic. I do not say you wish thus to slaughter the bodies and souls of your fellow-men. I know you would rather they did not suffer; and you sometimes mourn over "the heaps of slain which cry out for vengeance on you!" but whatever humane feelings you may possess, unless you abandon your traffic, and close your shambles, the work of death will continue. Mere sympathy is not only unavailing, but aggravating. I could take you to scenes of blood, which might make even the callous heart of a Wine and Spirit Merchant cease to beat, and chill the vital fluid in his veins—scenes which are of daily occurrence in connexion with your breweries, distilleries, wine and spirit vaults, public-houses, &c., properly denominated slaughter-houses. See the brutal and murderous frays of (when sober, kind and generous-hearted) Irishmen, infuriated by the drink you sell to them, and for which you take the money which should buy their famished children bread. Visit the scenes of bloodshed and murder—of suicide and accidental deaths, with which our newspapers teem, and which, if the Coroner's Inquests were faithful, would record a verdict against you. Go to the desolations of the once comfortable habitations of your victims: hear the deep sighs and moans of a broken-hearted mother, and the cries of her half-starved children, whose bread your children eat. Thus contemplate the wretchedness entailed by your

traffic, and ask yourself, is it humane to promote such scenes of woe? Let the Wine Merchant remove the curtain which covers more private and respectable life, and gaze upon the hidden abominations produced by the vile compound in which he trades. Again regale your senses. Look upon that system of slavery, physical and mental which your traffic produces, more galling than West Indian bondage, and so filthy and abominable as to forbid description. Listen to the ravings and yells of the maniac, and the clanking of the felon's chains. Let the horrid stench from accumulated disease salute your olfactory nerves, and with the hand which took the price of the hunger-bitten children's bread, close the wounds of the bruised drunkard's wife—then raise to your lips that mess of something, and taste the wretched substitute for food; and ask again, Is this the work of humanity? And will you still continue this cruel trade?—it cannot be! Are you not human beings? then be humane, and cease to traffic in intoxicating drinks.

I appeal to you as Patriots. England might be much more worthy of regard, with all her faults, if this foulest blot, your traffic (the bloody hand) were taken from her escutcheon. That man is not a father to his country, who employs the means by which its physical, intellectual, and moral character is injured. He is an unnatural parent, who, instead of sustaining, famishes his children. He who takes and eats or drinks his children's food—who leaves them unprotected, and, after long abuse, murders those who call him by the name of father, is denominated a monster. Such are many drunkards. What then are the drunkard makers? They are not Patriots. Domestic scenes like these are miniature representations of the national character, the result of your traffic, which imposes the most debasing slavery on a people; who, living under drink's "strong delusions," still boast of freedom. And will you yet impose these bonds, and curse your country? Break! break your own, and your country will be free.

I urge you to abandon your traffic, by the appeals which the claims of your victims and their dependants make—by the wide-spread desolations of intoxicating drinks—by the accumulation of human woe, the result of your traffic—by the degradation of your depopulated country, giving its 50,000 drunkards annually to death and hell—by the constant companions of your traffic, poverty, disease, and crime—by the gloom of the felon's cell—by the suspended victim on the gallows—by the banished transport—by the tears and sighs of the drunkard's wife—by the cries of her famished children—by bereaved families—by the ravings of the asylum—by disease in all its aggravated forms—by the blasted hopes in our youth—by the squandered fortunes—by the shattered constitution—by the dying drunkard.

THE PONT NEUF.—A TALE.

[Of all the evil associations of the vice of drinking, gambling is one of the most constant and the most pernicious. To warn our readers against the terrible results of gambling, we have extracted the following episodic tale from "Pickwick Abroad." It is supposed to be narrated to Mr. Pickwick, by a Gendarme of the name of Dumont.]

THE night was dark and stormy—the rain fell in torrents—and as I occasionally looked over the high parapet of the Pont Neuf, or New Bridge, I could catch a glimpse of the rapid waters of the Seine flashing as they passed through the wide arches, even in the midst of gloom and obscurity. Ever and anon the moon made a feeble essay to pierce through the clouds that veiled her; and then the tall towers of Notre Dame were faintly visible, their black and threatening appearance adding fresh gloom to the scene.

I drew my cloak closely around me, and walked at a quick pace up and down the bridge. A murder, under circumstances peculiarly horrible and revolting, had been committed there the night before; and information had been received at the Prefecture, that a gang of desperate characters intended to haunt that quarter, in order to intercept any individuals who might be obliged to traverse the bridge in the dead of night. To prevent the commission of farther atrocities, a Gendarme was ordered to patrol the Pont Neuf and that part of the Island which lies in its immediate vicinity, until some clue should be discovered to track the assassins.

This was in the year 1827; and it was the first time I had been appointed to a dangerous service. I had only been incorporated amongst the body about six weeks—and hitherto my duties had not compromised my safety. Now every thing was to be dreaded at the hands of the midnight murderers whose motions I was appointed to watch; and the utmost circumspection, keenness, and courage were necessary.

The hour of midnight struck at the College of Four Nations; and, as if it had waited for that gloomy hour to commence its rage, the storm, that had been for some time gathering, burst forth with appalling violence. The lightning glared in frequent flashes; and while its vivid rays illuminated the atmosphere, the towers of Notre Dame, the domes of the University, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, and the Hospital of Invalids, although each so far apart from the others, all distinctly met my view as I cast a hasty glance around.

It was nearly one o'clock, and the storm continued with unabated violence. Being in the month of Sep-

tember, the night was cold, in the extreme; and my thick cloak was but a feeble protection against the intemperance of the weather. During the momentary silence that ensued immediately after a loud clap of thunder, hasty footsteps fell upon my ear, and a momentary struggle—as if it were between two or three men—took place at a little distance. I ran to the spot whence I fancied the noise proceeded—a sudden flash of lightning aided my steps—and at the moment when I laid my hand upon the arm of an individual against whom I ran, the splash of a heavy body falling into the waters below convinced me that a foul deed had been accomplished, and that I had arrived too late.

Without losing my presence of mind for one moment, I detained the person, whom I had secured, in a firm grasp, and called loudly for assistance. The sound of retreating footsteps instantly fell upon my ears, and I knew that one of the accomplices had escaped. Engaged as I was in holding an individual who struggled violently and with a considerable degree of strength, it was impossible to pursue, or even attempt to secure the fugitive.

"Release me!" cried the voice of an evidently young man, in deepest agony—it was the voice of him whom I had arrested—"release me, and ample shall be your reward!"

"Not for worlds—not for all the treasures of France and Navarre!" cried I, having entirely mastered his resistance, and effectually made him my prisoner.

"O think of my disgrace—of my ruin—of the infamy that will accrue to a noble house!" he continued, his voice almost choked with inward emotion.

"Who are you?" said I, as I led him across the bridge towards the Island of the City.

"Oh! if I only thought that the revelation of my name—of my rank—and the certainty of a liberal reward from my poor old father—who, God knows! is ignorant of the vicious courses pursued by his son, his only son—his heir—Oh! I would tell you all!"

"Monsieur," said I in a determined tone of voice, "communicate nothing to me that you would not have repeated to my superiors: for to the guard-house you must go!"

No sooner had I uttered these words, than by a sudden and desperate effort of skill more than of strength, he released himself from my grasp, sprang upon the parapet of the bridge, and was about to join the person whom he had a few minutes before consigned to a watery grave, when I, fortunately for the ends of justice—though unhappily as it regarded himself—caught the skirt of his coat, and again made him my prisoner. In a few moments he was carefully secured in the guard-house on the Quai des Orfèvres.

On the following morning I attended at the office of a Commissary of Police of the *arrondissement*, and made my deposition. The accused was immediately sent for, and when he was taken into the presence of the magistrate, he was instantly recognised by that gentleman as a Monsieur St. Leon, the only son of a Count of the same name. His father was one of the richest and most respected noblemen in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; but the accused, his son, was one of the most dissipated young men, and one of the most notorious gamblers, in Paris. On being requested to give an account of himself, and explain the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred on the Pont Neuf, as related above, he obstinately denied the fact of a murder having been committed, persisting in declaring that the sound of no splash in the water had met his ears, and that he was as unjustly suspected as he had been shamefully detained.

At this stage of the examination, an individual, whom I recognised to be the *concierge* or porter of the Morgue, entered the office, and requested to speak to the Commissary of Police. An audience was accordingly granted in a private room; and when the magistrate re-entered the cabinet, his cheek was pale, and his countenance indicated extreme horror. A spectacle so unusual in a public functionary of the police produced an immediate and singular sensation within me. Meantime the Commissary seated himself once more—reflected for some minutes—and then, suddenly turning to the prisoner, said in an impressive tone of voice, "Unhappy young man! I can scarcely believe the tale I have just heard:—and yet, if it be true, you must have mistaken one for another—for another, perhaps, whom you had previously met at the gaming-table, and whose pockets were filled with the produce of an iniquitous passion! It is not for me to judge you, young man—God grant you may be innocent! Suspensions of a serious nature rest against you—a higher tribunal must decide upon their validity. In the meantime, let me tell you that fate—destiny—or, rather, your own vices have probably prepared for you an awful doom—and a terrible tale remains for you to hear!"

St. Leon's knees trembled—his cheek became very pale—his eyes rolled wildly—and his whole frame became suddenly enervated. The Commissary noticed the effect he had produced upon the accused—and, probably satisfied with the result of his *exordium*, he proceeded as follows:—

"Young man, a deadly deed was committed last night—a mangled corpse lies at the Morgue, exposed to public view at this moment—the features are disfigured, most probably by a concussion against the projecting stones of one of the pillars of the bridge—but a letter in the

pockets of the deceased—a letter addressed to him—proves his identity with—listen, young man, and tremble—for that mangled corpse, with those lacerated features—that corpse is all that remains of your father!"

"O horror, horror! a parricide!" cried St. Leon—and he sank senseless on the floor, whence he was raised, and immediately conveyed to the prison of the Conciergerie adjoining the Palace of Justice.

"What o'clock is it now?" enquired St. Leon in an almost inaudible tone of voice.

"Half-past-six," was my reply.

"And they come at seven—do they not?" he added convulsively.

"At seven precisely," I answered.

"Not a minute later—not even one single, paltry minute!" cried he, his tongue barely giving utterance to the words in which he thus expressed his wish to procrastinate the fatal moment as long as possible.

"Not a minute later," said I, unwilling to hold out delusive hopes to the wretched man.

"In another half-hour, then, they will be here!" exclaimed St. Leon, sitting up in his bed, and clasping his hands together, as he spoke. "Oh! in half an hour they will be here—to lead me to—the scaffold!"

"Pray, compose yourself, Monsieur," I began, sensibly affected myself.

"Compose myself! What—when the very knife of the guillotine is trembling over my head—when hell is yawning to receive me—when my murdered father's curses pursue the parricide, his son—oh! how can I compose a mind lashed by the scourges of ten thousand demons? Compose myself!" he continued in a tone where bitter irony and agonized feelings were expressively blended together—"compose myself! And already the instrument of death is erected—the cold steel glitters in the rays of the morning—already thousands have congregated to witness my last moments—and already have the devils begun to stir up unquenchable fires to punish me for my crimes!"

I shuddered as he spoke, but did not venture an observation. I nevertheless inwardly hoped that it would not often come to my turn to keep my vigils by the bed-side of a condemned malefactor during the last night he had to live.

"Is it possible," said he, after a long pause,—"is it possible that vicious propensities can have led me to commit so horrid a crime? Oh! no—it is impossible—thank God, it is a dream!—it is a dream—a fearful dream! Dumont," said he, in a more tranquil tone.

"Yes," was my answer: "what can I do for you?"

"Dumont," he continued, "I have had a most horrid dream! I fancied that I had murdered my own father—my good, my excellent father, with his white locks, and his kind smile, and his mild blue eye that always beamed tenderly on me—that I did not respect those hoary locks—but that I was a parricide! Oh! all this I dreamt, Dumont—and it was a long, a very long dream! And then I fancied I was in the Conciergerie—in a dungeon, and watched by a Gendarme—but it is all a dream—oh! a most horrible dream!—and you are my friend, Dumont, and ~~was~~ a Gendarme! And then I thought that my last hour was come—"

As he spoke the clock struck seven.

"—And that I heard footsteps in the corridor leading to my cell—"

At that very moment the heavy tramp of approaching feet, drawing nearer and nearer to the door, fell upon my ears.

"—Then," continued the unhappy malefactor, "I dreamt that the clanking sounds of heavy keys were heard—"

And the keys clanked in the door as he uttered these words.

"—And, lastly, that the myrmidons of justice came to take me to the guillotine! But thank God, it is all a dream!"

He ceased—the door flew open—and a couple of Gendarmes, with dark-lanterns in their hands, entered the cell. Although it was perfectly light in the open air, within the condemned dungeons all was gloom and obscurity. St. Leon gazed for one moment upon the military forms that stood before him, and then gave one loud, long, piercing shriek, which echoed far around, and which will ring in my ears till the last day of existence. At the same time he exclaimed, "O God! O horror!—it is not then a dream!"

In a state bordering upon the most listless apathy, into which he relapsed almost immediately after this terrible expression of the deep—deep anguish of his mind, he was led to a room below, where he was forced to swallow a cup of coffee. Another malefactor was to be executed with him—he was already there, and was engaged in smoking his pipe with the utmost coolness. In ten minutes the Gendarmes proceeded to shave the hair away from the backs of the criminals' necks—their coat-collars were cut off—and every thing that might impede the fatal blow of the knife was carefully removed.

St. Leon was condemned to suffer the penalty due to the crime of parricide—namely, to walk to the place of execution with a black veil thrown over his person. The preliminaries being thus completed, the solemn procession towards the scaffold began. An hour was required for the cart, in which the prisoners were conveyed, to reach the fatal spot where the guillotine was

for in those times executions took place at the *châtelet du Trône*. Once—and once only—during this fully impressive journey, did St. Leon raise his head—was when he ascended the steps leading up to the platform of the guillotine. He cast one glance upwards—his whole frame trembled convulsively—his cheek became deadly pale—and a half-smothered cry escaped his lips. The other criminal exhibited as much courage as St. Leon did pusillanimity. He was the first to suffer, and he died like a hero, if such hardihood deserve so distinguished an epithet. His crime had also been murder.

St. Leon was then tied to the fatal plank, which was then perpendicular—his head hung almost upon his breast—he seemed unconscious of all that was going on: till when the plank was lowered to a horizontal position, and then his lips faintly breathed these two words—"My father!" I stood near him on the scaffold—I saw the executioner apply his hand to the cord—the knife, already reeking with blood, fell—and the gory head of the parricide rolled into a basket beneath!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. WARD'S of Barnsley wish shall be complied with. He shall hear no more of the party alluded to in the columns of this journal.

The Secretary of the *Finchley and Haverley United Temperance Society*, will see that the crowded state of our Report-columns has excluded his communication. We regret this circumstance, but will in future insert any report with which he may favour us.

A TEETOTALER is thanked for his letter relative to the malsters. The subject shall be attended to.

We regret that press of matter excluded the communication from Chipping Norton. We shall in future be glad to insert any letter from our correspondent there, and are delighted to perceive that a *Rehabilitant Text* has been opened in that town at Mr. Nicholl's establishment.

We shall always be glad to hear from the Secretary to the *Westminster Friendly Temperance Society*.

We must request that our correspondents will forward us their reports in as concise a manner as possible, and that they may be upon a separate page of the letter from that which contains any private observations addressed to ourselves.

W. L. S.'s paper is clever, but it will offend.

TO OUR COUNTRY READERS.

We shall be much obliged to those of our Country Readers, who will favour us with accounts of *Temperance progress*, and the *transactions of Temperance Meetings*, in the *Provincial Towns*. We request the correspondents of the *Arms of all Temperance Societies*, promising to devote ample space in our columns to such intelligence.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

For an Advertisement, not exceeding eight lines . . . 5s. 6d.
Every succeeding line . . . 4s.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1840.

We read in the *Morning Herald* of August 5th, that out of twenty-two prisoners for trial in the Crown Court, Guildford, at the Summer Assizes, there was only one individual who could read or write. How lamentable is this condition of things; and how anxious should we be to ascertain, in order to remedy, the causes of so deplorable an ignorance. It will doubtless be acknowledged that the effect of education would be the decrease of crime; and that those parents, who have it in their power to educate their children, or that the government which neglects to supply the poor with elementary schools of instruction, are more or less the causes of a considerable portion of the delinquency which fills the gaols with felons, supplies the penal settlements with transports, and from time to time sends forth a victim to the scaffold.

We shall therefore confine our observations to parents and to the government.

The parents, who possess the pecuniary means of educating their children, but who prefer expending their surplus money in the dissipation of public-houses and taverns, are, alas! too numerous. To gratify their own disgusting taste, and pander to their own vicious habits, they neglect their offspring, and prepare the way for all the guilt and misery which may afterwards overtake their uneducated sons and daughters. It is impossible for a child to gather from his father's lips (even should that father be inclined to give it) a sufficiency of instruction and moral information to serve for the guidance of his future life. The child must learn to read those books which contain the only lessons that can ensure his welfare in this life; and if his education be neglected, his morality is neglected.

Now a word to the government. The

government encourages the gin-palaces as a means of revenue, and does not provide a sufficient means of popular education. The Chancellor of the Exchequer coolly and deliberately calculates the amounts which certain duties upon ardent spirits, wines, and malt liquors will produce; but he does not reckon the good effects which would result from the increase of national schools. The government encourages the sale of liquors to the utmost of its power, and then hangs those who commit enormous crimes under the influence of the maddening drink. The government, which ought to exert itself to promote the cause of morality, neglects education, and encourages intemperance. The government deprives the people of the means of being enlightened and of being virtuous, and supplies them with a poison, which irritates all their bad feelings, and hurries them on to commit crime. The government affords its protection to the publican, because the publican is the means of increasing its revenues; and neglects the schoolmaster, because the schoolmaster would teach his scholars to avoid the public-house. The government robs the people of the means of education, and puts to death those whose turpitude had its origin in that want of instruction. Thus the government on one side is convicted of dishonesty; and, on the other, it is morally guilty of murder.

But of what nature should be this education, the deficiency of which we so much deplore? Let it consist simply in reading and writing; and when those attainments are once acquired, the mind of the poor man's child will form itself. Eschew all classical instruction: it is much more important to teach the duties of the present day in the good old vernacular English, than the customs of the olden time in a language which is extinct. A few years ago some outward and visible classical knowledge was as indispensable to one who wished to get on in life, as an acquaintance with the four first rules of arithmetic. Men have blown out their brains for a much less persecution than a certain young nobleman suffered for making a false quantity in a quotation. Whoever has read the *Iliad*, will wonder that he survived it. In those days illustrations from ancient history were gravely uttered and heard: Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Cicero, had a prescriptive right to be heard by proxy in the senate. Trite quotations and profound bows, smart scholarship and elaborate civility, were the learning and breeding of the age; and it would be difficult to decide which would have been most calamitous to a man, an unclassical memory or an inflexible spine.

If the government would only adopt measures to increase the number of primary schools, and diminish the quantity of gin-palaces, the good results of such an arrangement would speedily be made manifest. In proportion as the public-houses decreased, the pawnbrokers' shops, the prisons, the lunatic-asylums, and the workhouses would disappear; and as rapidly as the schools increased, so would the churches. Now, when a church is built in some particular spot, a couple of gin-palaces spring up, almost simultaneously, at the very doors of that temple of worship; and then, when the gin-shops are erected, a necessity is immediately perceived for a prison. The next buildings that are occupied, are the workhouse and the pawnbroker's establishment; and, if a school be erected at all, it is erected last.

This is a distressing condition of morality and of knowledge—or rather of immorality and ignorance. The government is much to blame for the course which it adopts; and to its evil enactments and disastrous policy may be traced all the evils of society. The government is the great promoter of crime, by encouraging intemperance and neglecting education. Of all shops, the public-houses are alone per-

mitted to remain open at certain hours on a Sunday. The publican may dispense his poisons on the Sabbath; but the baker may not sell the poor starving mendicant a loaf of bread! These are glorious ideas of justice and of morality; these are sapient enactments to command our respect and our veneration. Do we not feel the most unmitigated disgust at that government, or at that senate, which legislate in so ridiculous—nay, in so infamous a manner? Do we not see in these enactments, a corroboration of our former assertion "that the government encourages crime?" and shall we not, as philanthropists, and as men whom all powers of perception and understanding have not altogether abandoned, raise our voices and exclaim against these unjust—these disgraceful—these criminal proceedings, on the part of an authority which ought to command our respect and love?

The misdeeds of our legislators and rulers will undermine all the monarchical institutions of the country, far more rapidly and far more effectually than the machinations of republicanism.

ORATORICAL HINTS FOR OUR ADVOCATES.

Oratory is the art of communicating our ideas orally with power and effect. That branch of oratory which is more particularly devoted to the use of the public speaker has always been found to rise with the progress of civilization. In England it stood much higher towards the close of the last century than at any previous or subsequent period.

The invention of oratory as an art has been ascribed to the Egyptians; Aristides calls eloquence the *gift of Mercury*; and for the same reason the organ of speech was consecrated to him. He was likewise said to be the interpreter or messenger of the gods, as he excelled in eloquence. Hence we read in the sacred writings that when the people of Lystra took Barnabas and Paul for gods in human shape, because of that sudden and surprising cure which was wrought upon the blind man, they called Barnabas *Jupiter*, and Paul *Mercury*; for this reason, as the inspired writer tells us, "because he was the chief speaker," that is (as the spectators then thought) the interpreter or spokesman of Barnabas.

Oratory consists of four parts; viz., Invention, Disposition, Elocution, and Pronunciation.

Invention in oratory may be considered as the power of discovering such things as are proper to persuade the judgment and influence the understanding; and, in order to attain this end, the orator purposes to himself three things,—to prove or illustrate the subject upon which he treats,—to conciliate the minds of his hearers,—and to engage their passions in his favour. And as these require different kinds of arguments or motives, it is the province of invention to furnish him with those best fitted for the purpose.

As invention supplies the orator with necessary materials, so disposition directs him how to place them in their proper order, and manage the several parts of a discourse in such a manner that they have a just method and dependence upon one another.

Elocution, or style, is the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his ideas: it is a picture of his thoughts as they rise in succession. The word is derived from the Latin *stylus*, an instrument employed by the Romans in writing. The foundation of a good style is good sense. Cicero recommends all who are candidates for eloquence and desirous of becoming masters of a good style, to write much. This affords them an opportunity to digest their thoughts and weigh their expressions, so as to give every thing its proper force and evidence, while, by reviewing the composition, they may correct its errors or supply its defects.

Different countries have not only a different language, but a peculiarity of style, suited to their temper and genius. The eastern nations for instance have a lofty and majestic mode of speaking. Their words are full and sonorous—their expressions strong and forcible—and their phraseology warmed with the most lively and moving figures. This is very evident from the Jewish writings in the Old Testament, in which we find a most agreeable mixture of simplicity and dignity. On the contrary,

the style of the more northern languages generally partakes of the coldness of their climate.

The chief distinction of style arises from the different subjects or matter of discourse. The manner of speaking no more suits all subjects than the same dress would suit all persons and all ranks. The style, therefore, should always be adapted to the subject. Rhetoricians have divided the varieties of style into three classes; viz, the *low* or *plain* style,—the *middle* or *temperate*,—and the *lofty* or *sublime*. The style of an orator comprehends all the characters of *low*, *middle*, and *sublime*, as they are applied by him in the different parts of his address. For the language must be suited to the subject, and the different views of the speaker necessarily occasion a variety in the manner of expression. Now, an orator has three things in view,—to prove what he asserts,—to represent it in an agreeable light,—and to move the passions. Each of these parts of an orator's address requires a different style. The *low* style is most proper for proof and information; the *middle* style is best suited for pleasure and entertainment, but the sublime is necessary to influence the passions. As short periods are proper in the *low* style; so less care is necessary in their turn and cadency. As the *middle* style is more adapted for pleasure and delight, it admits of all those beauties and ornaments which soothe and entertain the mind. But it is the *sublime* style which perfects the orator. This requires the most forcible and emphatical words, the boldest metaphors, and strongest figures.

Pronunciation was anciently called *action*; though, if we attend to the proper signification of these words, the former respects the voice and the latter the gestures and motions of the body. But, if we consider them as synonymous terms, in this large sense pronunciation or action may be said to be a *suitable conformity of the voice, and the several motions of the body, in speaking, to the subject matter of the discourse*. Quintilian observes that it is not so much what our compositions are, as how they are pronounced, since it is the manner of delivery by which the audience is moved.

The chief qualities of the voice are strength, clearness, fullness, and smoothness; and various defects of the voice may be lessened by care and attention. The voice must suffer if the organs of speech have not their proper tone.

By *gesture* is meant a suitable conformity of the motions of the countenance, and several parts of the body, in speaking. A cast of the eye is not in some respects less various and expressive than language. Cicero tells us that he often diverted himself by trying this with Roscius the Comedian, who could express a sentence as many ways by his gestures as he himself by words. Pantomimes are carried on wholly by mutes, who perform every part by gestures only, in a way very intelligible as well as entertaining to the spectators.

The head in calm and sedate discourse ought to keep its natural state—an upright posture. It should not however be long without motion: it should always accompany the other actions of the body, and turn on the same side with them; except when aversion to any thing is expressed, which is done by stretching out the right hand, and turning the head to the left, the several muscles of the face bearing their part, and contributing to the proper motion of the whole. In a calm and sedate discourse, all the features retain their natural appearance. In sorrow, the forehead and eyebrows are depressed. But, in joy and cheerfulness, the forehead and eyebrows are expanded, the cheeks contracted, and the corners of the mouth drawn upwards. Anger and resentment contract the forehead, draw the brow together, and thrust out the lips; and terror elevates both the brows and the forehead.

Cicero advises that the greatest care should be taken with the management of the eye; as any sudden change or emotion in the mind is presently followed by an alteration in the look. The natural position of the shoulders is most easy and graceful. A continued motion of the arms any way is to be avoided. Their action should be generally very moderate, and follow that of the hands. The hands should be kept about as high as the breast, and should make nearly a right angle with the arm. They should never be suffered to hang down, unless it be to lean upon a pulpit or a bar.

To speak low at first has the appearance of modesty, and is best for the voice, which, by rising gradually, will with more ease be carried to any pitch that may be afterwards necessary, without straining it. In narration the voice ought to be raised to a higher pitch. Facts should be stated distinctly and accurately, with a proper emphasis laid upon the principal circumstances. In confutation, the arguments of the opposite party should be

stated plainly and distinctly, unless they appear unworthy of a serious answer, in which case they may be answered with humour, or exposed.

There is however a natural eloquence which is occasionally found in the rudest and most uncivilized states of society, and which is even more powerful than the most laboured forms of art. The address of an Indian warrior has frequently been found to operate in a most powerful way upon the passions, and to rouse the consciousness of right that had previously lain dormant in the mind of his oppressor. As however we are not all of us gifted with this innate power, we must learn its natural attributes through the medium of artificial rules.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL MEETINGS.

WYCHFORD FOREST.

MR. BENSTEAD, of the United Temperance Association, proceeded, according to invitation, to a meeting of Teetotalers on a beautiful plain in the midst of the vast forest of Wychford. This meeting took place on the 4th of August, and would have been reported in our Journal of last week, had not the account of it reached us at too late an hour. Mr. Benstead in his letter to us, observes, "that the spot chosen for the reunion, is not less celebrated for its grand and romantic forest scenery than for its associations with the sylvan sports and chivalry of former times. The meeting was formed by the Teetotalers of the various towns and villages upon the borders of the forest. The effect produced by the appearance of a great number of elegantly dressed ladies, was peculiarly agreeable and exciting; and when their united voices were raised in the song of Temperance, the impression produced upon the minds of the audience was powerful in the extreme."

Several able advocates addressed the meeting, especially some gentlemen belonging to the Wesleyan Ministry.

EAST LONDON YOUTHS' TEETOTAL ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday evening, August 5th, a meeting of the members of this Society took place at the Mariners' Church, Wellclose-square. MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, pursuant to notice, took the chair upon this occasion. The assembly was most respectfully attended; and the appearance of the juvenile members was in every way creditable to the great cause of Teetotalism.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, upon taking the chair, expressed his delight at having been called to preside over that meeting. He was lost in wonder and admiration when he contemplated the effects of Youths' Teetotal institutions upon the generations that were springing up. Society would be radically purged and purified. Its members would not change from dissipated habits to the doctrines of Teetotalism: they would be born—they would commence the work, as it were, as Teetotalers. It was a most delightful spectacle (said Mr. Reynolds) to behold those Youths, many of whom were not above twelve years of age, thus setting themselves in array against the vice of intemperance—thus affording a good example to their fathers and elder brothers—and thus embracing a doctrine which could not fail to continue them in the ways of morality, happiness, health, and peace.

MR. NORRIS, and several of the youthful advocates, then addressed the meeting, which separated at an early hour.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday, August 5th.

Pursuant to notice, a members' quarterly meeting of this Association took place at the Chapel in Aldersgate-street, for the purpose of renewing the cards, &c. The Chapel was crowded to excess; and several of the most able advocates of the Association addressed the meeting. MR. JOHNSON occupied the chair; and upon the platform were observed Messieurs CRUMP, WILSON, WESTON (the Secretary,) GAWTHORP, SIMS, GIMSHAW, EALES, POCKNELL, CAUDLE, &c. MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS attended later in the evening.

It is evident that the United Temperance Association is destined within a very few months, to stand at the head of all Teetotal societies in the kingdom. The rapid progress it has made both in the cause of Teetotalism and in public estimation, is the elementary guarantee of this ascendancy; and when we reflect that its object is the "Union of all Teetotal sects and parties in one grand fraternity," we cannot do otherwise than admit that it possesses every claim upon public attention. The numbers of its members are increasing every week at the proportion of seven to four, when compared with the numbers of disciples obtained by the other two great societies. The United Temperance Association possesses the best literary organization—the best places of public-meeting—the most effective committee—and the most persevering advocates; its success is therefore placed beyond all doubt; and hundreds consider it an honour to enrol their names in the books of an Association whose members have never yet been divided by intestine differences, party jealousies, or domestic feuds.

This members' meeting was adjourned until Friday,

the 14th of August, on which evening Mr. H. W. WESTON, the Secretary, will read his first *Half-yearly Report* to the assembly. This Report, contains an account of the rise, progress, and present condition of the Association, and is eminently calculated to cheer the spirits of all staunch Teetotalers.

Saturday, August 8th.

The meeting of the United Temperance Association at Aldersgate-street Chapel, on this occasion, was, as usual, most respectably attended.

Mr. WILSON was called to the chair.

Mr. BOWLER (of the Kensington Auxiliary Branch of the United Temperance Association) made some very striking observations upon the propriety of establishing schools for the children of Teetotalers.

Mr. SMETON said that if the working classes became Teetotalers, fathers of families could afford to educate their children upon the money which they saved from the public-house.

Mr. AUSTIN (of Kensington) gave an account of his conversion to the doctrines of Teetotalism by the celebrated Mr. John Hockings, of Birmingham. He very properly observed, in the course of his narrative, that drunkards did not originally intend to become so; but that the force of habit gradually became stronger and the more invincible.

Mr. HUDSON made a most eloquent speech upon the good effects of Teetotalism. He said that Teetotalers need not be disheartened if they did not succeed in their grand aims all in a moment; they had already done wonders; and every thing must have a beginning. The mighty ships, which triumph over the tides of ocean, could be traced, in respect to their existence, to an acorn; and the golden harvest, that now blessed the labour of the husbandman, had their origin in grain. So was it with Teetotalism; and equally powerful in its effects, and equally prolific in its good fruits, should that great principle eventually prove.

Mr. WADMAN (of Stratford) observed, that it was the first time he had ever addressed an audience at that Chapel; but he did not feel alarmed, because he knew that he was amongst Teetotalers—and Teetotalers were friends. He made a most eloquent and moving speech upon the efficacy of the doctrines.

Mr. JOHNSON (of Stratford) said that he had signed the pledge because he had been a most inveterate drunkard; and the fact of his having so done had been his salvation.

Mr. JOHNSON (the advocate of the United Temperance Association) remarked that he was frequently asked what Teetotalism was; and that his invariable answer was, that it was a Balm of Gilead, which was capable of healing all wounds. He adduced several remarkable illustrations of the evil effects of intemperance, and the beneficial ones of Teetotalism; and concluded a most eloquent speech with a powerful appeal to those who had not as yet signed, to lose no time in embracing principles capable of producing such salutary effects.

Mr. GREEN (of Westminster) addressed himself particularly to the ladies present, and exhorted them to use their utmost influence to reclaim their degraded fellow-country-women from the influence of the demon of intemperance.

Mr. GAWTHORP begged to inform the meeting, that the United Temperance Association had lately taken most important steps in favour of Teetotalism. Not satisfied with having founded the most respectable Journal (*The Teetotaler*) to advocate the glorious principles, and which Journal already enjoyed the largest circulation of any publication of the kind, in spite of the price which had been placed upon it as a guarantee for its respectability—the Committee of the United Temperance Association had established a *Depôt* for the publication and sale of Temperance works, periodicals, and tracts, in Aldersgate-street, only a few doors from the Chapel, and which *Depôt* would be opened on Tuesday, the 11th instant.

Upon the platform were the following gentlemen, who did not however speak on this occasion:—Messieurs BENSTEAD, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, WESTON, (the Secretary), SIMS, CRUMP, EALLES, and CUZNER (of Haddington.)

EAST LONDON TEMPERANCE HALL, CHURCH-ROW, BETHNAL-GREEN.

An excellent meeting of this Auxiliary Branch of the United Temperance Association was held on Monday evening, August 10th, at the Assembly Room, Church-row. Mr. CRUMP (the Registrar) was called to the chair, and made a most eloquent speech. He was followed by Messieurs PARKER, ADKINS, HARRISON, &c. We regret that the length of the account of the Gala at Dyrham Park, precludes the possibility of a more elaborate notice of this meeting this week.

THE GRAND EXCURSION TO CAPTAIN TROTTER'S PARK.

A lovelier morning never dawned upon this hemisphere than that which ushered in the day of the 10th of August. Not a cloud was to be seen upon the face of heaven; a gentle breeze swept over the

country; and the wings of that zephyr waxed faint with the perfumes of all the choicest flowers that greeted the season in the numerous gardens around the northern part of the capital. Nature herself had put on her holiday attire; for this was a grand day in the history of those regenerated men who had cast off the rags of their evil habits, and donned the gala-garments of a noble principle.

From an early hour carriages and vans, decked with the banners belonging to the various branches of the great Temperance Societies, were seen passing through every quarter of the metropolis, in the direction of the northern roads; and carts laden with provisions proceeded on the same way. As the vehicles passed along the road towards Dyrham Park, which is situate at a short distance beyond Barnet, the inhabitants of all the houses in their way hastened to catch a glimpse of the gay and cheering scene. The farther the procession drew into the country, the greater seemed the astonishment of the beholders. Mothers held up their prattling infants to obtain a full view of the carriages of the Teetotalers; old men feasted their curiosity with a sight which reminded them that their younger days had unfortunately possessed no chastening means of moral reformation like that the testimony of which was then before them; young girls gazed with astonishment upon the sight, and envied the neatly attired daughters of the disciples of the new doctrine; boys—children of all ages—and people of all ranks, classes, and professions, hurried to their windows, their doors, or their garden-gates, to witness this grand procession.

And surely a more interesting sight never met the view of those myriads of beholders; and the inmates of the vehicles themselves seemed proud of belonging to a cause which produced so extraordinary an excitement wherever its effects were seen.

The ride was a very pleasant one, and took place through a charming part of the country. When about a few miles from the metropolis, on looking back, that vast assemblage of edifices was seen stretching over hill and plain like the Babylon of ancient days, and its thousand towers were gilded with the rays of a joyous sun. Those rays fell brightly upon the dome of Saint Paul's, and made its pinnacle glitter like a distant light-house upon some tall rock. The dark towers of the Abbey of Westminster, which seemed to defy the ravages of time, and despise the centuries that have already passed over their heads, frowned above the myriads of dwellings around them, and raised their summits to heaven like two Goliaths in the midst of a mighty army. For it is in the still hour of the morning, before the wholesome life of cities is fully awake, that London presents her most striking aspect to him who surveys her from a little distance. Then it is that the everlasting cloud is lifted for a moment from her forehead, and the fresh fan of the morning passes through her stifling streets; and amid the yet smokeless air, the eye rests upon pinnacle and spire that steal, one by one, into the unadulterated light of the young day, and mark distances, which, in another hour, will have no representative at that majestic congress. Then London, in her vastness, may be reckoned by her steeples; and the thousand fingers with which she points up into the clear cool morning, are as an index to the mighty volume, whose myriad pages lie closed below!

But at length London was lost in the distance, and—town, village, and hamlet past by—the carriages and vans all united together in one grand and unbroken line of procession up Barnet hill. About two hundred and fifty vans, each carrying twenty-four individuals, and numerous post-chaises, barouches, glass-coaches, and private vehicles, formed this mighty cavalcade. From every one floated the gay banners of the several associations, branches, auxiliaries, and independent orders, of Teetotalers—and the beautiful hues of nature were for a moment eclipsed by the splendid dyes of artificial manufacture. The vehicles were filled with smiling and happy faces; all the inmates of those vehicles were neatly, and many well dressed: the female portion of the community was characterised by extreme cleanliness, and freshness of looks; and the male part wore an appearance of health and comfort, which was more galling to the minds of the publicans and their adherents than even the swelling ranks of the procession.

As the cavalcade, which was upwards of a mile long, passed through Barnet, a place that is studded with public-houses and taverns, the proprietors of those dens

of infamy turned out to get up a laugh against the Teetotalers; and, in order to effect this the more readily, they hired a parcel of ragamuffins who willingly sold their services for beer. But the contrast between the ragged and filthy appearance of those beer-drinkers and the healthy and happy air of the Teetotalers, was too striking and rendered too apparent by this contiguity; and the publicans and their tattered adherents slunk back in shame and indignation to their unwholesome dens.

It was about half-past twelve when the procession reached the park, which is a beautiful ground, adorned with a piece of water, and forming a proper approach to the mansion which stands at the summit of the acclivity. Booths were erected by various coffee-house keepers from London and Barnet; and amongst the best of these were the Fitzroy and Thompson's tents. A large booth, which was erected by an individual from Barnet, was provided with most infamous food; and this rubbish was dispensed by filthy waiters, at an infamously dear rate. Thompson's and the Fitzroy booths were well furnished with all kinds of provisions, and possessed the recommendable characteristic of cleanliness.

The Teetotalers soon dispersed themselves all over the park. Some formed little pic-nics, and ate their food upon the grass; others proceeded to the booths; and all enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Captain Trotter made his appearance amongst them on horseback, and was enthusiastically greeted. He harangued them in a very eloquent speech, and declared that the chief motive of his having thrown open his park that day was for the purpose of uniting all classes and societies of Teetotalers. Captain Trotter is thus attached to the doctrines taught by the United Temperance Association, and the truths of which he thus strongly recommended to the New British and Foreign and the Suppression societies: may they profit by the hint thus judiciously given, and hasten to join themselves with the United Temperance Association.

In the evening, after the meeting had been addressed by Mr. Roche (the magistrate), Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart., and several other gentlemen, various sports and amusements took place upon the green. Several individuals diverted themselves throughout the day by angling in the piece of water; and several fine fish were caught. About six thousand persons succeeded in amusing themselves, without the aid of intoxicating drinks of any kind, and without missing them, or wanting them, or once regretting that they had forsworn the use of them. Surely this fact must speak volumes in favour of Teetotalism, and convince the whole world that the doctrine will stand the test of general application and universal practice.

At about eight o'clock the Teetotalers began to return to their vehicles; and in a short time the whole cavalcade was on the road homewards, every individual highly delighted with the day's entertainment and the kindness of Captain Trotter in throwing open the park for the reception of the Temperance associations.

Had six thousand persons, who were not Teetotalers, proceeded on such an excursion, more than half of them would have returned in a state of intoxication, and quarrelling and disorder would have been the result: on this occasion, with the Teetotalers, not an angry word between any two individuals marred the pleasure of the day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Teetotaler.

MR. EDITOR,—Questions on medico-teetotal subjects are repeatedly put to me, some by letter and otherwise, by our Temperance friends; and were I individually to answer them it would trespass most inconveniently upon my time. It has therefore occurred to me that your inserting them in your Journal would meet the wishes of the querists, and prove not altogether uninteresting to your readers. The questions and answers are the following:—

First Question.—Does the quantity of milk determine the quality? and what other diffusible stimulants can mothers employ in the place of alcoholic drinks?

Answer.—One female may have a superabundant quantity of milk, and so deficient in quality as to compel her otherwise to feed her infant. Another may have comparatively a very small supply of that fluid, yet so rich in nourishing matter as to support "a bouncing child," many months, without any auxiliary.

I am of opinion that the production of milk by the habitual use of any diffusible stimulant is highly reprehensible; and that if the vital powers to secrete milk of requisite properties be deficient, the mother had better relinquish the duty entirely.

Second Question.—Does a Teetotaler, under disease, require the same medical treatment as he would have done under the same kind of complaint, before he abstained?

Answer.—I find a surprising difference as to the quantity of this treatment, but little essential as to quality: but it should be observed, that by abstinence many diseases are avoided, and others give way, the cause being so removed.

Third Question.—Is it desirable to vaccinate the children of Teetotalers with matter taken indiscriminately?

Answer.—Medical men are entitled to great credit for the care with which they select children for the purpose of collecting vaccine lymph; and with all other precautions, I give a decided preference to the offspring of Teetotalers, and more especially to those whose parents are total abstinents of long standing.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's faithfully,
MINGAYE SYDER.

167, Fleet-street.

(We have much pleasure in inserting the following certificate, because it bears testimony against the received notions of a numerous class of individuals:—)

Sir,—I, the undermentioned, having tried fully the total abstinence principle, for the last three years, can bear testimony to the advantages I have received thereby, and my ability to labour more efficiently without the use of any intoxicating liquors.

Signed by me, this 11th day of July, 1840,
ELIZABETH PARSONS, Monthly Nurse.
15, Curtain-road, Shoreditch.

MEANS EMPLOYED FOR PROMOTING THE CAUSE OF TEETOTALISM.

THE public means for promoting this extraordinary cause—Total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, consist chiefly—the press, the delivery of lectures, the preaching of sermons, and the holding public meetings. These means have made a very great impression throughout this empire as well as other parts of the world. It is commonly acknowledged that the press is the most powerful in diffusing information and in disseminating knowledge. We find it a mighty engine in this cause. America has her national organ, *The Journal of the American Temperance Union*, with a numerous train of auxiliary periodicals, pouring an immense flood of light over many parts of the world. In Great Britain and Ireland we are following up this means as fast as the circumstances of these countries will admit. We have in Scotland another model of light, *The Journal of the Scottish Temperance Union*, with her train of periodicals also. In England, it is difficult to estimate the value of the leading organs of the temperance press. The first in course is, *The Advocate and Journal of the British Association for the promotion of Temperance*; second, *The Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society*; the third, *The Temperance Intelligencer*, an organ of the British and Foreign Society for the suppression of Intemperance; and lastly, *The Teetotaler* founded by the London United Temperance Association. These Journals profess to extend their operations on an enlarged scale. In addition to these, there is *The London Teetotal Magazine*, a number of country periodicals, and three distinct series of monthly publications, in the form of *Children's Magazines*. In Ireland, *The Dublin Weekly Temperance Herald*, with a variety of smaller works of a similar description, and in many of the countries abroad, the same means are employed. As a general observer of the motions of the press, there is a small monthly work, *The Temperance Examiner*, having this motto, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."—*Cambridge Temperance Herald*.

THE EFFECTS OF TEETOTALISM.

It is stated that in the year 1835, 4000 distilleries were abandoned in America, and that 8000 persons, who had previously obtained their livelihood by the sale of spirits, were compelled to discontinue their trade. The example of the people of the United States was soon followed by those of other countries; and, to the honour of Ireland, the town of New Ross was the first place in Europe, in which a Temperance Society was established. Since that period, almost every large village in England has founded a similar institution. Tea has in most instances been substituted for fermented or spirituous liquors, and the consequence has been a general improvement in the health and in the morals of a vast number of persons. The tone, the strength, and the vigour of the human body, are increased by it; there is a greater capability of enduring fatigue; the mind is rendered more susceptible of the innocent pleasures of life, and of acquiring information. Whole classes of the community have been rendered sober, careful, and provident. The waste of time that followed upon intemperance, kept individuals poor, who are now thriving in the world, and exhibiting the results of honest industry. Men have become healthier, happier, and better for the exchange they have made. They have given up a debasing habit for an innocent one. Individuals who were outcast, miserable, abandoned, have become indepen-

dent, and a blessing to society. Their wives and children hail them on their return home from their daily labour with their prayers and fondest affections, instead of shunning their presence, fearful of some barbarity, or some outrage against their better feelings. Cheerfulness and animation follow upon their slumbers, instead of the wretchedness and remorse which the waking drunkard ever experiences.

REVIEWS.

Bacchus. By RALPH BARNES GRINDROD. Third Thousand. 8vo. pp. 535. London: J. Pasco.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

It is with the greatest pleasure that we return to this very talented production. The more we examine its contents, the more are we astonished at the spirit of research which is evidenced by its pages, and the more do we feel ourselves bound to applaud the labours of an individual whose grand aim is the regeneration of society. A man who can write such a book as this, is an ornament to the whole literary world; and the sooner his volume becomes well known beyond the pale of Teetotal literature, the better. Although the exclusive principles of Teetotalism—exclusive in respect to those who have not sought to learn its rites nor embrace its mysteries—be against the extensive popularity of a work written expressly and solely upon the one grand subject, still must this publication, from its very nature, find readers in all spheres, and in all classes. Mr. Grindrod is a classical scholar of no mean importance; he is a chemist of no small attainments; he is a philosopher—a moralist—an essayist—and an ethical legislator. His language is easy and agreeable, and is totally devoid of that stiffness and harshness which are the usual characteristics of scientific works. In fine "*Bacchus*" will confer upon its author that most durable of all emoluments—a reputation *are perennius*.

We shall now proceed to that chapter which treats upon the evils of intemperance in a national point of view. Mr. Grindrod says at the outset—

It is to be feared, that, in the present day, vice in all its varied forms has become so familiar to Christian observation, as to be viewed with far too little apprehension and alarm. To this source may be attributed the apathy which is manifested to those lamentable evils which arise from the use of intoxicating liquors. Every man, reflecting on intemperance, must deplore its consequences. The cause or causes, however, by which this humiliating vice is produced and cherished are, unfortunately overlooked, and, in a great degree, encouraged. The custom of drinking is so generally and so intimately interwoven with the social habits of life, that few persons entirely escape from its contaminating influence. All national evils originate in individual practice, and the extension of its influence and example.

These are the reflections of a profoundly-thinking man—of one who has watched the progressive development of the habits of life in all its various phases—of a philosopher, who reasons from the conviction of experience. Farther on, the following remarks relative to Ireland occur:—

In the early part of the eighteenth century, however, through mistaken views of national weal, great encouragement was given to the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. The consequences of this short-sighted and erroneous policy are manifest at the present time. The habit has become national, and many years may elapse, pregnant with every kind of misery to that unhappy country, before the evil can be effectually eradicated.

We are happy to perceive, by a statement in the papers, the other day, that "the whole of the south of Ireland has been teetotalised" through the means of Father Mathew. With respect to the effects of intemperance upon morals, Mr. Grindrod very properly says that—

An age of intemperance has been invariably characterized by exhibitions of vice, the most disgusting in its nature, and the most fearful in its consequences. . . . The condition of the ancient Greeks, the Romans, and other nations, who were accustomed to indulge in the use of strong drink, exhibits sufficient evidence of this fact. The history of the British nation abounds in similar examples, striking illustrations of which, &c. &c.

These illustrations had been adduced in a previous

chapter. With regard to the interesting subject of education, this able writer makes the following observations:—

The progress of education has been powerfully impeded by the use of strong drink. This department of our inquiry may be considered either in regard to its influence on the *skill* of a community, or the obstacle which it presents to intellectual and literary labours and to scientific discovery.

Mr. Grindrod shows the intimate connexion which exists between the *brain* and the *mind*, and proves the importance of the healthy condition of that organ to all the literary, scientific, or mechanical occupations of life.

(To be continued.)

The Monthly Magazine. Edited by John A. Heraud, Esq. Number for August. Sherwood and Co.

This very clever periodical has totally eclipsed the learned and erudite organ of the *ultra* Conservatives—we mean *Frazer's Magazine*. Its contents are as varied as they are instructive or amusing. The Editor exercises a delicate taste and keen perception in the way in which he allots the several departments of his work to the profound—the light and attractive—and the purely critical subjects which are comprised within the attributes of the *Monthly*.

We have not room for quotation this month, and shall therefore content ourselves with observing that the best papers in the current number are "*The Manager's*," "*The Actor's*," and "*The Poet's Theatre*,"—the "*Norse Papers*,"—and "*Locke's Metaphysics* illustrated by Owen's Socialism."

The London Magazine, Charivari, &c. Number for August. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

"*The Diurnal Revolutions of Davie Diddledoff*" are continued this month with humour and spirit. There is however too much detail and elaborated description in the tale to suit its continuous nature. "*The Death-Hole of the Daughtens*" is well told: we long for the appearance of the next number to peruse the *denouement*, which it will doubtless contain. The *Charivari* department contains some good hits. On the whole, this is a good number.

The Monthly Review. Number for August. George Henderson.

This venerable representative of English literature—this long-established periodical, which recalls the days of Byron and his contemporaries, and which reminds us of Southey's best critical essays—contains, as usual, some valuable reviews and notices of all the newest works published either in England or in France. An admirable tale in the *Dodecaton, ou le Livre des Douze*, manifests the superiority of French works of fiction over the English. "*Slavery in America and British India*," is a very clever paper.

The People's Letter-Bag, and Penny Post Companion. 12mo. pp. 108. Darton and Clark.

A very useful little publication, containing all the conventional forms of letters current amongst the middling and lower classes. The volume moreover comprises the New Postage Act, and the required forms for the addresses of all letters or petitions.

It will not only be found eminently useful to servants, but also to those humble tradesmen who in early youth did not receive the blessings of education, and who have succeeded in forming for themselves a certain position in the world. Messrs. Darton and Clark invariably issue works of utility and instruction.

CAUTION.

WHEREAS, a person calling himself Levi Harrold Leighs is travelling the country, as an advocate of Temperance, with a general testimonial of character, to which our names are affixed: we hereby withdraw our countenance to the same, and recommend an application to either of us before an acceptance of his advocacy.

MINGAYE SYDER, 167, Fleet-street,
H. W. WESTON, 12, Basing-lane, London.
August 6th, 1840.

TEMPERANCE LYRIC.

The Nile that rolls its waters wide,
And far beyond its native shore,
Flows from a little streamlet's tide
In Abyssinia's mountains hoar.
Farther and farther as it goes,
Its volumes gather bulk and force;
And from the winter's constant snows,
It takes the grandeur of its course.
So o'er the bosom of the land
Teetotal doctrines lately rolled:
Humble the preachers, yet how grand
The aims they ventur'd to unfold!
Let ev'ry tongue exclaim, "Rejoice,
The golden age is now restored!"
Thankful let all exalt the voice
Of praise unto a bounteous Lord!
For He, who sent his Son to die
When mortal crimes had seal'd our woe,
And suffered men to crucify
His offspring on this earth below,—
Redemption he has sent once more
To aid us in a world of sin,
And teach us how, when life is o'er,
A crown of endless joy to win.

ADVERTISEMENTS

This Day is published, Price 2d.
TEMPERANCE LYRICS.
OR HYMNS FOR PUBLIC MEETINGS, FESTIVALS, &c.
for the United Temperance Association.
Published at the Depot of the United Temperance Association,
159, Abchurch-lane, London.
Where all Temperance Publications may be had, wholesale and
Retail.

This Day is Published, Price Half-a-Crown, 8vd.
Containing as much letter-press as three volumes of the usual
novel form,
SISTER ANNE.
A Novel Translated from the French of Ch. Paul de Kock.
By G. W. M. REYNOLDS.
London:—G. HENDERSON, 2, Old Bailey.

DYRHAM PARK
EXTRAORDINARY GRAND TEETOTAL GALA.
A most interesting account of all the amusements of the day,
with
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING OF THE PARK AS IT AP-
PEARED ON THE OCCASION
together with the Speeches of Captain Trotter, R. Wallden, Esq.,
Sir C. F. Smith, Bart., T. B. Roche, Esq., the Rev. Mr. Whitty,
Mr. Stirling of Leeds, &c., &c., is published this day.
PRICE ONE PENNY.
Published by G. Wightman, 24, Paternoster-row, London:
sold at the Journal office of the Society, Bull's-head court, New-
gate street; at the Printing office, 10, Craven buildings, Drury-
lane, Strand; William Strange, Paternoster-row; and by all
booksellers.

VAN BUTCHELL ON FISTULA, &c.—Just published, Fourth
Edition, in 8vo., cloth boards, price 7s. 6d., enlarged.
FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS relative to
a successful mode of treating Piles, Fistula, Hemorrhoidal
Excesses, Tumours, and Strictures, without cutting or con-
finement: illustrated with numerous cases. Being a familiar
exposition of the practice of Mr. S. J. VAN BUTCHELL, Sur-
geon Accoucheur.

"This Volume presents to us a number of illustrations of his
singular success under circumstances that would have induced
despair in any professor of less mastery, or less accustomed to
accomplish cures where cures seemed impossible. The state-
ments here made are most convincing, and place beyond doubt
the superiority of the treatment to which they refer."—Court
Journal.
Published by H. Renshaw; sold also by the Author, No. 16,
Percy-street, Bedford-square.

RUSSELL'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL.
AND COFFEE ROOMS, BROADWAY, WESTMINSTER.
Will be opened under the immediate sanction of the Committee
and patronage of the Members of the West Branch of the New
British and Foreign Temperance Society, on Wednesday, 19th of
August, 1840.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, in soliciting attention to the above estab-
lishment, most respectfully informs his Temperance Friends
and the public generally, that it will be his constant aim not
only to render it subservient to the general interests of the
Temperance cause, but conducive in every possible way to the
comfort and convenience of all who may favour him with their
support.

Its contiguity to the houses of Parliament, Sessions-house
and Abbey it is presumed will render it a desirable temporary
abode to persons visiting Westminster, for purposes either of
recreation or business, and for whose convenience good beds and
every necessary accommodation will be afforded.
Refreshments of every sort compatible with true Temperance
will be furnished at very moderate charges.

The Reading room will be amply supplied with Temperance
literature, periodicals, and newspapers, and form a repository
also for the sale of all the societies' publications.

In the Teetotal mechanic, artisan, and labourer this estab-
lishment will offer considerable advantages in furnishing suitable
refreshments during any part of the day, and in the formation of
societies for their mutual benefit and registration of such who
may be out of employ.

N. B. Conveyances to every part of the kingdom by railway;
and steam-boats within five minutes' walk of the hotel.

ROBERT RICHARDS, Manufacturer of
SACKS, TARPULINS, TILTS, TENTS, FLAGS,
BED SACKINGS, and every article in Rope and Twine, at
the Lowest Prices for Ready Money. Country orders promptly
executed.
Address, Robert Richards, 4, Grey Coat-street, Westminster.

SIGHT RESTORED.
NERVOUS HEAD-ACHE AND DEAFNESS CURED BY
THE USE OF
GRIMSTONE'S SNUFF.

Copies of Testimonials given gratis by all Agents.
Under the Patronage of his late Majesty, her Royal Highness
the Duchess of Kent, and the Lords of the Treasury.

This is universally recommended by the Faculty for its effi-
cacy in removing Disorders incident to the eyes and head. It
will prevent diseases of a Scrofulous nature affecting the nerves
of the head. In cases of a nervous head-ache it is completely
efficacious, and gives a natural sweetness to the breath. It may
be taken as frequently as other snuffs, with the most perfect
safety and gratification to the consumer. Wash the eyes every
morning with warm milk and water, to remove whatever secretion
may have been produced during the night.

Dr. Abernethy used it, and termed it the Faculty's Friend and
Nurse's Vade Mecum.

Dr. Andrews also recommends its use as a preventive from
contagion.

G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S.—This eminent surgeon strongly
recommends Grimstone's Eye Snuff. See J. B. Lachfield, Esq.'s
Letter.

Observe this Caution.—W. GRIMSTONE is the SOLE IN-
VENTOR, and the only genuine is prepared by him.
Read a few cases of Sight Restored by the use of
GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF.

Mrs. A. Cole, No. 7, Skinner's Almshouses, aged 69, sight
restored and head-ache cured, Jan. 9, 1840.

W. Verlin, Esq., inflammation cured, Youghal, Ireland.

J. J. Protherne, Esq., sight restored and head-ache cured,
Waterford.

J. W. Chester, Esq., sight restored, Ballyclough, Glebe, Mal-
low.

G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq., excruciating pains in the head and
opaque vision cured, Upper Stamford street, London.

J. B. Lachfield, Esq., cured of ophthalmia; Whitehall, and
Thatched House Tavern.

Mrs. Guppy, 86, Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, cured of
ophthalmia.

Miss Mary Roades, Market place, Winslow, Bucks, cured of
ophthalmia; witnesses to her cure, Mr. John Roades, father,
and R. Walker, Esq., a magistrate.

To Mr. GRIMSTONE, 39, Broad street.

Sir,—Having read in several public journals many testimo-
nials the editors of which have thought them worthy their at-
tention, in many instances so much so as to call the invention
of which I believe you are the proprietor, and consider it of
such vital importance to the preservation of sight, as to recom-
mend its universal use. Now, sir, to my case, during my resi-
dence in Jamaica, I suffered much from inflammation in the
eyes and head, which brought on a continued nervous head-
ache. I had all the advice that the medical gentlemen of those
parts could afford, but all to no purpose. My uncle, Mr. Freder-
rick Hill, a gentleman well known in those parts, was recom-
mended to send to your agent at Kingstown for some of your
Eye Snuff; and I believe he paid to the value of 3s. for every
one of the 1s. 3d. canisters; this I know, it was cheap at any
price. I was relieved before using the contents of four canisters,
and from that time I have ever used it with the most happy
result. You may circulate this testimony for the good of others,
who may be sceptical as to the real utility of your Eye Snuff.

I am, your's gratefully, M. HILL.

1, Bull's-head court, Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn.

G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S.—This eminent surgeon
strongly recommends Grimstone's Eye Snuff. Read G. J.
Lachfield's letter.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

From Blackwood's Lady's Magazine, for May, 1838. To Mr.
Grimstone, on his valuable invention of the Eye Snuff, made
from Brush Herbs, for the diseased organs of the head and
eyes.

Great was the power that did to man impart
Creative genius and inventive art.

The second praise is not less, Grimstone, thine
Wise was thine head and great was thy design!

Our precious sight, from danger now set free,
Wives, widows, fathers, praise a song to thee.

ELIZ. ROBINSON.

12, Bell-street, Edgeware-road, Marylebone.

The above poetic effusion was copied by the editors in the
following works, newspapers, &c., in May, and the two succeed-
ing months, of the year, 1838.

To Mr. Grimstone, Penryn-arms hotel, Bangor, May 25, 1838.

Sir,—From the great and signal benefit I have experienced
from your invaluable snuff, I conceive I should be doing an act of
ingratitude to yourself, as well as injustice to those suffering as
I have, if I did not thus openly state for the satisfaction of the
public that I have been for a long time past labouring under an
almost total deprivation of sight, so great, as, except by the
feeble incapacity of knowing a shilling from a guinea. A gen-
tleman who stopped at my house for a short time, pitying my (as
I imagined incurable) misfortune, kindly recommended me to
try a small quantity of your discovery, which he procured from
an agent of yours in Dublin. I felt so much benefited from the
contents of a 2s. 4d. canister, that I have sent for two more,
which having nearly used, I am now almost completely restor-
ed. I have no doubt in the course of another week of being
cured. Sir, if you would appoint an agent in this town it would
be doing the inhabitants an incalculable benefit. Should you
be so disposed, I can with confidence name Mr. Heywood, a
most respectable tradesman here, from whom I am convinced
you would experience every satisfaction. Pardon this liberty,
but as I have myself felt such good effects from using your Eye
Snuff, I am doubly anxious our town should be supplied by a
local agent. Sir, you are at perfect liberty to publish this
testimony of acknowledgment from your grateful and obedient
servant.

W. BICKNELL.

To W. Grimstone, Esq., inventor of Eye Snuff, 39, Broad street,
Whitehall, March 8, 1838.

Mr. Grimstone—Sir, I think it but justice that I should offer
my acknowledgments to you for the great benefit I have derived
from the use of your most exquisite fragrant compound, com-
posed of herbs, called Eye Snuff, its action on the membrane of
the nose, causing the lachrymal glands to discharge in a manner
truly surprising, and by that means to cleanse the cornea, that
my eyes became healthy, strong, and performed their wonted
duties in a manner that I have not known the blessing of for
six years. The renowned G. J. Guthrie, Esq., recommended
me to try your Eye Snuff prior to my undergoing an operation.
Many thanks to him for his suggestion; thanks to your inven-
tion, that operation will not be necessary. Sir, you have my
permission to make this known in any manner you may think
best. I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. R. LACHFIELD.

P. S.—Sir, be pleased to send to the Thatched-house Tavern,
St. James's street, a 4s. 4d. and 3s. 4d. canister. You can send
the change in the parcel for the enclosed half-sovereign. J. R. L.

This letter is attested to by G. J. Guthrie, Esq., F.R.S.

Sold in canisters at 8d., 1s. 3d., 2s. 4d., 4s. 4d., and 15s. 6d.,
each, by all wholesale Tobacconists, Merchants, and Druggists,
in town and country. A liberal allowance to shippers,
owners, captains, and all vendors of Grimstone's Eye Snuff.
Foreign and British Snuffs and Cigars of the finest quality. All
orders made payable in London. Letters must be post paid
Manufacture, Bow-lane, London.

N. B.—Grimstone's Eye Snuff will keep in any climate.

UNDER THE ESPECIAL PATRONAGE OF
HIS LATE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY—As the
following letter received from Major-General Sir Henry
Wheatley, Keeper of the Privy Purse, testifies.

"Sir,—I am honoured with the King's command to ex-
press his Majesty's sense of your polite attention in sending
the two bottles of Essence of Ginger. His Majesty has been
pleased to direct me to forward you ten pounds in payment
for it—inclosed you will find that amount—I am, Sir, yours
obediently, H. WHEATLEY."

St. James's Palace, June 25th, 1835.

To Mr. Decimus Woodhouse.

WOODHOUSE'S ETHERIAL ESSENCE OF GINGER
is particularly recommended to all cold phlegmatic, weak
and nervous constitutions; it is certain in affording instant
relief in Spasms, Cramps, Flatulence, Languor, Hysterics,
Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Sensation of Fullness, Pain and
Oppression after Meals; also those Pains of the Stomach
and Bowels which arise from Gouty Flatulencies; Digestion
however much impaired, is restored to its pristine state, by
the use of this Essence for a short time, if taken in Tea,
Coffee, Ale, Beer, Porter, Cider, or Wine; it corrects their
flatulent tendency; also this Etherial Essence warms and
invigorates the whole system, and will be found on experi-
ence, a happy substitute for those spiritual cordials, which
at the moment they seem to revive, are insidiously under-
mining the very principles of life and health in short as a
domestic remedy, a remedy for the Traveller by sea or land,
nothing can be more convenient or efficacious, as a few drops
in water, forms a tea of any strength.

The undersigned, and 208 other medical men, have given
certificates of their unqualified approbation of the value of
the Essence, as also of its superiority over all other similar
preparations. Drs. James Johnson, Physician to His Ma-
jesty, A. T. Hedrold, S. Ashwell, R. Rowley, A. Middleton,
C. Loudon, D. Davies, Surgeon to their Majesties, J. Pereira,
G. Fisher, F. Salmon, F. Tyrrel, J. H. Curtis, Aurist to his
Majesty, C. Millard. In bottles 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and
21s. each.

Also **WOODHOUSE'S PATENT CORN PLASTER**, for
affording instant relief, and eradicating CORNS and BUNIONS
without pain or danger. This plaster acts by softening and
destroying the Corns or Bunions, and defending the affect-
ed parts from the pressure of the shoe. Thus its use is
perfectly safe and certain in affording relief in ten minutes,
if a cure is not effected: in boxes 1s. 14d., and 2s. 9d. each.

These preparations are prepared only by DECIMUS WOOD-
HOUSE, Operative Chemist Extraordinary to his late Majesty
at his Laboratory, 13, Little James-street, Bedford-row, of
whom it may be had wholesale, and retail of Hooper, 43,
King William-street, London Bridge, T. Butler, 4, Cheap-side,
Sanger, 150, Oxford-street, and of all Medicine Vendors.

N. B. Be sure to ask for Woodhouse's.
CAUTION. To prevent imposition, be sure to see the
name of DECIMUS WOODHOUSE, 18, King William-street,
London Bridge, is engraved on the Government Stamp,
otherwise cannot be Genuine.

DUGALD MURRAY'S WRITING INKS.

The above celebrated Inks, which are made of Black,
Red, Blue, and the Blue that turns Black are rapidly super-
seeding most others now in the market. Those persons who
may be annoyed by the absence of the requisite qualities in
writing Ink, Brilliancy of colour, extreme fluidity and perma-
nence, are requested to make trial of Murray's Writing
Inks, when they will find that in them they have been at-
tained in perfection. They may be had at every Stationer's,
Booksellers, and News-Vendor's Shop in London, and the
Country, and of the sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, Dou-
glas McMillan, 33, Myddleton Street, Clerkenwell, London.

PURE CARBONATE OF SODA, 1d. per oz.

1s. per lb. Tartaric Acid, 2s. 12. 2s. per lb. Tasteless Salts,
1d. per oz. 1s. per lb. N. B.—A tea-spoonful of Tasteless Salts,
half a tea-spoonful of the Acid, and the same quantity of Soda
put into a tumbler of Water make a Sedilious Draught, an ex-
cellent Aperient Medicine, entirely tasteless. Sedilious Pow-
ders, 8d. per doz. 3 doz. 1s. 6d. Ginger Beer Powders, 5d. per
doz. 3 doz. 1s. Lemonade Powders, 5d. per doz. 3 doz. 1s.
Soda Water Powders, 4d. per doz. 3 doz. 9d. Each dozen
makes six Draughts. At 41, Clerkenwell Green.

RECENT DISCOVERY IN TEETH. Messrs

MORGAN and TULLY respectfully wish to inform the
Public that after many years of indefatigable research, they
have discovered quite a new description of MINERAL
TEETH, that surpasses all previous inventions for Beauty
and Durability, never changing Colour, and being impos-
sible, from their natural Appearance, for the closest observer
to detect them from Human Teeth. The method in which
Messrs. M. and T. fix these Teeth does not require the ex-
traction of the remaining Roots, or any painful Operation; they
are fastened without Springs, Wires, or Ligatures, and are
guaranteed to restore the Articulation and Mastication.
DECAYED TEETH filled up and perfectly restored to their
former Soundness, without Heat, Pain, or Pressure, by Messrs.
M. and T.'s infallible Cement, which hardens to Enamel in
a short time. Teeth Scaled and Beautified equal to the Finest
Enamel. Children's Teeth Regulated and Properly Managed.
With every other Operation appertaining to Dental Surgery,
scientifically performed on the most moderate Terms. 1, Fins-
bury Place, South, Directly Facing Fore Street.

DR. GARDINER'S WORM MEDICINE, after

forty years' unparalleled success, proofs of which
may be seen in the vast collection of Worms in the Museum,
71, Long-acre, especially recommends itself to the many thus
afflicted, as also parents and guardians, on whom it is an
imperative duty to observe those leading symptoms by
which worms are generally detected—as irregularity of ap-
petite, itching of the nose and seat, starting in the sleep,
grinding of the teeth, dry cough, constant thirst, wasting
and general debility, fits, and, if neglected, decline and
death.

Prepared (only) and sold by the Doctor's grandson, J. S.
GARDINER, as above; also, by ENWARDS, St. Paul's; SAN-
GERS, Oxford-street; BACALAT, Farringdon-street, and most
respectable Medicine Vendors, in boxes 2s. 9d., for chil-
dren 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. The Cordial Tincture to be
used with the Pills, in bottles, 1s. 14d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and
10s. 6d.

All Communications for the Editor, to be addressed, post-paid,
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EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

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THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER X.

THE MIDNIGHT PLOT.

THE old gentleman, who had hired the apartment which Mr. Robus had surrendered to him in the manner related in the preceding chapter, appeared suddenly overcome with delight when he found himself alone in his new lodging. A beam of joy animated his pale and care-worn countenance; and his heart expanded with a strange sentiment of independence of the world, as he gazed around him, and exclaimed, "Heavens be thanked! here at least all my actions will not be overlooked!"

He spoke in a foreign accent; and any one, who had been accustomed to associate with Frenchmen, would have at once perceived that he belonged to the land of our gallant and great neighbours. He was attired in a fashionable manner; a massive gold chain was appended to his neck, and communicated with an elegant Breguet watch in his waistcoat-pocket; a valuable diamond-ring glittered upon one of the fingers of his right-hand; and the purse, from which he had extracted the coin to liquidate the first week's rent to Mr. Robus, was apparently well-filled with gold coin. He had arrived at the gate of the alley in a hackney-coach, and the driver had carried a portmanteau and a writing-desk up to the apartment hired by the stranger. In a word, every thing belonging to, and about, this old gentleman bespoke wealth and importance in the great circle of society.

As soon as the first feeling of satisfaction at finding himself alone had passed away, the stranger placed his writing-desk in a convenient spot upon the table, and sat down to pen a long epistle, during which occupation, he was frequently agitated by inward emotions to such an extent, that he could scarcely hold his pen. He wrote with trembling fingers; and from time to time, he pressed one of his hands to his forehead, as if he were anxious to suppress the very thoughts that crowded in his imagination. The perspiration rolled down his cheeks; and ever and anon he started and half-closed his desk, as a footstep in the passage, or on the staircase without, fell upon his ears.

At length he terminated his letter, which he endeavoured to read through; but in this attempt he totally failed, and the big tears now chased each other from his eyes in rapid succession. He threw himself back in his chair, and sobbed violently; and then, as if reckless whether he were overheard or not, he muttered broken sentences aloud.

"Well—it may not be too late! Oh! no—God forbid that it should be too late to do this act of justice! Poor innocent creature—thus to have been neglected! Wretch—villain that I am! How have the thunders of heaven slept so long? Wherefore have not the lightnings blasted me in my wicked career? But, oh! the wrath of an offended Deity has overtaken me: it has never left me since I did the deed! I have not known a happy hour—a happy minute,—no, not even an instant

devoid of care, since that thrice accursed day! Oh! it was vile—it was cowardly—it was despicable thus to have acted! To rob the traveller upon the high-way, who could defend himself, that were a noble deed compared with this! Alas! alas! I have suffered much—I have suffered severely—but I have not suffered enough! No—this state of being is only a foretaste of the horrible torments—tortures—hell—that are reserved for crimes like mine!"

He ceased, for his voice was rendered hoarse by deep emotion, and was then drowned in sobs. The agony endured by that old man—the bitter, bitter anguish of his soul was indeed the consequence of some dread crime—the fruit of a remorse which belonged to turpitude that must have been very terrible!

He rose and walked towards the window. The morning, which had been sunny and beautiful, was succeeded by an afternoon of rain and gloom. The waters poured down in torrents; and for some moments he watched the pyramid of rain as it fell into the court beneath. And the variable climate of this country brought to his mind the beautiful atmosphere of his own native land—of France; and as he read the address of the letter which he had folded and now held in his hand, he sighed deeply. For he knew that the shores of that land were closed against him; and he felt that he should die without beholding its capital—the gay city of Paris, once again. Paris in the year 1824 was that which it is at the present day, the centre of the civilized world, the Babylon of Europe, a furnace of new and powerful intellects, a constant ebullition—a pandemonium of philosophers, of economists, of adventurers, of writers; a gulf in which agitated a band of demolishers of thrones and of altars; a Titan reposing in the mire, weighed down by a mountain of stone, but ready to shake the world with the least of its movements. And it was to this city that the old man could not return; and he felt the interdiction to be one of the most oppressive and intolerable grievances attendant upon the crime which he accused himself of having committed.

And the rain continued to pour in torrents. But still the stranger determined himself to convey his letter to the post-office; for he felt that he should not die happily unless he knew that he had performed that last duty. He accordingly enveloped himself in his cloak, took an umbrella, and, having locked the door of his room, proceeded to the general Post-office. He paid the postage of his letter, which was destined for France, and then retraced his steps through the torrents of rain, to his humble lodging.

In the meantime, Victor Melville had thrown himself upon his bed, and, in a state of the deepest agitation, had begun to reflect upon the course on which he was now entering. Tibbatts had retired for the purpose of procuring something for their dinner,—for breakfast they had had none, unless the deleterious spirits they had drunk might be thus denominated; and our young hero was left to his own meditations.

When a man in Victor's situation has determined upon the commission of a crime, there

are but two courses for him to pursue, in order to avoid the temptation,—and those are to throw himself into the river, or to go to bed. These alternatives will be decided according to the temperament of the person interested. At all events, when the first is not adopted, the second is an admirable method to appease the senses and refresh the head. Oh! how sweet—how sweet is it when the heart is full and the pocket is empty, to rush up-stairs to one's bed-room—while the tempest is howling without, to envelope one's self in the bed-clothes—and, then, alone, in the silence of that chamber—alone with all one's infamy—to accuse one's self of cowardice, of villany, of madness—to complain—to anathematize—to beseech—until fatigue and slumber overtake him, and carry him into the delusive regions of another world! But to toss upon one's bed in the broad day-light—while the rains are pouring without, and poverty and hunger prevail within—to stand upon the threshold of a crime which he dares not contemplate, and from which he has not the courage to retire—to know that that crime will alone produce the means of accomplishing some much desired object—and then to calculate the probabilities of failure, and the chances of punishment,—oh! this is passing from one kind of hell to another—this is merely making an exchange of tortures—this is the difference between physical and mental suffering—the hunger of the body, and the thirst of the soul,—this is drinking molten lead after having been burnt with red-hot iron,—and this is experiencing the punishment of Victor Melville!

"This is indeed the progress of a drunkard in the ways of crime!" said Victor, aloud, as he writhed upon the bed in the folds of his own thoughts, as if he were in the embraces of an anaconda; "this is the career of him who yields himself up to the most pernicious of all habits! And yet—how to withstand the temptation! Oh! at this moment there are thousands of individuals in this great capital, who know not the cares of poverty! Why should this difference exist? Why should I be wretched and poor—and another happy and rich? Wherefore should I not seek that equalization which the unjust laws of this country forbid?"

This wretched sophistry was interrupted by a knock at the door of the youth's apartment. He started as if he had already been guilty of the crime he meditated, and already feared the domiciliary visit of the police. A moment's reflection banished the cause of alarm. He hurried to the door, and received a packet from the hands of a young man, who merely said "With my master's compliments, Sir,"—and then turned hastily away. Melville closed the door, seated himself at the table, and with a trembling hand opened the packet. A manuscript fell to the ground,—it was his own tale—the tale he had so confidently sent to the publisher in Paternoster-row. All hopes sank within him. There was a short note in the envelope which contained the manuscript; and that note briefly expressed a regret that the tale was not suited to the pages of the periodical, to the Editor of which it had been addressed.

Evils never come singly: and if anything were wanting to confirm the wavering resolutions of this poor young man, and urge him on to crime, circumstances had of a surety conspired to accomplish this aim. From that instant he no longer hesitated what step to pursue; but awaited the return of Mr. Tibbatts in a sombre mood of obstinacy, dogged resolution, and the recklessness of a despairing man.

Mr. Tibbatts returned, after having prevailed upon a butcher in the neighbourhood to supply him with some meat—a publican to fill his bottle with brandy—and a baker to unburden his generosity to the extent of a quarter loaf. At three o'clock he and Melville sate down to their dinners; and the remainder of the evening was passed in drinking and smoking.

Brandy is at all times calculated to form the finished ruffian, and to inspire the reluctant with that *bastard* courage which is necessary to the accomplishment of a bad deed; and the fumes of tobacco are well adapted to increase that doggedness of determination and sullen recklessness to which the sinner nerves his mind on the eve of a fresh crime. Alas! all these evil results spring from the vicious combinations of political systems: the government makes bread dear—man wants bread—he cannot purchase it, and he cannot starve,—he must therefore steal it,—and the intoxicating drinks, the sale of which is encouraged by the government, urge him on to accomplish that act of turpitude. The same government, which thus compels him to sin, punishes him for his misdeed with all the severity of impartial and indignant justice! What contradictions are there in all the systems of human invention!

As the evening approached, the rain fell less violently; but the artillery of heaven commenced its dreadful din. The thunders rolled, and the lightnings flashed; and the moments of perfect stillness which succeeded each clap seemed to inspire the minds of the two carousers with awe. But this effect soon passed away; and as, one by one, the lights in the windows of the houses in Albion Buildings were extinguished, they exchanged significant glances with each other,—as much as to say, “The hour approaches!” and then, as if those words had really issued from their lips, they said, “Come, drink,”—another manner of expressing a sentiment understood by both—the sentiment that the time for the trial of their courage was at hand!

The storm howled without—the thunders rolled at less distant intervals,—and from time to time the flashes of vivid lightning called into full and perfect outline all the houses seen from the window of Victor's apartment. It was at the moment when one long and loud clap of thunder had just sunk into the silence of the night, that the clock of Saint Paul's proclaimed the hour.

Melville counted the strokes,—one, two, three,—and so on,—until he had numbered eleven.

“Eleven!” cried Tibbatts; “I did not think it was so late.”

“Eleven!” said Victor; and that hour appeared to be the knell of his happiness for ever—the tocsin of a ruined soul!

“In half an hour we'll go to work,” observed Mr. Tibbatts: “I know that Robus sleeps pretty sound. It was a capital idea of mine. But you don't drink!”

Melville filled his glass with brandy and water, and lighted another cigar with the hope of composing his ideas. But he experienced a mental agitation and a bodily uneasiness—an oppression at the heart, and a weight upon the chest—which rendered that half-hour of suspense absolutely intolerable!

At length Tibbatts tossed off the remainder of his liquor, and rose hastily from his chair.

“Every one is in bed now,” said he, in a low and hoarse voice: “we cannot choose a better moment.”

“You are afraid, Tibbatts,” said Melville, appalled at the change in his companion's tone.

“Afraid!” ejaculated the tempter, affecting a chuckle: “there is not much to be afraid of!”

“Suppose the door should be locked?” observed Melville, trembling violently, and almost hoping that a reply in the affirmative would be given.

“I know all about that,” answered Tibbatts. “The door is sure to be locked; but it lifts off its hinges: and that we must do as gently as possible. I've got a dark lantern in my room, which I shall take with me, so as to throw a momentary glare upon the portmanteau in case I don't put my hand upon it in an instant.”

Mr. Tibbatts procured the lantern from his own apartment; and at the same time he satisfied himself that all the inmates of the extensive lodging-house were quiet. He returned to Melville's room, and then informed him of the mode of procedure to be adopted. Victor was about to decline at once to enter any farther into the scheme of villany; but the thought of Louise—of his unsuccessful tale—of his poverty—and of his denuded pocket, once more armed him with that desperate courage which was necessary for the execution of the project.

It was within half an hour of midnight,—the storm still raged with appalling violence,—and the night was dark as pitch, save at those intervals when the whole metropolis was lighted up with a sudden blaze of fire produced by the flashes of lightning. Tibbatts slowly led the way down the flight of stairs leading to the apartment of Mr. Robus, and Victor followed with noiseless steps. Tibbatts gently tried the door, and, to his joy and astonishment, he found that it was not locked.

“Now then, my boy,” said Tibbatts, in a low whisper to his companion, “we shall soon complete the job.”

As he uttered these words, he cautiously pushed the door open, and Victor mechanically drew nearer towards the threshold. Tibbatts stole into the apartment, and was silently and slowly advancing towards the spot where he knew that the portmanteau of his landlord usually stood, when his foot slipped upon something that seemed greasy and wet. At that instant a flash of lightning of exceeding brightness illuminated the whole room for several seconds, and Tibbatts mechanically cast his eyes towards the floor. He staggered, as a terrible picture rapidly but distinctly met his view and then disappeared.

“Victor—Victor—Melville!” he cried in a faint tone of voice; “in the name of heaven, where are you?”

“Here—here,” was the reply: “is anything the matter?”

Tibbatts immediately opened his dark lantern, so that the light fell upon the floor: Melville drew near the spot; and a ghastly—hideous spectacle met the eyes of those two men who had sought that room for plunder. Beneath the sickly glare of the lantern, was seen the body of a man, lying with his back upon the floor, and his distorted countenance upwards. A hideous gash across the throat, and a razor lying in a pool of blood near him, at once convinced them that some terrible deed had been lately committed there. Again a flash of lightning illumed the chamber; and Victor recoiled, horror-struck, towards the door, for he thought that the lips of the corpse moved, and that its eyes, which were open, rolled in their sockets. But his imagination alone had produced that idea.

“Come—come away,—for heaven's sake

let us stay here no longer!” said Melville in an agonizing tone of voice.

At that instant a footstep was heard upon the stairs; and a long and hearty curse at the darkness of the night fell from the lips of the individual who was ascending the steps.

“Here is Robus himself!” ejaculated Melville; and, without knowing what step to take, or what to do, he hurried up-stairs to his own apartment. Influenced by some idea that his own safety was at stake, he seized his hat, and again rushed towards the stairs with the precipitation of an individual escaping from the officers of justice. The form of that bloody corpse haunted him at every step: his brain seemed on fire—and yet a cold perspiration broke out all over his body. As he hurried down the stairs, he heard the voices of Tibbatts and the landlord in loud altercation in the apartment where the body lay; and he perceived that the tones of Mr. Robus were hoarse and thick, as if influenced by drinking.

Without waiting to ascertain the cause of the dispute between Tibbatts and his landlord, and still urged onwards by the idea that his own safety should be alone consulted at that crisis, the young man flew down stairs, hurried out of the front-door, and continued his flight down the court, into the street, as rapidly as his legs would carry him. He was heedless of the rain and of the violence of the storm, for he was pursued by the constant conviction of imminent danger, and haunted by the grim and ghastly features of the corpse of which he had caught so perfect, although so transient, a view in the chamber of a mysterious death.

(To be continued in our next.)

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

No. 1.

So prominent is the position now occupied by the United States in the social, the political, and the commercial worlds,—so erroneous have been many of the statements propagated relative to those tracts and their inhabitants,—and so necessary is it for the votaries of Teetotalism to become acquainted with that nation whence emanated this new light of moral reformation, that we shall not offer any apology for the insertion of a series of articles, under the above denomination, in the columns of this journal.

Three quarters of a century have not yet elapsed since thirteen western colonies of Great Britain took up arms, and achieved their independence. It was a great work commenced on a great principle, the importance of which none but a highly enlightened people could have conceived. The emancipated colonies, after some years of existence, as separate though confederated states, coalesced into a single nation, which immediately entered upon a most brilliant career. But while all her energies seemed absorbed in raising her commerce to be the second in the world, a process—to Europe an invisible one—was going on within her, which has led to most startling results. A passion for emigration got hold of the eastern states; the Yankee took to the woods, as the apprentice in England takes to the sea; a love of adventure, a capricious industry preferring its own method of toil, the surly self-consequence of being responsible to no one for his pursuits, each of these was sufficient to induce him to shoulder his axe. Off he went, and cleared himself a home in the forest, until the sounds of approaching footsteps sent him deeper into the wilds: thus he proceeded, screaming off the fertility of successive spots, and abandoning them to some new adventurer less intrepid than himself. Like the birds that are said to be constantly skimming the surface of the Bosphorus, and are never known to rest upon it—the French have given them the name of *ames damnées*—these men are ever on the move; and in this sense at least, if in no other, they may be styled the *ames damnées* of civilization. But a less restless race is always on their track, ready to profit by their impatient toil. It is this double and simultaneous action, this commercial enterprise without, and this colonizing enterprise within, which furnishes one of the most interesting features of the American career. Already, it is found expedient “to check (we quote from No. LXX. of the *North American Review*) emigration from the settled to the unsettled parts, and to substitute the cultivation of the arts of social life, its tastes, its manners, and

its habits, for those of the roving emigrant, or solitary settler in the wilderness." Already! Now, it was naturally to be expected, that with the "rage for commerce," which Dr. Price, writing to Arthur Lee, in 1787, ascribes to the Americans, that their Atlantic border would soon be fringed with a dense and rapidly increasing population, and that a certain portion of in-lying territory would be cultivated for the supply of the vast produce which their wants and an extensive commerce would require. But that while this result is rapidly accomplishing, this very population, as if already oppressed by the luxuriance of numbers, should send its swarms of emigrants to the forest, not to be the pioneers of a laggard and remote improvement, the nuclei of future and slowly budding settlements, but the artificers of present villages, towns, and cities—the subduers of woods to the uses of societies, organised in their most efficient form—is a consequence that not only astonishes us, but proves that the dullest of all sciences, even that of statistics, is not devoid of its romance. Singular phenomenon of a people beginning its political existence with little more than three millions of inhabitants and 300,000 square miles of occupied territory, and in little more than half a century adding nearly nine millions to its population, and 500,000 square miles to its civil jurisdiction! But these results are too immense to be appreciated as a whole. Go into the forest, you will stumble upon a town in full activity, bee-like and busy—it has 10,000 inhabitants, and is—in its eleventh year! Are you descending the Ohio, you will reach a town of 30,000 inhabitants. "The streets and buildings are handsome," says Hamilton, "and would be considered so in New York or Philadelphia." "It has eighteen churches," writes Stuart, "numerous cotton and woollen factories, steam saw-mills, and machinery, and mechanics of all kinds. It has also an institution for general education, and a military college and a library, and a museum of natural history." It is the largest city of the western states, and "stands on ground which till lately was the extreme limit of civilization." "It is full of pigs, and abominably bad manners," says Mrs. Trollope, for it is Cincinnati we are speaking of as it stood in its thirtieth year! This lively and sarcastic lady has been rather hard upon this young wood nymph,—this forest hoyden; but what a delightful book to those who know how much of it is true, and have not the fear of Europe before their eyes; and what a gem of a book to the future generations of Americans, who will greedily devour its grotesque record of their olden time. Such then is the spontaneous growth of those cities of the woods. Poor Catharine of Russia! How would her spirit marvel could it behold such fairy scenes, this legerdemain, this "hey presto, be gone!" of enterprise which bids the forest fall, and the city rise; she whose passion it was to lay the first stone of towns that were never to boast a second; and to whom the Emperor Joseph so wittily alluded when he wrote from the Crimea, "I have this day been assisting at a great work—laying the first stone of a grand city, and the last." How would the imperial lady envy the happy despot that could indulge such freaks; and how would her wonder grow when she learnt they were not the products of an ukase, but mere sweat-drops from the brow of a young athlete, whose nurse was Freedom, and whose name is Industry. But there are greater marvels than these. It is now almost eighty years—peradventure, venerable reader, your own age may exceed this period by a decade—since a Virginian physician, a man of enterprise and talent, passed the western frontier of his colony for the purpose of exploring. He advanced with a small party to a region to which the Indians had given the fearful name of "the Dark and Bloody ground," and hearing that the Ohio was not far distant, set out in quest of it; but after floundering about for some time in a wrong direction, and undergoing the severest fatigue, he at length abandoned his project and returned. This wild district has now its population of nearly a million; its eighty-three counties with their 1100 schools; and what, we opine, is a greater marvel than all, its one county of Morgan, with its 893 children, and no school at all; its university and colleges, and its library fund of 140,000 dollars a year; it has been a state since 1792, and rejoices in the name of Kentucky. Such is the magic worked by the axe of the Americans; such the continuous progress of the social stream now eddying into large masses, and now voicing in innumerable channels into every corner of this gigantic country. But let us see what has been done on the north, and north-western side of the inaccessible river of the beautiful Ohio, *la belle Rivière*. Has its gentle wilderness of prairies es-

caped the rough hug of industry? Let the territories of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, now raised to the dignity of states, reply. Here is the El Dorado of the Union—the paradise of the prairies,—vast islands of verdure, of long rich grass entwined by brilliant and sweet flowers, girded by the forest and indented by it as the ocean by its shores. The second of these states will afford some idea of the natural advantages of this superb region. Covering an extent of 39,000 square miles,—it is the third state in point of territory,—it presents a vast undulating plain of the richest land in the world, not varying in its level above sixty feet, extending from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan, and containing within its limits 4000 miles of "boatable" waters, many beautiful lakes, and such perfect natural irrigation, that it is impossible to settle at any point distant from water carriage. In this "terrestrial Paradise," as the French styled it, there was in 1830, a population of 170,000—the amount having trebled in ten years. Here too is a capital with the visionary name of Vandalia, which six years ago, when Stuart saw it, though only nine years old, had not merely houses and men, legislators, lawyers, and physicians, but two learned societies, an historical, and—God save the mark—an antiquarian! Now we should as soon expect to hear of an agricultural society moored in the midst of the heart of the Great Desert. We wonder what this learned body considers a remote antiquity—doubtless the close of the last century? The affair, we suspect, was only got up by way of novelty; for the almanac for 1835 does not notice it; it has therefore died—of old age perhaps!

(To be continued in our next.)

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE.

No. I.

MR. WONTNER, the late governor of Newgate, said that ninety-nine out of a hundred prisoners were reduced to their degraded situation by means of drink.

Dr. Cheyne, M.D., has declared that if a man, beginning at the age of twenty, were to take one large glass of spirits regularly every day, he would thereby affect the duration of his life, probably abridging it by at least ten years. Writers upon Toxicology include ardent spirits in the list of poisonous substances.

Two men were one day seen coming out of George-yard, Whitechapel; and, after talking some time together at the corner of the gate-way, one of them pulled off his shirt, went into a pawnbroker's, and pledged it. He then went into a gin-shop with his companion, and they spent the money together. On another occasion, two men were talking in the same neighbourhood; and in this instance, one pulled off his shirt, sold it to his comrade, and then they both went to a gin-shop and spent the proceeds of the garment.

There are in London, 1887 bakers, 1479 butchers, 940 cheese-mongers, 265 fishmongers, 163 poulterers, 218 dairy-men, and 1933 grocers. These make a total of 6890 provision shops; and there are in London 3638 licensed victuallers, exclusive of beer-shops. The bakers, butchers, and fishmongers amount to 3631; and, as there are 3638 licensed victuallers, all of whom sell spirits, there are seven more venders of distilled poisons than of wholesome food.

One great proof of the increase of drunkenness in the last thirty years, will be seen in the great increase of consumption of ardent spirits, the increase of lunacy, of pauperism, and of crime.

Twenty-five millions of money are annually expended by the public, in the British dominions, for distilled spirits alone.

The great and rapid increase in drunkenness has been particularly noticed since the year 1825, when the duty was lowered on distilled spirits.

The mere fact of drunkards becoming reformed and industrious would create an immense demand for provisions and clothing; and this would increase the demand for labour.

Within the last ten years, the premium given for public-houses has most enormously increased. It is now a common practice to give from £2000 to £4000, premium, for the good-will of a house of large business.

A publican one day sent to an operative chemist for certain drugs which were sold by the latter; at the same time the young man, who called from the publican, asked the druggist for an order for some gin. The druggist accordingly gave an order for a gallon, which quantity was forthwith sent to him. The chemist immediately applied a test to it; and the moment he dropped the testing substance into it, the whole quantity of spirit turned white. He sent it back to the publican, with a message expressing his astonishment that he should send him poison.

Gin is frequently marked up 8s. 6d. a gallon at the gin-shops. Now the price-current of gin, whisky, and rum is about 2s. 4d. to 3s. 6d. a gallon. If you add the amount of the duty to these sums, it will be found that the article vendible by the publicans can be little better than poison, or they could not afford to sell it at the price above mentioned.

Vitriol is one article that is commonly made use of for the purpose of adulterating gin.

From observations which have been made relative to those children who attend Sunday-schools, it is ascertained that the children of intemperate parents are invariably squalid, emaciated, and exceedingly debilitated, and this is the general effect produced by the use of ardent spirits both upon parents and children.

The average number of persons taken up by the police out of the streets for intoxication, amounts to about 30,000 per annum in this metropolis.

A considerable portion of the intoxication which exists in London, especially amongst bricklayers and journeymen tailors, may be traced to the fact of their masters or their masters' foremen paying them in public-houses, where those unfortunate persons often wait three or four hours on Saturday evening for their wages. Publicans will frequently advance masters sums of money to make up their arrears of wages, on condition that those wages be paid at the houses of these accommodating landlords.

Gin-shops have increased enormously since the passing of the Beer Bill. There was originally a limit to public-houses; but the number of beer-shops soon became without limit. The publicans were thus compelled to change their system of doing business in order to compete with the beer-shops; and thus all the houses of the former became places where spirits and beer are sold over the counter, either to be taken away or drunk on the spot. The old public-houses, where a man could have his steak dressed, and sit down and take his ale, are extinct: they are all converted into splendid houses where gin is sold at the bar.

In families where the mother takes to drinking, total ruin must ensue. If the father take to drinking, it is more likely to be at night; and that is bad enough; but, when the mother drinks, she drinks in the day, and the children are left to shift for themselves. If the girls be smart and good-looking, they are picked up and become prostitutes, and the young boys are picked up by the thieves, in whose avocation they are speedily instructed.

Drinking is terrible in its remote as in its immediate consequences. All the prostitutes in the lower class are associated with thieves: they have their fancy man, with whom they live, and who is invariably a thief. The great object is to pick up old men, and induce them to drink; and then their companions are generally ready in a corner to assist them.

Bad practices, the assemblage of prostitutes and thieves, low dancing called "hops," and all those things that lead to vice, with the mischief that invariably follows, are always in the inverse ratio of the prosperity of the public. A man, who is prosperous, does not encourage those things; but when sinking, and when he finds himself going, he has only two alternatives,—either to embrace Teetotal doctrines and retrieve himself, or confirm his ruin by plunging into all kinds of dissipation and excess.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST BOTTLE.

From the London Magazine for August.

KARL VON BRUNNEN was a young painter of Vienna, without reputation, though not without talent, who consoled himself at times for the rigour of fortune by frequenting the *wein-haus*, and the other places of entertainment, which abound in that mirthful city. One day, a knock was heard at his door. With a fluttering heart he opened it, thinking it just possible that some rich connoisseur, suspecting his genius, had come to give him an order for a *bildlein* (little picture), and haply would cross his palm with the *geld* beforehand. Alas, it was only his tailor!

Karl owed his *schneider* a round bill. The *schneider* was a most obstinate dun. How to put him off, to do him to a turn, not like a capon, but "a chameleous promise-crammed"—this was the question; and its solution, considering the snip's character, would almost require the genius of a Sheridan.

"Ah ha, 'tis you, Herr Muller. My dear Sir, *tsartlich willkommen*" (a tender welcome)!

"Hein!" said Muller, "this is the tenth time that I've come here, and can't touch a *graschen*. Very disagreeable! Dreadful loss of time!"

"Oh! you come perhaps to ask me for a little money?"

"Money, Sir? Most undoubtedly I come to ask for my money. What else could I come for?"

"Oh, I only just thought you might have come to take my measure for a coat I'm consumedly in want of—"

"Sorry to hear it, Sir; but shan't put in another stitch for you, until you've paid off the old score!"

"*Ausschweifend verschwendung!* (extravagant prodigality!)" exclaimed Von Brunnén, pronouncing the uncouth words with a tremendous guttural emphasis, which made them ten times more uncouth: "I shall not need the other coat. The fine season's now arrived; and I shall do admirably well in my shirt-sleeves at home, and my blouse out of doors."

"What, Sir, you do not mean to give me any money this time either? *Donner und blitz!*" &c., &c.

"Pray come down stairs," said Karl; and they descended to a *wein-haus* on the first floor of the tenement.

in which he lodged. Karl's good nature and looks had obtained him credit with the Mädchen who stood at the bar.

Karl had not said one word in descending, knowing his man well, and understanding the necessity of mollifying him before proceeding—in the language of our modern young English gentlemen—to "gammon" him.

Upon entering the room, he merely said, "The rum here is delicious, (he perceived the schneider's mouth beginning to water). Do have a glass."

The order was instantaneously given and complied with. Karl took the schneider down with his eye, as the fowler does the little bird. The single glass had melted away all the ice from around Herr Muller's heart.

Karl plied him with a second, and thawed him into perfect *bonhomie* and benevolence.

Muller, though upon befitting occasions a very inveterate dun, was a true *Deutschlander* at heart, and drinking and good-fellowship were with him indigenous qualities. He ordered a *flasche* of wine to be set before them, and as to be a connoisseur in such matters is in all countries accounted gentlemanly, found it villainous:—

"Bah!" he exclaimed, "this is mere vinegar to the wine they sell at a florin the bottle in a *wein-haus* I know—the *Freuden der Tafel* (pleasures of the table) in the *Ungegend* (environs) hard by."

"Why I was just going in that direction," said Karl. "Then come with me so far."

"*Recht tsartlich!*"

Karl and the schneider set out together. Arrived at the *Freuden der Tafel*, the tailor ordered a bottle of wine. Its bouquet and flavour were both delicious. Von Brünnen thought it requisite to do as Muller had done at the tavern to which he had first invited him. He called for a second.

"Would you believe it?" said Muller. "I begin to grow hungry."

"Good! let us call for something to eat."

"Not here; though they have christened the house, 'The pleasures of the table,' it's all a villainous imposition. Their wine is good, but their eating is abominable."

"Where shall we insert our forks?"

"Not here; that's certain. Just come up the hill with me a little. We shall obtain a glorious view of the city. I know a sweet spot, and their *tafel* is perfectly enchanting."

Von Brünnen followed the *savant* tailor up the hill. Half-way up they stopped at another *wein-haus*, finding it, as they alleged, quite impossible to climb so steep an ascent, without a fresh bottle on the way. They cast their eyes upon the plain, and each man saw a couple of Viennas!

At length they reached the tailor's favorite dining-house. They had soup and a *chasse* of Curacao each—charming slices of ham, with *sauer kraut*, and they drank some wine with considerable relish; cutlets and a salad with plenty of hard eggs, and they drank with increased relish; *rosten* (broiled bones), a favourite dish of the tailor's, and with marvellous *gusto* he exclaimed:—

"*Trinke! trinke!*" (drink—drink!)

The *nachtsch* (dessert) followed; and pistachio-nuts and olives demanded each a fresh flagon. Karl's little account had no longer the slightest shred of existence in the tailor's wine-warmed imagination:—

"I'm happier," he exclaimed, "than the *Papst* or the *Kaiser*" (the Pope or the Emperor), as he ordered the fourth bottle. "Herr Brünnen," he proceeded, hugging the painter to his bosom, "you're a *hahn richt männlich* (a right manly cock!) Now let's begin the *wein-schlacht* (wine-combat, a bottle-battle.)"

"*Staar!* (a cataract) and I will follow thee," was Karl's reply, and he repeated a passage out of a *Bürschen* melody about:—"True *Deutschlanders* we, and what care we for the *pleck diebsbande*" (the vulgar mob—a band of thieves!)

At the fourth bottle, the tailor opened his heart to Karl, and began to recount to him the chagrins which he suffered from his henpecking *frau*. At the fifth, Karl experienced the necessity of unfolding his own bosom, and spoke to the tailor of the intrigues and cabals, which left him in *schmach* (disgrace), and prevented him from arriving at the very highest point of professional eminence. Such and such a one, whose names he mentioned, had studied with him under Graf, and had succeeded only because they had toadied Von Paletzen! He seized a piece of chalk, sketched a profile upon the wall, and exclaimed:—"Just look there. *Der teufel!* There's not one of those fine-dressed sparks, that wouldn't swallow the chalk sooner than draw such a head as that. *Blitz*, not one! Well; they have all splendid houses, while I am dying in a garret."

The tailor became soft as padding, and said with a maudlin twinkle, a tear trembling in his eye, "If ever I ask you for money, may I be —! *Mein Knaven*, you'll pay me when you can!"

They left the house together, after having swallowed a tolerable share of brandy—to facilitate digestion—and set out for a short walk before the *sonnenuntergang* (sun under-go or sunset).

"List! list! list-en!" said the tailor, "a young man like you should be well dressed. *Blitz!* I'll make you a suit."

"But I can't tell when I shall be able to p-p-pay you." "You shall paint the p-p-portrait of my wife—*der teufel!* and the p-p-portraits, too, of all my little little ones!"

And the tailor finished by measuring him in the open air, making the small mistake of setting down 62 instead of 26 inches!

Then they were both of opinion that it began to grow excessively hot, returned to the *wein-haus*, and ordered three bottles of wine. After each man had drunk his bottle, they saw with great grief that they could hold no more! What was to become of the last bottle? They called the tapster, and arranged with him that he should give the bottle to the first thirsty man, without money, he could see; and the two friends descended the hill together by a very circuitous route, and separated.

Upon reaching home, Karl first perceived that he was slightly affected by the liquor which he had imbibed. He was a deuce of a time in finding the lock. At last he got in, and threw himself on his bed; but the chairs seemed to dance around him, and the principal figure in his "grand picture," just commenced, began to play right lustily on the violin. He slept for a moment, and awoke with his throat on fire; and then he thought that there was not a man in all Vienna thirstier than he, or with less money. "The bottle (he argued) which we left at the *wein-haus* is mine by right." He stumbled down the stairs, and up the hill, claimed the bottle, and found his friend the tailor quietly drinking it in a corner.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Communications and letters have been received, and private replies have been returned, as requested, to their writers. Those letters, which are to be answered publicly, will be attended to next week.

Particular attention is requested to an advertisement in this day's journal, relative to a new work to be immediately issued by the DEPT. OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION. (See our Advertising columns.)

The Report of our Cork Correspondent in our next.

A Correspondent from Yarmouth has informed us that it is supposed by some that we are not altogether free from the taint of Socialism. We positively rebut the charge, and inform our readers that nearly all the Shareholders are members of various religious societies.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1840.

THE REGENERATION OF IRELAND.

How great a contrast will exist between the past condition of Ireland and its state so soon as the work of Father Mathew shall be completed. The whole of the south of Ireland is now teetotalized; and the Apostle of Temperance will doubtless produce the same good effects in the north within the lapse of a very short period from the present date.

The past history of Ireland attests the same penury—the same filth—the same idleness—the same improvidence; fits of temporary energy succeeded by long intervals of degrading sloth; a fertile country and a beggared people; acute intellects and insane conduct. Fitted by their capacities for the noblest and the best actions, they have been tied down by the effects of intemperance to the meanest and the worst. Members of a kingdom wherein knowledge is as common and as necessary as the air they breathe, they have hitherto been as unenlightened as the people of those kingdoms from which knowledge is jealously debarred. While the mighty stream of improvement was rounding off the asperities of every other people, its powerful eddies circled without any visible impression around the rugged character of this one. If we looked upon a fair land and a gallant people, we saw nothing but misery, poverty, starvation, and crime. The threshing floor was covered with the heavy grain; the stately ox, like a pampered epicure, was dainty amid the richest herbage of the earth; and yet the peasant struggled with famine, and pined in the midst of plenty on his mean and rugged fare. We saw men with hearts overflowing with sensibility, and warm with generous emotions; and we shuddered as we beheld their lawless acts. We looked upon men with intellects in which imagination is happily blended with acuteness, impatient energy, and a discrimination singularly just; and we were forced to turn away in disgust from their pitiful ignorance and their blind superstition. If we sought for Ireland's spacious towns, her bustling cities, and her crowded quays—for the graceful decorations of social life,—for civilization in all its glitter, its gaiety, its beauty, and its

strength,—we did not seek in vain! but beyond those centres of light a cloud hung like an unhealthy mist over her rural population. There were the fat pastures, the tillaged field, and the wide landscape teeming with its blessed fruits; but where were the most precious ornaments of the scene? The neat cottage—the thriving village—the clean and red-checked peasantry—where were they? Where the glorious stir of industry, the ferment of toil, the proud desire of competence, which swell the veins and muscles of a sound society? Alas! where they should have been were only wretched huts, and squalid habits, and wasted forms—recklessness and crime—rags, and misery, and want.

The spell of intemperance was upon the Irish character,—and hence those hideous results. We say not this lightly: we recognize the brilliant qualities of the Irish, and we respect them. It is therefore our fervent hope that the teetotalizing of all Ireland will be the means of its regeneration.

In the natural progress of the Irish, they did not want for civilization; but habits of degraded intemperance destroyed their susceptibility for it. It was not that we found the means of social improvement studiously withheld, but that we found them neutralized by evil customs. When letters dawned upon the intellectual darkness of Europe, Ireland was gilded by their earliest rays; and her latest historian has eagerly thrown her social confusion at this period into shadow, in order to bring out her mental achievements in bold and brilliant relief. To her schools resorted students from all Europe. The personal intercourse of the learned with Ireland became proverbial; and when a scholar was missing from his usual haunts, it was said of him, *Amandatus est in Hiberniam*. If anything could have laid the solid basis of a rare and excellent civilization, it was such intellectual excitement and commerce as this. But intemperance—encouraged by the government—destroyed all these elements of greatness; and the introduction of ardent spirits ruined those energies which might have erected eternal fabrics of human glory in that fertile land. Hence has arisen the suspicion that there is in the Irish character, as in that of some other nations, a principle of repugnance to social order—an invincible reluctance to exchange the wild self-will of semi-barbarous life for the irksome restraints of society completely organized. The calm and gentle vigour of civilization, which, by slow and successive conquest, has uprooted the barbarism of Europe, and scattered far and wide the seeds of social happiness; which has reclaimed the misdirected energies of some nations, and created a new stimulus in others; has been levelled in vain up to the present period against the disposition of the Irish. Habits of intemperance have successfully driven it from their shore; and the extinction of those habits could alone destroy its only and natural enemy.

Father Mathew shall be the votary of civilization, who will exterminate all opponents to its beneficent course; and the regeneration of Ireland shall be traced to the kindly influence of Teetotalism. The lie shall then be given to the implied assumption in that *Query* of Bishop Berkely, which asks, *Whether the bulk of the Irish natives are not kept from thriving by the cynical content in dirt and beggary which they possess beyond any other people in Christendom?* Ireland shall be regenerated, we say; and for this work of social reform she shall be indebted to the clearing of the Angean stables of her intemperance. She shall again assume those characteristics of superior refinement which, ere the introduction of the fatal habit, she derived from her ancient commercial connexion with the Phœnicians, the actual colonization

of that extraordinary people amongst them, the influx of strangers during the period of her literary glory, and the well-deserved reputation of her academical establishments.

DESTINY.—A TALE.

BY "THE PRINTER'S DEVIL."

"The Printer's Devil," he it known, is the soubriquet given to an humble individual employed in nearly all printing establishments for the purpose of dunning authors for copy, &c.: and the alarm and trepidation in which he sometimes throws the Editor, when, on the morning of publication, he laconically exclaims, "Waiting for copy, Sir!" we suppose has obtained for him one of the unenviable titles of his Satanic Majesty. Sir Walter Scott has, in one or two instances, done him the honour of an especial notice in his immortal works. These sketches, from their abrupt fragmentary character, we suppose, must have been unfinished tales purloined from the literary sancta of some of the individuals he occasionally visits.—Ed.]

"Allow me to assure you, Roland Bertram, my affections are already irrevocably engaged," said Lucille, blushing deeply; "and much as I regret being compelled thus boldly to acknowledge the same, yet I cannot, in justice to your feelings, withhold the information; and the more so, as I have hitherto always esteemed you as a gentleman possessing the finest sentiments of honour and delicacy, and one upon whose judgment I can invariably rely. As a proof of the sincerity of this avowal, I will at once disclose the name of the individual that—in short, you are acquainted, I believe, with Charles Crans—"

"Cranstoun!" literally shouted Roland. "O, Lucille, for the love of heaven, retract those words! You know not, I am sure, the specious character you mention. Of all individuals he is the least worthy of your esteem, and the most despicable:—but, excuse me, I rave wildly; the suddenness of the disclosure has deprived me of the calmness I should otherwise possess."

"Really, Mr. Bertram," replied Lucille, "this outrage I could not overlook in any other individual; but believing it is only a momentary passion that thus blinds your better judgment, and induces you to calumniate your friend—"

"Friend! friend!" interrupted Roland; "but I will endeavour to suppress this raging fire in my bosom." And, covering his eyes with his hand, for some moments he remained silent, Lucille viewing him with an anxious look of pity and astonishment. At last he proceeded to speak; and his contracted brow, and vacant gaze, seemed to imply that he had in those few moments prophetically darted through the circumstances of years yet to come.

"Lucille, I am calm: I loved—I love; and never will I resign this tie but to one that is every way worthy of you, and calculated to make you happy. Educated, as we were, together from our infancy, I am well acquainted with your character and the inestimable virtues you possess. Many associations at this moment crowd into my mind: one, above all the rest.—The other evening, in the calm moonlight, struck by the beauty of the starry host, we were unpremeditatedly led to converse respecting the sages of old, who, by the appearance of the planetary system, pretended to be enabled to predict the most important circumstances connected with an individual's future existence;—and we decided then that the whole theory was absurd, and that they only arrived at their conclusions from a close analysis of the component traits of individual character. And then, turning to the oracular answers of Delphos and Ammon, we thought their ambiguous responses were not the momentary effusions of some improvisatrice worked up to a pitch of frenzy, but the results of philosophic minds, deeply investigating the slumbering elements silently at work in nature: in short, as a chemist would prophesy the precise time of explosion of a prepared combustible—or as a mathematician, establishing two positions, arrives at a third—so easily did they prophesy and predict. And we then said, if they were thus enabled to dive into futurity, as it were, how much more necessary is it for us to exert this discriminating faculty, and, seeing the result of our deductions, avoid what fools alone call DESTINY."

"So then, according to your position," satirically observed Lucille, "every woman must be a metaphysician before she presumes to think for herself."

"No, not scientifically so; but only the exertion of the same faculty constantly exercised by every one, and that enables us to calculate any necessary

consequences. 'The happiness of life,' says Young, 'depends on our discretion and a prudent choice.'"

"Let me then hear your sapient deductions, and assist my poor head by your pedantic conclusions," said Lucille ironically.

"Then, once for all, I confidently state, regardless of your keen-cutting satire, that as soon might the dove be happily fettered with the hawk, as the noble-minded Lucille with the besotted and selfish Charles Cranstoun. And—hear me—I know his character intimately; and that the specious garb of candour and generosity covers as base and selfish a soul as ever tabernacled in human shape;—a selfish, unsatisfied, inordinate love of wine will drown all scruples of conscience, and, joined to a passionate ungovernable temper, must, as a necessary consequence, lead every one with whom he is connected to misery and woe."

"It is sufficient," said Lucille, rising, with the tears in her eyes; "though I was previously satisfied that the distorted optics of jealousy influenced alike the learned and the illiterate, yet surprised am I to hear the once noble and esteemed Roland Bertram descend to the mean expedient of calumniating a rival. Our acquaintance here closes, Mr. Bertram."

With nervous and agitated step, the unfortunate Lucille left the apartment: and the still more miserable and unhappy Bertram—fixed as a statue—remained absorbed with the rashness of his remarks.

Six months after the above conversation had taken place, a carriage was observed furiously driven down the quiet streets of the University of—. The whole town was in commotion; a report having been circulated, that during the previous night, at a revel held in one of the colleges, a student had been killed. The carriage, followed by a multitude, dashed on at a frightful rate, till it arrived at the college entrance. One word, and the gate flew open. The carriage drove into the quadrangle, and the ponderous doors closed on the too inquisitive audience. Every thing connected with these gloomy abodes is enveloped in mystery; and within their walls the common rights of Englishmen are not acknowledged.

On a bed, in one of the apartments, lay the murdered victim—the younger son of the Duke of—. A secretly empannelled jury were examining the corpse; a broken bottle handed round to the jurymen—and a ghastly incision on the temple of the corpse—showed at once the cause of death. The Dean was very eloquently expatiating to the audience on the necessity of secrecy, and the nature of the *unfortunate* accident; and a verdict was speedily given which liberated another monster upon society.

But, to return, the carriage contained the lovely Lucille; who, in spite of all the remonstrances of her friends, was determined to unite her fortunes to those of the selfish Charles Cranstoun. In a few years—by gaming, wine, and gay company—he had run through the whole of his patrimony; and, as a *dernier resort*, church preferment was offered, provided he would enter a university and take orders. Stern necessity drove him to this uncongenial expedient: but even there he chose the most reckless and profligate as his companions; and at one of those bacchanalian orgies, termed "wine parties," constantly perpetrated in our Universities, he had been taxed by one of his victims as a cheating gambler. Exasperated by continued taunts, under the influence of maddening potations, he hurled the bottle at the head of the ill-fated son of the Duke of L—;—and thus terminated the career of one of the most promising students in the University.

It was under these circumstances that the lovely Lucille, urged only by her unbounded affection for her unworthy lover, flew to his relief; but he, instead of requiring her soothing cares, rejected her proffered services, and sought comfort only in the bottle: and even at the time the jury were deciding his fate, he lay in a besotted state of intoxication.

The next day the same carriage was observed standing at the college gate; and, as Lucille was following to the vehicle her disgraced and crest-fallen lover, she stopped, and hesitated;—'twas but an instant,—and then she muttered,—"Tis MY DESTINY, AND I MUST OX." At that moment she felt her hand suddenly seized, and warm tears fell fast upon it.—In a moment it was released; and, she caught one look, as the figure retreated:—'twas Bertram! The warning voice was recalled to her memory; and in that look volumes were conveyed: she wished to stop, but was hurried on,—the carriage door was closed; and, amidst the hisses and groans of an enraged multitude, they proceeded.

The populace thought one individual alone was the inmate of that carriage; for, unseen to them, in one corner, huddled up, lay the neglected

Lucille in an unconscious state of agony—like the fearful lamb caged with the ferocious and blood-thirsty tiger.

Mr. Bertram was an inmate of the same college, had obtained his Doctor's degree, and remained a Fellow of the college, and, of necessity a bachelor, all his life: but, although he was esteemed as a man of vast attainments, yet the Butler would very compassionately insinuate to his fellow-servants, as the Doctor took his melancholy promenade round the quadrangle, that all was not altogether right in "the upper story;" and would adduce, as an instance, that he once heard him say, that "*wine—aye, down-right good college wine—had killed more than the sword.*"

POISONS.

POISON is any substance, which, when taken into the system, proves injurious to, or destructive of, animal life. There are many different kinds of poisons, and they vary much in their modes of operation. The mineral poisons, as arsenic and corrosive mercury, seem to attack the solid parts of the stomach, and to produce death by eroding its substance: the antimonials seem rather to attack the nerves, and to kill by throwing the whole system into convulsions; and in this manner almost all of the vegetable poisons seem to operate. All of these, however, appear to be inferior in strength to the poisons of some of the most deadly of serpents, which operate so suddenly that the animal bitten by them will be dead before another that had swallowed arsenic would be affected.

An ounce of emetic wine, injected into the jugular vein of a large dog, produces no effect for a quarter of an hour. At the expiration of that time, the dog will become sick, have a continual vomiting, and evacuate hard excrements. These operations will appear to relieve him; but he will soon grow uneasy again, move from place to place, and vomit once more. He will then lie down again, and his strength will rapidly decline with vomiting. In one hour and a half, about, he will die in convulsions.

A dram and a half of sal ammoniac dissolved in an ounce and a half of water, and injected into the jugular vein of a dog, will kill him almost instantly with convulsions.

A dram of purified white vitriol, injected into the cranial vein of a dog, will kill him immediately.

Diluted nitric acid, injected into the jugular and cranial veins of a dog, will produce instantaneous death by coagulating the blood.

Oil of tartar, injected into the veins of a dog, will cause the animal to swell and die after experiencing dreadful tortures.

A decoction of two drams of white hellebore, injected into the jugular vein of a dog, will kill him like a stroke of lightning.

An injection of an ounce of rectified spirits of wine, in which a dram of camphor is dissolved, will produce similarly speedy results.

Mercury and oil of olives, if injected into the blood, will prove fatal after a time.

Sulphuric, nitric, muriatic, oxalic, tartaric, acetic, and citric acids, when taken in large quantities, are most deadly poisons. The best species of antidote to these poisons is calcined magnesia. An ounce of this should be mixed with a pint of water, and a glassful taken every two minutes, so as to favour vomiting, and prevent the acid from acting. Should this not be at hand, decoction of linseed, marsh mallows, or any other mucilaginous liquid, may be taken in the meantime; for the success of the treatment depends entirely upon the activity with which aid is given: the delay of a few minutes may determine the fate of the sufferer. Soap, dissolved in water, (half an ounce to a pint,) or chalk and water in any dose, will also be found useful in the absence of magnesia. Glysters, prepared with the same substances, should also be given. Cloths, steeped in decoctions of linseed or mallows, must be subsequently applied to the stomach; and if relief from inflammation be not obtained by this measure, a dozen or fifteen leeches should be applied, and bleeding performed. Wine, which is considered by many medical men as proper to restore action, is in this case a fresh poison, which acts precisely like that the effects of which we have combated.

Arsenic is well known for its poisonous qualities, and it is frequently resorted to by persons desirous of committing suicide. In this case, the patient should take twenty grains of white vitriol, dissolved in a little water, or fifteen grains of blue vitriol. No fluid should be taken until vomiting commences, when large quantities of water, sweetened with sugar, or linseed tea, or thin gruel, should be given to suspend the poison and encourage the vomiting. Should vomiting and purging have arisen spontaneously, they should be assisted by drinking copiously of decoction of mallows, or of any of the above liquids. When the sickness has subsided, a table-spoonful of castor oil should be administered, and repeated at intervals of two or three hours; so as to clear thoroughly the stomach and bowels. The patient should drink frequently a tea-cupful of lime-water, which may be made by placing a piece of unslacked lime, about the size of a walnut, for five minutes, in two quarts of water, and then straining the liquid through a cloth or flannel-bag. Lime unites with the arsenic, and renders it insoluble; should therefore any of the mineral be re-

maining, it will be rendered less dangerous by being converted into an insoluble arseniate of lime.

The wolf's-bane, or monk's-hood, is much admired for its dark blue flowers; the fox-glove is also cultivated for the sake of its flow'rs, as well as black hellebore; but all these are highly poisonous. Deadly nightshade grows in hedges, and is much admired for its purple flowers, which turn to bunches of light orange-coloured berries. The plant is used in medicine. Small hemlock has frequently been mistaken for parsley, and has produced sad results. Hemlock dropwort is also a poisonous plant. Stramonium, or the thorn apple, acts nearly in the same manner as opium; and strong-scented lettuce is highly somniferous. Persons, who may be poisoned by the extravagant use of this vegetable, must be treated in the same manner as those poisoned by opium.

The symptoms which lead to the suspicion of poisoning by tobacco are severe nausea, vomiting, and other sensations of drunkenness, great sinking of the strength, cold sweats, and convulsions.

The utmost danger often arises from carbonic acid gas being extricated from burning charcoal in close rooms, and from the gas accumulating in cellars and others places which have been long kept closed, and into which individuals imprudently enter immediately after they are opened. No person ought to enter a cellar, pit, well, or other place in which this gas can accumulate, without carrying with him a lighted candle; the going out of which should be the signal for instant retreat.

When prussic acid is taken in a large dose, death almost instantaneously follows; but, when the quantity is more moderate, it produces the same sedative effects as laurel-water.

The class of septic or putrescent poisons comprehends those substances, which, on being taken into the stomach, or introduced by any means into the system, produce general debility, faintings, and a breaking down, or putrescent state of the animal fluids and solids, without much effect on the intellectual faculties. They are almost all of an animal nature, and more especially such as result from the venom of serpents. We may particularly enumerate the viper, the rattle-snake, and the cobra de capello. Animal poisons of this description are innocuous when taken into the stomach, although their action is so powerful, and often fatal, when they are introduced into the habit by a wound or any other method of inoculation. If the lips or the tongue, of a person who sucks a poisoned wound, be chapped, the system is inoculated in the same manner, as if it were inserted by a lancet, or by a bite, under the skin.

In the event of a person being bitten by a mad dog, any person on the spot should immediately tie a ligature above the wound, and apply a wine-glass or a cupping-glass over it, until a surgeon can be procured to cut out the bitten part. As everything depends on the complete extirpation of the part, a good surgeon must afterwards be employed. When the disease appears, if the medical attendant have not previously seen a place of the kind, which may happen to the most skilful practitioner, request him to cup the patient over the course of the spine, and immediately administer prussic acid.

The following cautionary hints should be attended to. They are mainly intended for the use of printers, compositors, plumbers, glaziers, painters, and other artificers. These persons should not only abstain altogether from the use of intoxicating drink, (a recommendation we offer to every one,) but should pay the strictest attention to cleanliness, and never, when it can be avoided, to daub their hands with ink or paint; and never to eat their meals, or go to rest, without washing their hands and faces. They should not eat or drink in the room where they work; and particularly careful should they be in avoiding the exposure of their food to the fumes or dust of oxidated metal. As the clothes of persons in this line (painters especially) are generally observed to be much soiled with the colours they use, it is recommended to them to perform their work in frocks of ticking, which may be frequently washed, and conveniently laid aside when the workmen go to their meals, and again put on when they resume their work. Every business, which can, in these branches, should be performed with gloves; those of woollen or worsted are recommended, as they may be often washed. Caution should be taken in mixing, and even in unpacking, that the fine powders may not be drawn in by the breath. All artificers should avoid touching lead when hot; and this caution is particularly necessary for printers, or compositors, who have often lost the use of their limbs by handling the types, when drying by the fire, after being washed. Glazier's putty should never be moulded by the hand; an iron pestle and mortar should be used.

doubt not that some will do their work. In some towns the landlords did not like the mention of teetotalism, particularly at St. Albans. The landlord at the Pea-hen threatened to duck me in a horse-pond. I, at length, reached my appointed station, where I was very kindly received, and very soon went to rest, thanking God for the blessings of the day, and praying him to forward my efforts for his glory.

Sunday, August 3rd.—I attended the preaching in the morning, and heard a local preacher, who is a thorough teetotaler, but who, in consequence, is held in derision, by most of the Methodist preachers, and has been threatened with suspension, unless he pledges himself not to preach the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Perhaps this may be accounted for, as the two circuit-stewards, who are local preachers, are both dealers in strong drink; the one, a wine and spirit merchant, and the other a brewer and the proprietor of most of the beer-shops in the town where he resides. They are both wealthy and very high professors. In consequence of my being a teetotaler, there was a very strong prejudice against the services, and the opposition was carried to a very great extent, especially in the adjoining town. Some one had printed with a pencil, the words, "*A Total Fool*," after my name; and the bill was allowed to hang in the vestry, during the preceding Sunday and all the week: I have the bill in my possession. Notwithstanding all the opposition, the place of worship was filled in the afternoon, and the collection was very good. In the evening, however, such was the greatness of the congregation, (consisting of Churchmen, Baptists, Wesleyans, Independents, Bible Christians, and others,) who had come to hear the teetotaler, that my esteemed coadjutor, the morning preacher, took a very large congregation upon the green before the farm, and preached to them, while I conducted the service in the barn fitted up for the occasion. The collection exceeded that of the former year. On Monday 4th, I gave a physiological lecture in the same barn, which was well attended; a collection was made for the Sabbath-school. The collection on the whole was £8 15s. 0d.

In consequence of having received a challenge from a gentleman belonging to the National Instruction Society at Walthamstow, I was obliged to return to town on Tuesday. However, during my very short stay, I visited several villages, and endeavoured to spread the principles of union; and I found on every place the people desirous to unite in one grand fraternity.

I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. H. DONALDSON.

REVIEWS.

Sister Anne. A Novel, Translated from the French of Ch. Paul de Kock. By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS. 1 Vol. 8vo., pp. 296. London: George Henderson.

Mr. Henderson is one of the most spirited publishers in London. He has just issued the first volume of a series which he intends to embrace, as it is denominated, "*An Encyclopedia of Fiction*." This first volume contains an entire novel, and is published at the ridiculously cheap cost of Half-a-crown. Nearly three hundred pages, printed in the form of "*Nicholas Nickleby*," &c., upon excellent paper, and nicely bound in a neat wrapper,—all this for two shillings and sixpence. For the monthly disbursement of that sum, any one may possess himself of an excellent library of fiction, the principal portion of which will consist of works translated from the French by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds.

The novel now before us is one of the best of that decidedly great and popular writer—Paul de Kock. It is replete with humour and pathos, the combination of which in one long and powerfully-interesting tale, forms a contrast which not a little contributes to the effect of the whole. One of the most humorous characters in the work is an adventurer of the name of Dubourg, who passes himself off as the Baron Potoski, and thus imposes upon an old tutor of the name of Menard. The following account of the visit of Dubourg and Menard to a M. Chambertin will doubtless interest the reader, and afford a favourable idea of the work:—

The days and weeks that succeeded the evening on which the *fete* was given, glided away in peace and tranquillity, a few friends only dropping in from time to time, to pass the evening with Chambertin and his family, and listen to the tales which it pleased Dubourg to tell them concerning his castles, his estates, his ancestors, and his functions at the court of Poland. M. Menard did not open his mouth very frequently for any other purpose than eating and drinking; occasionally, however, he quoted a few abstruse authors, and then the

company, who did not understand a word he uttered, regarded him with respectful silence.

Dubourg played back-gammon every evening: but he had no opportunity of winning much money; for the corpulent Frossard was absent, M. Chambertin did not like gambling, and Dubourg began to fear that he should never double his capital. M. Chambertin's birth-day was however approaching; and on that occasion there was to be another *fete*, on a more splendid scale than the former one. Some friends were expected from Paris—those friends were very rich—and Dubourg hoped to turn their arrival to a good account. It was Madame Chambertin herself who had written for them to come; the amiable lady did all in her power to retain the Baron, and every day she said to her husband, "You do not fully appreciate the honour which M. de Potoski does you in staying at your house."

"I assure you, on the contrary, my dear," said M. Chambertin, "that I am ravished with the honour, and that I would do anything I could to keep him here for ever."

"You do well to talk thus," returned his wife; "for if he were to leave us, I should be very unhappy. He is not a man with whom we meet every day in our lives; he is a nobleman down to the very tips of his fingers."

Everything was in movement at the house of M. Chambertin. Grand were the preparations for the approaching festival, and the hero of the day was to be the illustrious stranger. M. Chambertin seemed determined to do all he could to honour the Polish nobleman; and he was resolved that the whole department should ring with the news of the magnificent *fete*.

The great day arrived, and numerous were the guests assembled at the house of M. Chambertin. Several individuals, who were not present on the former occasion, were invited on this; and the repast, which was served up, was magnificent in the extreme. The choicest luxuries of the season were provided by the lady of the feast—the wines were delicious—and Dubourg took upon himself the task of doing the honours of the table. He had only to call his host *Monsieur de Chambertin of Allevard*, and the ex-wine-merchant's head was immediately elevated to the clouds, where his brain was decidedly influenced by the mists. The Baron whispered from time to time in the ear of Madame Chambertin, "Thrice happy was the day on which I met you!" and the excellent lady replied to the compliment by a smile and a sigh.

At length the dinner was over. Monsieur Chambertin had only one subject of regret—and this was that his intimate and particular friend Durosey, whom he expected from Paris, was not yet arrived. Every time the name of Durosey was pronounced, Dubourg said to himself, "I know some one who bore that name in Paris; but who he was, may the devil take me if I can recollect."

He asked M. Chambertin who this M. Durosey might be, and what profession or trade he carried on at Paris.

"He is a very wealthy merchant," was the answer, "who has retired from business with an income of twenty thousand francs per annum."

"Ah! in that case I do not know him," thought Dubourg within himself: "for I never visited a rich merchant."

The company proceeded to the drawing-room, where a wealthy inhabitant of Allevard proposed a game of *carte* to Dubourg—an offer that was immediately accepted. Almost at the same moment, Lunel entered the room, and informed his master that M. Durosey was just arrived. M. Chambertin, delighted at these tidings, hastened to meet his friend, whom he shortly introduced to the company assembled. Dubourg turned to look at the new-comer; and to his horror and astonishment discovered in M. Durosey the landlord of the eating-house where he was indebted in the sum of four hundred francs, and whence he had been ejected the night he was first introduced to the reader. Such was the friend whom M. Chambertin so anxiously awaited, and whom, instead of a disburser of beef-steaks, he had represented to be a rich merchant retired from business.

This encounter was exceedingly disagreeable for Dubourg, who did not however lose his presence of mind; and when his friend Chambertin introduced him to Durosey, saying, "This is the Baron Potoski, Palatine of Rava and Sandomir," he bowed and smiled, winked his eyes, and turned his mouth into a thousand shapes, in order to deceive Durosey. But who ever succeeded in imposing thus upon a creditor?

M. Durosey did not immediately recognise Dubourg, who breathed more freely when the retired landlord and wine-merchant hastened to another part of the room together. From time to time, however, he cast an anxious glance round the apartment; and whenever he noticed the eyes of his creditor fixed upon him, he recommenced his grimaces, and gave his neck a certain nervous and convulsive movement, which only attracted the attention of Durosey the more steadily towards him.

Dubourg felt uneasy and embarrassed, and could no longer calculate the chances of his game with calmness and precision. He doubled his stakes, lost, and handed over his gold in large sums to his antagonist. A mist passed before his eyes—his brain was oppressed—and he played with a species of desperation to which he was hitherto a stranger. The individual, who won his treasures, gladly tripled and quadrupled the amount of the

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Teetotaler.

DEAR SIR,—Having been called to preach the Anniversary Sermons at Leegrove, near Dunstable, for the Wesleyan Sunday-school, on Sunday, August 3rd, 1840, I beg to give you an account of my journey and the manner in which I employed my time for the good of our great cause. I took with me some teetotal tracts, which I distributed in the towns and villages in the way, and

stakes; and at length the game became so interesting that a portion of the company surrounded the table, on which there were large piles of bank-notes and *Louis*. To add to the confusion of Dubourg, Mr. Durosey sat himself precisely opposite to him, and every time he raised his eyes, he encountered the eagle-glance of his creditor. In half an hour the entire contents of his purse passed into the pockets of his antagonist; and he rose from the table, declaring that he would hasten to his apartment and fetch more money, as he was determined to have his revenge.

But as he was about to seek his friend Chambertin, from whom he intended to borrow a few thousand francs, in order to retrieve the sum which he had already lost,—for a gambler always hopes to conquer the caprices of fortune, till he finds himself in the work-house,—Mr. Durosey, who never lost sight of his debtor, followed him into the passage, and addressed him in such a way that it was impossible to avoid the interview.

"How is M. Dubourg?" demanded Durosey, with an ironical grin.

"Dubourg! what do you mean by Dubourg?" demanded the Baron Potoski, his lips and nose performing a thousand remarkable grimaces.

"Oh! I am certain that I have the honour to speak to M. Dubourg," returned the creditor, in a loud tone of voice; "but I did not know he was a Polish Baron."

"Silence, my dear Durosey," said Dubourg, alarmed at the man's vehemence, and perceiving that it was impossible to deceive his creditor; "I did not recollect you at first; but now I remember you well. I am delighted to see you."

"And so am I," cried Durosey gruffly. "You seem very much at your ease at present; and as you can afford to lose thousands of francs at *carte*, I hope you will not refuse to pay me the four hundred—"

"Oh! certainly—with pleasure! This evening, if you choose, my dear Durosey. When I left Paris, I quite forgot the trifle."

"And yet I called and sent about twenty times to your lodgings, Sir," returned Durosey, "when you lived on the fifth floor in the Rue d'Enfer, and again in the Rue de—"

"Silence! speak lower," interrupted Dubourg. "Since that period I inherited my estates—"

"Then you will have no objection if I just mention in confidence to our mutual friend Chambertin, that I was acquainted with you in Paris under the name of Dubourg?" demanded Durosey.

"Impossible! you must not touch upon the subject," cried Dubourg.

"It is my duty to an old friend," said Durosey. "But here is Chambertin; and if you be really a Baron—"

Dubourg saw that all was lost. He had not a *son* in his pockets, and he had encountered a creditor who seemed determined to expose him. He had nothing to hope from Chambertin but to be kicked into the streets as a rogue and impostor; he therefore resolved to leave the house immediately.

Rushing hastily past Durosey and Chambertin, he flew down stairs, seized his hat, gained the garden, and by the merest accident encountered Menard who was returning to the drawing-room.

"Follow me!" cried Dubourg to the ancient preceptor, who gazed upon him with astonishment. "Follow me, I say, and do not utter a word, or we shall both be cut into a thousand pieces."

This intimation gave speed to the legs of the poor tutor, and he followed Dubourg down the gravel-walk which led to a little door opening into the fields. Dubourg pushed Menard out of the premises belonging to Chambertin, locked the door, threw the key into a ditch, and again took to his heels as fast as he could run. Menard followed him at an equally rapid rate, without precisely understanding the motives of so precipitate a flight, but entertaining vague notions that Chambertin's house must be on fire or beset by banditti.

"Quick, quick, my dear Menard!" ejaculated Dubourg, as they merged into the open country. "We have drunk deeply of the cup of pleasure: we must now be more moderate, or else our health will materially suffer. I am not an advocate for dissipation and excess of enjoyment. We must now say, *Non est beatus qui cupida possidet, sed qui negata non cupit*."

"Amen!" cried Menard, as he trotted by the side of Dubourg, across the green fields.

The Drunkard's Cloak and Coat of Arms.
Reprinted from "The Penny Gazette of Variety." J. Cleave, Shoe Lane.

This is a very clever design, and calculated to work much good amongst the lower classes. To expose the vice of drunkenness in all its nakedness—to show mankind the real horrors of this vicious habit, both morally and physically, are the objects of this broad sheet, upon which we have both woodcuts and letter-press. The cut, which represents the effect of alcohol upon the liver, is calculated to make thousands of Teetotalers: we cannot therefore too highly recommend this publication. We should moreover observe that it emanates from the shop of an individual who is strong in the advocacy

of the Teetotal cause, and whose excellent cheap weekly journal generally contains one or more articles upon the now all-absorbing topic. Every Teetotaler should purchase a number of "The Drunkard's Cloak and Coat of Arms," to hold it up as an argument against the opponents of Teetotal doctrines.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL PROGRESS AND MEETINGS.

GLOUCESTER.

MR. JAMES PLEVIN, of Gloucester, has furnished us with the pleasing intelligence that upon the dying embers of a Moderation Society a Teetotal Association has been successfully founded in that city. About nine months ago about a dozen Teetotalers assembled in Mr. JONES's sail-loft (having no other place to meet in,) and formed themselves into the elements of a society. They hired a school-room for weekly meetings, and a numerous audience was soon collected. MR. SAMUEL BOWLY, a member of the Society of Friends, and a staunch Teetotaler, took the matter up with zeal and enthusiasm; and being a man universally beloved and respected, he has become the life of the Society. Donations were received, through his exertions, to the amount of forty pounds, in a few weeks. The Gloucester Teetotal Society has now an excellent assembly-room, and a news-room for members, where all Teetotal publications may be perused. We rejoice in this success of our Gloucester friends—we thank MR. PLEVIN for his very kind and courteous letter—and we shall be at all times happy to record any facts which may tend to demonstrate the progressive good fortunes of the society of which he is a member.

BIRMINGHAM.

MR. ELIJAH GOODHEAD, of Birmingham, has kindly furnished us with an interesting account of the Teetotal meeting held in that town, on the 10th of August, at the Severn-street Lancasterian School-room. The chair was occupied by MR. BARKER, and the meeting was addressed by three or four working men, who spoke plainly to the point, in the home-spun eloquence of the rural mind, and told some very interesting truths. "It is at these weekly meetings," remarks MR. GOODHEAD, "that pithy and sensible appeals are made; and too much praise cannot be attached to those individuals who have moral courage enough to laugh at and despise the puny efforts of drunkards to turn them into ridicule." MR. GOODHEAD's letter is full of sensible observations upon the utility and progress of Teetotalism, and should have been wholly transferred to our pages, had not press of other matter compelled us unwillingly to abridge it. The Teetotalers of Birmingham seem to be staunch supporters of this great and glorious cause which we are advocating.

WALTHAMSTOWE.

An animated discussion took place between MR. J. H. DONALDSON, of the United Temperance Association, and MR. LINTON, at the Mutual Instruction Society, Walthamstowe, on Wednesday, August 12th. This was the second occasion of the discussion, which had commenced on the preceding Wednesday. Both gentlemen adduced a number of arguments in favour of their respective opinions; but truth naturally triumphed over the sophistry adopted to support delusion. A show of hands was demanded, and an immense majority declared in favour of MR. DONALDSON. MR. CLARKE, of Snaresbrook, presided upon the occasion, and received the unanimous thanks of the meeting for his impartial conduct during the debate.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Friday, August 14th.

The adjourned Members' Meeting of the United Temperance Association was held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, pursuant to notice.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS was called to the chair.

MR. H. W. WESTON (the Secretary to the Association) read his First Half-yearly Report of the Rise, Progress, and Condition of the United Temperance Association, which was received with the most enthusiastic applause.

It was moved by MR. SIMS, seconded by MR. CRUMP, and carried unanimously, that the Report be printed and sold at the Depot of the Association, No. 134, Aldersgate-street.

A vote of thanks and confidence was awarded to MR. CRUMP, (the Registrar,) as an acknowledgment of the services this gentleman has rendered the association.

MR. CRUMP returned thanks in a very neat and appropriate speech.

It was moved by MR. DAVIES, seconded by MR. JOHNSON, supported by MR. POKKELL, and carried without a dissentient voice, that a vote of thanks be given to MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, "for the able manner in which he has conducted the Teetotaler journal, and for his zealous and enthusiastic conduct in favour of the doctrine of total abstinence, and the welfare of the United Temperance Association."

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS expressed his thanks for this unexpected honour, and declared his intention of doing all he could to deserve a continuation of the fa-

vourable opinion of the members of the Association to which he had the honour to belong.

Several other motions, connected with the interests of the Association, were then proposed, upon which occasions Messieurs WESTON (the Secretary,) SIMS, JOHNSON, WILSON, DONALDSON, and GAWTHORPE addressed the members present. Thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting dispersed at about half-past ten o'clock.

Saturday Evening, August 15th.

THE REV. MR. ADENY, Vice-president of the United Temperance Association, took the chair at the Aldersgate-street chapel on this occasion. He said that he entertained an inexplicable and boundless feeling of the importance—an importance which was rapidly increasing—of teetotal associations. He then drew a striking picture of the home of the abstemious man, and contrasted it in vivid colours with that of the drunkard.

MR. BENSTEAD expressed his determination to avoid egotistical digression. He had chosen one subject for his theme, and that subject he should discourse upon until he had considered it in all its bearings. He alluded to the influence of intoxicating drinks upon the mind. He was an advocate of all innocent recreations and relaxations which only tended to fit men for the better performance of the duties of life. The tavern does not, however, lead to an increase of mental power, and cannot, therefore, be included within the meaning of those terms.

MR. BIDDLE then addressed the meeting. He said that it was an imperative duty to stop drunkards in their wretched career, and lead them into the paths of happiness, which are the paths of total abstinence. He then alluded to his parents in most tender terms, and observed that they now frequently saw his name in print as the advocate of the glorious doctrines of Teetotalism.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS said that he frequently received letters from individuals in the country, calling upon him to answer the objections of the opponents to teetotalism. One of those objections was that alcohol was in nature, and was consequently a good creature of God. MR. REYNOLDS showed that alcohol was only the product of fermentation, which is one of the first effects of decay or decomposition in vegetable matter. Alcohol was not eliminated from any healthy and living substance; it was only extracted from something advancing towards a state of putrescence. The elements of alcohol were in nature, but not alcohol itself; and so long as vegetable nature possessed the principle of vitality, that poison could not be obtained.

MR. MEE severely vituperated the conduct of those medical men who recommended exciting drinks to their patients in many cases which he named. He gave a description of a tour which he had just been making, and of the progress of Teetotalism in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. He then directed his observations to the beneficial effects of Teetotalism, and noticed its rapid rise. At first, (said Mr. Mee,) Teetotalism was disgraceful,—then it was disreputable,—then it became tolerable,—next desirable,—afterwards reputable,—at present respectable,—it would soon be fashionable—and lastly, royal.

MR. SCOTT commented upon the arguments and excuses invented by those who were anxious to discover any apology for not relinquishing their evil habits. He said that all such arguments and excuses should be immediately answered, and then made a most eloquent speech upon the good effects of Teetotalism.

BETHNAL-GREEN AND SPITALFIELDS BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

ON Monday evening, August 17th, the usual weekly meeting of this branch was held at the Assembly-room, Church-row, Bethnal-green. Mr. Wilson took the chair, and Messrs. Price (the proprietor of the room), Parsons, Rice, Eales, Thompson, and Harrison, successively addressed the meeting.

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' SOCIETY.

A numerous meeting of this admirable and truly praise-worthy association took place on Monday evening, August 17th, at the Friends' chapel, Peel's court, St. John's-street, Clerkenwell. The assembly was formed of the youths, and their parents and friends, all attired in the most respectable manner.

SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH, Bart., (the President of the association,) upon taking the chair, made a most eloquent speech upon the beneficial tendency of Teetotal doctrines amongst the youth of both sexes.

MR. BIDDLE (of Islington,) and MR. BALFOUR (of Chelsea,) then addressed the meeting in most appropriate terms. Master PAYNE delivered a very neat speech, which did great credit both to him and to the association of which he is a member.

MR. R. P. BAIGER (the secretary,) then read his Report in a most impressive manner. This document was couched in very fluent language, and elicited general applause.

Master JACQUES and Master TOWERS (the treasurer,) next addressed the meeting; and they were followed by Messieurs CRUMP and G. W. M. REYNOLDS (of the United Temperance Association.) Thanks were voted to the chairman, who closed the meeting in a powerful address to the youths assembled, upon the necessity of blending religious studies with the practice of total abstinence.

THE TEE TOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

VOL. I., No. 10.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XI.

FRESH MISFORTUNES.

THE clock of Saint Paul's struck the hour of midnight, as Melville entered Aldersgate-street from Westmoreland-buildings. The rain had subsided, and a cold wind had sprung up in its place. The din of the loud bell oscillated upon his ears with that foreboding prolongation of sound which is caused by the breeze; and this circumstance recalled all the horrors of his situation to the mind of the unhappy young man. He was houseless—abroad in London, in the middle of the night, without the means of procuring a lodging, and not daring to return to the one which he had just left. It was for some time impossible for him to collect all his ideas into such a focus as to enable him to reflect with precision; but the chilly night air soon cooled his heated brain, and he was enabled, as he walked rapidly along the street, to examine the circumstances which had thus rendered him an outcast from the only place he could call his home.

He knew not how to account for the mysterious events of that evening. A dreadful murder or a determined suicide had been evidently committed in the apartment which was usually inhabited by his landlord; and he knew that the victim was not the landlord himself. He did not feel any apprehension relative to a suspicion of murder being excited against him or his companion in the attempt at robbery; but he dared not return home, because he knew not how to explain his presence in the room where the dreadful deed had been committed.

As he thus pondered upon his position, he walked rapidly on towards Goswell-street, and scarcely noticed which way he was taking, or what was passing around him. The pale, squalid, and nameless forms of vice, which haunt the night of vast cities, were creeping back, one by one, to the darkness of their own abodes; and all those hideous representations of poverty, —those personifications of all the miseries and crimes of the human race, which the hours of dusk spawn forth, were gradually relinquishing the streets which were even too cold for them. And those wretched beings had places which they might designate homes; but Melville had not even a heap of straw on which to rest his head. The silence of the night, which in a few short hours would again be broken by the awakening of thousands of hearts, the lifting up of myriads of voices, and the collision of countless interests, was absolutely appalling to the houseless wanderer. The echo of his own footsteps seemed to remind him that it was not shortly destined to cease at any hospitable door, which would be thrown open to receive him.

He could not conceal from himself the fact that his desperate habits of intemperance had reduced him to the pitch of misery in which he then found himself. Had he not yielded to the force of example and partaken of the deceitful draught tendered him by his companion in crime, he would never have suffered the power

of temptation to predominate over the better feelings of his mind; and he deeply regretted that he had not accepted the situation which had been so liberally offered him by the great publisher of Cheapside. His brows contracted as he thought of his degraded condition; and, had not the reminiscence of his Louise been ever in his memory, he would have at once terminated all his sorrows in the blood of suicide.

It would be impossible to say how he contrived to wile away the time till morning. He wandered about the streets, reckless of the direction he pursued, and having no distinct aim in view. He at one time arranged a thousand wild plans of reformation and happiness in his mind; and then they were all suddenly destroyed by the conviction that he was a miserable outcast, a prey to a habit—a vice, which threatened him with bodily and mental destruction. Sometimes he sat down upon the steps of a door, until the gruff voice of a policeman commanded him to "move on," for the enactments of the English government and its myrmidons do not even allow the houseless wanderer to rest himself in the open streets, while the rulers of the land repose on beds of down and silk.

Many miles did the poor young man wander about on that miserable night—a prey to all the conflicting emotions which may be supposed to have haunted his troubled mind. At one moment a prey to delusive hope, the miseries of the streets were all banished from his memory; in the next, he wept bitter—bitter—burning tears of anguish as he saw himself thus destitute of even the means of procuring rest!

At length the morning dawned upon the vast metropolis; and Melville found himself upon the confines of that mighty Babel. There the mind, oppressed by the consciousness that in the myriads of houses of that city a happiness was in existence with which itself was unacquainted, might step aside, and find a breathing-space, even amid the restless action of its own giant heart.

Melville still wandered on, ignorant of what course he was pursuing, and scarcely knowing what plan to adopt. Upon inquiry of a gardener whom he met, and who was on his way to one of the markets of the metropolis, Victor found that he was in Camden-town. A sudden idea flashed across his mind. He remembered the old lady and her daughter, with whom he had travelled in the diligence from Paris; and he determined to avail himself of their pressing invitation which had been given him when he bade them adieu in Gracechurch-street. He did not stay to reflect upon the excuse he was to make for his early intrusion; but no sooner had he ascertained that the clock had struck eight, when he inquired his way to Terrywhist Terrace, and presented himself at the dwelling of the proprietors of that line of buildings.

He gave a loud double knock at the front-door, and awoke the echoes up and down the terrace. In a moment a window was opened on the second floor, and out popped a head with a white cotton-nightcap upon it; and, as soon as the eyes which belonged to that head had ascertained the nature of the visitor, the

head popped in again; then a window on the fourth floor was hastily thrown open, and another head, ornamented with curl-papers, was thrust forth; and, meteor-like, that also disappeared in another instant. Then the front-door was thrown wide open, and a dirty girl appeared upon the threshold.

"This is the house of Mr. and Mrs. Terrywhist, I believe!" said Melville, somewhat timidly.

"Yes," replied the girl. "They isn't up yet."

"Oh! in that case, I will wait a little, then," said Melville, making a motion as if he would enter the house.

The girl hastily abandoned the door, rushed up the passage, and called forth the name of Mrs. Jubbins as loudly as she could, at the top of the kitchen-stairs. The female thus adjured shortly made her appearance, and a very singular appearance it was. She was an aged woman of about sixty; and her nose was considerably begrimed with snuff. An old black silk bonnet was very airily perched upon the summit of her head, and her sleeves were tucked up, because this worthy female was engaged in the pleasing and domestic avocation of cleaning the kitchen-grate. To her did Melville explain the circumstance of his acquaintance with Mrs. and Miss Terrywhist, and invented some lame excuse at the moment for his early call.

"You'd better walk in then," said the old woman, eyeing our hero most suspiciously; and when she had conducted him into a little back-parlour, she very prudently removed the silver spoons and forks which were lying upon the table. She then banged the door, and crept up-stairs to announce the arrival of this untimely visitor.

In about a quarter of an hour, a very slow and solemn step was heard descending the stairs, and a little old man, very stout, very consequential, and very sedate, and whose corpulence was enveloped in a Parisian silk dressing-gown, entered the room where Melville was sitting.

"Good morning, Sir," said the little old gentleman. "You are welcome. My wife has communicated to me, in impassioned language, and with a due appreciation of your kindness, the pleasing fact of the attention which she experienced at your hands during her journey from the metropolis of France to the capital of this country."

This harangue was delivered in a slow and solemn tone, which admirably suited the pace at which the old gentleman walked; and due emphasis was laid upon every word. Melville immediately comprehended the failing of Mr. Terrywhist—namely, a desire to be thought a very clever man.

"You will excuse my early visit, Sir," began our hero; "but the truth is—"

"I do not apprehend," interrupted Mr. Terrywhist, with suitable gravity, "that any apology is necessary: indeed, I can safely bring my mind to the satisfactory conclusion, and to the settled opinion, that a morning's walk in the suburbs of this city has procured me the honour of your company. The morning's meal will be shortly served up: your

presence at the breakfast table will confer an honour upon me—a favour upon my family—and, I fondly hope, no inconvenience upon yourself."

"Curiosity impelled me to visit the terrace, which, I understood, owed its origin to you, Sir," said Melville; "and therefore I accept your invitation with the greatest pleasure."

"This terrace, Sir," continued Mr. Terrywhist, seating himself with the solemnity of a Pacha, and talking with the gravity of a judge, "was built by the humble individual who now addresses you. Mine, Sir, has been a chequered life—but I am not ashamed of confessing that the trophies of my present fortunes were raised upon the glories of my own abilities."

Mr. Terrywhist paused to see what effect this well-rounded period would produce upon our hero; but as Melville only knocked an obtrusive cat off his knees, Mr. Terrywhist proceeded with additional solemnity.

"Yes—Sir," he said, shaking his head, "mine has indeed been a chequered life! I commenced my career in this world in the honourable, but humble sphere of a tinker; and to the fortunate occurrence of being sent for three months to the county-gaol, I am indebted for my rapid—and, I may say, my astounding success in life."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Melville. "That was a strange beginning, was it not?"

"A deep mystery is attached to that transaction, young man," said Mr. Terrywhist, with awful solemnity of manner, in which he quite outdid *Ward* as the Ghost in *Hamlet*. "The particulars of the case are these, as they are now confidentially exposed to you. It was on a delicious evening in May, while the birds were singing in the country, and London was full of life and animation, that I was drinking beer out of a quart-pot in a cellar. A nobleman, one of those wild children of nature, who delight in nocturnal revels—entered the place, soon became engaged in a dispute with an unoffending coal-heaver, and knocked him down with the quart-pot out of which I had been drinking. I was some how implicated in this affair; and the nobleman, myself, and the coal-heaver were all taken up next morning before a magistrate. The nobleman, with that generosity which only the aristocracy of birth can bestow, instantly proposed to me to take the whole blame upon myself, in consideration of a munificent reward. I did so.—I pleaded guilty to the fact of having levelled that respectable coal-heaver with a quart-pot.—I exonerated the nobleman.—I was sent to prison for three months.—I received a noble reward.—and from that day every thing has prospered with me."

Melville was about to make some suitable comment upon this extraordinary tale, which was delivered with all the solemnity of a monarch's speech from the throne, when the old woman, who had now condescendingly laid aside her bonnet, entered the room to say that "the breakfasts were all served up in the front parlour, and that the ladies was a-waitin' for the favour of the gentlemen's company."

"Very well, Mrs. Jubbins," said Mr. Terrywhist; and rising from his chair with all imaginable solemnity, he led the way into the front parlour, where Mrs. and Miss Terrywhist were seated at the breakfast table. A grand interchange of compliments, inquiries, and answers then took place.

"Ah! Mr. Melville, how air you?" cried Mrs. Terrywhist: "I raly thought you'd quite forgot us."

"This is kind of you to find us out," simpered Miss Elizabeth. "I often told ma we should be sure to meet you again."

"How is that nice gentleman which travelled with us?" asked Mrs. Terrywhist; and before Melville had time to reply, she ad-

ded, "But you ain't looking so well as you was."

"The wind is rather high this morning," answered Victor, looking hastily at his disordered dress; "and I have been taking a very long walk."

"Well, now—do sit down, and make yourself quite at home," said Mrs. Terrywhist, with peculiar emphasis upon the words printed in italics.

"Mr. Melville is as welcome as if he were a prodigal son, returning to partake of the fatted calf," said Mr. Terrywhist, drawing his dressing gown around him, as a prior arrangement to the occupation of cutting a magnificent ham which stood before him.

Scarcely had the little party got settled over their coffee, muffins, &c., and scarcely had Mrs. and Miss Terrywhist discussed each about half a pound of ham and quantities of scandal to boot; when a little pony-chaise drove up to the door.

"Here's Balls come to breakfast, I do declare!" ejaculated Miss Betsy, as soon as she had taken a survey from the parlour-window; and, in the course of a few minutes, Mrs. Jubbins introduced that gentleman into the room.

Mr. Balls was an individual of about thirty, and possessed features which were marked with peculiarly angular characteristics. His nose was quite pointed—his chin was pointed—his lips were thin—and the termination of his forehead at his eye-brows was also marked by a sharp line. He was attired in a suit of somewhat dingy black; but a massive watch-chain with numerous seals, divers gold rings on his fingers, and a large diamond pin in his shirt, showed that he was not so dressed by reason of poverty. It will be recollected that Mr. Balls carried on the extremely lucrative and respectable business of a pawnbroker, and that he had married one of Miss Terrywhist's cousins. In fact, he looked like a pawnbroker; and he took his seat with the familiarity of a family connexion.

"A fine morning, Sir," said he to Melville, as soon as an introduction had taken place between the two gentlemen.

"Rather chilly," observed our hero.

"I suppose you have taken a good walk this morning, Sir?" said Mr. Balls. "Did you come from London?"

Melville answered in the affirmative.

"Oh! then I dare say you have told the ladies all the news," said Mr. Balls. "Ladies like hearing or reading of things of that kind."

"Of what kind?" ejaculated Mrs. Terrywhist: "I'm sure that Mr. Melville hasn't told us no news."

"Farther than his own conversational powers are possessed of originality and novelty," said Mr. Terrywhist, solemnly conveying a piece of ham to his lips while he was speaking. "I know of nothing absolutely new which he has detailed to us."

"Then you haven't heard about that singular business in the city, Sir, I suppose?" said Mr. Balls.

"No," replied Melville. "At all events I am ignorant of the matter to which you may allude;" and, as he spoke, he turned deadly pale, and trembled violently.

"Why, the fact is," resumed Mr. Balls, "that a most dreadful murder was committed—"

"A murder," ejaculated Melville.

"Yes—a dreadful murder, upon the person of an old gentleman—name unknown—in some place leading out of Bartholomew Close."

"Good heavens!" screamed Mrs. Terrywhist: "and so there will be another person hanged, then?"

"Hanged!" involuntarily repeated Melville; and the knife and fork which he held in his hands, fell upon his plate.

"It appears," continued Mr. Balls, not at-

taching any sinister importance to the emotions displayed by the young man.—"it appears that a man of the name of Robus, was returning home very late last night, and was going up stairs to sleep in a garret of his house, as he had let his own apartment in the morning to a strange gentleman, who, by the way, they say was a Frenchman—"

"A Frenchman!" exclaimed Melville.

"Yes—a Frenchman; and this Frenchman was the victim," continued Mr. Balls. "But, as I was saying, this Robus was going up stairs, when it seems that he found a person in the room which he had let to the Frenchman. He asked this person what he wanted there; and the person said that he had heard a noise—that he had come down stairs from his own room—and that he found the Frenchman murdered. When the police came (for this Robus soon went and spread the alarm) the witness said that he had also seen a young man, who lived in the house, which is a lodging-house, hurrying out of the room where the murder had been committed."

"And that young man was the murderer, then?" said Mrs. Terrywhist.

"Of course he was," answered Mr. Balls. "I have not been able to ascertain any farther particulars; nor do I know the names of any of the parties connected with the transaction. One thing, however, is very certain;—and this is, that the police are after the young fellow, who has absconded."

"The villain!" cried Miss Betsy: "I hope they will take him. Heavens! Mr. Melville—are you ill?"

"No—it is nothing—a sudden headache," cried Victor, impatiently. "These news—the idea of a fellow-creature being murdered—and the long walk that I took—all this—"

"You had better lie down a little," said the old gentleman: "it was wrong to take so long a walk, despite of the charms of the country, without slightly breaking your fast, before you set out."

"Perhaps Mr. Melville," began Mrs. Terrywhist—

At that instant a loud knock again resounded from the front door; and a glance through the blinds into the street convinced Melville that the police had detected his hiding-place. The moment the other inmates of the room caught sight of the uniform of the officers, they all expressed their surprise and astonishment at such a visit being paid to that house; and they were too much occupied with this idea to notice the ashy pallor of Melville's countenance, or the attitude of undisguised alarm which he had assumed.

The knock at the door was soon repeated with considerable impatience; and Balls himself hastened to answer it.

"What do you want here?" he demanded of the officers who crowded round the steps.

"We have traced the supposed murderer of the unfortunate Frenchman to this terrace," was the answer; "and our last informant says that he entered one of the houses. I hope you will not offer any obstruction to the execution of our duty."

"Not in the least," said Balls. "But I can assure you that you are mistaken. There is no one here, but the family of Mr. Terrywhist, and a young friend of his—a Mr. Melville—"

The officers did not allow Mr. Balls time to finish his sentence. They rushed into the house, saw that the parlour-door was open, and crowded into the breakfast parlour, to the utter dismay of Mr. Terrywhist, his wife, and daughter. But who can depict the horror and surprise of those worthy and hospitable individuals, when the officers of justice pounced upon Melville, and when that unfortunate young man fell upon his knees, exclaiming,

"Mercy, mercy! I am innocent—Oh! I am innocent!"

"Come—come along!" ejaculated one of the officers, brutally shaking his prisoner; for the police invariably consider it necessary to anticipate the vengeance of the law, and inflict a little of their own upon any one who falls into their clutches.

"What? Melville a felon—impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Terrywhist, who had not overheard the parley of Mr. Balls with the officers at the front-door.

"It's very possible, though," cried the chief of the officers, who bore the rank of Inspector; "and if he don't take precious good care, he'll have this before he's two months older," added this merciful officer, laying his head upon one shoulder, and diving down a little—a pantomime which was intended to convey the idea of a man hanging.

"Mr. Melville, what does this mean?" demanded Mr. Terrywhist, still confident that the behaviour of the police was the result of a mistake.

"It means, Sir," answered our hero, in a voice almost choked with sobs, "that I am accused of that murder, of which you have now heard some of the particulars! But I am innocent—I take God to witness that I am innocent! A strange combination of circumstances—the villainy of a friend—and other collateral events, have thus tended to throw suspicion upon me. I repeat, I repeat—that I am innocent."

The officers did not allow their prisoner time to say anything more: they speedily attached a pair of manacles to his hands, and dragged him away from the house, while Mr. Terrywhist and his family surveyed this singular and unexpected scene with the utmost astonishment commingled with the deepest grief.

To be continued in our next.

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

No. 2.

There is on the banks of the Ohio, a dingy-looking place, called Pittsburg. "It is inhabited," says the celebrated Arthur Lee, in his journal without a date, "almost entirely by Scots and Irish, who live in paltry log-houses, and are as dirty as in the north of Ireland, or even Scotland. There is a great deal of small trade carried on: the goods being brought at a vast expense of forty-five shillings per cwt. from Philadelphia to Baltimore. . . . The place, I believe, will soon be very considerable." Such is the prediction, and now for its accomplishment. "Since that time (1793)," says Stuart, "it has become a great manufacturing city, contains 17,000 persons, has its flour mills, cording and spinning mills, iron mills, etc., and manufactories of ironmongery, cutlery and glass; cottons, woollens, pottery, and copper ware." But this is not all: a vessel arrives at Leghorn—the captain exhibits his papers—cleared out from Pittsburg. Pittsburg: there is no such port—they are evidently forged. The tar takes out his map—points out to the officer the gulf of Mexico—then the mouth of the Mississippi: leads him 1000 miles up to the mouth of the Ohio—another 1000 to Pittsburg. "There, sir, is the port from which I cleared out." Thus the log-village, driving "its small trade," importing "its goods at the vast expense of forty-five shillings from Baltimore," is now "a manufacturing city," exporting to Europe its own fabrics in its own built vessels—aye, its own vessels—for in the American Birmingham, "ship-building is carried on; and boat and steam-building pursued on a larger scale than in any other place in the western country."

We have thus endeavoured to give some impression of the internal activity of the Americans, while to the eye of Europe their whole energies seemed absorbed in their great commercial schemes. When we add to this the vast improvements which in the old states have given new wings to industry, the canals like that of Erie, connecting the northern lakes with the Atlantic, and linking in every direction the splendid net-work of the rivers, the railroads annihilating space in a country whose greatest inconvenience was extent, we must be prejudiced indeed if we do not recognise at every step the intel-

ligence and power of a great and gifted people. Hereafter we may notice more minutely some of these great results; at present we only glance at them for the sake of the reflections they suggest.

To what are we to attribute the social progress of the Americans, so far outstripping any ratio of improvement which the world has ever seen? Are we bound to consider them—as with a very pardonable vanity they often style themselves—the most extraordinary people of all time? We answer frankly—No. Great we admit them to be—aye, to any pitch of greatness they may claim: but the least extraordinary of any people we know. Our reasons are these: the present condition of the United States is the solution of a problem; the measures of the capacities of the age placed in circumstances the most highly favourable to their development. Never were men called upon to work out greater consequences than the Americans, and never were men less authors of the causes and principles from which, or the means by which, they are to be educated. In other countries, the actual condition of society is the hard-earned booty which the intelligence of its past and present members has carried off from time; the prize of a long wrestle with ages of barbarism, ages of oppression, of fanaticism, of blood; the amount of health, which difficult precautions, and tedious cures, have rescued from old and still unsubdued disease. Look at England—for England and America can best comprehend each other—from her heptarchy to her conquest: from that to her revolution; from that to the present time. Mark her long and weary efforts to pile up her freedom: how often was it the toil of Sisyphus. Consider the stubborn and closely guarded quarries, from which she was forced to hew out her greatness: trace the course of her social improvements; at first, like a little silver stream in a rocky wilderness; then widening and deepening, always flowing and fretting onwards, but not always seen: now diverted from its way by some rugged obstacle, and now dammed up, until the weight of the waters break down the impediment; thus, sometimes free, and sometimes checked, until its channel becomes broad and deep, and its waters expand into a glorious flood. It is this long agony with toils—it is these stolen marches by night, and this warring by day. It is this self-construction of character and fortune which constitutes an extraordinary people. And can America pretend to it? What has been her career? Like another Minerva, she sprung into existence a perfect goddess; and as the brain of Jove alone could have conceived the first, the greatness of England could only have conceived the second. What did the ground of quarrel with her parent state imply? A sensitive love of liberty, and a practical acquaintance with its elements. But such a knowledge infers a high degree of social and intellectual excellence. So primed and seasoned for self-government, she was fully able to go on her course alone, nor was she at all embarrassed which path to choose. A less enlightened government than that of Britain she could not take; a more enlightened—as far as she was concerned—could only be devised by modifying the fundamental principles of that one, so as to suit the new society to which it was to be applied: all that was to be done, was to discern and discern: the British constitution: and she did it. The great difficulty in England had been to combine the artificial distinctions of society into one great action—to connect them by a common interest. In America, these distinctions did not exist: society there presented a plain uniform surface, without inequalities, without difference of materials—no one point of which required a different kind or weight of superstructure from the rest. The American Republic, therefore, instead of being a bold innovation, was, after all, only a close copy with local amendments. Viewed at a distance through the midst of European prejudices, it seemed a chimera: viewed near at hand, at a distance from those prejudices, it was plainly a necessity. The feudal government, that is, the confederation of the separate republics, was a work of more difficulty and merit; and the men who contributed to its formation would have done honour to any time and country. Up to this point, then, there is confessedly nothing in their career to surprise us. Trained up from their earliest colonizations in the practice and principles of constitutional liberty,—trained, that is, to a jealous regard for their civil rights, and to the possession and pursuit of those high advantages and ends which is the object of those rights to secure—they no sooner resolved to be independent, than they became so; no sooner became so, than with a noble display of easy and dexterous strength, they wielded the sceptre they had seized. It was doubtless the most imposing application of a great principle the

world had ever seen: there never certainly was any on which Fortune more kindly smiled. Placed, as it were, in the midst of a political solitude, they had no neighbour to harass or obstruct them; to excite their cupidity, their ambition, or their revenge. Even the feverish excitement that survives a revolution found a natural issue in their commercial activity and skill. Then came the mad wars of Europe, taxing their enterprise to the utmost; goading, compelling them to wealth; and then came—Fulton. The first steam-boat that ascended the Hudson ploughed away centuries of delay to the growing prosperity of the states, and eventually of the world; and if ever a man deserved a monument from his fellow men, it was Fulton. They say he was not an inventor; true, steam-boats had been made, and used, and thrown aside; but so have many other great inventions, until some ardent and sagacious mind has discovered the favourable circumstances under which to try them, and has dared to try them in spite of the world's discouragement and sneers; and this was his praise. The steam-boat was as important in its immediate results to the navigation of America, as the compass in its remote results to the navigation of the world; and then, as if she were to have the benefit of extent without the obstacle of distance, the railroad appears, and separation vanishes. And now we put it to any American, if under this complication of advantages—if with his early infusion of sound political, and social, and moral knowledge—if, with a territory of inexhaustible fertility, and mechanical inventions that enable him to subsidize every part of its vast surface—if, with appeals and encouragement to his industry, such as no nation was ever before in a position to receive—if, with all these things, there be anything in the brilliancy and swiftness of his course to puzzle or confound us. With great means he has done great things. In many and most respects he may challenge our applause; in some he provokes our censure and rebuke; in none our wonder.

We have now but one word to add. The supercilious indifference that would not listen to the story of American greatness, or disposed of it with a sneer, has passed away; a manly and national curiosity has supplied its place. As yet no attempt has been made to tell this story through any periodical channel; this task we mean to attempt;—we shall bring to it honesty and diligence,—what else we as yet know not; but, if only these, we shall be entitled to say to our readers at the conclusion of our labours, be they long or short, *Valete et Plaudite*.

To be continued in our next.

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE.

No. 11.

In order to prevent drinking amongst the lower orders the legislature should alter some of the oppressive laws, (the corn-laws, for instance,) which tend to diminish the comfort of the poorer classes. Drinking is on the increase in the inverse ratio to the comfort enjoyed; and therefore an increase of domestic comfort would diminish the vice of intemperance.

The manner in which the public-houses in London are suffered to increase is disgraceful to the country, and exhibits the cold and calculating feeling of a legislature, which only thinks of increasing the revenues of the government at the certain computation of an increase of poverty and crime. If the government will not suppress public-houses altogether, at all events let an enactment be made to limit the number of them, so as to enable their proprietors to gain a better living and better interest upon their capital, and consequently become more respectable men. If such a case were provided for, there would be nothing but good houses of that description, and there would be no infamous dens of resort for dancing and low prostitutes.

The infamous Beer Act has been the means of increasing intoxication a hundred-fold, and has given encouragement to the vices of the lower orders. It has multiplied the low dens of dissipation, and ruined men who really did endeavour to make a business (which is never a very respectable one) as respectable as it could be.

Young prostitutes, between the ages of twelve and thirteen, are frequently taken up before the magistrates, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. There is no city in Christendom where female degradation commences so early as it does in London; and no other cause can be assigned to this lamentable circumstance, save the dreadful habit of intemperance which rages amongst the poor.

Mr. Broughton, one of the magistrates of Worship-street, has declared that that which tends to demoralize and impoverish the people, must have a great effect upon the poor-rates, a fund that was originally destined for the sustentation of the miserable and wretched. The tendency of gin-drinking is to bring people to misery and wretchedness. In the eastern part of London the

greater portion of the misery and wretchedness which exist, is a consequence, arising out of gin-drinking, which also encourages diseases of all descriptions. Mr. Broughton mentioned the following dreadful case as one which had come under his especial notice:—

"A family was lately discovered in a state, which, if it had not been seen, could not have been believed. I think there were four children. There was no other bed than a few old rags in a corner, into which they huddled. All occasions of nature were performed in the room; and it was quite clear that for those purposes neither children nor parents ever went anywhere else. Upon information being given, they were all taken and brought before me. From the nature of the case, I felt a great deal of interest in it, and went very minutely into its history from its origin; and I found that the woman two years before had borne a most respectable character. The man was a mechanic, and could earn two guineas a week. His brother came before me, for I committed both the husband and wife to prison for neglecting their family, adjourned the case for farther hearing, and sent the children to the workhouse;—the brother came before me, I say, with tears in his eyes, and was quite ashamed to appear in the court. He said that his brother had had a little property left him, and might have lived with comfort, the income arising from it being about two hundred pounds per annum. I went farther into the inquiry, by examining the boy, who was a very intelligent one, of ten years of age; and I found that the woman, the man, and baby slept together on one batch of rags, while the children huddled up together in a corner without any rags at all. The father and mother rose the first thing in the morning, and went straight off to the gin-shop—the same gin-shop too. I had the keeper of the gin-shop before me; it was kept by a woman, and she certainly seemed ashamed of it. The biggest boy of all used to get up, after his father and mother had left the room, and go out into the market, where he tried to get a few pence by holding horses, leaving the other children to wander about, picking up cabbage-leaves, and so on, to eat. Those children never were washed, and never went to church;—and all this misery was brought on by drinking! The man shook like an aspen leaf, and the woman was reduced to the greatest state of misery and wretchedness. She had scarcely a rag on: I believe she had not undressed herself for many months. When there was no money, the husband went to work; and as soon as he earned anything, he and his wife drank it out. No part of that money was ever expended upon the education of the children, nor were they ever washed."

A very large portion of the beer-shops and the public-houses are absolutely the property of the distillers and brewers; and their interest is for the public to consume the articles they sell, as much as it is the interest of the omnibus-driver for the public to use his omnibus. One object of the Beer Act was to set down the power of the brewers, whereas it has increased that influence, because the brewers are now the persons who set up the beer-shops. Most of the publicans are put into their houses by the distillers or brewers, who advance them a considerable portion of the capital necessary to enter the premises.

The practice of adulteration of spirits and malt liquors has not only increased, but the extent to which the adulteration itself is now carried has also increased. This fact is proved by the circumstance that the police find a marked difference now, from what there was some years ago, in the length of time required for drunken men to become sober and recover themselves. Where a man, in a certain stage of ebriety, used to recover in two or three hours, he now requires six or seven.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO RIVERS.

It was a favourite custom of the ancients to bestow various characteristics and attributes upon their rivers, which, in many instances, they did not hesitate to represent by the personified images of demi-gods. Amongst the most famous of the rivers thus noted, were the Styx and the Pactolus.

The river Styx was the one on which hovered all the grim and ghastly shadows of those who had departed this life; and who were waiting to be ferried over to the opposite shores—those shores being the boundaries of hell. The only passport to the regions of the opposite bank was to be procured through the medium of bribing Charon, the presiding deity of the ferry, with a small coin, in order to induce him to conduct the phantoms of the dead to the everlasting banks of Pluto's dominions. Although those phantoms, in many instances, knew full well the dread fate that awaited them upon the other shore, yet they could not withstand the species of fascination which urged them on to seek every possible means to court the favour of Charon, and procure admittance to his vessel.

Those hideous phantoms may be well likened to the pale and emaciated forms which flock around the doors of the publican, and which are the remains of the miserable drunkards who, in the living world, may thus be considered as prowling about the confines of hell. And farther—still farther may the simile be worked out, without the aid of a very extensive fancy. The publican is the mercenary Charon, who will not even show the way to perdition, nor conduct his victims on the road to eternal ruin, without first receiving the price of his

horrible duty. The drunkard must pay for his drink, before he partakes of it—in the same way as Charon must be pacified with the bribe of a *denarius*. The drink is the vessel of Charon, which wafts the too willing victim to the realms of irrecoverable perdition. And although the miserable drunkard, like the ghost upon the bank of the Styx, knows full well the fate that is in reserve for him, if he only partake of the deleterious and death-dealing poisons dispensed by the publican, still will he seek all the means with which he is acquainted to procure the money that shall purchase the passport to damnation!

The other river of ancient mythology, to which we alluded, is the Pactolus; and so fruitful were the shores of this mellifluous and peaceful stream, and so crowded with rich harvests were its banks, that the ancients allegorically represented it as flowing in a bed the acclivities of which on either side were covered with sands of gold. This river and its banks may readily be taken as the symbolical abode of the sons of temperance. They drink the pure water which nature has given us for our best uses; and they create for themselves, by their habits of abstemiousness and forbearance, harvests of golden profit. The grim and ghastly forms, which haunt the river Styx, are never seen upon the banks of the Pactolus: for in the latter region, all is health, happiness, and joy. Freedom, that brightest of the heavenly train which formerly descended from the realms of the Deity, under the guidance of fair Religion,—Freedom, who is Virtue's twin-sister, and who was born of purest Love,—Freedom, the parent of mirth, contentment, and innocent pleasure,—Freedom rules the fair domains on the shores of the Pactolus; and the free-agency of her subjects is not shackled by the chains and fetters of degrading customs. Despotism, that sprung from the family of Satan, when the evil angels were cast out of heaven for warring against the noble attributes of their God and ours,—Despotism, whose iron rod eats into the very soul of his subjects, and whose mandates are all based upon the stern doctrine of necessity,—Despotism rules the trembling, the oppressed, and the wretched beings that people the kingdom on the banks of the Styx.

Those, who on earth have experienced the tyranny of despotic monarchs, and who have learned to appreciate the blessings of a mild sovereign's just sway, will comprehend the difference between the rule of the prince of the Styx and the princess of the Pactolus. Is the iron yoke of the autocrat of Russia, with the dread deserts of Siberia in the constant perspective of the view of all his subjects—is the sway of that arbitrary monarch preferable to the mild and merciful dominion of the island-queen, the young sovereign of that land where none is judged until after a trial by his peers? Consider this, O miserable drunkard! and then say, wilt thou not shake off the dominion of the despot, and rank yourself beneath the banners of the upright and impartial monarch? Intemperance is a stern and merciless ruler, demanding heavy interest for the sorry pleasures he doles out, and drawing long bills upon the constitution for a momentary facility of confidence; but, on the other hand, Temperance is kind and just, and requires no illegitimate taxation to support its placid and easy sway.

When the deities of the heathen mythology gave their respective attributes to the Styx and the Pactolus, they thus portioned out the various gem which were to repair to the realms of each. To the Styx were sent madness, apoplexy, gout, vengeance, murder, strife, war, discord, poverty, famine, ignorance, and hate: to the Pactolus were consigned intellect, health, peace, wealth, plenty, knowledge, contentment, forbearance, and love. The cities on the banks of the Styx are formed of miserable and dirty hovels, and the inmates thereof are a prey to pestilence, plague, and every loathsome disease. The cities of the Pactolus are grand and flourishing, rich in architectural beauties, characterized by cleanliness, and filled with happy and contented myriads of beings. A constant winter reigns in the realms washed by the former stream; but perpetual summer gladdens the rich harvest on the shores of the latter.

Is it necessary to appeal to the reasonable and thinking man,—is it necessary to ask our fellow-creatures, to which region they wish to repair? Has habit become so invincible that its shackles cannot be shaken off? or shall the examples of upwards of four millions of the advocates of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks prove that no evil habit is invincible? Drunkard, turn from your evil ways, ere it be too late,—abandon the realms and poisoned waters of the Styx, and repair to the banks of the pure stream of the Pactolus. Cheat Charon of his fare, by removing yourselves from the vicinity of his bank; for, hideous and revolting though he be in person, still the allurements he holds out are as the honey which floats upon the cup of poison. Cheat Charon, I say,—cheat the publican of his fare; and, if you do not seek him to offer him a bribe, he will not pursue you with the freely-tendered gift of his inviting drink. He is selfish, and will not give you, were it to save your life, one drop of that which he declares to be wholesome and good, unless you can purchase that drop with your hard-earned coin. The confines of the river Styx are the realms of eternal perdition, to which the publican, in the guise of Charon, is the guide—the borders of the Pactolus are the regions of Elysium, the paths that lead to which are pointed out by the Genius of Temperance.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from Mr. JOHN SCOTT, desiring us to contradict our statement of last week, that he is about to visit Lincolnshire as an agent of the United Temperance Association.

Poetry, by W. M. C.—"Life, a Poem."—"The Drunkards' Song."—"Lines on the Gala at Dyrham Park."—"and" Sylvia," are declined with thanks. It will be observed that poetry does not form a feature in the editorial arrangements of this Journal.

A LATE CONVERT may drink ginger-beer with safety. The effervescence, which is produced by the combination of two chemical antitheses, does not correspond with the process of fermentation by which alcohol is produced. Fermentation is the first result of decomposition in vegetable nature. Of course the British wines are interdicted: they all contain alcohol, and are inebriating.

Our esteemed correspondent R. K. of Port Vale, Hertford, is informed that the quantities of alcohol in intoxicating liquors, are detailed by Mr. Grindrod, in his very clever work "Bacchus." R. K. can become a member of the United Temperance Association, by signing the pledge, and applying for a card to the Secretary, H. W. WESTON, Esq., at the Society's Depot, 134, Aldersgate-street.

THE TEETOTAL COURANT (of which, No. VIII. of the New Series is now before us) is an excellent champion in the grand cause. It is a cheap periodical, published at Kirkcaldy, on the third Saturday of every month.

We regret that we cannot insert G. B. B.'s communication. If he will favour us with an article upon another subject, we shall be glad to give it our attention. We shall also be pleased to receive the proposed account of proceedings at Newport-Pagnell.

To G. T. A. We regret that the editorial plan of this journal does not admit articles of the nature of that which bears your initials. We shall be glad to receive other contributions from you.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1840.

We have before shown that the turpitude of systems or of customs is not extenuated by the plea of their antiquity; and if the opponents of Teetotalism cite the deeds of former generations as precedents for the conduct of the present, they at once demonstrate their ignorance of the necessity of progressive amendment, and merit our contumely as well as our reproach. The practice of enslaving the blacks might have been justified in a similar manner; and what should we now think of an individual who boldly came forward as the champion of the slave-trade? And yet the most enthusiastic people in favour of political liberty, in ancient times, were the most severe with their slaves. The Athenians, the Lacedæmonians, the Romans, and the Carthaginians, maintained that the right of disposing of the destiny, the life and death of their slaves, was a principle of society. It is true that in the Jewish laws we find slavery permitted: it is true that the Israelites were empowered to purchase "their brothers for six years, and strangers for ever." Puffendorf declares that "slavery was established by the free consent of the enslaved and the enslavers, and by a certain contract." Grotius maintains that "an individual, made captive in battle and taken to slavery, has not a right to escape from his masters." But the necessity of digesting the Jewish laws according to the nature of the people to be governed by them, and according to the specific state of civilization in the known world at the time,—the unfounded assertions of Puffendorf, and the false conclusions of Hugo Grotius,—all these prove nothing in favour of the immoral idea of slavery.

If, then, in one important matter connected with the welfare of society, the customs of antiquity have been disregarded, may not the same license be extended to other efforts of social reformation? Those, who advocate Teetotalism, are only continuing, in another sphere, the work of emancipation which has been commenced with the Slaves in the West-Indies. The drunkards are the slaves of far more exacting and despotic task-masters than were the poor negroes; and it is to release these voluntary slaves from a fearful bondage that the disciples of Teetotalism are exerting themselves.

We are determined to pursue unflinchingly the path of moral reformation which we have commenced, in exposing the horrors of intemperance, and in appealing to the sympathies of the philanthropic to assist us in this important undertaking. We trust that our impartiality and honesty are sufficiently known to obtain

credit, when we say that our good wishes extend to every charitable enterprise, as our sympathies flow to every branch of the human family. Our regards are not confined to the east, nor to the west,—to the north nor to the south: the tyranny exercised by a vicious habit, and the misery resulting from its indulgence, excite them wherever and whenever such strong causes of affecting appeal to our compassion are known to exist. Our sympathies include the human race; the circle of our tenderness and fraternal or social love is not circumscribed to our own country. If the frightful consequences of intemperance were exposed in all their plenitude and nakedness, they would form a dark antithesis to the glowing statements that have been imposed upon the world by those whose interest or whose wickedness prompted them to advocate the most abominable system that ever darkened the reputation of a civilised country, or stigmatised the integrity of a certain set of men. Let the opponents of Teetotalism pause, before they continue to preach in favour of the distillers and the brewers; and let the legislature amend the infamous system of deriving mighty revenues from the crime, the misery, and the degradation of the poor.

Let us look around us, and examine the pulse of society. To emancipate the human race from the bondage of intemperance, there are now thousands who would, if necessary, walk to martyrdom as gladly as to a bridal feast. It is therefore greatly to be deplored that there are still so many, who, while they acknowledge the existence of the evil, will not adopt the only means of exterminating it. Wherefore should they hesitate to come forward and join the Teetotalers? Why should they remain more or less cold, calculating, and unstable? Is this the result of temperament? Many have motives, which, though weak, are still true to the touch of equity and of goodness, and will answer to its application. Besides these, there are now millions of minor beings whose gregarious motives already lean to the right side of the question. The advocates of Teetotalism must speak boldly, and not dread either the ridicule of the prejudiced, or the fears of a government trembling for its revenues. If vulgar sympathy be too frequently resorted to, its energies will be destroyed. A single combat may be fought even by a coward: but it is the long, arduous, fluctuating campaign that tries and proves the veteran. Petty sympathies are speedily exhausted: they must be sparingly, though, at the same time, strongly and energetically aroused. Their nature is peculiar; they will not bear a repetition even of slight impulses: they must be warmed into momentary ardour, and worked off while they are hot.

THE PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE.

In the individual, who is addicted to intoxicating drinks, would only call to mind the appalling fact that habits of intemperance frequently terminate with madness,—and if he were only acquainted with the horrors of both public and private lunatic asylums,—he would not hesitate for one moment to sign the pledge of total abstinence. With a view to elucidate a portion of the latter mystery, we shall lay before the reader the following extract from a novel entitled "GRACE DARLING."

THE other guests at the supper-table were all individuals, who, as the Doctor had observed, were sane enough to be permitted to take their meals with him; and even to walk about the house and garden alone in the day time; but had each some particular eccentricity or weakness which indicated the nature of his malady. One was a solicitor, who, on account of the failure of a law-suit, had sunk into a state of despondency, which had ultimately verged into insanity; although upon professional matters, and those only, he was as lucid in his arguments and discourse as ever. The second was a politician, who, disgusted with contemplating the misdeeds of the great, and possessing a sensitive mind which could not brook the oppression of unjust laws and partial rulers, had professed and taught

republican opinions—a system of conduct that entailed endless persecution upon him, and at length had driven him to a mad-house. The third was a clergyman, who, having refused to read the Thirty-nine Articles, had been dispossessed of his gown and the means of subsistence; and who, having seen a young wife and only child die of want and destitution, had been consigned to a mad-house and supported there by the very prelate who had wronged him; and who feared to suffer the evidence of such despotism and tyranny to exist at large in the world. The fourth had been in a situation of confidence about the person of a late high personage, and had been induced by his master to give false evidence at the memorable trial of that master's injured wife—a circumstance, which pressed so deeply upon the poor fellow's mind, that he was at length consigned to the abode where we now find him: and the fifth was a wealthy slave-owner of Jamaica, who had pursued a long course of the most unprecedented rigour towards his unhappy dependants, and whose mind had been unhinged by the perusal of a work which brought home to his imagination his infamous conduct in all its worst colours.

Such were the individuals with whom Somerville now found himself; and in a very few minutes he perceived that they were all sane upon conversing with each upon a certain point; but that in reference to others they were all prone to utter nothing but absurdities.

"I do not think, Doctor," said the lawyer, addressing himself with the utmost solemnity to Wokensmithers, "that you have any legal right to detain the gentleman whom you have brought to us this evening."

"Don't be absurd," cried the clergyman: "you are perfectly aware that the gentleman is a sensible person, and never can be brought to believe that they, who have not had a chance of knowing our blessed Redeemer, can be condemned to eternal perdition. No one can credit so monstrous a doctrine—repulsive at once to common sense, and derogatory to the wisdom and justice of the Eternal."

"I shall send the case before a special jury," said the lawyer.

"And I before the Ecclesiastical Court," cried the clergyman.

"Is this the liberty of the subject?" exclaimed the politician. "Are we to be bound down to the earth beneath the weight of taxes—to see our wives and little ones in the workhouse—to toil only for the benefit of the great? How is it that in France the bread is less than half the price it is in England? Why is the aristocracy in this country to be pampered and made much of, and the lower orders to be treated like dogs? Why can a rich man break lamps and insult the police with impunity, or be released upon the payment of a paltry fine, whereas the poor man is sent to the treadmill for only half the offence? Does hereditary title confer hereditary wisdom? And who dares call a just assertion of our privileges by the name of treason? All power emanates from the people; and the people have a right to choose their own governors. Our kings are stipendiary magistrates whom we may depose at will."

"Kings! Kings!" cried the perjured witness; "ah! talk not of kings. There is no virtue in a court—no rectitude in a palace. I was sent to Italy to try and discover something wrong in the conduct of my illustrious master's wife: but—no—no—she was as pure and spotless as snow, and he knew it. But I suffered myself to be led away—to be bribed—to be won over to his purposes—and Oh! I perjured myself! Many more did so too—Oh! yes, they all did; for they knew she was as innocent as a lamb! It was a horrible plot—a conspiracy—a scheme to ruin her!"—and having uttered these words in a tone of voice which bespoke the most acute agony, the poor fellow buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

"Who cries?" exclaimed the slave-owner. "Is it Corah weeping for Tamango? Ah! I know that the poor youth fell beneath the gory lash! I know that my cruelty killed him! You need not reproach me with it: that deed is deeply imprinted upon my memory. Its trace is there, there—" he cried, striking his head forcibly with his hand; "and the worm of remorse is gnawing me here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and groaned bitterly: large tears trickled down his countenance; and his whole frame seemed convulsed by deep emotion. His eyes rolled about fearfully in his head; and Somerville thought within himself, that if that man's crimes had been great in this world, his punishment was already at least commensurate with the extent of his delinquency.

It was evident that no one paid the slightest attention to the discourse of his companions, beyond catching an occasional word which bore immediate reference to his own ideas or to the matters which occupied his attention; and now that each had given vent to his thoughts, they all commenced a series of chattering, which, turning upon five different topics, and consisting entirely of declamation, produced a singular though sorrowful effect, and made Somerville almost shed tears to think that he was actually categorised amongst such beings.

"I never shall forgive myself for that oversight," said the lawyer.

"It was all done by bribery," cried the false witness.

"The bishop was at the bottom of the whole affair," observed the clergyman.

"Great men are invariably despotic and unjust," exclaimed the politician.

"Tamango's blood calls for vengeance!" shouted the slave-owner.

"The day of retribution must come," said the politician.

"Blood for blood—wrong for wrong," ejaculated the false witness.

"It's illegal," observed the lawyer.

And thus did those men utter a thousand disjointed sentences, which frequently seemed to bear reference one with another, and which were nevertheless respectively instigated by feelings and emotions widely discrepant in themselves. Frequently was this conversational jargon carried on to a pitch which would have actually excited the laughter of young Somerville, had he not been too deeply bowed down by grief to indulge in aught approximating hilarity and mirth.

In the middle of this singular conversation, which seemed to make no impression upon the Doctor, who continued to eat his supper with a most excellent appetite, the door was suddenly thrown open, and a figure, half-naked, with long black hair hanging wildly over his shoulders, and his eyes rolling terribly in their sockets, rushed into the room. He was attired in a shirt, which being unbuttoned at the breast, displayed the emaciated form beneath, and a pair of dark trousers reaching just above the hips. His feet were bare and bleeding, as if he had just been running over flint stones; in his right hand he flourished the leg of a cold fowl; and in his left he clenched an enormous piece of bread. His cheeks were thin and hollow; his beard had not been shaven for some days; and his whole appearance was forlorn, dirty, and wretched in the extreme.

"Ah! ha!" he cried, as he escaped into the apartment, and munched his bone and then the bread as he danced about the room: "I have outwitted the old girl at last, eh! This will teach her to starve me again. Does she think I can live upon the moonbeams? no—no!"

And he laughed, and ate, and danced, as if he were the merriest fellow in existence.

"Hey day, what does this mean?" exclaimed the Doctor. "Why, here's this confounded Jem broke loose again. Isaac, call Ben."

But Isaac had scarcely arrived at the door of the room, on his way to execute his master's orders, when Ben and Joe rushed into the apartment, and darted upon the unfortunate maniac with a violence and ferocity which made Somerville's blood curdle in his veins.

"Here you are, are you, you cursed good-for-nothing ragged thief!" cried Ben, dealing the maniac a terrible blow upon his shoulder, which felled the poor wretch to the ground.

"Get up, you scoundrel, get up with you," exclaimed Joe, distributing sundry brutal kicks upon the ribs and back of the madman with brutal violence, and uttering imprecations too disgusting to be here recorded.

"What has he been about, the villain?" demanded the Doctor, who seemed very anxious to join his men in their cowardly attack upon his unfortunate prisoner.

"Why, Sir," answered Ben, "he broke loose just as I and Joe were getting a mouthful o' somethin' to eat; and made his escape into the kitchen, where he helped himself to all he could lay his hands on. Well, we ran after him into the garden; and a terrible race he led us over the gravel walks, and through the bushes. At length he returned again to the house, and here he is; and in order that the Doctor might not mistake where he was, the brutal fellow bestowed another kick with his iron-shod boot on the maniac's ribs."

"They starve me, they starve me—Oh! they starve me!" cried the madman, screaming with agony. "They think I can eat the rats and mice in the horrid place where they put me to sleep; but I cannot catch them."

"Silence, beast!" thundered the Doctor.

"Silence, don't you hear?" cried Joe, as the maniac screamed with the pain of another blow; and when the poor wretch attempted to rise, he was knocked down by the demon who addressed him last.

"The strait-waistcoat," said the Doctor. "And Ben—"

Ben who was about to clothe this victim of cruelty in the strait-waistcoat, relapsed for a moment from his occupation.

"Take him up stairs, Ben," continued the Doctor, glancing towards Somerville, on whose mind he was perhaps unwilling to make too unfavourable an impression the first evening: then in a whisper, he added, "And give him four-and-twenty good cuts with the dog whip. That will teach him to go stealing in my kitchen again, the villain!"

The maniac was raised from the ground by his two brutal keepers, and borne out of the room, still laughing, and gnawing his stolen provisions, in spite of the pain he was enduring from the blows he had received. The five guests at the supper-table looked with the greatest apathy and indifference at all that was passing, with the exception of the slave-owner, who cried bitterly. The scene probably reminded him of the deeds of by-gone days, and the atrocities to which he himself owed his insanity.

Five minutes after the removal of the maniac from the supper-room, shrieks of the most piercing agony echoed through the house; and the voice of the un-

happy sufferer, appealing to that God whom he had not forgotten in his mental aberrations, fell in torture-wrung accents upon the distracted ears of Somerville. He was about to fall at the feet of the merciless Waken-smithers, and implore for mercy in behalf of the maniac; but the awkwardness of his own position, and the necessity of maintaining a tranquil and pacific line of conduct in order to work out his plans, compelled him to forego the charitable desire.

THE "FREE-AND-EASY."

BY "THE PRINTER'S DEVIL."

MANY of our more respectable readers are probably unacquainted with the nature or existence of any association whatever under the above attractive title; but, however ignorant they may be respecting them, they are nevertheless numerous, well-attended, and fruitful causes of crime. They are established for the purpose of increasing the custom of the public-houses in which they are held. Singing forms the chief attraction; and, not unfrequently, a professor of music is engaged to superintend the harmonic department. Bacchanalian and very questionable love songs are principally patronized; and, as these resorts are attended by youth of both sexes, already excited by intoxicating drink, our readers may easily picture the deplorable results.

At one end of the room, on an elevated seat, is the Chairman, who is appointed by the landlord; and on his comic or other powers the success of the whole depends. He proposes toasts—sees that no individual is unsupplied with liquor—quells any sudden disturbance—and enforces order by knocking the table with a small wooden hammer. As on this individual so much devolves, his liquor is supplied to him gratuitously; but no other emolument does he receive. This honour is so eagerly sought for, that many have sacrificed everything to attain it—even health, fortune, and character.

The Chairman is not unfrequently a man of extraordinary comic powers—and who for the love of drink, and drunkards' applause, plays the fool for the amusement of the rest. Many individuals might be quoted, well-known characters—who sought not for any other means of livelihood than thus crawling from one Free-and-easy to another; and have boasted that they could make the fortune of any publican whom they chose exclusively to patronize, by increasing the flock of deluded followers. But although plentifully supplied with drink, food is not so easily obtained;—thus this character is frequently detected the next morning begging his meals by mouthfuls, of the inmates of the tap-room.

Poor infatuated individual—lost to every sense of shame—scouted by the very man whose fortune he is assisting in the formation—disgraced in the eyes of the thinking and more sober part of the community—and a burden even to himself,—yet seated on his elevated chair in the parlour, surrounded by his self-styled friends, who so gay—so lively—so witty—so humorous—and so admired!

We shall relate two anecdotes connected with these "Free-and-easies" which will not fail, we think, to interest our readers.

The first in our memory relates to Richard F—. He certainly was gifted by nature with extraordinary comic powers; nor was he confined by an unretentive memory, as no limit appeared to his recitations, songs, ventriloquism, tales, &c. Minniery, and low wit would succeed them till the guests were tired with laughter. But the greatest ingenuity was exemplified in the way in which he forwarded the landlord's interests, by indirectly forcing people to drink; and, when they were incapacitated, by drinking their shares himself, in order to increase the landlord's receipts. But poor Richard had a family; and often have we seen him, the morning after one of his splendid debuts, begging the half-picked bones of the previous feast for his starving family. Often has he left his ragged children, and comfortless home, with a heavy heart, to attend one of those meetings where all his cares must be forgotten—and hilarity take the place of sadness.

But, after being driven from one resort to another, for the purpose of obtaining the necessities of life, and failing in every thing, he at last became the inmate of a workhouse; and, overwhelmed with remorse, terminated his existence by suicide!

We will relate another tragic affair connected with "Free-and-easies":—A young man, an apprentice, was compelled by his master to be at home by a certain hour of the evening; but the youth, wishing to attend these festive meetings, used to leave his bed-room by the attic window; and, running along the roofs of the houses, descend by the same way, into the apartment which he had just left. This

feat was hailed by his companions as a valiant achievement; but, alas! retiring the same way—reeling with intoxication, as he reached the parapet, his foot slipped—he was precipitated to the ground—and his mangled corpse lay at the door of the public-house, which, but a few minutes before, had resounded with his Bacchanalian song.

REVIEWS.

A Medical, Moral, and Christian Dissection of Teetotalism. Ninth Edition. 12mo. pp. 12. Newcastle: Printed for D. France and Co.

Although the writer of this pamphlet has found it necessary to make up for the deficiency of argument which his subject involves, with an unreasonable quantity of low blackguardism and abuse, levelled against the Teetotalers, we shall not reply to him in the same strain. When a man, who undertakes to attack some particular theory or system, uses a mass of insulting epithets and unmannerly adjectives, we know how much importance to attach to the cause which he espouses. No man, who has sound argument on his side, will ever descend to abuse, because it is not necessary; abuse is a weapon called into action as a substitute for fair reasoning, and when all other legitimate weapons fail.

The author felicitates himself upon his *brochure* having reached to a ninth edition. This is no evidence of right on his side: it only proves that he is well supported by those who have a favourite monopoly to sustain.

We find that the principal argument of this pamphlet is founded upon the fact that air and water are composed of stimulating poison. The separate qualities of the ingredients of air and water would, in their application to the human frame, be fatal; but when compounded together, they are perfectly innocuous. The most wholesome fruits and vegetables contain the elements of poisons, which, if they alone existed in those substances, would prove fatal to man; but, as they are mixed up with other ingredients, which act as correctives, they become nutritious and wholesome. Thus air and water in their present condition, are *not* poisons. The author of this pamphlet may as well say that sugar is a poison, because a chemical manipulation may change it into oxalic acid.

The author of this *brochure* proceeds to observe that "walking, riding, or running, so conducive to health, produces it by an increased flow of the pulse, causing an exhilaration of the spirits bordering on moderate excitement: from ale, wine, or distilled spirits." The argument which is here intended to be brought against Teetotalism is easily answered. The Teetotalers strongly recommend all natural means of producing a proper excitement in the human frame, and only discountenance *unnatural* means. Exercise is the *natural* means; and strong drinks, which ruin the coats of the stomach and injure the intellectual powers, are the *unnatural* means. The author of the pamphlet under notice, admits that exercise will produce a healthy excitement, and implies that strong drink are artificial means calculated to produce a similar excitement in the absence of the other (exercise). The Teetotalers recommend the general adoption of the former means, and discountenance the latter; and this objection to the latter means is founded upon the conviction, 1. That the excitement produced by strong drinks is *unnatural*, because it arises from directly artificial means, and means that involve a habit without which health and intellect continue unimpaired; 2. That if a natural means of producing a necessary degree of excitement exist, we should not have recourse to other means, which, even if they did produce the desired effect in one way, would injure the body in another; 3. That if strong drink be taken as a means of procuring that excitement above alluded to, the *use*, as proved by an undeniable experience, frequently leads to the *abuse*, and from the abuse result all kinds of maladies and crimes; and 4. That the experience of four millions of men, and the example of thousands of

savages, amongst whom alcoholic drinks have only been lately introduced, prove that man can live without those drinks—that he is better in health and mind, without them—and that they are in no way necessary to existence, but, on the contrary, highly injurious to the physiological and mental economy of organized beings.

With regard to oil of vitriol, laudanum, foxglove, nightshade, hemlock, &c., being poisons which are occasionally useful for medical purposes, this very argument adduced by the author of the pamphlet before us, turns against himself, because Teetotalers allow wine or spirits to be taken *medicinally*, and the opponent to the Teetotalers does not drink either decoction of hemlock or nightshade *habitually*.

The author of this pamphlet seems to forget one thing, which is of considerable importance, and which he ought to consider with due attention. This is, that *even if alcoholic drinks were healthy and wholesome*, the Teetotalers would still preach a crusade against their use, because they *intoxicate*,—and from intoxication emanate poverty, disease, and crime. Consult the evidence given by police-magistrates before the House of Commons, or read the annals of crime, and you will find that nearly all deeds of turpitude emanate from *intoxication*. Consult medical men, and they will tell you that nearly all diseases spring from *intoxication*; and use your own powers of survey and research, and you will see that more than half the poverty and wretchedness of the lower orders may also be traced to *intoxication*. Thus, even if alcoholic drinks were not calculated to impair the healthy tone of the body or the intellect, sufficient causes are found in social life to recommend a total abstinence from them.

The author of the pamphlet under notice then proceeds to a consideration of the subject in a religious point of view: i. e. in its reference to the Holy Scriptures. The miracle at Cana in Galilee is *not* quoted by him as an argument in favour of the use of strong drinks. If he have read the very clever papers, which appeared in our journal a few weeks ago, under the denomination of "The wines of the Old Testament," and which emanated from the pen of Mr. John Wilson, he would see enough to convince him that the Scriptures cannot be perverted into a recommendation of an evil habit.

The concluding portion of the pamphlet is occupied with declamatory illustrations of the general tone of argument,—in the following manner, for instance:

Because a fool occasionally drinks himself to death, by a criminal excess in ale, or wine, or spirit, must therefore, all men refuse the beneficial use of them, and drink not at all, however useful, nutritious, or refreshing to nature—not even at the command and after the example of the Saviour!

Let us answer this paragraph, and then take leave of the subject for the present. The habit of intoxication has increased to such a frightful extent, that only total-abstinence measures can correct it. The temptation must be *altogether* removed: experience, and a knowledge of the frailty of human volition, prove that no such thing as a moderate indulgence can be countenanced with safety. Secondly—intoxicating drinks are neither beneficial, nor nutritious: they are not so refreshing as pure water, and they contain no more nutriment than the solid substance to which they can be reduced. Half of a penny loaf contains more nourishment than a pot of porter; and a glass of wine does not possess more nutritious power than a grain of wheat. Thirdly—it is blasphemous to imagine that the Saviour could countenance a habit, even in its most remote degree, which is the greatest scourge that ever was introduced upon earth. We shall lastly observe, that if Teetotalers be *wrong*—they still advocate a good cause: we see that we can exist and be *more* healthy, without strong drinks; and we are therefore right in avoiding those things which *might* lead to intoxication; intoxication being the gate which conducts its victims to the work-house, the felons' gaol, the hospital, or the lunatic asylum.

The London Teetotal Magazine and Literary Miscellany. Number for August. London: George Wightman.

With this talented champion of the Teetotal cause the reader is presented with a picturesque portrait of Father Mathew, engraved in the first style of the art, and well worth all the money that is required as the price of the Magazine itself. The contents of this number are varied and interesting, and are all original (save, of course, the speeches delivered at public meetings, of which, by the way, there is a very faithful *Report*.) The "Biographical sketch of Father Mathew" is the best that has yet appeared in print. It appears that this eminent apostle of Temperance is now in his fiftieth year, having been born on the 10th of October, 1790.

The Pastor's Pledge of Total Abstinence. By THE REV. WILLIAM ROAF, Saint Paul's Chapel, Wigan. Fifth Thousand. 12mo. pp. 47. London. 12, Bull's Head Court.

This work, which is dedicated to the churches of Christ, of the Congregational Order, assembling in the Independent chapel, Ellesmere, and in Saint Paul's Chapel, Wigan, is a very clever little production, and reflects great credit upon its reverend author. It is a powerful advocate of the great cause of Teetotalism, and must be hailed as one of the most conclusive essays that have been printed upon the subject. We shall make an elaborate extract in another department of our paper at a future period.

The Temperance Messenger, and Tract Magazine. Numbers 7 and 8. New Series. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

A very excellent little publication—very cheap—neatly got up—and admirably calculated to further the cause of Teetotalism.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL PROGRESS AND MEETINGS.

WALES.

A letter from Mr. E. G. SALISBURY informs us that the influence of Teetotalism is producing grand effects in this principality. "The prevailing opinion now is," says the letter, "that we have upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand members in North and South Wales. Of these five thousand at least may be considered reformed drunkards. There are also seven hundred ministers and local preachers of all denominations, in the first mentioned number. Mr. ROBERT PARRY has done more in Wales to spread the cause of Teetotalism than any other six public advocates taken together. With half-a-dozen such staunch apostles of Temperance, we should effectually suppress every tavern, gin-shop, and ale-house in the principality ere ten years have expired. We wish *The Teetotaler* journal every success in this part of the world."

NEWPORT-PAGNELL AND WOLVERTON.

A letter from Newport-Pagnell informs us that the cause of Teetotalism is progressing well in that town, and at Wolverton, an important station on the London and Birmingham Railway. "Much good," says our correspondent, "is done amongst those who are concerned with the Railway, and who make some very eloquent speeches at times upon the beneficial effects of Teetotalism."

NAUTICAL TEETOTAL MEETING.

On the evening of Thursday, the 18th instant, the passengers in the steam-vessel from Hull to Leith held a meeting on board.

Mr. WILLIAM PATON (from London) took the Chair, and the audience stood round him. An interesting discussion upon the comparative merits of moderation and total abstinence took place. The argument terminated in favour of the disciples of total abstinence.

PRINCES-STREET TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, CORK.

The monthly meeting of this Society was held as usual in the school-room of the Presbyterian Meeting-house.

Mr. R. DOWDEN was called to the chair, Mr. MACINTOSH acted as Secretary.

Mr. HYDE addressed the meeting on the necessity of consistency amongst the members of Teetotal Societies.

Mr. GEORGE BRADY spoke of the hardships to which Teetotalers were exposed by being paid their wages in public-houses. Mr. Brady referred to the case of the London Coal-Whippers, as reported in *The Teetotaler* journal; and the Secretary read the leading article in Number 2. of that paper, which relates particularly to this subject.

Mr. ROGER OLDEN then addressed the meeting and said that he had witnessed many a scene arising from

intemperance, which it would be distressing to relate. He made a pathetic appeal to those present to sign the pledge.

Mr. WILLIAM MARTIN spoke of the comparatively tranquil state of the streets of Cork since the propagation of Teetotal doctrines.

THE CHAIRMAN acquainted the meeting with the fact of Judge Crampton having received the pledge at the hands of the Rev. Mr. Mathew, who presented the judicial functionary with a silver medal as a token of the importance attached to this accession to the ranks of Teetotalism. The Chairman then made a very eloquent speech upon the general effects of the new doctrine, especially in its relation to Ireland.

FINSBURY AND HOXTON YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

This Society is progressing very favourably, thanks to the exertions of its Committee and Secretary. A meeting was held at the Ship Coffee-house, on Tuesday the 18th instant; upon which occasion Mr. PHILLIPS, the Honorary Secretary, took the Chair. Messieurs E. H. Williams (late Registrar,) Parrett, Parks, and F. Dyer addressed the Meeting, each with considerable effect. A vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. E. H. Williams for his exertions during the period he acted as Registrar to that Society.

KENSINGTON AND RAYSWATER BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of this Branch took place at the Camden Chapel, Kensington, on Monday evening, the 17th inst., on which occasion Mr. BENSTEAD, of the parent society, took the chair. The assembly was addressed by Messieurs Stallwood (the Secretary,) Tanner, Mee, Reid, Reeves, Betts, Cox, and Bowler. Mr. Benstead filled the duties of Chairman in a most able manner, and proved himself on this, as on other occasions, to be a great acquisition to the United Temperance Association.

A second meeting was held on Friday, the 21st inst. Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, according to public announcement, took the chair. This gentleman expatiated at some length upon Teetotalism, both in respect to its present and ulterior results, and prophesied that it was destined to achieve the total moral reformation of the country.

Mr. BOWLER then addressed the meeting, and related a dreadful tale of an accident which had occurred to a bricklayer, who fell from a scaffold when in a state of intoxication.

Mr. H. W. WESTON, (Secretary to the United Temperance Association,) made a most eloquent speech upon all the important branches of Teetotalism, in respect to its moral, political, and religious application. He said that he had seen people killed in public-houses, in frays and quarrels; and he then explained the system of adulteration practised by the publicans.

Mr. REED said he had entered upon a new existence since he had signed the Teetotal pledge. His home was now happy, whereas it had before been wretched and cheerless.

Mr. MEE analyzed half a pint of beer, and showed the quantity of alcohol contained in it. He then addressed the meeting upon the beneficial effects of Teetotalism in respect to the working classes, and gave notice that on Thursday evening, the 27th instant, he should give a lecture at that place, explanatory of the nature and properties of alcohol.

A third meeting of the members of this Branch was held at the Camden Chapel, Kensington, on Monday evening, the 24th instant. Mr. H. W. WESTON in the Chair. The audience was addressed by this gentleman, and Messieurs BAYLIS, JOHNSON, M'CURRIE (of Chelsea,) and G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

BIRMINGHAM.

A weekly meeting of the Birmingham Teetotal Society was held on Monday, the 17th of August, in the Severn-street School-room; and the honest, straightforward, and manly statements of the various speakers were received with rapturous applause. Nothing is better calculated to awaken the attention of the persons who usually attend such meetings, than well attested facts as to the effects of drunkenness on the moral and social condition of man; accordingly, in the course of the remarks made by Mr. ELIJAH GOODHEAD, on that occasion, he quoted from No. VIII. of *The Teetotaler*, the latter part of the Rev. Francis Beardsall's "Appeal." He was pleased to see that the crowded assembly listened with marked attention, and received his observations with cheers. It is encouraging to the friends of the great and good cause of Teetotalism to behold the self-denying devotion of the working men, amidst the scoffs and jeers of not a few boisterous tipplers, who ever and anon essay to prevent a hearing.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday Evening, August 19th.

The Aldersgate-street Chapel has seldom seen a more crowded meeting than on this occasion. We have before alluded to the very respectable appearance of the persons who frequent the two hebdomadal meetings of this Association at the Aldersgate street Chapel, and the assembly in question fully bore out the truth of that remark. Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS took the chair on this occasion; and several able advocates addressed the

meeting. The crowded state of our columns compels us to omit the report of the proceedings this week; but we shall in future give the preference, so far as the publication of the heads of the various speeches is concerned, to the *Wednesday evening* instead of the *Saturday evening* meeting.

Saturday Evening, August 22nd.

The meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel was somewhat thinly attended, probably in consequence of the beauty of the weather.

Mr. WILLIAMS, upon taking the Chair, made some very proper observations upon the rapid progress of Teetotalism throughout the British dominions.

Mr. CRUMP (the Registrar) said that it was ridiculous for so many people to be crying out against the dearth of provisions when they could afford to spend so much money in the public-houses, where they never attempted to drive a bargain with the landlord, as they do with the butcher or grocer.

Mr. BENSTEAD argued upon the necessity of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and illustrated his favourite theme of the necessity of Teetotalism in respect to the intellect, in a forcible manner.

Mr. BOWLER said that he had several labourers under him, and that they were already thinking of taking a small farm amongst them, upon the money saved from the public-houses.

Mr. REED introduced himself to the meeting as a happy specimen of the good effects of Teetotalism.

Mr. DONALDSON related a story of an individual, who after having long been a dreadful drunkard, was at length induced to sign the pledge of total abstinence. This circumstance empowered him to redeem his pledges at the pawnbroker's; and he was shortly after enabled to pledge his troth to a lady whom he selected as his future companion in life. This lady presented him with some pledges of their mutual affection; and he (Mr. Donaldson) would pledge himself to support the assertion that there was not a happier man now living than this reclaimed drunkard. Mr. Donaldson then dissected the doctrines lately propagated against Teetotalism by Messieurs Rowbotham and Perry, two anti-teetotal lecturers; and cut them up hip and thigh.

Mr. PRICE and Mr. BLACKMORE then each addressed the meeting, which separated at about half-past ten o'clock.

BETHNAL-GREEN AND SPITALFIELDS BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The usual Meeting of the Members of this Branch, took place at the Assembly-rooms, Church-row, Bethnal-green road, on Monday, the 24th instant. This place of Meeting promises to become an important stronghold for the disciples of Teetotalism.

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' SOCIETY.

This praise-worthy association holds a weekly meeting, every Thursday evening, at Dennis's Coffee-house, Jerusalem-passage, Clerkenwell; and a youth is always in attendance at the chapel at Aldersgate-street, every Wednesday and Saturday evening, to receive the signatures of those youths who may wish to affix their hand to the pledge. The cause is progressing most favourably amongst the youths, many of whom are good orators. Too much praise cannot be attached to Mr. R. P. BATOER, the Secretary, for the excellent manner in which he conducts the business of this Society.

HAMMERSMITH AND STARCH-GREEN BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A number of gentlemen, residing at Hammersmith and Starch-Green, assembled on Monday evening, August 24th, at the house of Mr. William Cranston, 17, South-street, Hammersmith; and having taken into consideration the fact that numbers of individuals had already signed a pledge book in those neighbourhoods, came to the resolution of forming a total abstinence society under the auspices of the United Temperance Association. It was further resolved that three great meetings should be held at Mr. W. Cranston's house; namely, the first on Thursday, the 27th of August, Mr. H. W. WESTON, Secretary to the United Temperance Association, in the chair; the second on Tuesday, September 1st, Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS in the chair; and the third, on Saturday, the fifth of September, Mr. BENSTEAD in the chair.

NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

On the 19th instant the Superintendent of the Depot of the United Temperance Association forwarded an advertisement of a new work on "Teetotalism" to the office of the Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, in Bull's Head Court. The price of the advertisement was received, and the paragraph sent to the printer of the *Journal*, in Mark Lane, in order that it might be in time for insertion. An hour or two afterwards much surprise was excited by the Superintendent having his money returned, and being informed, that the Committee of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society had come to a resolution to refuse all advertisements of whatever character from the United Temperance Association: consequently the advertisement was not inserted in their *Journal* of last week.

We believe that for an enlightened public, it is necessary to make no comment on the above.

ADVERTISEMENT.

With the Magazine, on the 31st instant, will be published, price Eleven Pence, stitched in a neat wrapper, and containing Numbers 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.

PART II. of

THE TEETOTALER.

Persons, who live in isolated or retired spots, will find the mode of publication in Monthly Parts a very great convenience, as many bookellers can procure these parts with their periodical parcels, when their convenience might not permit them to supply the weekly numbers.

All Bookellers, News-vendors, and Stationers in the United Kingdom will receive orders for the Monthly Parts of THE TEETOTALER. The English on the continent can transmit their orders through the following Bookellers—Paris, Galignani, Brussels, A. H. Wahlen and Co.; Berlin, Asher, 18, Esplanade. Subscribers in America can address their orders to Messieurs Bagster and Marshall, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.

W. STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

17, Aldersgate-street.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEPT. OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION begs to give notice that a new and perfectly original work upon Teetotalism and the Anatomy of Intemperance, will be shortly issued to the public in a popular and cheap form.

The work will be published in weekly numbers at 3d. each, and monthly parts at 1s. The monthly parts will be stitched in a neat wrapper.

Each weekly number will consist of one sheet, demy 8vo., and consequently each monthly part of sixty-four pages. The whole will be complete in about ten sheets, and thus for Half a Crown each purchaser will possess a complete manual of Teetotalism to bind up in one neat volume.

With this Number of "THE TEETOTALER" Journal is given GRATIS the first HALF-SHEET of this new work, as a SPECIMEN. Those who intend to purchase the future numbers or parts, are therefore requested to give immediate orders to all their local Bookellers, Stationers, or News-vendors, to supply the work.

The Work will be disseminated

THE ANATOMY OF INTEMPERANCE.

OR A KEY TO TEETOTALISM.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

It is presented, without remuneration, by this gentleman to the Association, and all its profits will be devoted to the furtherance of the cause of Teetotalism.

A considerable discount will be allowed to parties purchasing this work for gratuitous distribution. Number 1 will be ready on the 31st of August, with the Magazine.

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An Address to Members of the Church of England. By the Rev. JOSEPH FRANCIS WITTE, Minister of St. John's Chapel, London Road, Southwark.

Published at the Office of the Church of England Temperance Society, 2 Exeter Hall, Strand, where Subscriptions and Donations on behalf of the Society will be thankfully received.

VAN BUTCHELL ON FISTULA, &c.—Just published, Fourth Edition, in 8vo., cloth boards, price 7s. 6d., enlarged.

FACTS and OBSERVATIONS relative to a successful mode of treating Piles, Fistula, Haemorrhoidal Excrescences, Tumours, and Strictures, without cutting or confinement; illustrated with numerous cases. Being a familiar exposition of the practice of Mr. S. J. VAN BUTCHELL, Surgeon-Accoucheur.

This Volume presents to us a number of illustrations of his singular success under circumstances that would have induced despair in any professor of less mastery, or less accustomed to accomplish cures where cures seemed impossible. The statements here made are most convincing, and place beyond doubt the superiority of the treatment to which they refer.—*Court Journal*.

Published by H. Kesshaw; sold also by the Author, No. 16, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

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20	2 15 8	2 10 0	2 4 6	2 0 0
21	3 1 2	2 12 0	2 5 2	2 1 0
22	3 5 2	2 16 2	2 7 0	2 2 0
23	3 6 2	2 16 0	2 8 2	2 3 0
24	3 9 4	2 18 2	2 10 2	2 4 0
25	3 12 4	3 1 2	2 12 4	2 5 0
26	3 13 2	3 5 2	2 16 4	2 6 0
27	3 17 2	3 6 2	2 15 0	2 7 0
28	4 3 2	3 8 4	2 15 2	2 8 0
29	4 8 2	3 12 0	3 0 2	3 10 0
30	4 13 0	3 15 2	3 2 2	3 11 0
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Should trade be dull and times go rough,

Oh! give me then a pinch of snuff.

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When fortune's frowns disturb my mind,

And friends appear to grow unkind;

Relief I seek within my box,

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When a true friend perchance I meet,

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A hearty "How d'ye do!" takes place,

When to my snuff-box shows its face.

My multifarious box supplies

A receipt for weaker eyes.

That man must be a silly goose

Who thoughtlessly condemns its use.

If my proboscis could but speak,

'Twould often say the dose repeat.

Each grateful sneeze and titillation

Excites a frequent iteration.

Then here's my glass in which I toast.

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Reader, I pray don't think me vain—

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Cover of a letter sent to Mr. Grimstone, Feb. 10th, 1840.

Sir—Having been afflicted with bad eyes for a long time, a friend who had received benefit from your Eye Snuff, recommended it to me. I have taken the contents of your 1s. 6d. container, and am happy to say my sight has improved, the weakness and dimness is removed, and Sir, it is my wish that you may make this known for the good of the public. Yours,

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To Mr. W. Grimstone, Inventor of Eye Snuff, 39, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, March 1st, 1840.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1840.

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ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"THE TEETOTALER" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the *United Temperance Association*: the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a *GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND*; or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of TEETOTALISM, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the Journal for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore now made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of *Teetotalism*, are solicited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

Donations to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be received by MR. H. W. WESTON, Treasurer to the Fund, and Hon. Secretary to the *UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION*, No. 12, Basing-Lane, Bread-Street, Cheapside: MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Editor of "The Teetotaler," No. 11, Suffolk Place, Hackney-Road: MR. SKRANGER, Publisher, Paternoster-Row: and MR. WILSON, Printer, 58, Red-Cross-Street.

A list of the Subscribers to the *Gratuitous Distribution Fund* will be published, with the several amounts of donations, every month.

Amount of Subscriptions already received £12. 1s. 6d.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XII.

NEWGATE.

THE wanderer, amid all the crowded and stirring scenes of this Great Babylon of the West, will find few presenting more gloomy effects to the outward eye, and the moralist none offering more varied or affecting objects to the eye of the spirit, than the prison of Newgate. The death-bed hath known no anguish, and the church-yard witnessed no sorrow, like the anguish and the sorrow that have wandered within those walls. Many a light heart hath passed by the door in the days of innocence, and subsequently been dragged thither as an unwelcome visitor, over the rough places of this world. There hath been quickened in many a breast, the undying worm; and there hath arisen in many an one the ineffable star. Hope hath laid down her treasure, and fear his burden on the threshold of that place; and beneath those lofty roofs have met all the secrets and mingled all the emotions of the human soul!

There is another point of view in which the yards and cells of Newgate are scenes of most mournful interest. Like the church-yard, they are places of separation—their moral atmosphere is heavy with farewells. How many a fond tie has been for ever broken in Newgate: how many bosoms have there throbbed against each other for the last time! How many hands have there exchanged the lingering press which seems afraid to sever, for fear the pulse should cease to beat! How many souls, keenly tried by the rigour of acute

misery, have intercommunicated for the last time on the threshold of one of those dungeon-doors, and set forth on those opposite roads, one of which leads through the low, dark, and ominous portal to the scaffold. The golden bowl of Hope has been for ever broken within the walls of Newgate, and the silver chords of affection loosened in its cells: but no monument remains of all the mournful scenes which that prison hath witnessed, save those only which memory hath erected in the lonely hearts that were widowed or orphaned there,—and which love has too often since inscribed with the name and characters of THE DEAD!

It was to Newgate that Victor Melville was conducted, after having been subjected to a long examination before a police-magistrate. The heart of the young man was nearly broken: for the very individual who had led him into crime—the very person who had tempted him with the proposal to relieve his embarrassments by robbery—the very wretch who had primed him with the flames of hell which the ingenuity of man has modified into alcoholic drink,—that very man had appeared in evidence against him! With the cool and calm indifference of innocence, had Mr. Tibbatts stepped forward as the witness against his friend—his young, his inexperienced victim: with all the fluency of truth had he told so plausible a tale to the magistrate, that Melville's guilt was deemed but too evident; and with the most perfect callousness, had this miscreant put upon record that testimony which could not do otherwise than materially accelerate, if not altogether seal, the dreadful fate of the hero of this tale. For how many crimes has Intemperance to answer! Appeal to the widow—

the orphan—and the childless,—ask the diseased, the poor, and the criminal,—address yourself to all the loathed inmates of prisons, of mad-cells, of hospitals, and lazar-houses, ask them all, *who* made them what they are! and one appalling, agonizing, terrific combination of unearthly voices will proclaim the accursed name of Intemperance! Mr. Tibbatts was therefore only one of the agents through whose means this same degraded and degrading vice was indirectly acting.

The reader can easily conceive the nature of the evidence given against Melville upon the occasion of the examination before the police-magistrate: and so conclusive was that evidence considered, that this functionary did not hesitate to commit the prisoner for trial at the approaching assizes. Melville had not offered a word of explanation: in the first place, because the prostration of his mind beneath this accumulated weight of misfortune was such, that all his energies seemed paralyzed, and the powers of utterance were suspended; and in the second place, because he could only escape from the imputation of one horrible crime by confessing to another, and death would have been preferable to the longest existence of dishonour.

Oh! instead of being born in the upper sphere of existence, had this young man only entered upon life in a humble capacity, he might have become a good and useful member of the great human family! Had he been a mountaineer in the wilds of Switzerland, or a mariner beneath the authority of some stern captain, all this misery might have been saved him! In either case he would not have forgotten, as he long had done, the duties of religion; for the religion of the mountaineer and the mariner is



THE BEGGARS' NIGHT-HOUSE, ST. GILES'S.
To illustrate Chap. VIII. No. 7.

impressed by the power of the spectacle which they have ever before their eyes, the eternal dangers which surround them, and the great voices by which Nature speaks on the sea and on the mountain. We, the dwellers in cities, are reached by nothing great: the voice of the world drowns that of God; and, when we would renew our souls in the spirit of poetry, we must seek it amid the waves, those hills of the ocean,—or on the hills, those waves of the earth! There, if we have been born ever so little poetical or religious, (and to be the one is often to be the other,) we feel a chord thrill within our hearts, and a voice singing in our souls; and we know that that chord and that voice were never wanting, but only asleep; that it was the world which weighed on and deadened them; and that the wings of poetry and religion, like those of the eagles, have need of solitude and immensity for their play. Then do we understand the resignation of the mountaineer and the mariner, while the one wanders over his glaciers, and the other over his ocean. The space in which they travel is too mighty for the loss of the beloved one to be felt, in all its intensity, therein:—it is not till he enters his cabin or his hut, that the mourner sees that a mother is wanting, by its fire, between him and his child,—or a child at the table, between him and his wife. Then it is that his eyes, which had been raised in resignation, so long as he could look upon the heaven to which the soul is gone, droop tearfully towards that earth by which the body is for ever swallowed up!

So thought Melville when he was left to himself in the dreary cell to which he was conducted in Newgate. In Newgate! Yes—he was in Newgate; and he soon set himself busily to work to anticipate all the horrors of the career which seemed to lay before him. He thought that he should probably leave that prison only twice again. The first time would be to proceed to the solemn tribunal, where he—innocent and guiltless of the dread crime imputed to him—would be condemned by human short-sightedness to a terrible death—death upon the public scaffold. He thought that, while men without would be pursuing their daily avocations as if all were proceeding pleasantly and smoothly with this world's denizens—as if there were not a single soul in existence, which was then tormented with all the agonizing anguish of the damned—as if no call upon tender sympathy at such an hour demanded one look to be averted from the sordid interests of life, towards a suffering fellow-creature,—he thought that at the moment when music would be playing here, people laughing there, and the rulers of the land walking abroad in all the self-complacency of pomp and power,—he thought that while some fond couple was being joined in the bonds of eternal love, or while some father was hailing the birth of his first-born,—while, in a word, millions and millions were supremely happy, and joyous, and gay,—he thought that a sentence of death would be pronounced some morning, while all this was taking place, upon himself. And such a death,—the death of strangulation—the death of apoplexy—the death of a gush of the blood to the brain, the tenderest part of the human body—a death which would almost force the eyes from their sockets—a death which would leave him dangling in the air, while he could not even gratify the natural impulse of holding up his hands to save himself, because those hands would be bound together before, and a cord would connect his arms behind him,—O heavens! such a death as this—for a human being, gifted with the acutest feelings, to die! Death by strangulation,—hanging,—falling by one's own weight,—and then that gush of blood, through millions of bursting veins and arteries, to the head,—oh! the idea was horrible—horrible—most horrible! It made the poor youth pass his hands to his

brow, as if to drive that maddening thought from his heated—his burning imagination!

Yes,—the first time that he anticipated to leave his cell, would be, he thought, to hear that dreadful sentence pronounced; and the second time—No—no—he could not suffer his imagination to complete the thought,—he would not entertain so atrocious an idea,—he could not permit himself to believe that the sentiment was true! But, alas—the dread reality must be contemplated—he must look the grim spectre in the face:—even if he shut his eyes, that dreadful goblin was there, before him, substantial and palpable, and circling around his narrow cell.—Oh! there was the horrible thought—a thought that would not abandon him,—the thought, the conviction which he entertained that his second departure from that place would be to pass through a small yard to a cell called the press-room, where his chains would be knocked off, and while a priest was calling upon him to prepare for death,—and that from the press-room he would have to walk slowly and solemnly (a mourner at his own funeral!) through three or four narrow and gloomy passages, every echo of which seemed the warning voice of some one who had traversed those corridors before, and upon the same mission,—and that he would pass through the kitchen, where people would be preparing the food of those who were to die for that day, and for many, many days,—and that all this while the minister of the gospel would be reading the service for the dead, and the bell of Saint Sepulchre's (ominous name!) would be ringing a funeral knell, and that tens of thousands of human beings would be assembled in the street to behold a human being die,—and that he would see the grim paraphernalia of death erected, dark and lowering as the sky might be, at the door which so many pass day after day, and hour by hour, with light hearts! Could he extend the picture, and anticipate all the horrors of the dreaded death—and the chances of eternity! Misfortune and crime had fallen upon that young man, first as a languor which seized upon the soul—then like a malady which drives that soul to insanity,—and lastly they resembled an agony which consumed the heart. He could not even find solace in the remembrance of his love for Louise, because he felt that he was unworthy of so pure a passion as that entertained for him by the amiable girl! Alas, is love then a flame so subtle that at the first violation of its purity, it abandons us and returns to the heavens whence it originally descended? Is not love a religion?—and does it not possess the sweetest consolations? Has it neither revelations, nor laws, nor prophets? Has it not progressed in the heart of man simultaneously with science and with liberty? Is it always placed beneath the sway of a blind destiny, without our being able to discover in ourselves a power of borrowing purity from its own immaculate source? Or must it eternally succumb, devoured by the flames which it has excited: and shall we always transform into a poison, through the means of our own unworthiness, that balm which was the purest and the most divine that has been bestowed upon us in this world?

Melville dared not write to Louise,—what could he tell her? and yet he trembled to remain silent, and conceal from her the real truth of his desperate—his terrible position! Day after day passed—a week rolled away,—and he still lingered in a prostrate condition of the most utter helplessness. He ate his meals mechanically, when they were brought to him; he walked in the yard mechanically, when he was told that he might avail himself of the hours of recreation; and he retired to his couch mechanically when the appointed time arrived. His couch! a miserable thin mattress, stretched upon a narrow wooden

frame-work, with one rug to cover him! And then his meals,—a few ounces of meat, with two or three potatoes for his dinner, scarcely enough to satisfy a child, and not more than sufficient to tantalize in a cruel manner the appetite of a healthy and vigorous man. Oh! human nature has reached the extreme of refinement in torturing the victims of a diseased state of society—of savage and brutal laws!

And, during that week, which passed away as if every moment were borne upon wings of lead instead of feathers, one constant idea alone haunted the mind of Melville. If he lay down and buried his face in his bed-clothes, he still saw that idea: if he walked about, the idea followed him; if he stood with his back against a wall, the idea got before him:—and that idea was that he would be doomed to die! When he awoke in the morning of each day of that week, he said to himself, "Oh! what a hideous dream! Thank God, it is but a dream!" and then that momentary impulse passed away—and there stood death in all its dread reality once more!

Oh! if the drunkard only knew what misery dwelt in the mind of this young man, and how deeply he craved, even then, one drop of those fatal liquids which had brought so much anguish upon him,—if the drunkard could but have read the innermost workings of that youth's soul, he would not hesitate for one moment to abjure the terrible habit for ever! He would fly to the only goal of safety—a total abstinence from the baneful cause of such certain and unavoidable ruin!

At length life became a burthen to the young man; and he made up his mind to rid himself of so much misery, and to annihilate the chances of an ignominious end by immediate dissolution. He would not permit himself to think of his Louise,—the remembrance of her charms and her virtues was maddening to him. He gradually accustomed himself to think of suicide more and more calmly; and at length he methodically reflected upon the means of executing his design. Those means were not wanting. There was an old nail in the wall of the court in which he was permitted to walk; and this he secured about his person. Rejoiced at his success at thus discovering the means of destruction so near at hand, he hastened to sharpen the point on the floor of his cell. It was about mid-day, at the expiration of the first week of his incarceration, as he thus employed himself; and, as soon as he had worked the nail into a point, he closed the door of his cell, and prepared to execute his dreadful determination.

He seated himself upon his bed, took off his coat—turned up the shirt-sleeve of his left arm—and then calmly and tranquilly considered the veins, in search of the most suitable one to perforate with the nail. Oh! it was with a horrible—an unnatural coldness of eye and of soul that he thus entered upon the dread work of suicide. That young man, in the bloom of youth, seated upon his miserable couch, and contemplating death face to face, was a frightful proof of the methodical calmness with which the suicide can arm himself, in that which he deems the last hour of a self-curtailed existence!

He selected the vein which he intended to pierce, and he was about to apply the nail to the soft flesh, when precipitate steps in the corridor communicating with his cell, alarmed him. The steps stopped at the door of his dungeon—there was a momentary hesitation—then the door was pulled hastily open, and a female rushed into that dread abode. In a moment Melville was clasped in the arms of that affectionate girl from whom he had only a few moments previously deemed himself about to separate for ever!

"Louise! Louise!" exclaimed the young man, now suddenly recalled to new life: "what angel has sent you hither?"

"Oh! my dearest—dearest Victor!" ejaculated the young maiden, a ray of joy and animation lighting up her countenance: "it was reserved to me—to your own dear Louise—to save you from this horrible place!"

"Alas! no human power can save me, Louise," said the poor youth solemnly.

"Yes—I can save you—and I will!" exclaimed Louise: "I have the proof of your innocence in my possession—a proof which none can controvert!"

As she uttered these words, Mademoiselle Dorvalliers hastily drew a letter from her bosom, and presented it to her lover. Melville tore it open, and greedily perused its contents, his joy and his surprise augmenting with every line. When he had read the whole, he raised his eyes to heaven to express his thanks to his God, and then once more caught the young and lovely messenger of joyous news to his arms.

Oh! let him despise who will, the heart of woman: it is the purest of that clay which was fashioned by the hand of the Deity. Nothing is more sublime than to see the nature of angels ministering, on bended knees, to human power—to see woman converting all her sufferings into a source of happiness—and taking to herself alone the bitter cup which is presented to man! Poor woman! let him, who will, despise your noble heart: if there be a paradise, your place shall be far more joyous than ours: and, if there be a justice in another world, it shall be more indulgent for your frailties than for our backslidings!

(To be continued in our next.)

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

No. 3.

It was at the opening of the sixteenth century that Ponce de Leon, the old governor of Porto Rico, sailed for the American continent. He was in quest of a land said to contain a marvellous fountain, which by a process mere simple and agreeable than the kettle of Medea, and as infallible as the most renowned of our Kalydons, could chase the riuances of age, wash out the stains of the grand climacteric, and range the cheek of seventy with the delicate bloom of seventeen. The enterprising ancient, hardly in his pursuit of youth, reached a coast to which, either from the pleasing aspect of the country, or the day on which he landed,* he gave the name of Florida. But after bathing in every stream he could find, he returned to Porto Rico without a wrinkle or ache the less, and with considerable doubts of the truth of the story that had enticed him away. He little foresaw—and small space would it have given him if he had—that the tale, however false in a material sense, would one day receive a moral interpretation, which would be accepted as indisputably true: and that millions would believe that this land does really contain a principle of regeneration, in virtue of which the decrepit institutions, customs, maxims, morals, and habits of Europe lose, as soon as they are transported to it, their senility and rust, and from which alone they can hope to recover the freshness and elasticity of youth. There is not a part of the union in which the countries of the old world are not considered as verging to decay: and when an American speaks of them, his language insensibly falls into the strain of an epitaph. All that is vast and valuable in the social and intellectual system of Europe, would, he thinks, soon moulder away, and disappear, if there were no new world to quicken it with a new existence, and give it renovated vigour for a long career: nor is there any thing offensive in this pretension. It has, like many truths and mere errors, that most respectable of all vouchers, the sanction of the past. To say nothing of the migrations of civilization from east to west, what is ancient history but the record of the rise and fall, the infancy, the maturity, and the decay of states—a vast obituary, registering the demise of nations, as well as of systems, and of generations of men! What, in the fate of extinguished states, strikes us more forcibly than the very fact of their extinction? That they should have been what they were is not

more surprising than that they should be what they are. It would seem as if in nations, as in individuals, their mortality was a necessary consequence of their existence. When the American, therefore, supposes the past order of things will be the future, and that he sees in the old countries of Europe the gradual operation of that law of extinction which he has observed in the old countries of the world, he is simply yielding to the impressions which history gives. If he errs, it is from overlooking certain elements in the actual constitution of society, which give fixity and permanence to old societies, as they contribute mainly to the rapid progress of such as are new elements, to which we shall have occasion hereafter to advert.

If a more obvious reason were not at hand, we should suspect it was a nervous apprehension of this dreary law that induces the Americans to post date their birth: if we did not know that it proceeds from the vanity of appearing very young, we should suppose it was from a desire to postpone to the greatest possible distance the period of their growing old. Whenever they give you the picture of their country, you will almost invariably find that they choose the commencement of the revolution for its back ground, excluding entirely the long period which stretches back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, and forms the real perspective of their history. Their colonial existence they regard merely as a period of gestation—a fetal state interesting only as the first stage of their physical development; an indifference which is complained of by an American writer, who is surprised that a "book like Mr. Graham's History of the United States till the British Revolution in 1688" should have been published three years, and its merits still remain to be understood in America." Assuredly it is in that long period of their subordination to England, that we must seek for the germs of their national character: it is by consulting their original composition—by detecting the modification of local influences on their intellectual and moral endowments, constantly reinforced and elevated by the increasing civilization of Europe—by analyzing their political and social condition as a colony—that we can arrive at any sound conclusions respecting the causes of their progress and successes as a nation. It is to this attempt we shall in the first place address ourselves.

The cosmetic visit of the good old governor of Porto Rico, though without personal advantage to himself, was so far useful to his country as it enabled her to set up a claim to this portion of the continent for herself, on the ground that Cabot had not advanced so far to the south. But it had no other immediate consequences. It was from another quarter, by no means celebrated for colonial enterprise, and from a cause which was the most fertile source of American civilization, that the first intention of permanent settlement proceeded. A party of French Huguenots, was sent out in 1632, by Coligni, to find a sanctuary in the western forests, far from the brutal persecutions they were exposed to in their native land. They landed at the mouth of a river which afterwards received the name of Albemarle; took possession of the country in the name of Charles the Ninth: and in honour of their sovereign called it Carolina. But in that age, the watchful and envious eye of bigotry or avarice was ever prying about for victims: nor did the little Lorde of pilgrims, nestling in their far asylum, and occupying an almost invisible speck in the vast wilderness around them, long escape its vigilance. An expedition was fitted out from Spain with orders to exterminate them. These orders were cruelly obeyed: but one individual of the Huguenots escaped: the rest perished by the sword, or subsequently in cold blood upon the scaffold, to which was affixed the respectful intimation that they were executed, not as subjects of France, but as followers of Luther. But they were not unavenged; for though, as has been well observed, the projectors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew would willingly admit a distinction so essentially to their taste, the indignation of a private individual, a gallant French nobleman of the name of De Gorgues, was raised to such a pitch, that he sailed for Carolina, overpowered the Spaniards who had taken possession of the settlement, slew some and hanged the rest, with a counter-placard, stating that "they were executed, not as Spaniards, but as murderers and robbers." Thus ended the first attempt at colonization, which we have the rather dwell upon, as in strict connexion with the subject, it affords a curious illustration of the vicissitude to which opinions and systems are exposed; since the very region, on which catholic bigotry had thus early set up its shambles, was destined to furnish an asylum to men of that haughty faith, flying from the oppressive triumph of the very doctrines that had been so cruelly punished

by the gibbet and the sword. Nor is the history of these colonies deficient in other, and even disgraceful contrasts, of the same sort.

(To be continued in our next.)

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE.

No. III.

THE increase of the vice of intoxication amongst the working classes, has been brought about by the Beer Bill. A workman, when he comes home from work, in passing through the village where there was formerly only one public-house, has now to run the gauntlet through three or four beer-shops, in each of which are fellow-labourers carousing, who urge him to stay and drink with them. Unless he be a staunch Teetotaler, he cannot resist these temptations, which, in fact, have considerable effect. Similar observations apply to the number of gin-shops in town.

The government is in duty bound to adopt some measure to aid the exertions of Teetotalism. A considerable increase in the amount of license duty would diminish the number of the gin-shops; and an increase of the duty on spirits and wine would be a generally corrective measure in respect to the readiness with which intoxicating drinks would be procured.

A good education has a tendency to produce frugal habits. It has been noticed in parishes that the pauper children, to whom a good education is given, get into employment, and rarely become burthensome as adults: whereas those pauper children, to whom a bad education or no education has been given, are continually burthensome, and become drunkards, prostitutes, or thieves.

Abstinence is easier than moderation.

Strong drinks act first on the stomach, then on the nervous system: they bring on diseased action; disorganization of the brain is the consequence; and all the dreadful results of insanity follow.

The publicans are cold-blooded and slow murderers. They mix such dreadfully deleterious drugs with their liquors, that the stoutest constitution eventually sinks beneath the use of them. The Coal-Whippers, in their evidence given to the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1834, distinctly declared that there was one publican in Wapping who had for a long time literally poisoned forty men every year.

Lieutenant Arnold, R.N., opened an office some years ago for the regulation of the employment of the Coal-Whippers. He called upon a ship-owner, who possessed twenty vessels, and solicited him to allow the labourers for the unloading of those ships to be supplied from the office, instead of by the publicans. But, this ship-owner unhesitatingly refused, because he gained a hundred pounds per annum in factoring the ships of certain publicans.

The same Lieutenant Arnold just alluded to, after having been a drunkard for thirty years, became a Teetotaler; and, from experience, declared that sailors require no intoxicating liquor.

A Turkish porter in Constantinople will, upon an average, carry ten hundred weight. All the Turkish porters are nothing but water-drinkers.

In Manchester so small a quantity of gin as one half penny worth is supplied by the publicans. When it is considered that every factory child in Manchester, over and above the amount of his regular wages, has two pence for itself, and that this two-pence remains to be expended by the child in any way it thinks proper, it is manifest that the temptation of having a half penny worth of gin, with the other temptations in its train, will inevitably lead to bad results.

A midwifery case occurred some time ago, in which the application of instruments was necessary: and the practitioner, from the state of intoxication in which he was at the time, applied them so injudiciously and rashly, that he left the poor patient during the rest of her life in a most miserable and hopeless condition.

Many valuable lives have been sacrificed to the drunken habits of medical attendants, who, instead of treating inflammatory attacks and other severe maladies with promptness and decision, encouraged the patient to use ardent spirits as the best remedy which could be applied, for the base purpose of attaining their share of the beverage.

Doctor Robert Gray Dodd, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1834, said that he was acquainted with several clergymen who were filling menial offices in consequence of the ruin entailed upon them by their intemperate habits. He also knew some who had been expelled from their churches, and who were then living in disgrace with their relations or others, on whom they depend.

It is slow murder to give to infants, as soothing potions, gin-toddy, cordials, and other stimulants. Some parents practise the hateful habit of giving their children, even in health, small portions of these stimulant beverages. This conduct leads to glandular diseases, especially in the bowels, and causes great weakness and emaciation.

Amongst the most terrible of the effects of intemperance are destruction of health; disease in every shape and form; premature decrepitude in the old; stunted growth and general debility and decay in the young; loss of life by paroxysms, apoplexies, drownings, burnings, and accidents of various kinds; delirium tremens, &c. of

* The Sunday before Easter, called in Spain *Pascua de Flores*.

the most awful afflictions of humanity; paralysis, madness, and violent death; destruction of mental capacity and vigour, and extinction of aptitude for learning, as well as of disposition for practising any useful art or industrious occupation; irritation of all the worst passions of the heart,—hatred, anger, and revenge; with a brutalization of disposition that breaks asunder and destroys the most endearing bonds of nature and society. Ardent spirits and malt liquors fill the gaols and prisons, the hulks and convict ships; and the same causes entail upon the nation the sacrifice of a larger portion of blood and treasure than the most destructive wars can occasion.

Ardent spirits may be justly denominated poison. They are ranked by writers on medical jurisprudence amongst the narcotic-acid poisons: their deleterious action depends very much on the constitution of the patient, and the amount taken. Even moderate quantities produce dreadful, and frequently fatal effects in the end, by giving rise to other disease and creating a susceptibility to maladies of all kinds.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. Frost, our Waterford Correspondent, and D. C. L. are sincerely thanked for their kind communications. We should insert the "DIALOGUE BETWEEN A TEETOTALER AND A DRUNKARD" with great pleasure, but it does not correspond with the nature of the papers usually published in THE TEETOTALER. We shall however be glad to hear from our correspondent again.

MR. MINGAY SYDNEY'S TWO letters in our next.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1840.

WHEN the idea of propelling a balloon through the air, by means of gas, and the design of moving a ship over the water, against wind and tide, by the power of steam, were first made known, each was vested with its adequate share of ridicule. Many people, who have a great objection to all novelties which do not originate with themselves, refused their adherence to these magnificent agencies, and sought to impede, by means of sarcasm and gibe, the action of those mighty wings which, in their power and invisibility, resemble those of the wind. But already are there symptoms that these opponents are growing tired of their fruitless opposition; and, after all that we have lately seen, we do not consider it impossible that science may yet create a rival to the steam ship in the more picturesque person of the Balloon. Never, in a poet's vision, did Iris glide down the slant pathway of the rain-bow with more grace,—never did the wings of the celestial messenger flash in the sun-light with a richer beauty, as he went and came betwixt heaven and earth, in the dreams of the ancient Greek seer, than are displayed to the eye of the gazer from below, in the lines and motion of those silken palaces which carry the children of earth towards the region of the stars—which bear the bold adventurer through the hiding-places of the storm, and give him far glimpses of those blue distant fields of air, which are the shores of heaven, and within whose vast and peaceful solitudes the tempest cannot come.

The invention of steam, and its application to the ships of the sea and the carriages of the land, have annihilated distance. Fire is the secret soul with which man has succeeded in animating and infusing the ponderous frames that link together the corners of the world—the spirit that impels him along the pathways of the opposing tides, that whirls him along the roads he has raised to a proper level on arch and embankment, or that bears him, through the depths of the sky, over the cities and towns of the world!

Yes—all this has science achieved; and the achievement has been wrought out in spite of the ridicule and evil prophecy of unbelievers. The actions of the scientific world may often afford a parallel to the procedure of the moral one; and in the daring and improbable pursuits entered upon by the denizens of the former, may be seen a species of allegorical prototype of some great feat to be successfully performed

by the votaries of the latter. The application of steam to the uses of the scientific world was at first deemed a problem and laughed at; and yet all that was promised in respect to it has been fulfilled—and much more. A few years ago the propounders of the doctrine of total abstinence also met with their share of disbelief, sarcasm, gibe, and jeer; and yet all that the first patrons of Teetotalism originally designed, is being rapidly accomplished. Who shall dare assert, then, that the energies of the moral world are more finite than those of the scientific?—or who shall venture to proclaim the impossibility of working out those grand designs which this new class of moral reformers is so enthusiastically preaching?

If you wish to receive ocular evidence of the fulfilment of all the wonders promised by the scientific world, go to our quays or to our sea-ports, and there you will behold the great floating habitations which are moved by steam. Or go to our rail-roads—those vast viaducts which man has built through hill and over valley for miles and miles, and on which the same power of steam impels locomotive vehicles so rapidly that one large town seems to be only a suburb of another, it is reached so soon! Or peruse the work of Mr. Monk Mason, in which this gentleman gives an account of his aerial voyage from London to Weilburg; you will be astonished as you dwell upon those wonderfully picturesque descriptions of the few earthly effects which he was enabled to note, through the darkness, by its artificial illuminations; and you will feel fearfully excited as you read of those voyagers clearing their uncertain and mysterious way, in their frail and pendant boat, through the invisible expanse of an impalpable ocean! Go and see or read all this—of steam-boats, of rail-roads, and of balloons,—and then believe in the achievements of the scientific world.

Well—you satisfy yourself on that head, and now, then, you may turn to the moral world, and there also you shall see proofs of that which we may advance, and of that which we can do. You will see the platforms of Teetotalism crowded by men who, to hundreds and thousands of an attentive audience, are unfolding the results of their own experience. Those men are for the most part the reclaimed drunkards, whom Teetotalism has saved from ruin and degradation,—those men are the living monuments of the efficacy of this doctrine, the successful application of which, a few years ago, was treated as an impossibility and as a chimera. If you require farther proof of the practical truth of this new doctrine, go to the homes of the Teetotalers, and you will find smiling faces, well-garnished tables, and cleanly children: then turn aside to the public streets, and you will find the gin-palaces less crowded—oh! far less crowded, than they lately were. And probably, if you will take the trouble to walk through a few of the streets, you will see some of those gorgeous gin-palaces shut up;—and if you ask the state of the revenue from some political economist, you will find that Teetotalism has diminished it to the tune of some millions *per annum*:—and if you visit the churches, you will find them better attended; and the clergyman will assure you that Teetotalism has filled those pews:—and the butcher and the baker can testify to the increase of the demand for wholesome provisions:—and the police-magistrate will inform you that the number of cases of intoxication which come within his cognizance, daily diminishes:—and landlords will tell you that they prefer Teetotal tenants, because they do not have to call twice for their rent:—and the tax-gatherers, those everlasting visitors, can safely declare that their calls are made less frequently upon Teetotalers than on those who still frequent the public-houses:—and the circulation of this and other journals embarked in the same cause, can bear

evidence to the fact that there are thousands of Teetotal readers.

We could adduce numberless other proofs of the efficacy of the Teetotal doctrines in their application to society: but we shall content ourselves with naming only one,—and that is as conclusive as the existence of steam-packets, rail-roads, and balloons in evidence of the perfection of science: in a word, it will suffice to say, that, at this moment, at a moderate computation, there are five millions of practical Teetotalers in the United Kingdom!

PUBLIC HOUSE "BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES," &c.

BY "THE PRINTER'S DEVIL."

OUR remarks of last week relative to "Free-and-Easies" met with an awful corroboration, on the very day our publication was issued to the public. A young man, named Stewart, after leaving one of these very questionable institutions, had, without any other inducement than a morbid disappointment at not having the means of indulging farther his vicious predilections, committed suicide by throwing himself from one of the bridges into the Thames. We quote part of the evidence adduced at the inquest, from the *Times* of last Saturday:—

"A friend of the deceased said, he left him at half-past one o'clock on Wednesday morning, at the corner of York-square and Munster-street, in company with two females and a young man named Jordan. He had passed the evening at a FREE-EXPRESS at the White Horse, Cumberland Market, and during the evening had sung three songs of a joyous tendency. Joseph Stewart, the father of the deceased, said he had often reproved his son for stopping out late at nights. He was low-spirited latterly, because he wished to carry himself higher than his means would afford. No one, in his opinion, threw deceased into the water; he must have done so himself, though he never threatened anything of the sort."

We now take up our pen to expose some of the more specious practices of these dens of iniquity. And we would first advise any of our readers who are happily ignorant of the intricate mazes of the subject, of the fact that the utmost ingenuity is exemplified by the interested publican in cloaking the real character of the meetings held at his instigation: for fain would he induce us to suppose that the tavern or alehouse was the fount from whence all those philanthropic streams emanate which so fruitfully irrigate our land. Consequently, we hear him eloquently descending upon the asylums, schools, &c., erected by the Licensed Victuallers, the various Benevolent Societies and Clubs, patronized and carried on by them: the number of Coal Clubs, and Raffles, got up for the relief of destitute characters; and the many subscriptions started by them for the support of unfortunate individuals. To those parties who are deceived by the plausibility of these things, or whose charity is so lax, that they would not refuse to patronize any institutions which effected some good, although a greater amount of evil were the concomitant, we seriously submit the following observations.

A close investigation of the necessary character of the retailers of intoxicating drinks has made us conversant with the fact, which we fearlessly lay before our readers,—that an individual who is constantly compelled to witness those most degrading and humiliating exposures of the frailty of human nature, consequent on drunkenness,—and who is habitually in the habit of encouraging and turning to his own account the indulgence of the most depraved desires of his fellow-creatures, loses all that respect and esteem for humanity in general, which is absolutely necessary for the proper constitution of society: pity for the drunkard's fallen estate dies away into a hardened misanthropic feeling, and the true spirit of philanthropy at last expires: for, if these individuals had but one spark of that pure flame, would they not at once relinquish a traffic which compels them to steel their hearts against all the finer feelings of humanity, and to fill their coffers with "the price of blood?"

Longinus has a sentiment to this effect, that no man, whose occupation is low or grovelling, can ever attain to the sublime, either of discourse or action. And when we look at the daily conduct of the publican—the constant exhibitions of depravity they are almost forced to witness with an ap-

proving smile; the low-bred, disgusting, and obscene language that they—their wives, their children, and their servants—are compelled to hear, and which they have not moral courage enough to reprove;—we unhesitatingly assert, that, under the combined influence of these things, they can never attain the finer spirit of philanthropy.

We now proceed to show the reason why they thus pretend to philanthropic feelings: and, at the same time, will investigate the nature of those benevolent societies. The landlord of a public-house is generally patronized by three kinds of customers: the high, the middling, and lower classes. These he endeavours to keep as distinct as possible, in order that there may be no offending of dignity, or clashing of opinions. And, the more effectually to accomplish this object, different apartments are assigned to each. We shall first enumerate these different classes and their peculiarities, as some of our readers may fortunately be unacquainted with the internal machinery of public-houses.

Class I. Retired tradesmen, or the more opulent inhabitants, parish dignitaries, or officials. To these is assigned the use of a little private parlour, which, being nicely furnished with carpets, chairs, &c., is remarkably snug. On these individuals the landlady herself generally waits; and for them a convenient back door, up some adjacent lane, is usually provided.

Class II. Small tradesmen, clerks, and the more respectable, well-dressed citizens. The public parlour is open to this class. Here the landlord waits *in propria persona*: each one is hailed the more or less familiarly according to the extent of his custom and influence: indeed, familiarity is the test by which they judge of the *bonhomie* of the landlord and his guests: and practical jokes are generally carried beyond all bounds of decency and order.

Class III. Mechanics and labourers of all grades. These the tap-room welcomes; and there some rough waiter, remarkable for his pugilistic prowess, generally attends, and supplies their potations of gin, beer, &c.

Now each of these classes, but more especially Classes I. and II., are occasionally troubled by certain twitches of an inward tormentor, respecting the moral rectitude of their conduct, in thus flying to a public-house for that which they at any rate could equally as well obtain at home: and the tormentor at the same time insinuates, that it is only the love of company—and that of the worst description—that thus entices them from their own firesides. The publican, being aware of this fact, and knowing that the voice of slander can be stopped, and the conscience healed, by applying the "flatteringunction" of benevolent aims to questionable conduct,—proposes that they should, at the same time they are gratifying their own depraved desires, serve another and a nobler purpose—that of benefitting their fellow-creatures: the one forming a set-off as it were to the other. Thus, mark! an individual of Class I. is requested to become president, and another of the same class is to be secretary, Mr. Landlord being treasurer. A committee is then selected from Class II., and the public are invited to a meeting, to be held at Mr. Publican's house: when, after about a score of rules are proposed, a dozen drinking fines established, they close with a few songs: and, forthwith, their charity ends, by a few poor individuals waiting upon the landlord the next day, where, over the same counter on which the money was spent for pauperising liquors, it is returned by way of charity!

And Class III., hearing occasionally some hard-to-be-digested truths from their wives and children, require also some of this all-healing unction. Consequently rallies, and institutions of a similar description, are established for them exclusively. But here again, as in the other case, the publican is the individual most benefited: for, in return for his unwonted liberality and kindness, a certain portion of the money thus charitably raised, is expended in drink for his peculiar benefit.

Thus we think that it must appear evident, that these institutions cannot possibly possess, from their very nature, the proper elements of philanthropy upon which all benevolent institutions must necessarily be founded.

In conclusion, we are forcibly reminded of a certain anecdote, illustrating our previous statement. A company of players, in a country town, stated on their bills, that the profits of that night's performance would be devoted to the relief of the poor. Their charitable intentions being appreciated by the inhabitants, an overflowing house was obtained. At the conclusion of the entertainment, one of the players addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I assure you that the receipts of this night shall be devoted to the object

named in our bill. After making considerable inquiries, we find ourselves to be verily the most pauperised and distressed individuals in the town, consequently the whole receipts are ours; and for your charity we return you our sincere thanks."

THE ATROCITIES OF PUBLICANS.

Samuel Scrivener, of the King's-Head Public House, in Great Mitchell-street, St. Luke's, was convicted of adulterating his beer with green vitriol, (otherwise copper,) with sugar, salt, and water. He was also complained of for having in his possession a quantity of colouring matter for the same purpose. When the beer was tested, it turned quite green. Sir John Mortlock declared that this was a most infamous case, and fined the unprincipled landlord in the penalty of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

George Kidman, of the Dyers'-Arms, Long-alley; Norton-Folgate, was charged with shamefully adulterating his beer. The defendant acknowledged that he had put with a butt of beer lbs. of sugar, and from 11 to 12 gallons of water. He was fined FIFTY POUNDS.

Thomas Pressland, of the Two-Chairmen, Wardour-street, Soho, was convicted of having adulterated his beer, by putting 2lbs. of sugar and six gallons of water into a puncheon of beer. He was fined FIFTY POUNDS.

Mr. Johnson, of the White-Hart, Theobald's-row, was convicted of having in his stock ten gallons of British Brandy 23 per cent. under proof.

Mr. Bennett, of the White-Lion, Leather-lane, was prosecuted by the Board of Excise for shamefully adulterating his beer, and having in his possession colouring matter, which is used as a substitute for malt and hops.

It is our intention to record all cases of conviction of landlords for adulteration or other infamous proceedings in those vile dens which prove the ruin of so many thousands of our unhappy fellow-countrymen. These publicans, who put poisons into their liquors (and all publicans have recourse to the same atrocious system of adulteration,) are not one step removed from common murderers who suffer at the Old Bailey. Burke, Hare, Williams, and others, assassinated their victims with one blow; but such miscreants as Scrivener, Kidman, Pressland, Johnson, and Bennett, cause the death of thousands by an insidious, slow, but certain poison. We cannot do otherwise than here quote a passage from Deanevan's "Domestic Economy," page 201, which will doubtless open the eyes of many deluded victims to the infamous practices adopted by the publicans:—"It is absolutely trifling to contemplate the list of poisons and drugs with which malt liquors are universally doctored. Opium, henbane, *coquina indica*, and *Polemonium roseum*, (which is said to produce a quick and raving intoxication,) supply the place of a cabinet; aloes, cassia, gentian, sweet-scented flag, wormwood, horehound, and bitter oranges, fulfil the duties of bitters; liquorice, treacle, and mucilage of flax seeds stand for attenuated malt sugar. Capsicum, ginger, and cinnamon, or rather cassia-buds, afford to the exhausted drink the pungency of carbonic acid. Burnt flour, sugar, or treacle, communicate a peculiar taste which porter-drinkers generally fancy. Preparations of fish, with oil of vitriol, procure transparency." It will be recollected that the brewers elaborately adulterate the beer before it proceeds to the house of the publican: and that, when it is placed in the publicans' cellars, it undergoes a second and more complete edition of doctoring still. The heating of beer is a mixture of alum and copper, ground to a powder and used to produce a fine froth which is so pleasing to customers. To increase the intoxicating qualities of the beer, tobacco juice and *ura rumina* are also employed; and to these is superadded extract of poppies. The object of the unprincipled publican is to make two hurts of beer into three, and thus one third of all the beer that is drunk, consists of *deleterious drugs and deadly poisons*. We shall be obliged to any correspondents who will forward us authenticated statements of convictions for adulteration, specifying the names of the landlords and the public-houses, the locality, the nature of the offence, and the penalty.—[E.]

THE EIGHTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR;

NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

As if the dangers and disasters, which I had encountered in my former voyages, had not sufficiently initiated me into the changes and vicissitudes of this life, I soon became restless after my return to Bagdad at the expiration of my seventh voyage, and determined once more to tempt the dangers of the ocean. I accordingly purchased a vessel, freighted it with the richest commodities of Irak Arabi, and embarked at Basora. I entrusted the command to a captain who was recommended to me by the chief cadi of Basora, who was an old friend of mine: and at the commencement of the voyage fortune seemed to smile upon all my undertakings. We touched at several ports in the Persian Gulf, and either disposed of our merchandise or exchanged it to considerable advantage.

After having been about sixty days at sea, I was one evening sitting upon the deck, drinking of a cooling liquid which we had procured at the last port we had touched at, when I saw that the captain and two or three

of the men were engaged in earnest conversation together at a little distance from me. This circumstance would not have troubled me, had I not observed that they frequently glanced towards the place where I was sitting as they discoursed among themselves. Presently the captain came up to me, and said, "Signor Sindbad, it will be useless for you to resist us. I and my men are determined to possess this ship; and we will kill you without mercy if you attempt to oppose our designs." "Alas! signor captain," said I, "you see that I am but one man against so many of you; all I ask of you is to spare my life." The captain then beckoned his men towards him, and ordered them to bind me, which they did. We were at that moment in sight of land, and the pilot declared that it was an island which was supposed to be inhabited only by genii and evil spirits. I trembled exceedingly when I heard this, and even shed tears; but the captain did not heed my grief. On the contrary, he ordered the pilot to steer the vessel as near the land as possible; and when it was about seven or eight yards off from an immense rock, full of fissures and dark caves, he commanded his men to thrust me into the sea. The merciless wretches obeyed their chief, and I was thrown overboard. The ship then put about and was soon out of sight. As for myself, I was carried upon the crest of a mighty billow into the midst of one of the caves of the hideous mountain which formed the coast of the island.

I was stunned by the violence with which I was thrown into the cave; but when I came to myself I found that the force of the waves had broken the cords with which my hands and feet had been bound. I got up, and saw that the water was now much below the level of the cave. I was therefore relieved of any apprehension of being again swept away by the tide. As soon as I had convinced myself of this fact, I lifted up my eyes to heaven, and said, "Almighty Creator of all things, I thank you for this deliverance from the monsters of the ocean." As I was thus praying, I turned my eyes towards the innermost end of the cave, and saw a faint light. Taking this for some guiding beacon sent by heaven, I rose up, and proceeded towards the light, which was caused by an inlet from the cave upon the island. Feeling hungry, I determined upon venturing out of the cave, and accordingly hastened through the passage which formed the inlet. I soon found myself on an island which seemed to be very fertile. On all sides were the most luxuriant vines, covered with delicious grapes, which were the largest I had ever seen. These vines stood in the midst of corn-fields, the grain of which was neatly four feet high. Fruits of all kinds hung upon the boughs of the trees, which formed inviting shades; and all around were seen those luxurious productions of nature. But that which chiefly astonished me, was to observe that there were no flowers on this fertile island, nothing but fruits and grain. I walked on, and, being athirst, plucked some of the grapes and ate them. At that moment a strange voice sounded in my ears and made me tremble. "Who art thou," it said, "who thus eats raw fruits? From what country do you come, that you do not know the laws and regulations of this kingdom?" I turned round and saw a venerable old man, with a long flowing beard, sitting beneath a tree. Two young girls of exquisite beauty and who did not wear veils, were seated one on each side of him; and on a table before him stood flagons and drinking cups. "Venerable old man," said I, "I am a stranger whom a parcel of pirates have thrown ashore on your island, and I am quite ignorant of your laws and customs." "In that case, I shall pardon you," said the old man, "for I am the king of this island." I immediately prostrated myself at the feet of the prince; but he told me to rise, and bade the two ladies do their duty. They each rose, and one poured forth a cup of wine from the silver flagon near her; and the other handed it to me to drink. I tossed off the wine without stopping, and felt it working like boiling oil through my veins. The king asked me to sit down beside him, and I then observed him the more attentively.

He was a man, who was really not more than forty years of age, although he seemed fourscore. His hair was quite white, as was his beard: his eyes were deprived of all lustre, and a deep black circle was traced around them. His lips were remarkably red and fresh; but his hand shook whenever he conveyed his cup to his mouth. When he rose up to walk, his limbs tottered as if he were an old man of ninety. The young ladies who were with him, partook of the wine from time to time, and indulged in a great deal of laughter and light talk, which I considered to be very unbecoming. Their cheeks were very much flushed, and their eyes evidently shone with a lustre that was not natural, and that would not survive very long.

As soon as I had told the king all my history, at which he was mightily pleased, he addressed me as follows: "Sindbad, the pilot of your ship told you very wrong when he said that this island was inhabited by genii and evil spirits. This island is a great and powerful kingdom, and I am its sovereign. It is possible that you have never heard of king Alcohol, because I and my subjects pass our time in pleasure and ease. We know of no other delight than drinking the delicious juices of the fruits which our country produces, and we have no other occupation than the making of our wine." "Potent prince," said I, falling at the king's feet, "I am delighted to find that I have not been cast amidst the enemies of the human race." "Sindbad," answered

the king. "It is very lucky that none of my subjects saw you eat the grapes off the tree, or they would have assuredly put you to death. We are so deeply attached to our vines, that I have been compelled to issue an edict which condemns to death all those who devour our grapes in their natural state."

When the king had done speaking, he rose, and clapped his hands together. In a moment the vast grove of fruit-trees and of vines was peopled with soldiers. Warriors sprung from every shade—from every nook—from every recess. The vines appeared to change into swords—the tall trees into spears—the large fruits into helmets—and the thick foliage into banners. In a moment the king was surrounded by his guards: a hundred slaves brought forward a golden throne, studded with diamonds and rubies; and in a few minutes the silent and deserted grove was converted into a crowded court.

The Grand Vizier now came forward and made his report. The king then disposed of several cases of common police nature; and the hundred slaves spread tables for the banquet. The most delicious wines were served up; I had the honour of sitting at the king's right-hand; and he compelled me to drink. Every one present partook so plentifully of the wine, that when a courier rushed lastly into the midst of the crowded grove, no one save myself noticed his anxious countenance, or the disturbed state of his dress. At length general attention was directed towards this courier, who exclaimed in a loud tone, addressing himself to the king, "Rise, O mighty prince, and haste to put yourself at the head of your armies; for your enemy, King Abstinence, is advancing towards your capital city with a mighty army." At this news King Alcohol was vastly troubled; but he nevertheless set off immediately for his capital, which was close at hand, and ordered me to follow him. I found the city to be the most luxurious I had ever seen. There was a vineyard to every house, and all the inhabitants were sitting drinking in the shade. It was only necessary to gaze for one moment around, to see the dreadful effects of that system of dissipation. Murder was committed openly in the public streets; the females were insulted by the men; and even the king himself was not allowed to proceed onwards in peace.

When the king arrived at his palace, he sent to summon his three great generals to his presence; but the first was labouring under the effects of wine at home; the second had been killed in a brawl only a short time before; and the third declared that he would not leave his cups for all the kings of the island.

King Alcohol was accordingly obliged to place himself at the head of the few troops he could muster, and march forth to meet King Abstinence. I determined to follow the fortunes of a prince who had received me so generously, and accompanied him to the war. A dreadful battle was fought in the suburbs of King Alcohol's capital, in which this monarch was completely defeated. His troops, though far more numerous than those of King Abstinence, could not withstand the superior discipline and physical strength of their opponents, and fled in all directions. I was taken prisoner, together with King Alcohol; and we were both conducted into the presence of our victor. I could not help admiring the physical development of King Abstinence. He was in reality sixty years of age, and he did not seem more than thirty. His eyes were bright and benignant; his hair was jetty black—and his frame possessed all the vigour which belongs to youth. "King," said he, when Alcohol was brought into his presence, "what should you have done, had you taken me prisoner?" "I hanged you to the highest tree," answered Alcohol, doggedly. "Then I pardon you," said King Abstinence; and, having made him promise to pay tribute, he sent him back to his capital. As for me, he took me away with him into his own kingdom, which was quite different from that I had just quitted, inasmuch as it was filled with the most useful vegetables and delicious fowls; but totally devoid of the luxuriant vine. When I questioned King Abstinence as to the cause of this phenomenon, he informed me that his kingdom was once as prolific of the vine as that of his neighbour. "And what has caused the disappearance of that generous production of nature?" said I.

"I will tell you," answered the monarch. "My people were so much addicted to wine, that I first issued an edict prohibiting, under the penalty of death, the use of the grape otherwise than in its natural state. But my orders were being perpetually transgressed, and I was at length constrained to exterminate the cause of temptation altogether."

I could not help admiring the striking contrast between the two kingdoms I had visited in so extraordinary a manner. That of King Alcohol was inhabited by people who gave themselves up to feasting and debauchery; while the inhabitants of the realms of King Abstinence were temperate and frugal. Commerce was unknown in the dominions of the former; commerce formed the source of immense wealth in the provinces of the latter. Crime was constantly at work in the first; virtue prevailed in the second. I stayed altogether about a year in the dominions of King Abstinence, and witnessed the downfall of the throne of King Alcohol. The former monarch, dreading the effects of the vicious habits of his neighbours upon his own subjects, sent a few troops into the realms of his enemy, and completely conquered the kingdom. He exterminated the vine from this sub-

duel country, and ordered the golden harvests to be cultivated in their stead. As soon as I had remained to witness some of the improvements thus accomplished by King Abstinence, I implored him to let me return to my native land. He took advantage of this request to send a messenger to the Commander of the Faithful, and in a few weeks I once more landed at Balsora, whence I repaired to Bagdad.

OBSERVATIONS ON SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

There is a feeling which indisposes many to enrol themselves as members of Teetotal Associations, because they are required to sign a declaration or pledge. From all that I have observed I can regard this hesitation in no other light than as the result of a too delicate sensibility, which they can neither well define nor offer any solid reason for. Some seem to consider the pledge to be a vow. It is not so. The declaration is merely an expression of present determination, and by an avowal of existing conviction, the public testimony of him who signs, against the evil. As it is a voluntary act, the pledge that is enrolled to-day can be withdrawn to-morrow, and as there is no other implied claim farther than consistency of conduct, who is a member of the Association, this obligation is no longer heavier than it is chosen to be considered so. Again, if we imagine that they as effectively sever the cause by acting on the principle, without giving the pledge, this is a delusion; for such a line of conduct wants some of the essential requisites which constitute the strength of the cause. It requires the public testimony, which forms one of the chief weapons of crusade against the evil. It costs the example of much of that influence which the simple fact of enrolment as a member would give to it. It deprives the Association of the advantages of that union and combination which are found to give strength and success to every cause; for it is a long-established maxim that "union is strength." There are others who consider the fact of signing the pledge to be an impeachment of their principles, by inferring that they cannot keep themselves sober without such an obligation. It implies no such insinuation against those who profess their principles; and the fact that we select the co-operation of temperate men, repels such an insinuation. Many persons possess no such firmness of principle as to steady their minds against the insidious arguments of this deceitful enemy, intoxicating drink. And in the absence of such firmness, is it not well to anchor the mind by obligation, to prevent the waves of temptation from sporting with it? Still, and driving it to the quick sands of destruction. Very few, it is believed, when they would not know of others, and it is in the simple fact that they are members of a constituted body, that the pledge is of safety to us. The pledge furnishes a solid basis, by which they can resist every seduction from the enemy; and it fixes their resolution, and settles in their minds a conviction that they have bound themselves to the practice, and thus it terminates all those hesitations and desires, which would betray them to evil. There is a power in there is a claim, a long member, and these forms the purity of defence to many who possess no higher principles to protect them. J. P.

FUNERAL OF A MEMBER OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

On Sunday last, the funeral of Mr. John Thompson, a teetotaler, was held. Many of the members of the Association, and of the Tailors' Total Abstinence Society, of which the remains of their departed brother to his last resting-place in the City Burial Burying Ground, Gower Lane.

The funeral procession of about five hundred members, walking two abreast, left West-street, Southfield, and proceeded through Little Britain, Aldersgate-street, Goswell-street, White-street, carrying six of the Society's sick Union Jacks, writhed with grief and the members wearing their medals. We were glad to see numbers of our Roman Catholic brethren join in with us on this occasion; the utmost order and solemnity prevailed, and the crowds of temperate and intemperate who looked on the sad, slow march, must have been impressed with proper feelings as to the effects of our society.

A collection of 55s. was made for the poor widow, who has three children, and is daily expecting her reconciliation; the expenses of the funeral were defrayed by the Tailors' Total Abstinence Society.

A sermon will be preached on the death of the above individual on Sunday next, in the evening, at Aldersgate-street chapel, by the Rev. Mr. COZNER.

REVIEWS.

Bacchus. By RALPH BARNES GRINDROD. Third Thousand. 8vo. pp. 535. London: J. Pasco.

(THIRD NOTICE.)

The chapters upon the moral and physical causes of intemperance exhibit a vast power of research, and provide us with a rich store of information. The

great effect produced by this admirable work, is the nudity in which the hideous vice of intemperance is displayed to the imagination. Mr. Grindrod is a Spartan who disgusts his children with the great evil by showing them the extent of its influence upon the inebriate Helots. He writes with a fearless pen; and the boldness with which he sets about his task, is one of the chief recommendations of his book. He does not dread the frowns of a society which he would gladly wean from a vicious habit;—he does not feel intimidated at the sarcasms which are levelled against all the advocates of this just principle, by those who, like the enervated Byzantine emperors in their wars against the powerful Ottomans, would fain cling to the empty shadow of their enjoyments till the very last.

In the chapter on the nature and combination of alcohol, we shall borrow a few paragraphs. It is impossible to do justice to such a work as this in even a dozen critical notices; but we shall nevertheless do all in our power to recommend *Bacchus* to the perusal of all our readers. Take a few specimens, for instance, of the *value* of this work:—

The value of the loss of solid matter sustained by the process of malting and brewing is thus estimated:—	
100 pounds of good barley taken in its ordinary state of moisture	100 lbs.
1. Loss of matter by the process of malting, &c. 8 per cent.	8
2. Loss sustained by the process of brewing	67
Total loss of nutritious soluble matter on both processes	75 per cent.

The analysis of wines has of late years occupied considerable attention. The following, according to Professor Brande, is the average of spirit contained in some of our most popular vinous, spirituous, and malt compounds:—

Port Wine contains	Alcohol	Proof Spirit
28 per cent.	46 per cent.	
Madeira	22 do.	44 do.
Sherry	19 do.	38 do.
Claret	11 do.	22 do.
Champagne	11 do.	22 do.
Cider	7 do.	14 do.
Apple	6 do.	12 do.
Porter	4 do.	8 do.
Small Beer	1 do.	2 do.
Brandy	53.50 do.	
Rum	55.08 do.	
Gin	51.60 do.	
Scotch Whisky	54.52 do.	
Irish Whisky	53.90 do.	

Mr. Grindrod then observes:—

From these calculations it appears that the proportion of proof spirit in wine averages from one-fourth to one-fifth of the whole; and in other spirits, and in other malt compounds, is rather less than one-seventh, and porter about one-eighth. More than half the quantity of distilled liquors consists of alcohol in its pure state.

The following extract will doubtless prove interesting and instructive:—

By many it has been supposed that alcohol does not exist ready formed in fermented liquors; but that it is generated by the heat used in the process of distillation. The contrary, however, of this view, is manifested from several considerations, and by none more than by the following decisive experiment made by Mr. Brande, and subsequently confirmed by other distinguished philosophers. Add to wine a solution of the subacetate of lead, and the coloring and extractive matter will be precipitated. The further addition of a small portion of dry subacetate of potassa, separates the alcohol from the fluid which floats on the surface, and will ignite on coming in contact with a lighted taper. By this means we decisively determine, that distillation separates merely the alcohol which has been previously evolved by the process of fermentation; its constituent parts being thereby extracted, in their elementary forms, from the saccharine juices of the grain or fruit, and condensed under a new, a potent, and a deleterious form.

For the present we must again take leave of this admirable volume; promising our readers, however, to recur to it, as to a standard authority, in the course of a fortnight or three weeks.

(To be continued.)

A Popular Treatise on the Stomach. By DR. S. PERRENGTON, M. D. P. With Wood Engravings. Second Edition of Ten Thousand. 12mo. pp. 28. London: C. and L. Layton.

The learned author of this little, but very clever work, begins by noticing the class of animals which

the philosophers of old could not distinguish from plants. He instances the sponge, which grows perpetually fixed to a rock like a vegetable. It may be cut, or torn, or burned, without showing any sign of feeling. "Can such a thing be called an animal?" asks the author of this work. "Most certainly. Why? Because it has a stomach." In fact, the possession of a stomach is the point which all modern philosophers have argued upon as the characteristic of the animal creation. But it appears that the very lowest class of animals are mere animated stomachs, digestion being the only faculty of their existence, they having neither sense, nor pulse, nor motion. The little pores with which the surface of the sponge is covered, are so many little mouths that constantly imbibe the fluid and the animalcules with which it is so profusely impregnated. The Polyple is another animalcule consisting of very little else than stomach.

The details of the first chapter show us that digestion is essentially performed by two processes; viz. *circular action*, and *chemical or vital action*. It is scarcely necessary to inform the advocates of Total Abstinence that the smallest quantity of intoxicating liquor greatly impairs these powers. The effect of strong drink is to absorb these fluids which are alone capable of dissolving the food.

The little work before us is a very useful and well-written treatise upon the stomach. It displays the causes and proper treatment of indigestion, and the peculiar varieties of the malady. The illustrative wood-cuts are of great utility to the pamphlet, and are well executed. On the whole, we strongly recommend this little treatise to our readers. Its price is only sixpence, and it contains much valuable information.

The Mariners' Church Temperance Soldiers' and Sailors' Magazine, Number for August, London: B. Steill.

This very cheap periodical, its price is sixpence; and it contains forty closely printed pages, is as staunch a champion in favour of Teetotalism as those to whom it addresses itself, are firm and well-tried. There is a great variety of matter in this number; and the strictures upon the heartless conduct of Queen Victoria in listening from the sick-bed of her dying aunt, the Princess Augusta, to the Opera, are very just. A person in human life would be hoisted for such behaviour; but a queen can of course "do no wrong." We earnestly recommend this very excellent publication to our readers, and take this opportunity of passing our verdict of decided approval upon it.

REPORT OF THE TOTAL PROGRESS AND MEETINGS.

STRAITFORD.

On Monday, 17th August, 1840, the members of the Stratford Auxiliary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, according to announcement, walked in procession to the Forest. They started from Bow, attended by their banners and a band of music, and proceeded through Stratford, West-Ham, and Leyton to the Forest. On their return to the British School at Stratford, upwards of one hundred persons partook of tea together. The public meeting in the evening was crowded to excess, and fifty signatures to the pledge were received.

On Wednesday evening, the 19th instant, the new Temperance Hall, at Plaistow, was opened. The meeting was commenced by singing and prayer. The Rev. W. R. BAKER presided. This gentleman, in the name of the Committee of the Stratford Auxiliary, presented to Mr. SAMUEL CAYTON, of Plaistow, a handsome silver medal bearing a suitable inscription, in token of their grateful sense of his zealous and efficient services since he became a member of the Committee, and particularly his great and successful exertions in procuring subscriptions towards the erection of the building in which they were then assembled. The Rev. W. TEMPLE, Independent minister, of Plaistow, then signed the pledge; and on the next evening his example was followed by his wife and his three eldest children. On Thursday evening the Rev. W. Temple presided, and the crowded assembly was addressed by Mr. GREIG, (Secretary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society,) in a most energetic and impressive manner. A

third meeting was held in the same place on Friday evening, at which Mr. LUDON presided. The Stratford Meetings will be regularly held at the British School, every Tuesday, and at the Temperance Hall, Plaistow, every Thursday, at 7 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER BRANCH OF THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to notice, a grand meeting was held at the York Theatre on Wednesday evening, 19th of August, after a numerous and respectable Tea-Meeting at Russell's Temperance Hotel, Broadway.

Mr. WALKDEN having been delayed a few minutes, the chair was occupied during his absence by Mr. JOHN HULL; but just after this gentleman had made a few general observations, Mr. Walkden arrived and was most enthusiastically cheered on taking the chair.

Mr. FILLAKER, who was first called upon to speak, stated in the course of his remarks that he trusted that with regard to moral feeling, the principles of Total Abstinence would increase the morality of the land and spread happiness on all hands.

Mr. WALKER said that he had never felt greater pleasure than he did whilst addressing that audience;—the throwing open such a place for their reception was a matter of delight, and though some said they were doing nothing, he felt convinced they were reaping abundant success in their grand aim—the annihilation of strong drink from the land.

Mr. URMERT (Agent) made some observations on the deleterious influence of strong drink on different classes of society.

Mr. DONALDSON (of the United Temperance Association) expressed his unabated attachment to the cause; adding that what had been done gave a zest to the present movements of Teetotalism, and was an earnest of what it should accomplish.

Mr. G. GREIG (the travelling Secretary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society) next addressed the meeting. He particularly alluded to the petty and vexatious persecutions to which Teetotalers were sometimes exposed, and said the foulest epithets were heaped on men who dared to raise their voices against the evils of intemperance, and whose operations tended to prevent its future ravages. His heart was warm in the cause, and he could not but express his feelings in language equally as warm.

Mr. BRATT then came forward, and moved that the meeting be adjourned until the 2nd of September.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the Committee of this Auxiliary, nor to Mr. LESTERBROOK, the Secretary, for the excellence of the general arrangement of the meeting.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday Evening, August 26th.

The usual weekly meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, was crowded to excess.

Mr. H. W. WESTON was called to the chair; and informed the meeting that Father Mathew had added another million to the long list of Teetotalers in Ireland within the previous three months. Mr. Weston also observed that Mr. Amor, a wine-merchant in Regent-street, had lately declared in a public police office, that his trade had diminished twenty-five per cent in consequence of the agitation of Teetotalism.

Mr. CHAMP, the Registrar, made a most effectual speech upon the dreadful consequences of intemperance, and explained the effects of alcohol when injected into the veins of animals.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS called the attention of the audience to the crowded state of the prisons, the lunatic-asylums, the workhouses, the hospitals, and the hulks, and declared that the miseries of the victims therein retained or confined were brought about by intemperance. He then related a most remarkable case of spontaneous combustion, which had occurred at Paris about five years ago, and the truth of which, with all the particulars, he had ascertained from the Commissary of Police, and the surgeons who drew up the *procès-verbal*.

Mr. THOMSON said that he did not advise Teetotalers to abstain from the public-houses. He went to them—but it was for the purpose of making converts to the cause.

Mr. HART addressed the meeting at considerable length upon the nature and effects of the taxation, in its application to the necessities of life and to the use of intoxicating drinks. He detailed the annual amount of the revenues which the government so infamously and disgracefully derives from the encouragement it affords to habits of intemperance; and said that, if it derived great revenues from crime on the one hand, it was put to an immense expense to pay for the means of punishing, adjudicating, and suppressing of vice, on the other.

Mr. GAWTHORP spoke of the loss of time attendant upon habits of intemperance, and energetically called upon all present, who had not signed the pledge, to make haste and ratify that bond of their salvation.

Mr. SMITH concluded the business of the evening in a very neat speech upon the good effects of the system of total abstinence.

Friday, August 28th.

A meeting of the Advocates Committee of the United

Temperance Association, took place at Dennis's Coffee-house, Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell. The Advocates sat down to an excellent tea; after which the business of the evening commenced. Mr. BENSTEAD was called to the chair; and all the necessary plans were laid down and adopted for the supply of the various branches and auxiliaries of the United Temperance Association with a sufficient number of Advocates on all occasions of public meetings. Societies requiring the assistance of well-known Advocates, can obtain the same by application to the Secretary of the Advocates' Committee, (Mr. Gawthorp,) at the Depot of the United Temperance Association, 131 Aldersgate-street.

Saturday Evening, August 29th.

The Saturday Evening Meeting took place as usual at the Chapel, Aldersgate-street.

Mr. BENSTEAD had scarcely occupied the chair when a gentleman stepped forward and professed his desire to discuss the merits of Teetotalism. Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, said that he should be most happy to accept the challenge, if the party giving it were respectable and a fit disputant; and the gentleman in question specified his determination of fixing, on Wednesday next, an evening for the debate.

The meeting was addressed by Messieurs Benstead, Mee, Crump (the Registrar,) G. W. M. Reynolds, Green (of Westminster,) and Donaldson.

BETHNAL-GREEN AND SPITALFIELDS BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This excellent branch of the most thriving metropolitan society in existence, held its usual weekly meeting at the Temperance Hall, Church-Road, Bethnal-Green, on Monday evening, August 31st. The Hall was densely crowded.

KENSINGTON AND BAYSWATER BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This branch does honour to the parent society by the enthusiastic endeavours of its Secretary Mr. STALLWOOD, and its principal supporters, Messieurs MEL, BOWLER, &c., to obtain converts. Its cause is progressing well, and the meetings at Camden Chapel, every Monday evening, are well attended.

METROPOLITAN ROMAN CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

This admirable Society, under the auspices of Mr. JOHN GILES, its Secretary, progresses admirably. It holds a grand meeting every Tuesday evening, at the Chapel, Aldersgate-street. Several of the most talented Advocates of the various Associations are always present on those occasions.

WESTMINSTER.

On Monday Evening the 17th inst. the Committee of the Westminster Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Society for the suppression of Intemperance were highly gratified in being able to throw open their New Temperance Hall, for the admission of the Public free of expense.

SOUTHWARK TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

A grand meeting of this independent Society of total abstinents was held on Monday evening, the 31st of August, in the Southwark Academy, Union-street. Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS in the chair, supported by Mr. H. W. WESTON, Secretary to the United Temperance Association. The room was densely crowded with a most respectable audience, which was addressed by a number of most powerful Advocates, with very great effect.

Monday, August 17th, a Meeting was held at Mr. Granger's Coffee House, No. 10, Pearl Crescent, Baginbidge Wells Road, Mr. F. K. in the chair, when Messrs. Baylis, Frave, Yerlet, and Anderson addressed the meeting, and ten signatures were obtained.

LEICESTER.

We feel the greatest delight in acknowledging the receipt of the very kind letter sent us by Mr. SAMUEL BOLD, Secretary to the Total-abstinence Association, at Leicester. This gentleman speaks of the very timely visit of Mr. HUDSON, one of the travelling advocates of the United Temperance Association, to Leicester. This gentleman held two out-door meetings on Sunday, August 23rd, which produced a good effect. On Monday, 24th instant, he delivered a lecture in the Town-hall. Mr. HUDSON, in company with some Teetotal friends, first addressed an immense concourse of persons assembled at the Midland Railway; and this gave publicity to the lecture in the evening, which was numerously and respectfully attended. Mr. HUDSON addressed the meeting for upwards of two hours, in a very animated, humorous, and powerfully convincing manner. He was listened to with great attention, occasionally receiving bursts of applause. A very good impression was made in favour of Teetotalism, and at the close of the meeting several signed the pledge. September 9th will be the Fourth Anniversary of the Leicester Total-abstinence Association, on which occasion the members hope to be favoured with the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Burns, of London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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20	2 18 9	2 11 0	2 4 6	2 0 0
21	3 1 9	2 12 9	2 5 6	2 1 0
22	3 3 9	2 14 6	2 7 0	2 2 0
23	3 6 3	2 16 6	2 8 6	2 3 0
24	3 9 4	2 18 9	2 10 3	2 4 0
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35	6 6 3	4 15 6	3 17 4	3 1 0
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38	—	5 14 0	4 9 0	3 9 0
39	—	6 1 6	4 13 9	3 12 0
40	—	6 9 9	4 18 9	3 15 0
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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.



THE DINNER PARTY.
To illustrate Chapter VII. (No. 5.)



TIBBATS AND MELVILLE DISCOVERING THE DEAD BODY.
To illustrate Chapter X. (No. 9.)

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

VICTOR AND LOUISE.

Who can explain the full extent of the rapture experienced by the lovers at this meeting? The place and the occasion were for some time forgotten; and their thoughts and their language dwelt only upon the conviction that they were once more restored to each other.

Melville clasped the beautiful girl in his arms, and gazed upon her heavenly countenance with the most unfeigned delight. Her voice, in its language of love, was so soft and intoxicating that the tones of the young lover also imbibed somewhat of that impassioned and dulcet accent. When she breathed those delicious words, "*I love thee still*," it almost seemed that she raised around her a marvellous echo: everything about her was agitated by her love; the air vibrated with the sweet avowal; and then she spoke of her fond hope of recovering that tranquillity of mind which she had lately lost, and of passing the remainder of her days in joyousness and peace.

Then, as if she had said too much, she bashfully bent her eyes towards the earth—she wiped away her tears—and concealed her countenance with her hands. Then she suddenly raised her eyes upwards—those eyes that were drowned in a sorrowful reflection! Her mouth, which was half open in consequence of a rapidly flowing respiration, revealed teeth as white as the pearls of the East; and then she turned upon her lover that look which had ere now been lost in the space above; and when she saw that she was ad-

mired by him, she concealed that look beneath her long lashes. But before she thus concealed that look, she darted upon the youth whom she so tenderly loved one of those lightning glances which the eyes of the purest passion can shoot forth, and which burn to such an extent that they compel him on whom such a glance falls, to apply his hand to his heart as if a red-hot iron had penetrated into it. Oh! when the most chaste and innocent of women love with fervour, and love with all the impassioned warmth of their young and virgin hearts, and when circumstances have divested their interview with the object of their affection of all the chilling restrictions of ceremony, as in the case of Victor and Louise,—oh! then, in that hour of mingling hearts and unity of feelings, the young maiden casts upon her lover that fascinating look with which hell or heaven has endowed her—that look which seizes upon and retains him as it were in strong chains—that look which penetrates to the heart and seems to pierce the vitals—a look which even makes the young lover tremble and be afraid, which imparts to him a sensation as if he were about to become mad, and which almost compels him to fall at the feet of the fascinating girl and implore her pardon for loving her so sincerely and so well!

There is one period of our lives—a period that forms a delicious episode in the existence of all—which makes a heaven of earth, and which recompenses us for a world of prior and posterior misery,—and that period is the one in which we experience the blessings of a pure and holy passion. Melville cast his eyes upon the lovely girl that had now fallen upon her knees before him, while her long and luxuriant tresses fell in rich clusters over her white shoulders: he

was trembling and humiliated as he remembered her spotless innocence and his own unworthiness; and he could scarcely induce himself to believe that such an assemblage of charms could be in aught associated with the evil career of his own destinies. But that beautiful girl, who seemed so far separated from him, by reason of his vices, that nothing in the world could ever lessen the distance,—that beautiful girl was there—there, at his feet! Long did Victor contemplate Louise! He was afraid to speak to her;—for the first time he felt that his hand was too rude to extend to a female so delicately beautiful;—for the first time he would have wished to soften that voice which spoke so boldly;—he was afraid of wounding her, in touching or consoling her; and when, at length made aware by the motionless attitude of Louise, and by the silence which reigned throughout the cell, that the affectionate girl was awaiting a promise which should confirm all her hopes of happiness, he exercised a violent effort over himself, in order to articulate these few words,—“Oh! Louise, henceforth, indeed—indeed I will be worthy of you!”

“Then am I now rewarded for all the anxiety I have undergone on your account and on mine own,” answered Louise. “Oh! often and often has that rose-leaf, which I received from your hands in the little summer-house at Auteuil been my only consolation. And then, when the spirit of my more than father took wing, had it not been for this emblem of your affection, Victor, I know not how I should have supported such a weight of sorrow.”

“And often and often—even in the midst of my dissipation,” murmured Victor, “have I

thought of the rose-leaf which had been pressed to your lips, and which I have religiously preserved. But, tell me, my Louise—tell me that you still love me, and we shall yet be happy."

"Love you, Victor!" ejaculated the amiable girl: "oh! you know not how agonized were my feelings when I read the account of the suspicion that had been raised against you, in the French journals; and I hastened, ill and miserable as I was, to the office of one of those journals in Paris, to ascertain if the account had not been incorrectly translated from the London papers. But the arrival of that letter—and the fact of your having lodged in the same house where the dread deed took place, convinced me that the tale was indeed too true, and that the suspicion of your guilt was naturally excited by the singularity of the circumstances. I therefore determined to hasten to your assistance without delay, and prove the innocence of him I love!"

Not for worlds would Melville have confessed to one so pure and innocent, that the real motive which had taken him, on the fatal night, to the room where the dreadful deed had been committed, was a criminal one, and that he was bent upon a guilty errand when he became involved in the circumstances which had almost proved his ruin. He was compelled to have recourse to a falsehood; and he explained the fact of his being present in the room of death, by stating that a strange noise in that part of the house had attracted him thither.

It was with a sentiment of mingled pride and joy, that Melville sent for the solicitor, whom he had already engaged to conduct his case, and showed him the letter which had been placed in his hands by Mademoiselle Dorvalliers: and as the curiosity of the reader is doubtless excited with respect to this epistle, we shall now proceed to lay it before him:—

"To Mademoiselle Louise Dorvalliers:

"In the sincere hope, most injured girl, that this letter will reach you and remedy, although so late, the great evil which I have done to you, do I hasten to make all the reparation that lies in my power. I have injured—deeply injured you: I have played the part of a heartless villain: but I hope that you will pardon me, for my sufferings have been great indeed. I have not experienced one hour of perfect peace since the fatal day on which I accomplished the diabolic thought that was suggested to my mind by the great temptation placed in my way. I was a gambler; and one evening my losses were so severe that ruin and disaster stared me in the face. I had not the moral courage to triumph over the evil promptings of Satan: I remembered the gold which was entrusted to my care for you; and I determined to appropriate it to my own use. Your kind guardian has doubtless told you the sad tale: I fled with all your fortune—the fortune which had been entrusted to me,—and I left you portionless!"

"Eleven years have now elapsed since that fatal day—eleven years of misery and woe—eleven years of remorse and horror. Often, often have I been about to write to you—to restore your fortune—to confess all my infamy—and to demand your pardon. But shame and fear have always prevented me; and these feelings have triumphed over my good resolution until this moment. I can now support the load of my infamy no longer,—I can bear up against the tide of compunction no more,—I feel that I am going mad—that remorse has robbed me of my intellects,—and I must hasten to do an act of justice ere it be too late. My mind is made up to leave this world of woe,—my misery shall terminate in the blood of a suicide, sooner than be closed amidst the ravings of a maniac!"

"I have sought a humble and obscure abode

in which to execute my purpose; and if I make up my mind to live a day or two more or less, my resolution will eventually lead me to the same end. The precise moment only is not as yet settled. Perhaps by the time you receive this I shall be no more. There are instants in which my mind is seized with such an access of raging delirium—the association of a dread remorse—that in one of those whirlwinds of passion my fatal purpose will be doubtless accomplished.

"I make you a full though a tardy reparation; and you will be happier in my death than you have been in my life-time. I enclose you the necessary documents to receive all the fortune of which I robbed you, at the hands of my agents in Paris, to whom I have transferred the whole amount, with compound interest up to the present moment. I have also made a will in your favour, leaving to you the residue of my property. That testamentary document will be found in my desk after my decease. In the same envelope with it is a formal disposal of the order upon the Bank of France which transferred the amount of your fortune to my care: that order is signed by your own father; and consequently the secret of your birth, in respect to him, will be thereby revealed. Your mother was a lady of rank, whose name I never knew. The history of this parent, then, will most probably remain a secret to you for ever.

"And now, Louise—pardon me:—pardon the wretch who has so deeply wronged you,—pardon him in consequence of this ample though tardy reparation; and breathe a prayer for the welfare of his soul—for a prayer from your lips must avail on high—when you hear of the self-destruction of

"JEAN MEZERAY."

The solicitor was overjoyed when he perused this letter, which contained so certain an evidence of Victor's innocence. The statement contained in the document relative to the intention of the unfortunate Mezeray to end his days by suicide, was also borne out by the nature of the wound, the position of the body, and the manner in which the razor had fallen from the hand of the self-murderer. These circumstances, without the letter, would have however been overruled by the idea that Victor had purposely made arrangements suitable to those appearances; but the solicitor now declared that the epistle from Mezeray to Mademoiselle Dorvalliers would prove conclusive. The only draw-back to the happiness of the young couple was that Melville would have to remain in prison to await his approaching trial; but it immediately occurred to him that Louise would experience a welcome reception at the house of Mrs. Terrywhist, now that his innocence was certain to be made manifest. He was not disappointed: that kind-hearted lady received the unprotected young girl with the utmost cordiality; and the solicitor hastened to take the necessary steps to procure the papers from the desk of the deceased Notary, which would put Louise in possession of the property left by that gentleman and also reveal the secret of her birth. She had ascertained, previous to her departure from Paris, that her fortune, which, through the exertions of the deceased Notary, had been more than doubled, and which now exceeded a million of francs,* had really been transferred to a highly-respectable banking establishment in the French metropolis; and thus no pecuniary embarrassments seemed to menace the future happiness of the lovers.

Louise, accompanied by Mrs. Terrywhist, paid frequent visits to Melville in the gloomy prison where he still remained; and as the young man frequently alluded to the dissipa-

tion in which he had indulged during his residence in London, he reiterated his often repeated promise to Louise to abstain for ever from the fatal habit of intemperance. Alas! temporary misfortunes frequently extort from frail humanity a vow of perfect reformation: but time in many cases demonstrates the falsity of all earthly resolutions!

Time passed away, and at length Victor was placed upon his trial. Ignominious as was the ordeal through which he had to pass, he knew that he should prove his innocence of the crime of murder; and this conviction strengthened him to submit to the degradation of a public trial. The result was in accordance with his own sanguine hopes; he was honourably acquitted; and, as the real motive for which he had proceeded to the apartment where the suicide took place, did not transpire, the judge assured him that he left that court without the slightest imputation against his character.

At the door of the tribunal from which he had just been released, he encountered Mr. Tibbatts, who came forward to congratulate him upon his escape. Victor surveyed him with the most unmitigated disgust, and repulsed with scorn the proffered hand of him whom he considered to be the cause of all his late misfortunes. Tibbatts gnashed his teeth with rage, and turned away, muttering threats of the most deadly vengeance. But Melville heard them not: for his Louise and her kind friends were waiting in a carriage hard by, to bear him far away from the dread vicinity of the gaol.

What now appeared to stand as an obstacle in the way of the happiness of Victor and Louise? The young maiden was wealthy beyond all her previous hopes and expectations,—and her lover was restored to her. On his part, he flattered himself that he was entirely weaned from a habit which had menaced him with the most certain ruin; and he resolved to take advantage of the opportunities now afforded him by fortune, to carve out for himself a grand career in the world of literature. Everything, therefore, seemed smiling in the presence of Melville and Louise; and the cares of the past were all forgotten in the real joys of the present.

Louise continued to reside with the family of Mr. Terrywhist; and Melville anxiously awaited the expiration of the year's mourning which this amiable girl had imposed upon herself for the loss of her kind guardian. But in the meantime a grand and important revelation was made to the young lady and her lover. The solicitor, who had been assiduously occupied in the investigation and arrangement of the affairs of Mademoiselle Dorvalliers, procured the documents, which related to her, from the desk of the late Monsieur Mezeray. As that gentleman had seemed to promise in his letter to Louise, he had left her the heiress to a considerable private fortune of his own—a fortune which he had amassed by the prudent usage of her own money, with which he had eloped from Paris. But the other document, to which allusion had been made in the last letter of the suicide, was of the greatest importance. It revealed the cause of all the mystery which had been observed in respect to the early days of Louise,—the liberal income that had been allowed Captain Dorvalliers for her maintenance,—the reason wherefore a handsome fortune was portioned to her just after the fatal battle of Waterloo,—and the secrecy which had been observed up to that period relative to the young foundling. The whole family of Mr. Terrywhist was assembled around the table, when the solicitor displayed this document to the astonished eyes of Louise and her lover; for that document, which was explanatory of an order previously given upon the Bank of France, bore the signature of the greatest man that ever shed the lustre of intellect and

* Forty thousand pounds.

capacity upon this world: close by that signature there was a large seal,—and on the seal was an imperial crown!

"Napoleon Bonaparte was your father, Louise," said Victor in a voice almost choked by the ineffable emotions caused by this strange discovery: "Oh! how proud should I be to possess the affections of the daughter of that mighty hero!"

Louise turned aside, and shed many—many tears: but those tears fell rather for the memory of an unknown mother, than as a tribute of filial love to that of an imperial sire!

Months passed away: Victor, who had taken a house in the neighbourhood of Terry-whist Terrace, passed nearly all his time with Louise; and during the year which intervened between his accusation of the crime of murder and his union with Mademoiselle Dorvalliers, he never once demonstrated any symptoms of the return of the vicious propensity of intemperance. He accordingly felicitated himself upon having entirely abrogated that ruinous predilection; and Louise soon ceased to remember that he had ever been its victim. But let not the mariner who has escaped shipwreck upon a coil of rocks, imagine that all the dangers of the ocean are passed: the perils of a lee-shore or of an adjacent quicksand may probably prove more fatal than the point of destruction which the buoyant bark has just eluded.

The year of Louise's mourning expired; and the day of the bridal dawned. We shall not however dwell upon this happy period in the lives of our hero and heroine: suffice it to say that their union was blessed by the minister of heaven; that many friends attended at the solemn ceremony; that they removed to a dwelling at the West End of London, where their fortune and the loveliness of Louise soon suppressed the whispers of scandal in respect to the misfortunes of Victor, and where every luxury and enjoyment which wealth could purchase awaited them:—and here let us pause for the present ere we pursue the narrative of the DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

END OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

Chapter I. of the "Second Period" will be commenced in our next.

THE NEWSPAPERS AND TEETOTALISM.

BY MATTHEW P. HAYNES.

Adapted from the Teetotal Magazine for September.

In the consideration of great movements, men are too prone to form an opinion of their progress and merit by the details given, or by the course pursued by the newspaper press. The rule is a fallacious one. The press seldom rushes *in medias res*, and if its impulses to conduct are carefully and justly anatomized, it will be found rather to follow public opinion than to lead it. The influence of the press, as affecting any particular cause, is the child rather than the parent of the public feeling towards it.

At present, the English press does not speak the sentiments nor mirror forth the convictions of millions respecting the total abstinence cause. In fact, those who are engaged in that great moral reformation, have hitherto had but little support from the journalists. By many of them, and those the most influential, the strongest opposition has been offered: some have pursued a kind of neutral course—they have briefly recorded the proceedings of the teetotalers, but have refrained from advocating their principles; and a few, *variis modis in gurgite vasto*, have assisted the cause by their advocacy and their example.

Months passed away before the "best possible instructors" even noticed the existence of teetotalism. It was not until numerous societies had been formed throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the editors found themselves compelled to break their mysterious silence.

This tardiness to embrace a new subject is one of the characteristics of the press of England, and it is, at the same time, a reproach to it. Need we adduce instances of the reluctance to which we allude? We have only to refer to the history of every great public question: there is scarcely one, whether political or scientific, which did not at first experience from the press indifference, if not opposition. There is scarcely any great invention which now administers to our commercial greatness, or contributes to our comfort, that the press

has not ridiculed, and affected to despise. Not many years ago, the inventions of WATT, in relation to the steam-engine, were sneered at. The engines upon NEWCOMEN'S construction were written up, and persevering efforts were made to write WATT down. Who that looks upon the Thames and sees the fleets of steam craft plying, would believe, if it were not placed beyond the possibility of a doubt, that one of the most scientific men in the empire, and over whose moral character a heavy cloud has recently, unhappily, been spread: who would believe that this Rev. Doctor, whose connexions with the press are widely ramified—who would believe that he for a long time devoted his ability to proving that steam-vessels were unsafe, and that it would be perfect insanity to venture upon the water in a boat propelled by steam! Not long ago, MR. WINNER narrowly escaped being made the subject of an inquest *de lunatico*, for proposing to light London with gas! When he lectured upon the subject at the Lyceum theatre, he was considered, by the newspapers, somewhat in the same light as Captain ACHERLEY of the present day, with his mystic "dial of Ahaa." Again, when the great discovery of JENNER was first promulgated, it was met with derision and scorn. The newspaper Solons actually declaimed against the cruelty, the folly, and the sin of adding another disease to those with which mankind were already afflicted. In their wisdom they considered vaccination as a species of morbid transmigration of an afflicting principle from cows to human beings, which could not fail to injure the latter, and which must be highly offensive to Almighty God, whose laws it was calculated to contravene. These instances of the fallibility and of the shortsightedness, if not of the folly of Editors, might be multiplied to fill a volume: but enough has been said to show, that the great unknown "W.K."-gotists of the newspaper press, have not an indisputable claim to be considered right in all that they advance concerning any new movement which is made in society, or any new principle which may be propounded in science.

The English are, what the Irish call, "an easy going people." They like novelty, but they are not gluttons at it. We do not adopt novelties merely because they are so—we "try before we buy;" and every day's observation shows, that there are always fools enough to try experiments upon novelties, which wiser men can quietly watch. To the credit of the character of the English people, scarcely ever is a novelty adopted and retained in use, unless it is beneficial and useful. Englishmen are particularly adverse to any inroad upon their old habits. The custom of English society, and even the tendency of English education, is to impress an Englishman with the idea that *drinking* is one of his chief social duties. Foreigners say we can do nothing without eating. They are right; and we all know what bouts of drinking follow. The opening of a bridge, or the closing of a grave—the erection of a jail, or the consecration of a church—the marriage of a queen, or the trial of a criminal—in fact, every public duty and every private obligation, is considered to be imperfectly discharged, unless an extensive *dinner* is devoured—and it is absolutely necessary that the wine-merchant or the tavern-keeper should share the patronage shed upon the cook. These eating and drinking habits have caused immense sums of money to be embarked in the wine and spirit, the ale and porter trade. The "licensed victuallers," as a body, yield not in wealth to scarcely any other class of traders. They are well organized—they get money easily, and they spend it freely—they uphold some valuable charities, and they take care to tell the world of it—whilst not a word is said by them as to the social ruin, the individual woe, and the social calamities which the articles in which they deal occasion.—That ruin, that woe, and those calamities, are the origin of those charities of which they so ostentatiously boast.

We have now chiefly to notice that immense wealth is embarked in the publicans' trade. Look at the brewers and distillers—count the men and horses they employ: they have travellers to buy corn: clerks to keep the books: clerks to collect the accounts: agents to take houses and to sell them: they have brewers, smiths, engineers, coopers, wheelwrights, porters, draymen, and gangs of excisemen and permit writers, who in a great degree owe their employment to them. The property in the breweries, vast as it is, is held in shares, by many individuals. There are many more brewers than is generally imagined: no adequate idea is entertained of the number of those, and many of them are termed "pious," and "religious" people, who live upon annuities and profits drawn from some or other of the great fountains of liquid death. The consequence of the brewing and distilling trade, in all its branches, from the malt-kiln to the pewter quartern, having thus insinuated itself into the monetary construction of our complicated commercial relations—is, that a great opposition will naturally be raised to any project which tends to limit or affect that trade. This opposition is the more formidable and determined, because it is purely selfish. The brewers and distillers can flourish only on the prosperity of the tavern and the gin-shop: these can gain prosperity only on the drinking habits of the people,—and hence, as a matter of course, of business and of personal advantage they are the opponents of teetotalism.

We have briefly adverted to the drinking habits of Englishmen, and to the force of those habits. We may add that our national songs have been written to stimulate

them. To the force of these habits the power of wealth has been superadded. Avarice and appetite are thus both leagued together against teetotalism: and it is unfortunately the case, that too many of the newspapers pander to the popular prejudices, because it procures them readers; and to wealth, because it provides them with purchasers and patrons.

Nor is this all. In many cases the practices of the conductors of the press are in direct opposition to the theory of total abstinence. We make no invidious allegations: and we are well aware that though in its generalization the remark is just, there are still some exceptions. However, taking editors as a body, and coupling with them the reporters, they are a class who render most liberal suit and service to the "jolly god." Their temptations are certainly great; wit and genius, a similarity of pursuit, late hours and much labour, all combine to render them readily susceptible of the charms of wine, and prompt them, in the state of constant excitement to which their profession exposes them, to attempt to drown in the bowl whatever of care or pain may oppress them.

To a portion of the press, political considerations suggest an opposition, if not to teetotalism, at least to teetotalers, and particularly in Ireland. Long and severely has that country suffered from political vicissitudes: they have made her bleed at every pore,—they have left her exhausted by the road-side—and now that the handmaid of sobriety is binding up her wounds, let not party feeling interrupt the work of compassion.

There are great excuses, though not sufficient ones, for the newspaper-press, for the manner in which it owes to influence, feeling, and wealth. In the first place, fashion is every thing. Secondly, newspapers are merely matters of commercial speculation; and the editors consider it their duty to serve their employers in the best way they can. There scarcely ever was a newspaper conducted solely with a view to principle. The sum of money required for the establishment of a newspaper is very great. Twenty or thirty thousand pounds have been spent upon ably conducted papers, which have, notwithstanding, failed. But when a newspaper is firmly established, the income derived from it is considerable. It is, however, a property held by an insecure tenure. It depends upon the public support; that support is gained with difficulty, and is easily lost. Hence,—the newspapers,—upon the very principle of self-preservation, are reluctant to engage in the advocacy of any great new movement against which the prejudices of the country, the habits of the people, or the interests of a numerous and wealthy class are arrayed.

These reflections will probably afford some clue to the better understanding of the course which the newspaper press has adopted as regards the teetotal cause. The reader will probably now see the force of the remark, that "the press will follow public opinion rather than lead it." It opposes what is opposed generally. When the public hesitate, the press seldom takes upon itself to decide: it changes as the public change; made to be popular, because popularity is that upon which it lives. A teetotal people will find among them a teetotal press,—and the fact that the English newspaper press which was so long silent upon teetotalism, now occupies itself so largely with the subject—is the most conclusive proof of the importance which the cause is daily attaching to itself.

We may intimate that we shall, in future papers, present our readers with some curious details as to the newspaper press. The *Era* and the *Britannia* will merit special notice. The former of these has recently changed its editor. The gentleman originally entrusted with its management, was Mr. LEITCH RITCHIE, a pretty romancer, and an amiable albumist. He soon found himself quite out of his place, when through Lord Brougham's interest with MEXX AND CO., he found himself in the unpoetical position of recommending gin and defending XXX. His attempts thereat were mere "half-and-half," and the editorship passed into other hands. Of this, more anon.

Determined again to try his hand, Mr. RITCHIE has made his re-appearance as an antiteetotal writer, in a paper called the *COURT JOURNAL*.—He is certainly better calculated to adorn the boudoir, than to amuse a tap-room; but he is so determined to write *prettily*, that he cares not to write *truly*. His language is not free from profanity, and, as it will hereafter be our province to prove, his pretensions to philosophy are only thin disguises thrown over ignorance; whilst his precipitate and self-sufficient conclusions are as baseless as the ill crutched positions from which he affects to draw them, are insecure.

In the meantime, violent in its opposition, or negligent of its duties as the press may be, as regards teetotalism, there is no ground for despair. Upheld by a higher power than any human hand,—supported by stronger claims than those with which any eloquence can invest it—teetotalism is making a glorious and triumphant progress.—London is now lighted with gas in spite of the invectives of the newspapers against poor Mr. WINNER. JENNER'S great discovery is not now regarded as an additional disease, but is going forth saving and to save; its progress, its adoption, its protective influence, and its ascendancy, are each a convincing proof of the infallibility of the press; and as that press could not stay the career of vaccination, neither can it stem the tide of total abstinence, which, with the blessing of God, and the aid of good

* The Irish newspaper press is not now under consideration.

men, will, ere long, shed its blessings over every land, destroying the influence of vice: establishing, securing, and hallowing the ascendancy of virtue and happiness.

[It is with the greatest pleasure that we hail the enlistment of Mr. HAYNES amongst the writers in favour of Teetotalism.—Ed. Teetotaler.]

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BIBO will see, by a reference to the former numbers of this journal, that poetry does not form a favourite feature in its columns. Will he favour us with his name in private?

The foregoing observation applies to the "DANKARD REFORMED," signed SARAH.

To H. F. The advocates of any pledge, whether long or short, English or American, can join the UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION so long as the pledge signed involve the principle of "total abstinence."

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS, No. IV. will appear next week; and the articles, under this denomination, will be in future continued every fortnight.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th, 1840.

Much has been said, particularly by our able advocate, MR. BENSTEAD, at the Chapel in Aldersgate-street, upon the influence of intoxicating liquors on the brain, and, consequently, upon the intellect. Several letters from the opponents of Teetotalism have urged that, even admitting the deleterious effects of strong drinks upon the brain—a consequence they do not attempt to deny, it yet remains for us to prove that the brain is the seat of the intellect; and, until we demonstrate this proposition, they object to our right of asserting that the effects of intemperance are experienced by the intellect. We will therefore examine this question with clearness and impartiality.

If all ideas were innate, we might then have some difficulty in fixing upon a certain determined part of the human frame as the seat of the intellect. Descartes said that the seat of life was the pineal gland; and many philosophers, both ancient and modern, have not hesitated to assert their conviction that the stomach was the locality of the mind, in consequence of the strange sensations experienced in that region, when we are agitated by suspense, hope, or fear, or any acute passion. But we can prove to demonstration that the brain is the seat of the intellect; and, in order to do this, we must commence by convincing the reader that all our ideas are not innate, but that many of them enter by the senses.

The instinct between the sexes is certainly an innate idea; and the affection of mothers for their children is also an innate idea. It is true that instances may be given of mothers destroying their illegitimate children; but that does not convict them of the want of affection: it only proves that the sense of shame has in them been paramount, or that the dread of poverty has for a moment mastered their better feelings. The affection of fathers for their children is not innate; because, whereas mothers entertain an affection for their children as soon as they are born, fathers do not experience the same feeling till the children have been born some time, and frequently not at all—as in the case of illegitimate children. Again, natural modesty is an innate idea. The desire of happiness is not an innate idea; because, as happiness is something desirable, it is the same as to say, the desire of something desirable is innate—which is absurd. The approbation of virtue is by some reckoned innate; but virtue is something approvable; it is therefore the same as to say, the approbation of something approvable is innate—which is absurd.

Hence it is fully proven that all ideas are not innate. How, then, are those ideas, which are not innate, acquired? By sensation or reflection. Sensation is the notice the mind takes of impressions made upon our senses by outward objects; and reflection is the notice the mind takes of its own operations. The most obstinate disputant will admit this definition relative to reflection: he may however

wish us to advance proof of our assertion that ideas are acquired by sensation. We shall proceed to satisfy the sceptic on this head.

A man, who was born blind, can have no idea of colours. A man, who was born deaf, can have no idea of sounds. A man, who never had the use of his olfactory nerves, can have no idea of the odour of a rose. These ideas enter respectively, by the sensations of seeing, hearing, and smelling. And now we will prove that these ideas are the result of sensation, and of nothing else.

If we go near a fire, we experience heat. But heat does not really exist in the fire. All that exists in the fire is a body of sharp-pointed particles which gush out from the bars of the grate; and this, striking upon the flesh, produces a sensation which we call heat. But the sensation we feel, and the cause of the sensation, are two widely different things. If a person, who has his eyes blinded, has a red hot coal put in one hand, and lunar caustic in the other, he will experience a sensation of heat in both hands, and will not be able to say which is the lunar caustic, or which is the coal. Now the lunar caustic is a cold powder; and thus the person has no more reason to say that the coal is hot than that the lunar caustic is hot, since the caustic burns as well as the coal. All the reason he can give for saying the coal is hot, is, because it burns him. And again,—the fire, which at one distance produces in us the sensation of warmth, at a nearer approach produces a sensation of pain. There is no more reason for saying the heat is in the fire, because it produces in us that sensation, than to say the pain is in the fire, because it produces in us that sensation.

There is no sound in a bell. All that is in the bell is a vibrating motion, which, when propagated to the air, strikes the drum of our ears, and produces a sensation which we call sound. A feather rubbed over the flesh, produces a tickling; and yet no one pretends to say that the tickling is in the feather; but it might as well be said that the tickling exists in the feather, as that sound exists in the bell.

Manna, when applied to the tongue, produces a sensation which we call sweetness; and for that reason we say that the manna is sweet. But the sweetness is not in the manna: all that is in the manna is such a texture of inward parts so suited, as, when applied to the tongue, to cause a sensation which we call sweetness. The same manna, when it gets into the stomach, causes a sickness; and yet no one pretends to say that the sickness is in the manna, or that the manna is sick. There is no more reason for saying that sweetness is in the manna, than there is for saying that sickness is in the manna. A penknife in cutting produces a smart; yet no one pretends to say that the smart is in the penknife. Yet we may with just as much reason say that the smart exists in the penknife as that sweetness exists in the manna.

If we hold a rose to our nose, it produces a sensation which we call smell. But the smell does not exist in the rose: all that exists in the rose is some particles of effluvia so suited to the inside of our nostrils as to cause the sensation which we call smell. There is no more reason for saying that smell exists in the rose than there is for saying, that smart exists in a knife, or tickling in a feather.

If we look at a carpet, it produces upon us a sensation which we call colour. But all that exists in the carpet is such a texture of parts so suited, as, when placed before our eyes, to produce the sensation of so many different colours. If the light be kept from it, without at all altering the substance of the carpet, the colours will no more be seen. Thence it is plain that the colours are caused by the rays of light coming on the carpet, and from thence rebounding back to our eyes, so as to cause

the sensation of so many different colours. For there is no more reason for saying that colour exists in the carpet, than there is for saying that smart and tickling exist in the knife and feather, because they produce in us those sensations.

Hence we conclude that *heat, sound, taste, smell, and colour, &c.* do not exist in the objects, but are only the sensations produced from them; and that what exists in the objects—namely, what is the cause of this sensation, is quite different from the sensation itself. Hence it is evident that our ideas of heat, sound, taste, smell, and colour, are received by our sensations, and that without those sensations we should not have those ideas. Consequently those ideas are *not* innate.

Some ideas are acquired by *sensation* and *reflection* united: such as beauty, grandeur, sublimity, symmetry, harmony, proportion, &c. The idea of the beauty of a fine view cannot be acquired by sensation alone; because, if it could, the horse we ride on would have as good an idea of it as we ourselves, he being as quick-sighted as we—which is absurd. Neither can it be acquired by reflection alone; because, if it could, a blind man would have as good an idea of it as one that can see—which is absurd. Sensation however precedes reflection; because the mind could have nothing to reflect upon, till sensation had thrown in a stock of materials.

It is now proven that many ideas enter the mind by the *sensations*: let us now show how the brain is the great laboratory where they are received, and, in certain cases, completed by *reflection*. All the five senses (the organs of those sensations) may be very properly considered as different modifications of feeling. Thus, *seeing* any object is only feeling the image of it struck upon the retina of the eyes by the particles of light. *Taste* is feeling anything with the tip of the tongue. *Smell* is feeling the small particles of the effluvia of anything with the inside of the nose. *Hearing* is feeling the air striking the sound upon the drum of the ear. *Feeling* explains itself: where there is no feeling there is no life. Thus all the five senses are modifications of feeling. What is it in the body that has the property of feeling? The nerves, is the answer. Now all the nerves terminate in the brain; consequently the ideas, which enter by sensations, through the medium of the nerves, are conveyed to the brain. And from all this it results, that the brain is the seat of the intellect, because if it be the recipient place for those ideas which are not innate, it is also the residence of those which are innate.

The opponents to this system of reasoning would still have one question to ask us: and of that we shall dispose in a few words. "If," will they say, "the ideas enter by the sensations, and through the medium of the nerves, and if they proceed to the extremity of those nerves, how do you know that they do not fly to the extremity in the feet as well as the extremity in the brain?" The reply is easy. If we cut off a man's leg, he does not thereby lose one of his ideas; and he still has a sensation as if he had toes at the end of the stump. That sensation is produced by the circumstance that the remainder of the nerves, which terminate in the brain, still hold the power of sensation in that brain.

It is therefore evident that the brain is the seat of the mind; and, so far as the innate ideas are concerned, this argument corroborates the systems of Gall and Spurzheim. It is very easy to show how the influence of intoxicating drinks operates upon the intellect, by reminding our readers of the *known* power they exercise over the nervous system. Madness is nothing more than a dreadfully deranged state of the nervous system; and the principle of madness can more frequently be discovered in habits of intemperance than in

aught beside. The same system of reasoning accounts for the destructive influence possessed by intoxicating drinks upon the faculties of the five senses.

THE INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT.

As the habit of intemperance frequently conducts its victim to this tribunal, we shall offer no apology for the publication of the following epitomized extract from "*Pickwick Abroad*:"—

THE construction of the Court House, Portugal-street, is in humble imitation of the Courts in Westminster-hall. Instead of passing through red curtains to obtain admittance, you enter by a green baize covered door, studded with brass nails, which do not, however, always keep the aforesaid green-baize attached to the aforesaid door. In the little lobby outside this means of egress and ingress, you will encounter two or three seedy-looking gentlemen, whose dress and address are neither interesting nor uncommon. They are generally employed in transferring a few dirty papers to each other, with that ambiguity which is deemed an essential quality in all diplomatic writings, acts of parliament, and law proceedings.

Having passed into the court, you find your hat suddenly crushed between two or three individuals, whose own hats had most likely undergone that process some time before they arrived there; and you immediately find it prudent to apply your hand to your watch-chain, if you have one. Your olfactory nerves are simultaneously assailed with a sickly, fetid smell of perspiration emanating from unwashed skins; and if you push a little farther into the Court, you arrive at a partition with a low door, which is kept by a man in rusty black, very much resembling a pew-opener in a Methodist chapel. Once established in this spot, you lean your elbows upon the little door or partition, and proceed to take a more particular survey of the locality and its inmates.

At the farther end is a stage, on which are placed the four desks behind which as many commissioners sometimes sit; although on general occasions there is but one present. In the middle is a pew, or box, divided into two rows, and embellished by the barristers. In the corner next to where you are posted, of the front row, sits (when he does not stand to examine a witness or address the court) the formidable Mr. Roughrow, whom we strongly recommend all insolvents to retain, if they do not wish to be something more than perplexed, should he be against them. But advice is the only commodity the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

Next to Mr. Roughrow is Mr. Butler, the most talented counsel practising at that court, and one who is certain to get an insolvent out of a scrape, and an opposing creditor into one, if those very desirable ends happen to be within the compass of possibility. Beside and behind Mr. Butler are seated two or three other members of the independent bar—their privileges usually consisting in a total freedom from the weight of any business at all.

Between the stage on which the commissioners are seated and the pew containing the barristers as aforesaid, is a low, large, dirty table, round which are placed some twelve or fourteen attorneys or law-agents, looking much more insolvent than any of their clients. Many of them seem to lack that useful and very generally estimated commodity—a shirt (if we must tell the naked truth); and a few appear to be so much attached to the only one they possess, that they are exceedingly loth to part with it, even after it has been turned twice since the middle of the previous month. The independence of the bar is like a ghost—a thing much talked of, but never seen: the independence of the lawyers at the Insolvents' court is, however, far from problematical; inasmuch as some of the fraternity carry it to such an extent as occasionally to make their appearance at the low table in a pleasing and highly interesting state of intoxication.

At the extremity of the court, facing the one which is embellished by the luminous presence of the commissioners, is the receptacle for the audience, which principally consists of decrepit old men, leaning their hands and chins upon cane walking-sticks, and watching the proceedings with a most critical eye. On the left hand side of the barristers' seat, the reporters of the newspapers occupy a small box in the immediate neighbourhood of the pulpit into which the opposing creditors hoist themselves,

when they proceed thither for the purpose of punishing some silly young man whom their own pressing invitations to obtain goods upon credit have ruined. Immediately opposite to this pulpit, on the other side of the court, is the box into which the insolvents ascend to be bullied by their creditors; and connected with that "bad eminence" is the pew allotted to petitioners who await their hearing or their sentence.

Such was the state of matters in the Court House in Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, on the morning when Mr. Adolphus Craschem, alias Mr. William Sugden (by which latter name we shall henceforth distinguish him) accompanied Mr. William Wibsey, the tipstaff, from the Royal Repose, or, in vulgar parlance, King's Bench Prison, to the aforesaid court.

On Mr. Sugden's arrival at the court, the examination of Lord Thomas Swales was just concluded. His lordship had just been proved by an opposing creditor to be the most unmitigated swindler on the face of the earth: but the learned commissioner Buckphiz prudently and kindly took his lordship's patent of nobility into consideration, and instead of remanding him for three years, as he would any poor devil without a title, ordered him to be discharged forthwith. His lordship, who looked any thing but like an insolvent, being dressed in the extreme of fashion, scarcely condescended to thank the commissioner for this Daniel-like decision, but withdrew to the tavern opposite to drink gin-and-water and smoke cigars with the tipstaff who had charge of him, the sporting friends who waited for him, and the attorney who had seen him through the Court.

Another Insolvent was then summoned into the box; and as the memory of this individual was exceedingly treacherous relative to certain goods for the disposal of which he could not exactly account, a long and tedious examination ensued; and after a species of bull-baiting which lasted about two hours, nothing having been elicited, Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz tried an experiment with a view of refreshing the Insolvent's memory, and remanded him for the space of eighteen months from the day in which he filed his petition. The discomfited Insolvent received his sentence with a singularly wry face; and having resumed his seat in the pew allotted to his fraternity, he took from his blue cotton handkerchief a little luncheon of cold veal and bread which he had brought with him; and that, with the addition of some salt extracted from his waistcoat pocket, seemed to console him for his disappointment. On the following morning the nobleman's case was only slightly alluded to in the public papers; whereas the examination of the unfortunate devil who was thus remanded, was set forth in all the glaring colours and in all the embellishments usually adopted in such reports. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the case of Lord Swales was ten thousand times blacker than that of this poor man; but the former was the son of a peer; and the latter was a broken-down linen-draper.

It is highly amusing and edifying at the same time, to observe the species of sensation which takes place in the court when an Insolvent descends from the box in which he had so conspicuously figured. The commissioner looks up to see if the windows in the lantern on the roof be sufficiently open to ventilate the room: the old clerk beneath him tumbles about a parcel of papers which bear no reference in the slightest degree to any thing with which he has to do at the moment: the other clerk in the brown coat and brass buttons, and with sandy hair, next to him, looks very mysteriously over his papers; Messieurs Butler and Roughrow converse in whispers; the barrister in spectacles behind them reads the *Times* with more desperate attention than before, because, as he has not got a brief, he must be doing something; the reporters mend their pens; some of the attorneys proceed to the gin-shop opposite, to refresh themselves with a small drop of strong waters, their stomachs having been long estranged to weaker liquids; a mother, seated amongst the spectators, ventures to give suck to her child, who now screams with temporary impunity: the man at the little desk underneath the Insolvent's examination-box administers certain small incitements to perjury, vulgarly called oaths, relative to the correctness of schedules, to those petitioners who may have been heard; and, in fact, the interval is one of general excitement and bustle.

We will, however, eschew farther description for the present, and pursue the thread of our narrative with the same ease which we exemplified in leaving it.

The petitions of Lord Swales and the linen-draper having been disposed of, the clerk summoned

"WILLIAM SUGDEN," at the top of a most discordant voice; and when the personage thus adjured jumped lightly into the box, his presence was greeted on the part of the audience with that sort of compassionate attention which is bestowed upon gentlemen in the press yard while their fetters are being knocked off. But Mr. Sugden leant over the box with great ease and independence of manner, and tried to stare Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz out of countenance; but finding that to be as ineffectual as endeavouring to do the same to a brass warning-pan, he looked very bashful and modest to please the court, and then took a pinch of snuff to please himself.

It appeared that two creditors had entered opposition against Mr. William Sugden: and at the announcement, which was made by the clerk of the court, the Insolvent politely requested to be informed by his creditors "if they didn't wish they might get it?" A loud laugh on the part of the spectators, and in which all the barristers and attorneys cordially joined, welcomed this sprightly sally on the part of Mr. Sugden: but Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz threatened to dismiss the petition if the insolvent repeated his pleasantries; whereupon Messieurs Butler and Roughrow, who had been retained by the attorney of Mr. William Sugden, desired that gentleman to take care and not commit himself.

The names of the opposing creditors were now called; and Mr. Anthony Stickemin, tailor, and Mr. Michael Nagsflesh, horse-dealer, answered to the summons.

A few preliminary questions having been put to the insolvent by the learned Commissioner, and having been as duly replied to by Mr. Sugden, Mr. Anthony Stickemin was requested to ascend the witness-box, an invitation with which he complied with an alacrity and promptitude as remarkable as they were meritorious. Mr. Stickemin had retained no Counsel: he opposed in person, and entered with an air of determination and valour upon the business which had brought him thither.

It seems that this was the second time that Mr. Stickemin was Mr. Sugden's creditor. Mr. Sugden had been imprisoned in France, and the claim of Mr. Stickemin, who was one of the detaining creditors on that occasion, was liquidated by Mr. Sugden, sen. as the reader will remember. Three months before the period of which we are now writing (that is, of the transactions in the Insolvents' Court) Mr. Sugden made his appearance in England and at Mr. Stickemin's shop; and the consequence of the visit was that a quantity of clothes were duly ordered, and forwarded to Mr. Sugden's lodging in Maddox Street, Mr. Stickemin fancying that as his debtor's father had already paid his son's bill once, the same result might attend a renewal of credit in that quarter.

"You may put any question you please to the Insolvent," said Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz, who had been making copious notes of a new-projected bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt in the book in which it was usually supposed that he wrote the leading features of the cases before him.

"Were there not six pairs of buckskin hunting breeches among the things I sent to your lodgings?" demanded Mr. Anthony Stickemin of Mr. William Sugden.

"I shouldn't be surprised if there were," answered the last-named gentleman with his characteristic off-hand manner.

"And did you not pawn them at Mr. Clegg's in Prince's Street?" continued the tailor.

"You've hit the right nail on the head again, old fellow," replied the Insolvent. "It's the proper saw you've got by the ear, as my friend the Great Cham of Tartary used to say."

Here Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz again interfered to remind Mr. Sugden that he must give direct answers to the questions of his opposing creditor; whereupon Mr. Sugden refreshed himself with another pinch of snuff, nodded familiarly at the Commissioner, muttering something which sounded very much like the words "I twig," and then assumed an attitude of the most profound attention.

"Did you not tell me," continued Mr. Anthony Stickemin, "in order to obtain fresh credit with me, that your father had come down with the stumpy, as you called it?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Sugden.

"And did you not say you were going to stand for some borough in Hampshire, as you had sufficient influence in that part of the country to turn an election, whereas you hadn't even the power to turn a shilling?"

Here Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz, who never permitted an insolvent to utter any thing in the

shape of a joke, facetiously observed "that he Mr. Sugden had got into the wrong box at last;" whereat there was a general laugh, which of course was not interrupted by the Commissioner. Mr. Sugden himself indulged in a cachinnation so loud and long that he quite won the heart of the Commissioner, who from that moment determined to discharge him, however dark might be the features of the case.

But Mr. Stickemin had not laughed; so, when order was once more restored, Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz desired him in a very savage voice to "make haste with his opposition, and not waste the precious time of the Court, or he should know the reason why."

"But, Sir—" began the discomfited tailor.

"Don't address yourself to me; address yourself to the Insolvent, Sir," cried Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz.

Messieurs Butler and Roughrow smiled at each other, and then smiled at the Insolvent, to intimate that "all was right." Mr. Sugden pointed towards the opposing creditor, and playfully jerked his left thumb over his left shoulder, which in symbolic language meant that "Mr. Stickemin was done for, and that his opposition was no go."

"The leathern breeches I traced out," continued Mr. Stickemin, considerably crest-fallen; "but what became of the two black surtout coats—the red waistcoat with gold buttons—the cut-away green riding-coat—the black breeches—and the other articles you swindled me out of?"

Mr. Sugden very quietly intimated that the goods alluded to were in the custody of a relative, from whom, with his usual prudence and foresight, he had taken certain small receipts which he had placed in the hands of the provisional assignee of the Insolvent's Court.

Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz did not appear exactly to understand this explanation; so Mr. Roughrow undertook to enlighten him.

"My client means, in plain language, Sir, that he has pawned the clothes, and that the receipts are the duplicates," said Mr. Roughrow.

"Ah, ha! I see," said Mr. Buckphiz. "I believe that a pawnbroker is not unfrequently denominated one's uncle!"

Mr. Butler intimated that the learned Commissioner was right; and when another little laugh had been very successfully got up and accomplished, Mr. Stickemin was asked if he had any more questions to put to the Insolvent. As he replied in the negative, Mr. Butler rose with the determination of making his gown serve as a cloak for brow-beating the witness, who but for that protection might have been as insolent as he chose to the barrister.

"You are a tailor in Regent Street, I believe?" said Mr. Butler, addressing himself to the miserable creditor.

"That is my trade, Sir," was the quiet reply.

"Oh! that's your *craft*, is it?" resumed Mr. Butler, with a glance towards the Commissioner, who smiled—not at the joke, nor the sarcasm conveyed by it—but because he had at that moment penned a clause in the new Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, *inasmuch as was heretofore* which rendered the Insolvent's Court more necessary and permanent than ever, and consequently ensured a continuance in office to himself and his brother Commissioners.

Mr. Stickemin again admitted that he was a tailor.

"And I believe that you were the creditor who arrested the Insolvent?" continued the learned Counsel.

"I was, Sir," answered the creditor; because I knew that he meant to cheat me."

"And how did you find *that* out?" demanded Mr. Butler.

"Because when I called at his house for my little bill, he was always denied to me," was the reply.

"Might he not have been really out or engaged?"

"Oh! I know that on several occasions he was at home, when I called," persisted Mr. Stickemin.

"And, pray, Sir, how do you know that he was at home on those occasions?" asked the Counsel.

"Because, Sir," rejoined Mr. Stickemin, "I heard him sing out to his servant, 'There's that infernal scoundrel of a tailor, Ben, go and tell him I'm not at home.'"

"You see, Sir, the private opinion which the Insolvent entertained of his creditor's moral character," observed Mr. Butler, with a look of the most profound erudition, to the Commissioner.

The Commissioner glanced towards the witness, and shook his head mysteriously—a movement which plainly intimated that he, Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz, knew, of his own private knowledge, that

Mr. Stickemin was the most consummate scoundrel and desperate villain under the canopy of heaven.

Mr. Butler suffered all this to make its due impression in favour of the Insolvent, and then again addressed himself to the opposing creditor.

"Now, Mr. Stickemin," said the learned Counsel, "will you have the kindness to inform us how you became aware that the Insolvent had pledged the—leather breeches, I think?"

"Yes, Sir—buckskin breeches," observed Mr. Stickemin.

"Oh! buckskin breeches, eh?" said Mr. Butler.

"Well—Sir—about these buckskin breeches, then,"—and the excellent lawyer laid prodigious emphasis upon those which are generally supposed to be unmentionables.

"I'll tell you how it was, Sir," answered Mr. Stickemin. "One Sunday morning, as I was going to Saint James' Church, I overtook Mr. Clegg, the great pawnbroker of Princes Street, who was walking the same way, quite promiscuously, along with Mrs. Clegg, Miss Jemima, and little Orlando in his new suit, for he'd only been breeched the day before. So I passed the compliment of the morning to Clegg and his family, and we walked on together, as we happen to sit generally in the same place. But I looked at my friend Clegg with an uncommon sharp eye, for I saw that he'd got on a brand-new pair of buckskin breeches; and on closer inspection I instantly recognised my own peculiar make and cut. Just at that moment we arrived at the church door, and so I couldn't say anything then. But when the parson was approaching the sermon, I put my head down in the pew and asked Mr. Clegg how he'd come by them breeches. 'Why,' said he in a whisper, 'I'll tell you how it is. I'm going to take the sacrament,' says he, 'and so I thought I'd make myself uncommon smart, and do the thing a little genteel. Now, between ourselves, I never wear any clothes of my own—I have none, in fact. I never patronise a tailor; but I always appear well dressed, and no man has such a variety of attire. One day I wear a blue coat and brown trousers; another, a shooting-jacket and gaiters; and another, an entire suit of black.'—'Well,' said I, 'that's true, but how the devil do you manage it?'—'Why,' said he, 'I'll tell you how it is. I always wear the clothes of my customers—the pledged articles, you know. For instance, this coat belongs to the clerk of a great publisher not a hundred miles off—this waistcoat was pawned a few days ago by the servant of a nobleman in the King's Bench, who always patronises me—these boots were sent home by Macdonald to a young spark living in the Albany, and were pledged on the following morning—and of these breeches I've got six pairs. I shall give 'em all a turn before I've done.'—'Oh! oh! and that hat,' whispered I, to avoid exciting any suspicion on his part as to my real motives of questioning him.—'That hat,' said he, speaking quickly, because the sermon was just over, 'up to this time has been pawned regularly every Monday morning, and redeemed every Saturday night, for the last six months. It belongs to a member of the swell-mob, who preaches at the Obelisk in St. George's Fields every Sunday, and his confederates help themselves to the watches and handkerchiefs of the congregation he gets round him. He went yesterday afternoon to the treadmill for six weeks; but when he comes out again, he'll redeem his hat as usual, and begin preaching away more fiercely than ever. In the mean time I wear it for him.'—This was the way, Sir, in which I discovered that Mr. Sugden had pawned the buckskin breeches."

"And more shame for ye, Mr. What-d'ye-call-it!" vociferated a loud voice from the corner of the Court near the green-baize door. "That's the way you Snips of the Vest Land entraps youngsters, is it, Mr. Thingumbob?"

"Silence!" exclaimed a hanger-on of the Court.

Mr. William Sugden strongly suspected that it was his excellent father's voice which had caused the interruption; but as the learned Commissioner Buckphiz was entirely wrapt up in the draught of the bill before alluded to, no further notice was taken of the circumstance.

"You may stand down, Sir," said Mr. Butler to the opposing creditor, after he had put a few more questions tending to elicit facts in favour of the Insolvent; to the effect that Mr. Stickemin's bill was very exorbitant, that he had pressed his goods upon his debtor, that he never expected to be paid by more than one customer out of ten, that he who paid amply remunerated him for the loss of all the rest, and that he himself became a bankrupt regularly every three years, in order to have an excuse for arresting his customers and getting in his accounts, through the medium of assignees who were generally intimate friends of his own. Mr. Butler

appeared to be perfectly satisfied with this acknowledgment on the part of the opposing creditor; and when Mr. Stickemin had descended from the box, Mr. Butler sat down, and Mr. Michael Nagstflesh was summoned to the place just vacated by the discomfited tailor.

The second witness having been duly sworn, and the Commissioner having taken a good long stare at him, the examination of Mr. William Sugden was renewed.

"Did you not obtain a horse from me under the name of Adolphus Craschem, son of General Craschem, of Craschem Park?" inquired Mr. Nagstflesh.

"Yes—and it was paid for by my father," answered the Insolvent in a tone of the most noble contempt.

"I know that," said Mr. Nagstflesh. "I merely want to show that you entered yourself for the sweepstakes under a false name."

"When I renewed credit with you a few weeks ago," observed Mr. Sugden, "you knew that my name was not Craschem; but you gave me any thing I wanted on trust, as you said at the time 'that the old fogey would pay for it all again.'"

"I didn't use any such language," exclaimed Mr. Nagstflesh. "A greater falsehood was never uttered under the roof of the House of Commons."

"Proceed with your questions, Sir," said the learned Commissioner very savagely, "and don't banly words with the Insolvent, or—"

And Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz shook his pen with a sublime air of mysterious portent, at the opposing creditor—a movement that excited the admiration of Messieurs Butler and Roughrow to an extraordinary degree.

"Did you not tell me that you were the intimate friend of Twankay Fum, the Great Cham of Tartary?" demanded Mr. Michael Nagstflesh of the Insolvent; "and did you not also inform me that his Majesty, the Cham Twankay, had commissioned you to purchase a hundred horses for him in this country; and ship them on board a junk which you expected every day to arrive in the Pool?"

"There's some truth in that," said Mr. Sugden, "I scorn to tell a lie."

"Well, its about time to entertain that notion," cried Mr. Nagstflesh. "But wasn't I fool enough to believe all you told me?"

Mr. Sugden did not for one moment attempt to dispute his creditor's right to this highly distinguishing and self-imposed title.

I repeat," said Mr. Nagstflesh with emphasis, "wasn't I fool enough to believe you?"

Mr. Sugden again intimated that he was.

"And didn't you get me to go, for the first time in my life, to Margate with you by the steam-boat?" continued the horse-dealer; and didn't you very confidently point out a queer-looking, red-bottomed, foreign-kind of vessel lying at anchor at the mouth of the Thames? and, after all, wasn't it nothing else but the Nore-light?"

"Well, Sir, and what of that?" enquired Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz, who began to feel the cravings of a good appetite, and recollected that he had ordered luncheon to be ready at half-past two o'clock.

"What of that, Sir?" exclaimed Mr. Michael Nagstflesh. "why, Sir, he swore that it was his junk come to fetch the horses for his friend the Great Cham."

An agreeable tittering, varied by one or two right-down horse-laughes, welcomed this avowal; and when it had subsided, Mr. Nagstflesh proceeded.

"Insolvent," continued he, "didn't you also ask me to dine with you? and didn't you promise to introduce me to some of the Great Cham's emissaries? and weren't the people in the queer costumes that I met at your lodging sheriff's-officers, who had possession of your person and your property?"

To all these demands a reply in the affirmative was returned.

"Didn't you say that one was Rumfooselem-beg, the Great Cham's Master of the Horse?" continued Mr. Nagstflesh; "that another was Ali Tantabogram, the Great Cham's Pipe-holder and Peripatetic Tobacco-Stopper? And weren't they no others, after all, than Silke and Buffer of Chancery Lane?"

"Very true," replied Mr. Sugden with the utmost sang-froid, as he again favoured his Counsel with a familiar nod of intelligence.

"And didn't I let you have a couple of horses, in consequence of all these representations? Now, Sir, what became of those horses? I suppose you didn't pawn them?" observed Mr. Nagstflesh with a complacent smile.

"They're the leaders of the Opposition now," replied Mr. William Sugden.

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This reply excited general astonishment, particu-

larly in that inclosure which we before described as allotted to the audience, and where a gentleman without a coat whispered to another, whose shoes were curiously contrived to let in the fresh air at the toes, that "he knew that there was a good many asses in the House of Commons; but that he never before heard of there being any horses there." The matter was, however, speedily explained by Mr. William Sugden, who set all doubt and uncertainty at rest, by assuring the court that the Opposition was the name of a coach on the Brighton road, and that the horses in question had been sold at a remarkably reduced rate to the proprietor thereof.

Mr. Michael Nagzflesh having thus terminated his opposition, by causing the elucidation of another, Mr. Roughrow arose, brushed a little flue off the handsome velvet facings of his coat, and prepared to interrogate the witness.

"Now, Mr. Michael Nagzflesh," said Mr. Roughrow, "did you not, upon your oath, engage the Insolvent to accept fresh credit of you on his return from France three or four months ago?"

"No, Sir—I did not. He first called upon me—"

"He first called upon you. Well—and what did you say to him?" proceeded the Counsel.

"I asked him how he was getting on," was the answer.

"You asked him how he was getting on. And what reply did he make?" demanded Mr. Roughrow.

"Swimmingly," returned Mr. Nagzflesh.

"Swimmingly," repeated Mr. Roughrow. "And what did you say then?"

"That I was very glad to hear it."

"That you were very glad to hear it. Now, Sir,—upon your oath," continued the Counsel, shaking his brief in a menacing manner, "what took place after this interchange of compliments?"

"He asked me to lend him five pounds, which I did," was the immediate reply.

"Which you did. But was not something said about horses on that occasion?"

"I think I intimated that I had two fine horses to dispose of; but I'm not sure," replied Mr. Nagzflesh.

"You think you intimated that you had two fine horses to dispose of; but you are not sure," said Mr. Roughrow. "Now, Sir, will you undertake to swear that you did not say so?"

"No, Sir, I will not."

"You will not. Did you not tell Mr. Sugden that you would put a commission in his pocket for any order he could get you?"

"That was on another occasion, Sir."

"That was on another occasion. Well—how long after the first call was it, then?"

"The next day."

"The next day," continued Mr. Roughrow.

"Now two more questions, Sir,—and I have done. Did you not through the recommendation of the Insolvent, dispose of a horse to a Mr. Dunn Browne, after you had sold two horses to the Insolvent?"

"I did, Sir," was the answer.

"You did," said Mr. Roughrow, exchanging a significant smile with Mr. Butler, then disturbing three or four papers that lay before him, and putting them in order again. "And—upon your oath—when the aforesaid horse was put into Mr. Dunn Browne's stables, was it not seized with the staggers—did it not fall down—and were not its nostrils plugged up with sponges, to prevent the running of the glanders?"

Mr. Nagzflesh was exceedingly modest in replying to these soft impeachments: an answer in the affirmative was, however, elicited after some trouble, and Mr. Roughrow sat down in triumph, while Mr. Nagzflesh got down in despair.

Mr. Butler now rose to address the court. After the usual preliminary observations, he begged to remind the court that Mr. William Sugden was a very young man still—he might almost say a boy; and certainly many of his pursuits had lately savoured of the puerile occupations of childhood. He would bear out his assertion by reminding the court that the Insolvent, previous to his arrest, had (in order to avoid bailiffs) been compelled to play at *hide and seek*: he would also admit that the evidence of the opposing creditors had, in one or two instances, fully proven that the Insolvent had been considerably addicted to crackers, and to *drawing the long bow*. It was also very palpable that the Insolvent had been *playing at horses*—the traces of which might be discovered in the testimony of Mr. Michael Nagzflesh. He had not, however, proved himself a *bolter*—although in that way he might follow many a leader. This was an extenuating circumstance; and he should request for his client the kind consideration of the court in reference to it.

The learned Counsel, having drawn breath, then proceeded to dissect the testimony of the opposing creditors, and from the evidence that had been obtained from them by the cross-examination of himself and his learned friend to show that both Messieurs Michael Nagzflesh and Anthony Stuckennin had done all in their power to engage the Insolvent to accept of fresh credit at their respective establishments, with the hope of being subsequently paid by his father, who had already liquidated his liabilities more than once. Mr. Butler then made a few concise remarks relative to the characters of the opposing creditors: he designated one as a dishonest horse-dealer, and the other as a triennial bankrupt; and (as he was aware that the commissioner's veal-cutlet had just been taken into the private room, with a pint of sherry, from the tavern at the corner of the street) he declared his determination of intruding no longer upon the *patience* (in this sense, synonymous with *appetite*) of the court, but would leave his client to the well-known impartiality and mercy of his judge.

Mr. Commissioner Buckphiz, who, during the last hour, had cast many anxious glances towards the private door at the end of the stage, hastily ran his eye over the draught of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, from which he pretended to read a few notes or minutes of the proceedings; and, having repeated all the extenuating circumstances which were urged by Mr. Butler, as the motives of the judgment he was about to pronounce, he declared "that William Sugden was entitled to the benefit of the Act," and ordered him to be discharged forthwith.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE TEETOTALER."

SIR.—Unconnected with the United Temperance Association, or with its periodical *The Teetotaler*, (as indeed I am with any other Temperance society or its publications), it must at once appear that I make this communication upon general principles.

The New British and Foreign Temperance Society is one of the leading organs for the promotion of total abstinence; and I take upon myself to assert that it is as much its duty to guard the Temperance public against anything tending to interfere with the common object as to use every suitable means for its accomplishment. It strikes me most forcibly that the Committee of that Society are called upon to defend the imputation cast upon them by a paragraph in No. X. of *The Teetotaler*, relating to a refusal to insert any advertisement coming from the United Temperance Association. A very unfavourable suspicion now attaches itself to that Committee; and if its members have any reasons sufficient to exonerate themselves, it appears to me they owe it to the public and to themselves to make them promptly known, inasmuch as I find that the advertisement rejected by them has appeared in the *Temperance Intelligencer*, &c.

A whispering, hole-and-corner government is inconsistent with the standing of any society and forms no characteristic of that bold, undaunted singleness of purpose which is necessary to carry out a principle involving the domestic and moral interests of a nation.

I do not mean these observations to be offensively applied: they are made in a spirit of independence, and disinterested anxiety for the prosperity of our good cause.

I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

167, Fleet street.

MINGATE SYDER.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Donations and Subscriptions received by the Treasurer since our last.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Elliott, Fore Street . . .	0	2	6
Mr. Caslon, Chiswell Street . . .	1	0	0
Mr. T. Early, Houndsditch . . .	0	10	0
A Friend, Gracechurch Street . . .	0	2	6
Mr. William Ashcombe, Gracechurch St. .	0	2	6
Mr. J. Cooper, Lawrence Poultry Lane .	0	0	0
Mr. Brown, Sen., Curtain Road . . .	0	2	6

REPORT OF TEETOTAL PROGRESS AND MEETINGS.

HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD.

A crowded and most respectable meeting was held at this place, on Friday the 25th of August.

MR. HOLLAND was called to the chair.

MR. DONALDSON related an anecdote of a master jeweller, who had once been a determined drunkard, and had nearly brought himself to beggary by his evil habits, but who had lately signed the pledge of total abstinence, and was now doing well.

MR. WILDE (of the "Blues") presented himself as an evidence of the good effects of Teetotalism.

MR. GREY exhibited the still, explained the process, and burnt the spirit extracted from a pint of ale.

MR. GREEN dissected and refuted the arguments lately made use of by Mr. Rowbotham.

MR. BLAIR and MR. HART then each addressed the meeting in eloquent speeches; and the assembly separated at half-past ten o'clock.

MAYLEBONE BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday evening, September 2nd, one of the most respectable and crowded meetings of Teetotalers that ever assembled, was held in Mr. Warde's Assembly room, Circus-street, New-road. The object of this meeting was to form a grand Branch of the United Temperance Association in this district.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, pursuant to notice, took the chair, and addressed the audience at very great length upon the necessity of spreading the doctrines of Teetotalism far and wide.

MR. BAYLIS implored those persons, who were not Teetotalers, to sign the pledge for the sake of their wives, their children, and their relatives.

MR. MEE showed the fallacy of the idea "that men could not do without intoxicating drinks."

MR. BATEAUX made a forceful oration upon the benefits which Teetotalism had conferred upon the working classes.

MR. H. W. WESTON (Secretary to the United Temperance Association) exposed, in a speech of great power, the villainous system of adulteration practised by the wine-merchants, the brewers, and the publicans.

MR. JOHNSON proposed the resolution "that the name of the new branch be the Maylebone Branch of the United Temperance Association."

The resolution was unanimously carried; and the meeting separated at half-past ten o'clock.

MR. HUDSON, THE ADVOCATE.

This gentleman, who is now travelling as one of the accredited agents of the United Temperance Association, has lately visited Leicester, Hinkley, Coventry, Birmingham, Lye, and Stourbridge, where he has delivered lectures upon the grand principles of total abstinence, with the most gratifying success.

MR. MARRIOTT, THE ADVOCATE.

MR. MARRIOTT, another talented representative of the United Temperance Association, has been actively engaged in Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Northamptonshire, in which counties he has exerted himself to his utmost in the Teetotal cause. This gentleman gives a very favourable account of the progress of Teetotalism in those districts, and was pleased to find that so many of the working men, now engaged in the harvest-fields, had adopted the pledge of total abstinence.

KENSINGTON AND BAYSWATER BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The Camden Chapel, Kensington Gravel-pits, was crowded on Monday evening, August 31st; and on the ensuing Monday, September 7th. The audience is generally most attentive, and the doctrine of total abstinence seems fully appreciated, in all its valuable merits, by the members of this flourishing Branch.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday Evening, September 2nd.

The meeting at Aldersgate-street chapel was, as usual, well attended, and by a most respectable audience. This evening's assembly is decidedly the most important Teetotal reunion in the metropolis. On Wednesday, September 2nd, the chair was ably filled by MR. GAWTHORP; and the meeting was addressed by Messieurs Marriott, Biddle, Benstead, Betts, and Cuzner.

Saturday Evening, September 5th.

The Aldersgate-street chapel again presented a gay and cheering appearance upon this occasion. The mere moral effect of seeing so many regular attendants at these meetings must be very great, and materially aids the strenuous endeavours made by the advocates of this Association to collect fresh recruits beneath the glorious banners of union,—an union which admits the members of all pledges, and which has in view the laudable object of reconciling all parties and sects, so that only one grand impulse, and not a variety of disjointed efforts, be put in action to forward the progress of Teetotalism.

MR. WILSON, upon taking the chair, expatiated on the preference that should be shown to intellectual pursuits over sensual ones.

MR. WILLIAM DONALDSON (the brother of the well-known advocate) addressed the meeting upon the effects amounting to salvation, which Teetotalism had produced upon his fortune and character.

MR. BENSTEAD continued from last week his observations on the human intellect in its connexion with sensual indulgences.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS then rose to address the audience. His speech forms the leading article in this number of *The Teetotaler*.

Messieurs Baylis, Glenny (of Hackney) Dawson, Smeeton, and J. H. Donaldson then each addressed the audience in powerful orations.

BETHNAL-GREEN AND SPITALFIELDS BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The usual weekly meeting was held, on Monday, September 7th, at the Temperance Assembly-rooms, Church row, Bethnal-green.

The chair was taken by MR. WILSON; and the following advocates addressed the audience:—Messieurs Reynolds, Eales, Harrison, Rice, Gawthorp and Weston.

The Clerkenwell and Pentonville-Youths' Teetotal Society, will hold their third Public General Meeting at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, on Friday evening, September 15th, at half-past seven for eight o'clock.

To the Editor of "THE TEETOTALER."

DEAR SIR,—After reading in the *Intelligencer*, of the 27th of August, the article which relates to Mr. John Scott, and this person's letter to the Editor of the *Journal* of the same date, concerning his engagement to visit Lincolnshire for the United Temperance Association, I wrote a letter to Mr. Scott on the subject in such plain terms as I suppose were unanswerable, he never having made any reply thereto.

I now publicly state that Mr. John Scott was exceedingly anxious to become a member of the Committee of the Association.—On the very same night of his admission he made an offer to visit Lincolnshire, and requested me to provide him with credentials as Agent, a demand to which I immediately assented. It was then fully understood by the Committee that he would immediately leave London on their account. It however, appears that Mr. Scott procured, as he conceived, a more lucrative situation with another Society, which would not have engaged him had he not thus far committed himself with us; and the most honourable plan would have been for him to have candidly explained the matter to me instead of suffering himself to be made the tool of other parties with a view to injure the Society for which I have the honour to act, or publicly to impugn our mode of business.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

H. W. WESTON,

Secretary to the United Temperance Association.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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21	3 1 9	2 12 9	2 5 6	2 1 0
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Copy of a letter sent to Mr. Grimstone, Feb. 10th, 1840.

Sir,—Having been afflicted with bad eyes for a long time, a friend who had received benefit from using your Eye Snuff, recommended it to me. I have taken the contents of your 2s. 6d. canister, and am happy to say my sight has improved, the weakness and dimness is removed, and, Sir, it is my wish that you may make this known for the good of the public. Yours,

GEORGE SMITH

6, York-place, Kentish Town.

To Mr. W. Grimstone, Inventor of Eye Snuff, 30 Broad-street,

Bloomsbury, March 12th, 1840.

Sir—I have been afflicted for many years with a severe pain in my head, attended with a dimness of sight, and during part of my eyes, for which I have had the most medical advice; indeed, I have taken large quantities, without receiving any relief, but I am now delighted to say, with truth that ever since using your valuable Eye Snuff, which I have taken copiously, that is a 2s. 6d. canister weekly, I am free from those excruciating pains, and can read the smallest print, although I am in the 65th year of my age. This is a most economical, and shall be most happy to give it to you or any respectable oculist at my residence as under. I remain, with gratitude, sir, your obedient humble servant.

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THE TEETOTALER.

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EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c., &c.

VOL. I. No. 13.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"THE TEETOTALER" is the property of a number of Shareholders, who are all members of the United Temperance Association: the principal meetings of which society are held at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. In order that "The Teetotaler" may be widely circulated amongst that class whose means will not permit them to become subscribers to it, it has been resolved to establish a GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION FUND: or, in other words, to receive donations from those who advocate the cause of Teetotalism, and to disburse the amounts so collected in printing a number of copies of the Journal for gratuitous circulation. An appeal is therefore made to the rich and the charitable, in favour of the uneducated and the poor; and even those, who do not profess the doctrines of Teetotalism, are invited to subscribe to the Fund, the object of which is to promote a purely humane and philanthropic view.

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THE APOSTLE.
To Illustrate Chapter XI. (No. 14).

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER I.

THE LAPSE OF FOUR YEARS.

Four years had passed away since the union of Victor Melville and Louise. The marriage, during this period, was blest by a boy and girl; and an uninterrupted series of prosperity had seemed to recompense the young couple for the misfortunes of the few weeks prior to their union. Victor had soon found publishers for his works, now that he was no longer the needy author soliciting patronage; and the world greedily sought after and devoured all that was written by the wealthy novelist. He was soon courted by all the eminent literary men of the day; he became a member of scientific institutions and learned societies; and every relation of authors was considered incomplete unless it reckoned him amongst its numbers.

Melville, as we observed at the conclusion of the first part of this eventful narrative, hired a house in a fashionable street at the West End of London, and was soon courted by the wealthy and the great. Young men about town sought an introduction to him, because he was profuse with his hospitality, elegant in his style of living, and liberal with his purse; and families readily accepted the invitations of *la cherissime Fauspaise* (as our hero's wife was called) to the delicious *soupers* and parties, the arrangements of which only French taste can fully organize and complete.

Expensive habits were soon contracted by the young man; and, in spite of the occasional remonstrances of his fair partner, he pursued a career of fashionable dissipation which menaced his purse in an alarming manner. But his

reiterated asseverations that he could command any amount at the hands of his publishers for anything he chose to write, and the fact that he occasionally brought home large sums for which his wife could not otherwise account, succeeded in tranquillizing her mind. With the amiability which was natural to her disposition, Louise suffered her husband to superintend the full control of their finances, although all their fortune belonged to her; and so long as he behaved kindly to her, and so long as she was enabled to enjoy the pleasure of her children's presence, Louise did not often permit any evil forebodings with respect to the future to enter her imagination. The young mother centered all her affections in her domestic enjoyments; and when occasionally Victor remained abroad until a very late hour, she did not reproach him, because his literary engagements were pleaded as an excuse.

For some time after their union, Melville never touched even the more harmless kinds of intoxicating liquors. He shuddered when he recollected that all the dreadful risks he had run of ending his days upon the gibbet of the malefactor, were to be traced to the vice of intemperance which he had suffered to gain upon him; and he long abjured the most moderate use of wine and strong drink. And, during that interval, he was joyous and happy: he rose early, and sate down to his literary pursuits with pleasure to himself; and all he wrote was remarkable for a vigour of language and a freshness of idea which at once ensured the success of his productions. But, as he became acquainted with literary friends, and as he gradually got introduced to their clubs and places of *résunion*, he was again induced to partake of a little wine; and then he satisfied

—or fancied that he satisfied the scruples of his conscience with the idea that he had seen too much of the dread effects of intemperance ever to indulge to excess again. But the moderate quantity of wine which he drank, soon increased little by little; and now and then—at distant intervals—he was induced to pledge his friends in cups so deep that he experienced the results, both mentally and physically, on the following morning. Dread for the future would then for a moment take possession of his soul; but he quieted these fears and compunctions by the wretched sophistry invariably used on such occasions.

"It is ridiculous to suppose that I can ever become a drunkard again," he would say to himself. "I must not debar myself from a little indulgence, but I will not take more than is proper for me in future. I should be a wretch, indeed, if I could not control my own habits. And then, one cannot appear ridiculous before one's friends: one must do as others do. All I have to do is to be careful."

And, thus, by imitating the evil example of his friends in order not to be laughed at,—and by doing as others did, so as not to be thought singular, Melville soon abandoned those abstemious habits which had characterized his honeymoon, and drank his wine after dinner with all the ease and freedom that distinguish this vicious custom at the tables of the fashionable and wealthy. We however repeat that he did not very frequently suffer himself to be led into an excess; but still the quantity of his daily potations increased by almost imperceptible degrees; and the intervals between the periods when he imbibed too much, became shorter and shorter. He did not perceive these circumstances; or if he did, he called some foolish

reasoning to his aid, in order to dissipate gloomy reflections.

On the whole, the first four years which succeeded the union of Melville and Louise, were characterized by that tranquillity and absence of actual misfortune, which the world denominates happiness. Louise expanded from the sweet and retiring girl into the fascinating and amiable woman,—one of those tender mothers, who know how to make their maternal feelings one of the greatest ornaments of their character, without carrying them to the excess of obtrusiveness. Her children thrive in beauty and amiability; and the literary reputation acquired by her husband was the only element of human pride which found a resting-place in her bosom.

Four years thus passed away; and Melville was suddenly awakened to the appalling fact that his expenditure had greatly exceeded his income, and that if he pursued the same costly style of living he had adopted since his marriage, the remnant of the handsome dowry of Louise would soon be swallowed up. He came to this conviction one evening as he was sitting in his study, and during an interval of rest from the fatigue of composition. He was writing a new book; and the sudden phantasy of examining the state of his finances had seized upon him. The result was anything but satisfactory, as we have just stated; and the waste and extravagance of which he had been guilty now struck him with all the violence of remorse. He had been methodical enough to keep memoranda of his expenditure; and, as his eyes wandered over the various items of disbursement in his account-book, he saw the name of his wine-merchant occurring very, very often. He had the curiosity to calculate the amount he had paid during those four years, for the expensive wines with which he had been in the habit of regaling his friends; and the aggregate was so enormous, that he almost started from his seat with dismay. He felt that there must be something wrong in the domestic economy of fashionable households, when the amount of the wine-merchant's bill so greatly exceeded that of the butcher—the retailer of wholesome and necessary food; and then—oh! strange inconsistency! he hastened to soothe the disagreeable reflections awakened by this conviction, in the very liquor the expense of which caused his dissatisfaction with himself. Yes—alone in his study, did he again fly to the bottle for an evanescent consolation; when his wife and beautiful children were a few rooms distant from him, and could have been a more efficient source of happiness than all the artificial delights which he found in the bottle.

Suddenly the door opened, and a servant announced Mr. Terrywhist. Melville, whose cheeks were flushed with drinking, staggered to meet his old acquaintance, whom he had not seen for some time, and desired him to be seated. He then ordered the servant, as a matter of course, to place another bottle of wine upon the table; and when this command was executed, and the domestic had withdrawn, Mr. Terrywhist, whose peculiar failing the reader will probably recollect, expounded the object of his visit.

"My dear Sir," said this gentleman, "I have a most important—a very particular, and a singularly remarkable favour to solicit at your hands—a favour I feel confident you will not refuse, inasmuch as it is an old friend who asks it."

Melville sipped his wine, and awaited the climax of this apostrophe.

"My daughter—my dearest daughter Elizabeth, Mr. Melville," pursued the old gentleman, "is to be married to-morrow. To-morrow, she changes her name of Terrywhist for the equally honourable though probably less euphonious one of Chizzelhurst; and my fondest hope—my most sanguine ex-

pectation—my enthusiastic wish is that you will honour us with your company at the *déjeuner à la fourchette* which Mrs. Terrywhist will provide!"

Melville expressed his readiness to accede to this request; and Mr. Terrywhist drank off a couple of glasses of wine, one after the other, with all the gravity which usually accompanies a good action.

"I felicitate you upon the intended marriage of your daughter," said Melville, after a long pause.

"Ah! you may indeed felicitate me," said Mr. Terrywhist. "I have found a treasure in Mr. Chizzelhurst—a great treasure. I can assure you upon that veracity which was never impeached! In a word, my dear Sir," added Mr. Terrywhist, "my future son-in-law is a man of your stamp—a genius—an unknown Milton—a private Byron—a domestic Scott—a—a—"

"A very clever fellow, I suppose," said Victor, seeing that his companion hesitated.

"Exactly, my dear Sir," answered the old gentleman, grateful for this suggestion. "And if you wish for a proof of my future son-in-law's super-admirable, transcendent, and unparalleled abilities, you have only to peruse this effusion."

As he uttered these words with a more than usual pomposity, Mr. Terrywhist slowly extracted a pink paper from his pocket, and handed it to Melville, who was just sober enough to be enabled to read the following lines, which were addressed "to Miss Elizabeth Terrywhist, by her adoring lover!"—

When a man cannot pay his debts, he
Must go to quail my charming Betsy—
And, though the fault may be his,
Still is he doomed to stay in prison.

Such is my case. A large amount
Of love, for which I can't account,
I owe my dearest girl, I own—
But how to pay it, I don't know.

I understand your heart and I,
As in the spider's web the fly,
But there's no Insolvency Court
To which my love can have resort.

As old rag will burn to tinder,
So has my heart become a tinder—
Be careful to the man who sets ye
A good example, dearest Betsy.

So now no more from one who knows
That he is yours from head to toes,
For I'm your last love and your first—
Your old devoted Chizzelhurst!

"Fare!" said Mr. Terrywhist, rising as Melville returned him the paper, "what do you think of that?"

"Excellent," answered our hero, with difficulty suppressing a laugh.

"Good-bye for the present, my dear Sir," said the old gentleman. "We shall expect you and your amiable wife to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock precisely. You shall then have an opportunity of forming the acquaintance of one of the most erudite persons in existence—no other, indeed, than the author of that pathetic poem which you have just read."

Mr. Terrywhist consigned the paper to his pocket with the care which any one would naturally bestow upon so valuable a document, and then gravely took his leave. At that moment the time-piece upon the mantel in Victor's elegantly furnished study struck eleven; and our hero pushed away from before him the writing materials with an impatient air. He felt that he had partaken too copiously of the wine which had effected so deep an inroad upon his property; and, in spite of the flow of artificial spirits which it had produced, he could not avoid the thought that he was again laying himself open to the wiles of a most dangerous enemy. He rose from his chair, with the intention of seeking his wife in

the drawing room, and banishing his infelicitous thoughts by hearkening to the melody of her sweet voice, when the door of his study was again opened, and a servant entered the apartment.

"A gentleman wishes to speak to you immediately, Sir," said the domestic.

"Who is he?" demanded Melville.

"A stranger, Sir," was the answer; "and he said that it was no use to give his name."

"Let him come up," returned our hero.

The servant withdrew; and in a few moments the visitor was ushered into the room. Melville advanced a few steps to meet him; but he retreated with feelings of horror and disgust, when he recognized the features of his ancient companion in iniquity—Mr. Tibbatts.

(To be continued in our next.)

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

No. IV.

BUT America was not always to remain a mere outpost of European discord. The peaceful gaze of genius was upon her; the most brilliant intellect of the age was busily prefiguring to itself the precious benefits that must ensue from the judicious appropriation of her soil. The vanity of the states of antiquity was not satisfied until they claimed a demigod for their founder; the magnificent monument of America may esteem itself honoured in being indebted for its discovery to Columbus; the United States in owing their early settlement to Raleigh. Strange is it, and somewhat like retributive justice, that the victim of the jealousy or weakness of a king, whose excellent notions of kingship have never been surpassed, should have been the planter of a state which proves how possible it is to dispense with kings. His name now excites no emotion in America; but there was a time when it was associated with proud remembrance and fond regret; and it is pleasing," says Mr. Graham, "to observe how the earliest historians of America claim kindred between him and their country, and blend with their narrative occasional references to his fortunes and fate." But it was to the desert effects of this great man that she was indebted for the permanent establishment of English civilization in her wilds. The four attempts made at his own cost entirely failed. It was not until twenty-two years after the landing of the first colony at Beaufort, that the company of merchants, to whom he had ceded his patent, founded James-town, and laid the first basis of a society, which by continuous increase, has at length expanded into a numerous and powerful people.

The stream of colonization, from this period, flowed without intermission, though with various degrees of rapidity, towards the vast Atlantic border of North America. Before the close of the seventeenth century, the name of Virginia, originally given to this extensive region, was confined to a single province; and eleven colonies sprung up, possessing chartered governments, and a population of more than 800,000 souls. The motives and views of the emigrants were various, but almost all intelligent and sound. The spirit of adventurous enterprise with which every fibre of England thrilled, the profound agitation of intellect, of which the first phase was the Reformation, and the second the Usurpation, diffusing an intense desire for action, the wrongs and retaliations of civil discords placing men and principles in deadly opposition to each other; the coarse and selfish liberty, so noble when it is oppressed, so haughty and despotic when it can itself oppress, yet so precious without, glad of a refuge from defeat; religious enthusiasm as in the puritan, gloomy, and almost as savage as the wilderness it sought; or, as in the Quaker, so gentle and so mild as to seem as little capable of resisting the rude buffets of society, as the most fragile vase the hurry and bustle of a boisterous crowd; all these, combined with commercial speculations, and the usual portion of low and sordid gain, composed the projectile force that launched the colonies into their great career. It amuses us, indeed, to read, that, of the first recruits of the little colony planted at James-town, in 1607, the greater part were gentlemen, a few were labourers, and some were jewellers and refiners of gold; and we should be tempted to doubt that any but temporary purposes were contemplated by its founders, if we did not discover that one of the earliest returns made by the colonist, within a year after their settlement, was a batch of admirals, recorders, chronologists, and justices of

peace, very respectable ornaments to an old society, but very inconvenient consumers in a new one. The early history of this earliest of the English colonies, during the toils and hardships of its first struggles, especially with its first governor, Smith, is of the most precious interest. The country that could produce so remarkable a man must have possessed, even at that period, rich elements of national character: for his qualities were of that homely, though sterling kind, that are less personal in the individual than indicative of the moral and social influence in which he has been placed. Of undaunted courage, moral as well as physical, purest simplicity and integrity, profound and manly piety, he was possessed of that mental constitution, which bears the unpretending name of common sense, but which in him, as in the future champion of American liberty, attained an elevation which places it almost on a level with genius. Abundant proofs of the qualities we here assign to him, will be found even in the brief sketch we shall offer, in our proceeding notices of the progress of Virginia. An abstract of the history of this colony, as well as that of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, interspersed with incidental allusions to the other provinces, will furnish a tolerable picture of the condition of the American people from the period of their first colonization to that of their revolution.

To be continued.

DRUNKENNESS.

DRUNKENNESS, considered in a physical point of view, is that derangement of the animal economy which is produced by drinking spirituous or fermented liquors. The effects of fermented liquor on the animal economy arises from its stimulating power, or the power which it possesses of exciting the muscular parts, and increased rapidity and strength of action, as well as the nervous and mental qualities to an unusual and unnatural degree of ardour. When the animal functions are carried on with languor and feebleness, from whatever cause, the general sensations of the body are uneasy, restless, and to a degree of pain. Thus, after long fasting, want of sleep, fatigue, or disease, this condition of the frame exists, and prompts us instinctively to the employment of some stimulus. We should then discriminate between a right stimulus and an improper one: a good meal or a warm bath will be found the correct stimulus, and intoxicating drinks will prove the dangerous and unnatural one. The immediate effect of a good meal is the diffusion of a general sensation through the body, the relaxation and softness of the previous state are superseded by a general pleasurable feeling of warmth and energy, accompanied by an indescribable tranquillity and composure, of which the countenance is enlivened with a glow of animation, in consequence of the free circulation through the numerous blood-vessels, and the relaxed and supple muscular parts, which were before languid and stiff.

This natural and necessary degree of excitement, both mental and corporeal, is the result of a proper stimulus—i.e., a hearty and wholesome meal, without the aid of intoxicating drinks. This is the excitement of nature, as consistent with, and according to, the healthy operation of the constitution, and contributes to preserve the frame of life to its latest spark.

But when the healthy excitement is called into requisition, the stimulating effects of the stimulus become diseased. The excitement is improperly quickened, so that the whole surface glows with redness and uneasy warmth—the face is flushed—the eyes become suffused with a degree of redness from the blood being carried into the smaller vessels, which are ordinarily as they ought to be transparent with lymph only. The passions and disposition are also elevated beyond their natural pitch, and a fearful and dangerous reaction must be anticipated. "In the human," says Dr. Johnson, "the constant source of excitement is the desire of courage and bashfulness for confidence. . . . A weak mind and body are not animated by the use of intoxicating liquors, in all its qualities and functions, for above the accustomed powers naturally inherent in the constitution.

This state of most injurious excitement manifests itself in various ways, in different individuals, and also under the influence of different species of liquor. Thus, intoxication from drinking port or other malt liquors, which contain the narcotic substance of the hop or other vegetable, together with much mastic and matter, and are drunk in large quantities, is generally accompanied with more of stupor than the intoxication occasioned by distilled spirits; and the same may be said of the heavier wines, as compared with the lighter or those which contain carbonic acid gas. But the variety of the symptoms of drunkenness depends much more on the natural disposition, and on the corporeal temperament of the individual, than on the species of the intoxicating liquor. We thus see some in their cups mild and gentle, while others are fierce and implacable; this one is complaisant to his enemy, and forgetful of injury; that person is insensible to his friend and thoughtful of revenge. This man is gay and loquacious; that one dull, silent, and sullen; and another is turbulent and

loud, making the place of his orgies echo with oaths and imprecations. As in other species of insanity, the inebriated feel not the blush of shame; and the drunkard degrades himself below the brute which he imitates. A man, who is naturally of a merciful disposition, becomes a fiend when under the influence of liquor; and full of truth is the popular phrase that "such-an-one is disguised in drink."

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Bridged from the original Tract written

By THE REV. JOHN FRANCIS WITTY.

AMONGST all the discoveries that have been made by philosophers and philanthropists, and all the moral achievements which have ever been effected by political economists, or Christian patriots, no discovery has been made more adapted to accomplish the end in view, and to meet the case of the enslaved and demoralized portion of our fellow-creatures, than that connected with the present temperance movement. Until within the last few years no effectual barrier has been raised against the malignant influence of intemperance, and no means, however good and efficient in other respects, have been successfully employed for impeding the destructive effects of the wide-spreading evil, or for the overthrow of the monstrous idol of Britain's idolatry. A way, however, of effectual and glorious liberty has at length been discovered. The greatest moral reformation has been commenced, and the mighty movement is now producing effects the most astonishingly magnificent. It is a reformation that is based upon imperishable principles,—a machinery of vast and incalculable power, moved by intellectual force, and scientific discoveries. It is formed upon the most extensive scale, and will ere long produce such a mighty and beneficial revolution in our country, as shall occasion the greatest delight to the friends, and promoters of such benevolent objects, and fill with consternation and shame interested opponents of their country's welfare. It is founded with enthusiasm that we entertain such expectations. We look at the chains that have awakened this concern for the enslaved in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America; we think of the instrumentality employed; we look at the amazing change already produced, and contemplate the success which has crowned our Temperance Societies, in the Five Millions enrolled total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; and we cannot but look forth with confidence to the clouds which have long obscured the prospects of England and Ireland, and expect the removal of an evil which has long been an extensive and destructive curse.

In this solemn enterprise and noble reformation, will not you, brethren of the Church of England, engage? Shall other churches and nations take part in this war against such a monster, as we, and we without our aid? Shall the temperance banner which has gathered millions around it, be unfurled, and we raise no standard in order to stem the awful torrent of iniquity which is every year carrying thousands of our fellow-creatures to the gates of eternity? Can you bear of thousands of broken-hearted widows, miserable wives, and starving children, and feel no distress for the cause of such wretchedness? Is it possible that the withering influence of this curse, as seen in lunatic asylums, workhouses, hospitals, and prisons, and yet we remain indifferent and inactive? Does its pestilential influence extend over the sea and land, villages and towns, amongst the learned and unlearned, Christians and infidels, and shall not our patriotism be aroused, our benevolence excited, and our charity called into active service?

You have nobly and successfully attacked heathenism and idolatry in the distant lands. You have protested against slavery, and with undiminished boldness, are seeking the entire extinction of the slave trade. You have established institutions for widows and orphans, and provided for the afflicted, poor, and blind. Let your Christian charity, which has led you so effectively to overthrow slavery in so many heathen countries, now lead you to join in the attempt now making to emancipate our country from the most fearful slavery, and deliver our fellow-creatures from the most heinous and sanguinary traffic which has ever existed, despite influence, over body and mind. Remember, I beseech you, that it is not for countries you have never seen that I now plead, or for people that are separated by seas and mountains, that I desire to move your sympathy, and engage your benevolent exertions. No, Christian friends, it is in behalf of thousands of your own countrymen. Some are Sabbath-breakers, some sensitives, some prostitutes, some thieves, some blasphemers, and some murderers. All more or less under the malignant and maddening influence of intoxicating drinks. Many struggles with conscience and mental conflicts have been endured before such stages of iniquity were reached, but such are the polluting and emboldening effects of this prolific cause of every species of bodily sensuality and vice, that persons naturally kind and generous, moral and industrious, and in many instances religiously educated, have become hardened and cruel, like and perverse, and when under the influence of this insinuating and insidious poison, have been prepared for the perpetration of the most awful deeds of cruelty or perdition.

With respect to thousands who through intoxicating

liquors have terminated a miserable life either by the river, the rope, the razor, the pistol, in the madhouse, in the prison, or in the hospital, you can render no assistance; they have received the wages of sin; and as it regards many now in prisons and lunatic asylums you may be unable to do any thing; yet for the sake of thousands whom you may benefit and save from a drunkard's doom; for the sake of starving wives and weeping mothers; and for the sake of worse than fatherless children, deserted, or doomed to ignorance, misery, and vice—come forward and help us by your donations, subscriptions, personal influence, advocacy, example, and prayers!

MR. ROWBOTHAM'S LAST LECTURE.

THIS overwhelming champion of the publicans determined a few evenings ago to give a lecture against Teetotalism, which should at once annihilate a doctrine professed by five millions of individuals, and establish the cause of the brewers, distillers, and retailers of intoxicating liquors for ever! Placards were accordingly posted all over the metropolis, and advertisements inserted in all the journals, to announce Mr. Rowbotham's intention of delivering an anti-teetotal lecture in a room which he had hired for the occasion in a house up an alley, down a court, in the eminently respectable and fashionable neighbourhood of Rosemary Lane.

It is not necessary to particularize dates; suffice it to say that, on the evening announced, the room, which was airy and conveniently situated up four pair of stairs and a ladder, on the top of the house, close to a large stack of chimneys, and just beneath the eilings,—this eligible place of assembly, we say, was lighted up with a pound of sixes properly distributed, to the utter dismay of three or four fowls that were roosting on the beams which ran across this room. Indeed, Mr. Rowbotham's enemies have declared that the room was nothing more than a loft; but Mr. Rowbotham has since addressed a letter to the *Evening Newspaper* to deny the foul aspersion.

The forms and chairs were all properly arranged by an old woman who had been paid a shilling in advance for her trouble; and sundry cob-webs had been swept away from the walls and corners. Mr. Rowbotham surveyed these preparations with eyes beaming with delight, and then commenced his calculations as follows.

"Now, I think," said he to the respectable and respected char-woman who had perfected these arrangements, "this will be a glorious evening for me. I should say that this room will hold three hundred people; and I know that it will be crowded to excess. Three hundred persons will go away, with my lecture in their hearts."

"Yes, Sir," interrupted Mrs. Dikings; "and if you gave emagin free grants for nothink, they'd go away with that too in their heads."

"So they would," Mrs. Dikings," said Mr. Rowbotham, with a benignant smile upon the amiable brow of seventy-two who had just addressed him. "But, as I was saying, these three hundred people will talk about my lecture to nine hundred more; because each one must converse about it to at least three; and thus twelve hundred individuals will feel the proper impression I am so anxious to make. Then each one pays one penny admission; and three hundred pence make—how much, Mrs. Dikings? Have you got a bit of chalk?"

The attentive woman gave a reply in the negative and regarded herself with a pinch of snuff.

"Oh, I know," continued Mr. Rowbotham, "the amount will be one pound five. Let me see, then, one shilling the room—one shilling for you—sixpence halfpenny the candles—fivepence halfpenny gin and beer for you and me—two shillings placards; and that makes five shillings. The publican round the corner paid for the advertisements in the papers, and so I shall just have a pound clear for myself. That's capital! If I don't have a regular flow-out of bottled temper, onions, and half-and-half after it's all over my name isn't Rowbotham!"

And as he uttered these words he struck his hand violently—not upon his brow, as a novelist or romance-writer would have made him do—but on the very identical high chair which had been raised upon an inverted washing-tub for himself.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Dikings, "the company's a-comin'."

And sure enough the company *did* come, at that precise moment, in the person of a small boy who, with his hands in his pockets, proceeded to seat himself upon the form facing the chair and the tub. As soon as this small boy had glanced around him in an approving manner, he relieved the monotony of the scene by whistling, with peculiar ease and grace, the popular air of *The Dog's Head Man*. Mrs. Dikings, seeing that her presence was no longer required, hastened to the adjacent public-house to disturb her shilling in a favourite beverage of her's, de-acquainted dog's-nose.

The time passed away—half-hour and half-hour succeeded each other, and the company was not increased. The whole audience consisted of the small boy; and not another step ascended the convenient ladder leading to the loft. Mr. Rowbotham snuffed all his candles with his fingers, and his countenance looked blue. He however reasoned that it must never be said that he had not been able to deliver his lecture for want of an audience; so he determined to make the best of a bad job, and begin,

With dire and befitting solemnity, Mr. Rowbotham walked towards the chair, and then turned towards the audience, the audience (which was the small boy) grinning amazingly the whole time.

"Order," cried Mr. Rowbotham; and the small boy immediately commenced chewing an apple.

"Pursuant to notice," said Mr. Rowbotham, "I shall now proceed to take the Chair. Those who are in favour of this motion will hold up their hands."

The small boy held up his hand accordingly.

"Against it," said Mr. Rowbotham: but of course there was no dissentient voice, because there was no other voice at all save the small boy's; and he had already delivered himself in favour of the first proposition. Mr. Rowbotham accordingly proceeded to take the chair; but the top, or rather bottom of the inverted tub took it into his head to give way just at that moment, and the lecturer rolled upon the floor. The small boy, who thought that this was some experiment in natural philosophy, and a part of the evening's entertainment, applauded amazingly; and an old cock, who was roosting on one of the beams, crowed forth in a long shrill note to complete the discomfiture of Mr. Rowbotham.

The accident was however soon remedied; Mr. Rowbotham placed the chair upon the floor, and after two or three "hema" and "ha's" proceeded to address his audience (the small boy) as follows:—

"Respected friend; you have met here—I mean you are come upon a most important business—a matter involving your comforts and your social enjoyments—nay, I may say, your very liberties, and even your life,—yes, for your life is threatened by the doctrines of the Teetotalers."

Here the small boy, who had been gazing very timidly around him from the first moment that the lecturer had commenced, and who had turned ghastly pale when he heard that his life was menaced, rose hastily from the form on which he was seated, made a desperate rush towards the top of the ladder, down which he precipitated himself in the literal sense of the word, and made his escape from the vicinity of the lecture-room with all the speed he could possibly call to his aid.

Mr. Rowbotham was somewhat disconcerted at this rapid retreat of his audience, and for a moment knew not what course to pursue. He found that his credit as a man of genius was at stake; and resolved to create an impression on the people in the street, somehow or another, that he was lecturing to a numerous audience. A thought struck him: it was a happy idea—well worthy the imagination of so great a man; and he hastened to put it into execution. He accordingly hurried to the window, threw it open, and then began bawling away with all his might, sometimes leaning half out of the window, and always keeping close to it, so that what he said might be heard in the street.

"My dear friends," roared the lecturer, "Teetotalism is folly. Water is the most deadly poison you can take, and that is the reason why water on the brain always kills its victims. I also appeal to you, as rational beings—or thinking men, are not people drowned by falling into the water? And what is the dropsy but a quantity of water hanging about the human frame? These are proofs of the deleterious effects of water. Drink gin and beer, my dear friends; there is nothing like gin and beer—unless it's wine, and that I recommend also. Look at the brewers' horses, how fat they are; and they live upon nothing but beer; and see how thin people get in the Union workhouses, because they are deprived of their gin there. All this is common sense, my dear friends. I am proud at addressing this crowded audience," (here he leant out of the window, and roared out the words "crowded audience" at the top of his voice, "and with these words I shall sit down.")

But instead of sitting down, he clapped his hands with all his might and main; jumped up and down the room, kicked down the forms, shouted "Hurrah!" and "Bravo!" and did all he could to imitate the applause of the crowded audience which existed only in his own imagination. He then departed to his own residence; but he did not have the anticipated blow-out of tripe and half-and-half.

On the following morning the daily papers all gave a most flaming account of Mr. Rowbotham's lecture; and the world believed that the "assembly room" was "densely crowded with most respectable persons," and that Mr. Rowbotham "completely succeeded in convincing his hearers of the folly of Teetotal doctrines."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to avail ourselves of the kind assistance promised by our Hull correspondent, the Rev. J. MESSER. We thank R. M. for his kindness in sending the verses, but we do not think that the insertion of poetry is pleasing to our readers. Poetry is but little sought after, even by the most refined.

Several works for review have been received, and will meet with due attention next week.

THE MARIAGE MERCHANT, a sketch by H. W. WESTON, Esq., will appear in our next.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 1840.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY has refused to allow a piece of land upon his estate in Ireland to be devoted to the use of Teeto-

talism, and for the purpose of building upon it a Hall where the disciples of this new light of reformation can assemble. We know that the march of improvement, in the shape of railways and other useful constructions, has, like every other good, its own qualifying and necessary portions of evil; and of that evil a part exists in the destruction or alteration of sites which are hallowed by their own natural charm, or sanctified by the associations connected with them. Many a scene of peaceful seclusion has been and is about to be broken into by the great highways along which the interests of the world are, henceforth, to travel in a continuous stream, and with a roar which shall prevent the hush of solitude from ever falling down upon its vallies again; and many a time-honoured edifice, round which the affections of a village, or the reverence of a world, have long learnt to cling, must be displaced by the plough-shares of science—those plough-shares which are levelling all things before them—making pathways over rivers, and under them—and conducting the vehicles of traffic through the hearts of the everlasting hills.

But the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY was solicited to make no sacrifice, either to the affections of the village, or the reverence of the world, when a philanthropic and humane body of men petitioned the donation of a small spot of ground on which to raise a temple the sanctity and utility of which are second to those of the lanes of religion alone. The selfish—the bigotted—the prejudiced—the narrow-minded peer, found no objection to the request in the associations connected with his own heart and the plat of land solicited; but he doubtless trembled, in the plenitude of his Tory egotism, for the rapid inroads which Teetotalism is destined to make upon all the vices, the evil habits, and the revolting dissipation of the aristocratic orders of society.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY penned a miserable apology for his refusal,—that apology being based upon a pretended affection for moderate measures of social reform, and an objection to extreme methods. Now any one who knows the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, either personally or from report, is fully aware that his lordship is entirely opposed to all reforms whatsoever, however salutary they may be, however necessary, or however applied. Every one knows that, like the majority of his aristocratic compeers, this nobleman is the decided enemy to the interests of the middling and lower orders of society; and that any doctrine, which has a tendency to improve the minds of the working-classes and enable them to think for themselves, is certain to experience a most virulent opposition at his hands. The generality of the aristocracy tremble at the idea of education being propagated amongst the working classes; because education will teach them to contemplate the oppressed condition in which they languish; and the result of mental improvement will necessarily be an anxiety for social and political elevation. All these chances are well weighed and calculated by this intolerant and ambitious peer—this enemy to the working-classes, those pillars of the state, those founders of all the wealth which he and his equally selfish compeers possess; and he knows full well that Teetotalism is essentially calculated to amend the condition of the people. Teetotalism will enable sober parents to educate their children; a new generation will spring up—not a generation of intemperate sets, but a generation of thinkers; and the first use of an unshackled and expanded intellect will be to embrace, with adequate powers of comprehension, all the abuses and tyrannies of which the working masses are the victims. The doctrines of Teetotalism already exercise such powerful influences over the hearts and fortunes of

men, and have established so wide a free-masonry, which enables far-separated minds to intercommunicate as it were, by spells less subtle, but more sure, than those of the Rosicrucians of old,—that those doctrines present, even to observers of the more careless class, the effect of some mysterious agency going on before their eyes, and suggest that results, as great as ever were sought from the lost promises of natural magic, are achieved by the magic of a system which indeed involves the principles of long life, perfect happiness, and competent fortune.

THE traveller amid the wild scenery of Derbyshire is struck, on approaching the beautiful vale of Matlock, or the town of Ashbourne, from whatever side, by the aspect of a conical hill, on the top of which are planted, side by side, two (and only two) trees, looking like twin orphans of the forest, and having actually a moral physiognomy which gives assurance of some touching story to the heart. And very touching and tender is the story which they stand there to represent,—making a portion of the lore of these vallies, and always related by the guard of the mail or stage coach which whirls you around the base of Two-tree hill. Two brothers of the neighbourhood, the last of their race,—uprooted from their ancestral soil by the decay of their ancient fortunes, were compelled to seek their bread in distant lands,—and, led by the prospects opened up to them, in opposite directions of the world. Before quitting their native valley, they met upon the hill which bears their record yet; and there they planted, each with his own hand, and side by side, these two trees, as a rallying standard to their hearts, and a pledge that they would one day return from the far places of the earth, to unite their bettered fortunes amid the hills where they were born. And through many and many a dreary winter have those trees stood there, in memory of that covenant of the heart: and through many and many a summer have they lifted up their leafy banners, to wave the wanderers back! But never have those brothers returned to the trying-trees:—never was it given to either to listen to the music which haunts amid their branches,—unless, indeed, the doctrine of Pythagoras be true,—unless the wanderers have come back on the wing of the bird, and the feeling which reared the trees be uttered yet amid their boughs, in the language of song!

Very beautiful are those memorials of the lost ones, amid the silent hills. But sad was the fate of the two brethren who placed those memorials there. The one proceeded to the East Indies; and the other to the West: but England was the point to which each turned his eyes. Never—never did they reach that point again: for dissipation cut them off at an early age,—the one beneath the scorching sun of Hindostan; the other on the sea-girt shores of Jamaica. Thus did the accursed genius of Intemperance destroy the only hope of those loving youths, and invest the fable of Two-tree hill with a sad and painful interest.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Donations and Subscriptions received by the Treasurer since our last.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Sulley, Market Harbo	0	5	0
Mr. Samuel Bott, Leicester	0	7	6d
Mr. John Cadbury, Birmingham	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Thorn, Stourbridge	1	0	0
The Rev. Robert Hurley, Redditch	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Bridges, Tewkesbury	0	12	6

LONDON.

Mr. B. Smith, Wine Office Court, Fleet-st.	0	10	0
Mr. F. A. Galloway, West-st., Southwark	7	0	0
A Friend	0	4	0
Mr. H. Gillellan, Friday Street	0	5	0
Mr. J. S. Benstead, Basing Lane	0	2	6
A Friend	0	5	0

THE WAY TO INDEPENDENCE.

BY "THE PAINTER'S DEVIL."

"Now there was found a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city: yet no man remembered that same poor man. —Then said I, wisdom is better than strength, nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised and his words are not. The words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him who ruleth amongst fools. —Wisdom is better than war, but one sinner destroyeth much good." —ECCLES. 17.

WORKING MEN of England — mechanics and artisans, — dangerous as the attempt is, still we are resolved to address you: — we say dangerous, because we are well aware that if we attempt to lay before you any plan by which you can raise yourselves in the scale of society — any plan by which you can obtain your moral rights — we shall have the charge of Chartism or Socialism hurled at us with a mighty vengeance: or, if we attempt to interfere with the old, antiquated system of education, at present in vogue, we shall inherit the charge of infidelity: — and all this without the slightest reasonable ground; for Chartism, Socialism, and Infidelity, we most energetically repudiate. Again, there is danger even from yourselves: for how often do you turn again and rend the parties most anxious to save and release you from your present system of degradation.

A few poor men at Preston, six or seven years ago, started a principle which is calculated to work out all that the most philanthropic could ever desire, or that the imagination of the wildest enthusiast could ever depict. This principle — the principle of total abstinence from all that intoxicates — will, if you embrace it, save you from languishing in a state of tyrannical injustice, and enable you to regain all that you have lost: it will raise you in the scale of society, and will give you, in short, the honourable title of rational men: then the *corrupt* will be the *razz de!* and whoever then shall oppose the progress of truth, will be swept away in the mighty vortex. The working men of England — too long under the crushing influence of intemperance, bound eyes and hand, have not as yet cleared their mental optics for an extended vision. What makes the glory of a mighty land? The labour of your hands, we say; the undaunted energies of the working classes. As you wander through our mighty cities, every step you take is on your own industry — every thing around is the fruit of your toil, and the result of your skill. Yes, whilst you create wealth for others, which is hoarded up with the greatest care — which is increased by every stratagem, your own hard-earned wealth is tied up in a napkin, and buried in the earth — not bringing in *simple*, much less *compound* interest, — for you place it in the till of the publican, who, in return, only bestows that which dethrones reason, and makes you the more easily his dupe. We ask you, What are your plans for obtaining wealth? what keeps you from the pursuit? where are your bankers? what is the interest you receive? where are your speculations, and your projected joint-stock companies?

You are well aware, that the charges are constantly urged against you of a lack of education, and a want of all stake in the government of the country — arguing therefrom a right to deprive you of your elective franchise. We shall consider these two charges separately: and, first, show the reason why you are not possessed of these invaluable boons, and then point out the way to obtain them. And, in doing this, we know we shall, in the mind of every liberal and rational individual, be free from the charge of Chartism.

First — *Education*. When we look around and see how anxious the Dissenters are to secure to themselves the education of your children; when we look at Mother Church, and see the various well-supported charity-schools under her control, — we are not surprised, that she and the Dissenters should, like two opposition omnibus-men quarrelling for a passenger, strive which shall obtain possession of that which ought to be under your own immediate control. Seeing this, we are apt to suspect interested motives. And when we, with pity, gaze upon the miserable objects of children, dressed in the most ludicrous style imaginable — with their frass hedges, leather breeches, blue stockings, &c.; and when we look at the return you get for this humiliating exposure of your offspring, in the way of education, and find that they are only parrot-like taught the Church of England catechism, to read the Bible, to scrawl their name on a slate, and to do abstinence every time they meet the churchwarden or parson, — when this fact stares us in the face, we say, that it is only the poverty induced by intoxicating drinks, that ever could have induced you to accept the humiliation. With the rapid

march of intellect, charity-schools are left behind; and there is no reason why the various grammar-schools, erected in nearly every corporate town, should not be thrown open to the children of the mechanic, as they were originally intended: — there is no reason why the rich should engross all the best schools, where the education is gratuitous, and leave the poor all the inferior ones — the education obtained in which is worse than useless. But we might say, Why be beholden to them at all? pay for the education of your sons yourselves; see that the master does his duty; see that they are instructed in a way which shall tend to raise them in society. Think you, in these charity-schools they will be taught the way to honour, wealth, or fame? No! no! for already "the toe of the peasant treads so near the heel of the courtier that it galls his gibe." Are your sons, being intended to become mechanics, ever taught, in these very charitable institutions, the first principles of mechanical power — the screw, the pulley, or the inclined plane? — are they ever taught the first principles of political economy, the study of which alone can prepare them to defend their rights as tradesmen, and the adaptability of which to the capacity of youth, has been made apparent by Miss Martineau? — No! The extent of the knowledge is, that w-o-r-k spells "work." We say, in conclusion, let no one have the power over the formation of your children's mind, but such as you can place dependence in, that they will do their duty, and fit them not only to fill their present station in life, but for a higher should they be called to it; and urge them on yourselves, with parental authority, to the attainment thereof. The reduction of the publican's score will put you in possession of the means to do this.

Secondly — *The want of stake in the country*. Who now holds your stakes but the publican? Would not that money which you have paid to this individual, during the last six or seven years, have secured you not only a vote for the borough, but also made you a freeholder for the county? You may start at this; but, as we said before, your money is in a sinking fund, it is not out at compound interest or simple interest either. But let us for one moment calculate what the money you weekly spend in intoxicating drinks, directly or indirectly, would amount to in seven years. Would you take a £100 for it? Five shillings a week, at compound interest, would do that! Then, what would you do with £100? Read the notes appended to this article, and you will see that, by a continued system of economy, you might eventually be the proprietor of a leasehold estate worth £1000. There is no insurmountable bar between

• The truth of this statement will be exemplified in the following extracts from "The Life and Annuity Tables of the National Endowment and Assurance Society, Arthur-street west, London-bridge:" —

I. By the payment of £5 12s. for 14 years, or 2s. 2d. per week, the sum of £100 will become receivable at the end of that period. Thus a person may secure to himself the sum of £1000 at the end of 14 years, by the payment for that term, of the Annual Premium of £56.

II. If a person purchase the unexpired term of 21 years, in a Leasehold Estate yielding a net income of £100 per annum, for £1000, and effect an assurance for that amount, £3 4s. 8d. per cent. per annum for the time; being £32 2s. 6d. a year, leaving a clear income of £67 17s. 6d., which is more than six and three-quarters per cent. for money, and the office will repay him the £1000 at the expiration of the time.

III. As an example of the variable payments, it may be observed, that if a person pay to the office £10 on the 1st of January, 1855, £20 on the 15th of November in the same year, £5 on the 20th of July following, and so on: the whole would be repaid, with compound interest, on the 1st of January, 1845, or, at any more distant period.

IV. A person aged 25 may assure the sum of £100 to be paid to his wife and family at his decease, should that occur within one year, by a premium of £1: if within seven years, by an Annual Premium of £1 2s.; or, whenever the decease may happen, at an Annual Premium of £2 0s. 6d.: being in the latter instance, but little more than 9d. a week; and so on in proportion for any other amount. Thus £2000 may be assured for one year, by the payment of £20, or for the whole of life, by the payment of £40 10s. annually.

V. By the payment of an Annual Premium of £4 2s. 9d. for a child 5 years old, an Endowment of £100 will be paid on its attaining 21 years.

VI. The operations of this Society, are not, however, confined to these limits, but extend to the accumulation, with compound interest, of sums of money varying in amount, and unrestricted as to time of deposit; the repayment of which, to entitle the party to a participation in the Surplus Fund, must be fixed for a period of not less than seven years.

the higher and the middling classes: why should there be between the middling and the lower?

Our faith is strongly placed in the promises of Teetotalism: this faith is the more strengthened by the fact, that all, whose systems are founded on error and selfishness, fear lest the rays of truth, reflected from the burning mirror of Teetotalism, should be directed to their antiquated, crumbling institutions, and, in a moment, reduce them to ashes!

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

William Brett, aged 42, formerly a bread-and-biscuit baker in Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor Square, committed suicide a few days ago, when under the influence of intoxicating drink. The verdict of the jury was "Temporary Insanity, produced by the effect of intoxication."

John Laroux and Henry Davies, medical students, were charged at Hatton Garden, on Friday, Sept. 4th, with stealing several knockers. They pleaded intoxication as their excuse. They were each convicted in the penalty of £5, although the knockers were found in their possession, and although such scamps should have been committed to Newgate for the felony. Another magistrate sent a poor man last week to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court for a similar offence.

Father Mathew's visit to Naas and Athy has induced every drunkard in this county to take the medal. Publicans are striking in all directions. Teetotalism will be of the greatest service to the country, if kept apart from politics. — *Leinster Express*.

Died, on the 27th of August, at Dromore, county Kildare, at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-three years, Mrs. Martha Rooke. She had been a most abstemious woman all her life.

Mr. Kirby, the landlord of the White Swan, in Coleman-street, was accused by Joseph Robinson, of Ann's Place, Hackney Road, with assaulting him on Friday night at Bartholomew Fair. The landlord's excuse was that he was drunk; but the Alderman did not admit this apology for the ruffian's conduct. He fined him 10s. and made a minute of his conduct for the guidance of the magistrates next licensing day.

The *Sunday Times* comments severely upon the conduct of the two drunkards, who were brought up before a police magistrate a few weeks ago, and who pretended that they were Teetotalers. The name of one of these fellows was *Merriman*; that of the other has escaped our memory. We feel convinced that they had never received any medal or other testimony of their good conduct from any Committee or association of Teetotalers; and we question whether the whole affair was not got up by some miscreant publicans to endeavour to sustain their tottering cause against the giant hand of Teetotalism. We are sorry to see that the *Sunday Times* takes advantage of this tale to make some most illiberal remarks upon the Teetotalers; and yet this journal affects liberality of principle. It is not by preaching radicalism only that Editors of periodicals will evade the imputation of narrow-mindedness.

In another column of the *Sunday Times* of last Sunday, we rejoice to find the following observations relative to the Excise Court: — "This court, the terror of many evil-doers, is now closed until November next; but although the commissioners are allowed a little breathing time, not so the unhappy wights who chance to dispense sugar and water with certain other ingredients as genuine beer. These frauds shall be looked after sharper than ever. Whoever will take the trouble to glance over the list of names to which we have given publicity will not only be astounded, but will at once confess that we have worked a very great public benefit, for what can so readily bring sickness to the poor and working man's bedchamber as vilely adulterated beer, the only beverage attainable by him? The thanks of the great body of Teetotalers are also due for the exposures made by us regarding the adulteration of tea. It is the exposure in the public papers, and consequent loss of trade, that the unjust tradesman mostly dreads. Who will say then that such men ought not to be exposed? Certainly none but the blood-sucking scamps who in the guise of reporters hang about the court, and like ghouls that prey upon the charnel-house, feed and fatten upon guilt and knavery. We would drown such in the poisonous wash that they indirectly assist in pouring down the throats of her Majesty's subjects. In conclusion, we give the following advice to such of the licensed victuallers and tea-dealers, that are booked for the next sitting of the court, — not that they deserve anything at our hands, but that we wish to dispose of the swindling vagabonds who have made such a harvest there. This then is our advice: — Should any scamp, calling himself a reporter, wait upon them with offers of suppression, or suggestions as to getting up a petition, let the vexatious feeling engendered in the heart by the unfortunate discovery, find its way into the foot; in other words, at once kick the designing knave into the street. Let the wretches turn to some honest employment, if suitable to their healths, for this we have determined on — no more money shall be extorted to suppress from our journal."

We rejoice to find that the annual nursery of drunkenness, crime, and poverty, ye old Bartholomew Fair, is tottering towards its fall.

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE.

No. 3.

If the facility of obtaining ardent spirits and associating with bad company were lessened or removed, protection would be afforded not only to the virtuous and peaceable, but to those victims of the offended law, who, even at the most unripe ages, are permitted upon the present system, to abet and aid each other in devising the most revolting crimes, and in stimulating themselves by liquor to the commission of them. While it can be shown that culprits both become so at first, and are excited to the worst acts of crime by associating in public houses and beer-shops, and especially by the use of spirituous liquors at low prices, so long is the strongest temptation held out to those least able to withstand it; and they are led to violate those laws which, but for such an inducement, would never have been broken.

Crime has progressively increased of late years, more especially in London and Middlesex. The sessions at the Old Bailey afford the best proof of this fact; nor does the increase of population afford a satisfactory solution of the growth of crime. The increased system of drinking will, however, account for most of it; and the repeated confession of prisoners (especially of those under sentence of death) prove that their acquaintance with vicious companions, and their instruction and progress in crime, almost invariably arise from this source. Melancholy are the recitals heard by the governors of felons' gaols, from the old and young of both sexes—the illiterate house-breaker and the educated forger—the offender when first convicted, and the criminal who has grown old in vice—all proving the sense entertained by them alike of the consequences of drinking.

Morals are better than money, and national virtue above a system of finance; and therefore while a government takes care in providing for the pecuniary advantages of the people, it should not hazard the extinction of public morals, and the transformation of the national character. Whatever the duties upon spirits produce in monies numbered, the sordid addition thus derived by the revenue can never compensate for the evils they produce.

Both remotely and proximately, there is no such temptation to crime as is afforded by the drinking of spirituous liquors particularly, and by drinking of beer to a great extent.

More than half of the number of lunatics in Bethlehem hospital, said Mr. Poynder in his examination before the Committee of the House of Commons, became mad through drink; and the number of lunatics has greatly increased within late years.

The annual cost of ardent spirits to the people of Ireland, was upwards of six millions sterling, until Father Mathew began his great work. The habit of intemperance thus took an enormous sum from a country by no means able to afford it, and the sum itself was derived chiefly from the lower orders. Besides that enormous sum, it was, there were other sources of cost,—idleness, for instance, and the time lost by drunkenness, which were an actual dead loss to the country. The loss of a great quantity of grain was a grievous addition; and then the government had to support a numerous military and police establishment, part of whose business was to take care of drunkards, and prevent them from injuring the sober and each other. Police-offices and barracks once seemed to be the only prosperous places in Ireland.

The spirit trade is far from being so profitable to those who carry it on, as has been generally supposed. A few individuals have made their fortunes, and may make their fortunes; but still, taking it as a trade, it is most ruinous. It is pretty generally believed that money made in the spirit trade seldom descends to the grandchild. The opinion of some careful observers is that twelve out of thirteen persons, who have been for any length of time engaged in the retail spirit trade, exhibit, either in their own persons and property, or in the habits of members of their family, melancholy specimens of destruction caused by distilled spirits. Many spirit shops are kept by widows whose husbands killed themselves by drinking. The spirit seller in the suburbs of Belfast, in Ireland, understood the matter well, when he put on his sign-board "The Last Shift;" for assuredly to open a spirit shop is the very last shift.

Supposing a man to drink one glass of spirits, at two pence each glass daily; this would cost him three pounds per annum, which would clothe a poor man respectably.

One of the tests proposed at the time of the rebellion in Ireland, in 1795, was that a person during a prescribed period, till the breaking out of the rebellion, was not to use ardent spirits himself, and was to discountenance its use as far as he could in others.

REVIEWS.

Teetotalism Examined and Rejected. A Dialogue. Third Edition. 12mo. pp. 24. London: J. MASTERS.

We should not have noticed this pamphlet had not the words "Third Edition" caught our eyes; and as we know that the friends of brewers, distillers, wine-merchants, and publicans, will use their ut-

most endeavours to circulate a work which is opposed to Teetotalism, we shall endeavour to counteract the pernicious effects produced by the sale of the one now before us. We cannot congratulate the author upon the manner in which he has strung his arguments together, the whole arrangement of the pamphlet being as loose as the subject is devoid of foundation; and in one or two instances misrepresentation and exaggeration have verged into wilful and wanton falsehood.

This precious reasoner undertakes to prove that "every creature of God is good, whether of meats or drinks, and is to be used in moderation by them that love and obey the truth, with thanksgiving." If this be the case, then let the author of this pamphlet partake of a decoction of upas-leaves—let him regale himself with hemlock and deadly nightshade—let him chew Bohemian rosemary—let him vary his enjoyments with arsenic—let him stimulate his appetite with prussic acid—or let him have recourse to any of those "creatures of God" which the powers of discrimination, given to us by God, teach us to avoid as the means of certain death.

The author of this work says "that it is right and beneficial to abstain from spirits," because "they are a poison to the human frame." We thank him for an admission which his ignorance has alone suffered him to make. Spirits are alcohol in their pure state; and, if a person *must* drink something, it would be far better, and far less prejudicial to his health, for him to drink spirit diluted with water, than to partake of wine and beer. In drinking beer and wine, he imbibes a large quantity of alcohol; and this alcohol is so mixed up with the most deleterious drugs, narcotic substances, and mineral poisons, that any man of common sense must comprehend the difference between alcohol so associated, and alcohol in its far purer state.

The author of the pamphlet under notice then proceeds to say "the system of Teetotalism is so extreme, that he would as soon approve of the Popish system of monks and hermits, who flee from sight and contact of the world, for fear it should corrupt them." Teetotalism is an extreme measure; but the case, to which it is applied as a remedy, is also extreme. Extreme cases require extreme remedies; and Teetotalism is the radical reformer that pushes the boldness of its cure to the utter extirpation of the evil. Temperance, or moderation, resembles a physician, who, when called upon to attend a grievous case of mortification, thinks to cure it by gradient and gentle means, whereas the gangrene only spreads the more violently; but Teetotalism is the more experienced disciple of Esculapius who sees at one glance that nothing save immediate amputation of the injured limb will save the life of the patient.

The writer next proceeds to place upon record the following impertinent and illiberal observations:—

"I have heard some pretty tales of these teetotalers: they are like the Turks who proscribe all wine, but will get drunk with it on the sly. The teetotalers have been discovered with a watering near the tea-pot, which upon examination was found to contain gin!"

That there have been some inconsistent individuals, who have signed the pledge of total abstinence, and then relapsed to their habits of intemperance, we do not deny: the proverbial frailties of the human race would not be fulfilled, were not such the case; but that this is the conduct of the Teetotalers generally—or of even a considerable number of them, we deny. A visit to the Teetotal meetings will convince the uninitiated that the Teetotalers are too enthusiastic in their cause to fall easily into a relapse, or to be beguiled to sacrifice to the genius of intemperance. So extreme a measure as Teetotalism prevents its disciples from ever being lukewarm: a real Teetotaler is as enthusiastic in the principle he has adopted, as is the priest of some wooden deity in the wilds of eastern Asia. We accordingly fling back, with proper indignation, the lie in the teeth of the cowardly, unmanly, and unprincipled writer of the pamphlet under notice, and

pity him for being compelled to supply a deficiency of sound argument with a wilful falsehood—a falsehood which he knew to be such, when he wrote it down—a falsehood that proves the interested objects of his authorship on this occasion.

This wretchedly ignorant scribe indulges in the vulgar error that Teetotalers make an elaborate use of tea. We will assert with confidence that there is less tea drunk by the Teetotalers than by any body of men; and from the simple fact that they seldom drink at all; because a total abstinence from intoxicating liquors precludes the possibility of frequent thirst, save in the case when salt food may be eaten. The drink of the Teetotalers with their dinner is water, ginger-beer or lemonade. The author, whose merits we are now discussing, might have therefore spared himself all his long dissertation upon the evil effects of tea.

Then because the silly old aunt of this scribe used to say that "water would rot a post," he favours us with a dissertation upon the beverage—which nature has evidently intended for our use. No man was ever the worse for Teetotalism, unless it were some drunkard so far advanced in the stage of physical decay through the use of ardent spirits, that the sudden reaction extinguished the little spark of life which remained in him: but no man in the usual state of health, who adopts the principle of total-abstinence, can be injured by it. Teetotalism does no harm, but much good: even if it be an extreme measure, it is a humane and philanthropic one; and he must have a bad heart who will strenuously oppose a system that has carried happiness into many and many a dwelling whence that happiness had long been banished by the vice of intemperance.

Of course this author quotes the miracle of Cana, in Galilee, as an argument in favour of the use of wine. Every champion of the publicans' cause flies to blasphemy to uphold the damning and accursed system of intemperance: every enemy to Teetotalism seeks to pervert the Bible to a justification of his own infernal doctrines. But "the devil can quote scripture for his purpose;" and if the author of the pamphlet now before us, will turn to two former numbers of this journal, and peruse the papers entitled "The Wines of the New Testament," he will obtain a proper explanation of the miracle of Cana, in Galilee.

By way of conclusion, to this writer, and to all others, who attempt to throw ridicule upon the great cause of total-abstinence, we say.—Teetotalism has resisted the scoffs of the educated, and the wealth of the licensed victuallers; it has triumphed over the encouragement given to intemperance by a misguided legislature, and has thrown down the obstacles raised against it by even the clergy of the Protestant church: it has withstood the gibes of those who are interested in sustaining the credit of a ruinous habit, as the means of their own real interests or fancied enjoyments; and it shall not fall by your force!

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE TEETOTALER."

SIR,—Watching with interest and anxiety any thing connected with the cause of total abstinence, I cannot suffer your answer to "A LATE CONVERT," in your "Notices to Correspondents," in No. X. of *The Teetotaler*, to pass without trespassing a remark or two upon the attention of your readers. To me your meaning is quite clear, but it might lead a person ignorant of chemistry into error. The ginger-beer, which you tell your correspondent, he can take with safety, is made at the time it is about to be swallowed by dissolving two powders (one composed of carbonate of soda, ginger, and sugar, the other consisting of tartaric or citric acid,) in separate portions of water, adding the two fluids together, and drinking during the effervescence. Without noticing the properties of this kind of beverage, it will answer my present purpose to assert that the habitual use of the ginger-beer which is commonly sold in bottles and is made by exciting fermentation with barm or yeast, can no more be defended than that of table-beer.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

MINGAY SYDES.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL PROGRESS AND MEETINGS.

BIRMINGHAM.

The friends of Temperance in Birmingham being most sensibly alive to the dreadful effects already entailed on the working population by the numerous spirit hells now existing, determined to make an appeal to the Magistrates to exercise caution in granting fresh licences. A memorial to that effect was accordingly drawn up, most respectfully couched and read at the Temperance Meeting here August 24th; it received numerous signatures and lay for several days after at various places for additional names. This memorial was presented to the Magistrates on their assembling to hold their annual licensing meeting at the Public Office.—Upwards of twenty magistrates took their seats. The Deputation consisted of Messrs. CADBURY, Rev. J. A. JAMES, MR. PUMPHREY, and others; who energetically enforced the memorial. The efforts of the Temperance Advocates have not been fruitless, for out of nearly one hundred and fifty application, *five* fresh licences only have been granted, whilst *three* old ones have been struck off.

Our esteemed correspondent MR. ELIJAH GOODHEAD informs us that in Birmingham alone there are at least 2000 places where intoxicating drinks are sold, and upon an average ten drunkards to each—thus making the fearful number of 20,000 drunkards.

MATO.

FATHER MATHEW visited this place the week before last, and administered the pledge to upwards of one hundred thousand persons. He has now enlisted two millions and a half of persons beneath the banners of Teetotalism. How proud should Ireland be of such a man; and how deeply grateful should the inhabitants of that fine island feel towards their great moral regenerator?

SUNDERLAND.

Teetotalism is progressing well in Sunderland. The meetings are frequent, and are held in the Arcade Rooms. There is also a juvenile Teetotal Society, which is in a flourishing condition. It is a grand subject for contemplation—the future destiny of society, with a rising generation of total abstainers!

DUNDEE.

CAPTAIN JOHN WILSON of the brig *Bolivar*, in a letter to the REV. J. MESSER, of Hull, which has been kindly communicated to us by this latter gentleman, says, "I am delighted to find that a Total Abstinence Society has been established at Dundee, and that a number of masters of ships have come forward to enrol themselves as members. This is a credit to them, and will afford them the more happiness, as it will entitle them to the applause of all rightly thinking men. I myself became a member of the Total Abstinence Society at Bristol, on the 2nd of May, 1839, at which time I was bound on a voyage to Alexandria; and I resolved during the voyage to give the principle a fair trial. During a fourteenth months' cruise, although in various climates, I abstained entirely from ardent spirits and enjoyed uninterrupted good health. In a short time the whole of my ship's crew became Teetotalers; and a happier set of men never sailed upon the ocean. While at Constantinople I converted the Captain of another brig to the same doctrine. I am rejoiced that the owners at Dundee have now set so noble an example, and I feel convinced that they will reap the benefits of the doctrine, both in respect to themselves and their crews. At all events one grand source of danger will be removed from the vessels which belong to them."—The testimony of this Captain, who has been many, many years in the profession, is valuable indeed; and it is to be hoped that the master of ships at all the maritime towns of the United Kingdom will follow the moral and salutary example of the ship-owners of Dundee.

HULL.

The members and friends of the Hull Tent of Female Rechabites, held their annual festive meeting at the house of Mr. E. Atcock, on Thursday the 3rd inst. After Tea, which was served up in excellent style, Mr. ARON SHAW took the chair. A very animated speech was made by the REV. J. MESSER; and he was followed by Mr. C. F. HANBY and several friends of the order.

STRATFORD.

We are pleased to be enabled to state that the glorious doctrines of Teetotalism are making rapid progress in this town and its neighbourhood. The meetings at the school-room on Tuesday evenings are invariably crowded, and on Thursday, the *réunion* at the Hall, at Plaistow, presents a most improving, and exhilarating spectacle.

N. B. In our Report of the transactions of the Stratford Branch in our journal of the 5th of September, we said that the Rev. Mr. Baker presented Mr. Catton with the silver medal; whereas this testimony of esteem and respect was tendered by Mr. Smith.

LAMBETH FRIENDLY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

This total abstinence association holds its meetings at the chapel, Captain's Walk, Vine Street, York Road. The meetings are held twice every week on Monday and Thursday. Teetotalism is making rapid strides in this vicinity, as elsewhere.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday Evening, September 9th.

The meeting at the Aldersgate Street Chapel was well attended by a most respectable audience. Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS was called to the chair; and the meeting was addressed at considerable length by this gentleman, and afterwards, in succession, by Messieurs. Johnson, Crump, Biddle, Hart, and Mac Bean.

Saturday Evening, September 12th.

The Chapel in Aldersgate Street presented its usual gay and animated appearance upon this occasion.

MR. WILLIAMS was called to the chair, upon taking which he said that Teetotalism would never cease its endeavours until it had entirely extirpated the use of intoxicating liquors from all civilized nations.

MR. BENSTEAD contended that the use of strong drink was a wilful suicide, and that a man, who died from its effects, should have a verdict of *felo de se* pronounced over his body by a Coroner's jury.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS said, after some general remarks upon Teetotalism, that it was to be regretted that such a spirit of rivalry should exist between Teetotal societies. He thought that *union* should be the favourite principle, and the most effectual means of successfully carrying on the crusade against the dissipated habits of the age.

MR. GAWTHORPE said that Teetotalism had emancipated him from a state of slavery by far more wretched than that in which the negroes of the West Indies were plunged before the emancipation.

MR. PRICE detailed the happy results of the total abstinence system in application to himself and his family.

MR. JOHNSON was happy to be enabled to inform the meeting that Lord Glengall had just expressed himself most favourably with regard to the progress and principles of Teetotalism.

MR. JOHNSON.

MR. H. W. WESTON (Secretary to the United Temperance Association,) begs to give notice that the well-known and able advocate, Mr. Johnson, is about to visit Leicestershire and the adjacent counties, on the account of this society, and that he will be happy to render all the assistance in his power to local associations founded on the total abstinence principle.

KENSINGTON AND BAYSWATER BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The Secretary of this Branch has published a notice announcing a course of Lectures to be delivered at the Camden Chapel, Kensington Gravel Pits, in the following manner:—September 14th.—*The drinking customs of all nations*, by Mr. MEE. Sept. 21st.—*Effects of Intemperance on the Human Understanding*, by MR. BENSTEAD. Sept. 28th.—*The Anatomy of Intemperance*, by MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS. Oct. 5th.—*The Adulteration of Alcoholic Drinks*, by MR. H. W. WESTON. Oct. 12th.—*Astronomy*, by MR. MEE. Oct. 19th.—The same subject continued. October 26th.—*Geology*, by MR. WHEELER. November 2nd.—The same subject continued; October 9th.—*Education*, by MR. STALLWOOD.

MR. HUDSON.

This talented advocate of the United Temperance Association has lately visited Bromsgrove, where the cause of Teetotalism has received a considerable impulse from the exertions of MR. THOMAS DAWSON. At Redditch, the Rev. ROBERT HASLEY has devoted himself most nobly and enthusiastically to the furtherance of the doctrines of total abstinence. The committee of the Teetotalers of this place passed a resolution to the effect "That their President do immediately communicate with the United Temperance Association on the subject of *union*." On Tuesday—the 5th instant, Mr. HUDSON reached Tewsbury, where he held a meeting at the Theatre. The Committee at this place is composed of most active gentlemen. On the 10th, Mr. Hudson arrived at Gloucester, where Teetotalism is in a flourishing condition.

DIVINE SERVICE AT ALDERSGATE STREET CHAPEL.

MR. J. S. OZNER has been appointed to the care of this Church on the Sabbath day. Divine service is held in the morning at eleven, and in the evening at half-past six. Application for seats to be made at the Chapel after the services. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Minister.—by MR. H. W. WESTON, 134, Aldersgate Street;—and by MR. J. WILSON, 58, Red Cross Street.

The late extraordinary letter of the celebrated Dr. Bright, of Ely Place, Holborn, written the 3d instant to Holloway, should be read by all classes of persons. This celebrated physician proves that Holloway's Ointment and pills, if used together, are infallible in the cure of old ulcers, bad legs, bad breasts, &c. Holloway has now obtained the patronage of nearly all the greatest physicians of the day; his invaluable ointment and pills ought to be kept in every family for the use of their children. They are sold by all vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the kingdom, and also at Holloway's new establishment, 244, Strand, near Temple Bar.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Published, containing Sixteen closely printed pages, Price 3d., Number III. of

THE ANATOMY OF INTEMPERANCE,

OR A KEY TO TEETOTALISM.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

Author of "Pickwick Abroad," "Modern Literature of France," "Alfred de Rosann," "Grace Darling," &c.

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FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 14.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER II.

THE OLD FRIENDS.

MR. TIBBATS was attired in the height of fashion. His hair was well anointed with Rowland's Macassar; his hat was after the fashion of some duke's or marquis's design; his coat was made by Buckmaster—his pantaloons by Anderson—and his boots by Hoby; and in his left hand he balanced a gold-headed cane, while he extended his right to Melville with all the warmth and cordiality of an old and sincere friend. For some moments our hero was so astounded at this sudden apparition of his ancient ally, that he was unable to give utterance to a syllable. Mr. Tibbatts took advantage of this confusion on the part of Victor, and, with the most ineffable coolness, flung himself into a chair after he had seized the young man's hand and wrung it forcibly.

"Well, I am delighted to have found you out at last," said Mr. Tibbatts, passing his fingers through his hair; "your works have made such a noise in the world that I am really quite proud of your acquaintance; and, faithful to my friend as the dog was to Ulysses, I come to congratulate you on your rapid rise to fame and fortune."

There was something so exceedingly ludicrous in the very impudence of this man's manners, that Melville was nearly altogether disarmed of any resentment which he had cherished against him. The effects of the wine he had drunk were also calculated to inspire him with a false spirit of forgiveness, and he followed the example of his visitor by resuming his seat.

"You have indeed made a noise in the world," continued Mr. Tibbatts, who knew full well that the weak side of all men is their vanity, and that flattery, like oil upon the stormy ocean, smooths many an angry ebullition:—"and I have read all your works with the greatest delight. Some of my friends declare that you are the first author of the day; and all agree that you are a perfect Tacitus for the graphic truths of historical description."

"To what am I to attribute the honour of this visit?" demanded Melville, mustering up a sufficiency of courage to put this question to his imperious visitor.

"What! are you griev'd to receive a call from an old friend?" ejaculated Mr. Tibbatts, with a smile.

"I do not know that I have any reason to give you that title," retorted Victor impatiently.

"I hope you do not consider that I am anything else," said Mr. Tibbatts, affecting the most extreme surprise: "I am a Damon to you, and you should be a Pythias to me."

"A very pretty Pythias you made of yourself in the police office when summoned as a witness against me a few years ago," said Melville ironically.

"My dear fellow, I merely adopted a political course," returned Mr. Tibbatts: "if you were hanged, it was no use getting me hanged likewise. I thought the best thing I could do

would be to live to prove your innocence. Upon my honour I had no other motive."

"Well, of all the impudent fellows—" began Melville, hovering between an inclination to laugh and a conviction in his own mind that he ought to eject his companion from the house without a moment's delay.

"Stop! stop! my dear fellow," interrupted Mr. Tibbatts: "do not put yourself into a passion. You know that Alexander killed Clitus in a moment of anger; and I have no inclination to be a Clitus just now. But—how is this? I am talking till I am dry,—and—there is not a clean glass upon the table."

Victor started up and rang the bell violently; the footman made his appearance in due time.

"A clean glass," said Mr. Tibbatts very coolly, as he drew off his yellow kid gloves, and placed them very neatly across the brim of his hat. He then drew himself close up to the table, exclaiming, "Well, now I'm comfortable. This is what I call a pleasure—meeting with an old friend again. Ah! my dear Melville, I have often thought of you, my boy, and have been wishing to see you every day for the last four years—"

"Do you recollect how and where we parted," interrupted Victor, with a certain impatience and bitterness in his tone. "We separated at the door of the tribunal of the Old Bailey; you attempted to address me—and I spurned your acquaintance."

"Just the heat of the moment, and a wrong impression," said Tibbatts, without losing one atom of his equanimity of temper. "But here is the clean glass, and no wine."

The servant, who had returned to the room, cast an inquiring glance towards Melville, who

seemed buried in a profound reverie. Mr. Tibbatts repeated his observation; and our hero started from his meditative mood. The domestic awaited his master's orders, and Mr. Tibbatts regaled himself with a pinch of snuff from an elegant gold box. Melville was just so far inflamed by wine that he felt glad of a companion—be that companion who he might; and he fancied that there was no good companionship without the bottle. He accordingly issued the necessary command; and in a few moments a fresh supply of the inebriating liquor was placed upon the table.

"Well, this is very fine," said Mr. Tibbatts, sipping the wine with great relish; "very fine indeed. But you can afford good things now, Melville; you can get any thing you like for a book. I should think any publisher must be glad of your assistance?"

"I have no trouble in disposing of my manuscripts," said Melville, softening a little, both from the effects of the compliment and the fresh supply of wine.

"Ah! you are a lucky dog," cried Tibbatts. "Nearly all authors are poor; the ancient authors were poor—and so are the modern, with but few exceptions, of which you are one. Plato was so poor that he was compelled to write his works by the light of the eyes of his cat; but Seneca, who was enormously wealthy, composed an essay on the deceitfulness of riches. Ah! my dear Melville, all the world is talking of you now!"

"I did not think I was so very popular," observed the young man, filling his glass, and passing the bottle towards his companion.

"Popular?" ejaculated Mr. Tibbatts, who saw that Victor's resentment was rapidly melt-



MR. TIBBATS, MELVILLE, AND VICTOR. To illustrate Chapter IV, Period I, No. 2.

ing away: "why no one hears any other author spoken of but you; and that last novel of yours—"

"What about that?" demanded Victor, drawing his chair closer to that occupied by Mr. Tibbatts.

"Why! the people actually fought at the circulating libraries to get it first, on the day of publication," said Mr. Tibbatts. "Melville, my boy, here's success to you!"

"Thank you," answered Melville. "The same to you!" and he emptied his glass.

"I myself have had some luck since I saw you last," continued Mr. Tibbatts, after a short pause. "An old aunt of mine died. I was very fond of her, and hearing that she was ill, went to see her. The doctor ordered her to take a little laudanum; and I had to give her the doses. One night she seemed to me to be so bad that I increased the quantity, and the poor old creature died. I knew she had made a will in my favour, and so it turned out. I was determined to be economical in future, and, by way of a beginning, left the parish to bury her. So, you see that I have had a lift in the world," added Mr. Tibbatts; but, as he turned his eyes towards Melville, he perceived a frown upon his face, and he accordingly observed with some degree of precipitation, "But if I had only your abilities, I would soon become as rich as a Cæsar. You are the envy of all aspiring authors."

"I hope I am not proud, either," cried Melville, the frown changing to smiles at this new compliment. "But you don't help yourself."

"I am waiting for you," answered Tibbatts.

"Oh! I have had my share already," said Melville, with a feeble effort to avoid the temptation.

"Well! I cannot drink alone," exclaimed Mr. Tibbatts; "and I thought that the world generally gave you credit for doing the honours of your house with such surprising tact and good taste."

"If I must, I must," observed Melville, determined that the world should not be wrong, although the world had never said any such thing, and he accordingly refilled his own glass, prior to handing the decanter to his companion.

"How very comfortable you seem here," remarked Mr. Tibbatts, after another pause. "I suppose you receive the first literary men of the day at your house?"

"My sources are invariably well attended by all that is fashionable or worth knowing," said Victor.

"I am told that you are courted by the first people in London, quite as a curiosity," returned Tibbatts; "and indeed, with your abilities and personal appearance, this is to be expected."

"I shall be very happy to see you as often as you pass this way," said Melville, after a moment's hesitation; but how could he avoid inviting the man who thought so highly of his literary achievements?

"Oh! I shan't desert you now that I have found you out," said Mr. Tibbatts. "But here's to the health of your family. Come—you must join in this toast."

"I suppose I must," returned Melville; and here was another excuse for another glass.

"I understand that you have a most amiable wife and such fine children," cried Mr. Tibbatts. "I shall really grow jealous of your happiness soon."

"I shall be most happy to introduce them to you, my fine fellow," said Victor, now slapping his companion on the back.

"Melville, my dear boy," cried Mr. Tibbatts, grasping his friend's hand, "I am delighted to see you in this glorious and prosperous condition; and I'll stick to you as long as you live."

A disinterested observer would have seen no reason to doubt this assertion, because it was made on the same principle on which the

leech will adhere to the body that it is sucking. Melville was, however, quite affected by such a display of attachment on the part of his friend, and, being in a maudlin state of drunkenness, was almost melted to tears.

"My dear friend, Tibbatts," said he, wringing the other's hand with reciprocal violence. "I am more delighted at this reconciliation on our part than at any thing that has ever happened to me. Bless you, Tibbatts—you are my only friend after all."

"To be sure I am," said that gentleman. "But—I declare—the bottle's empty!"

"Bottle empty!" shouted Melville. "Well—we'll deuced soon have another. Now, then, Tibbatts, what wine will you have? Any thing my cellar can give an old friend like you! What shall it be? Port—sherry—burgundy—claret—champagne,—only say the word."

"Let's have a bottle of champagne, then," cried Mr. Tibbatts, after a moment's reflection.

Victor staggered towards the bell, and pulled it violently. The servant attended the summons, and Victor ordered him to bring two bottles of champagne as soon as possible. The command was obeyed; and the effervescent liquor soon produced a species of raving hilarity in respect to Melville; but Tibbatts continued to drink glass after glass, without experiencing any very evident effects from the sparkling juice of Epernay.

"Excellent wine, this," said Mr. Tibbatts, filling his own and Melville's glass for the fourth time.

"Excellent!" cried Victor, whose eyes flashed fire, and whose cheeks were almost purple with the unnatural excitement.

"Oh! if I only had a chance, like you," said Mr. Tibbatts, shaking his head somewhat gloomily—"if I only had a friend to come forward and assist me at this moment, I should make a fortune."

Now a man, who is himself almost raving and raving with the artificial happiness produced by champagne, cannot endure the sight of the slightest appearance of gloom in a companion. Melville accordingly pressed Mr. Tibbatts to unfold the nature of his wants, and after a considerable display of reluctance on the part of this gentleman, the truth was revealed.

"My dear Melville, I didn't come here to annoy you with my griefs," said Mr. Tibbatts, heaving one tremendous sigh, and washing down another with a glass of champagne.

"But I will know what it is that vexes you," persisted Melville.

"Well, if you must," said Mr. Tibbatts, who enacted his part to perfection. "I suppose I must gratify your curiosity. The truth is, I have a certain opportunity just at this moment—which never may occur again—and if I only had a few hundreds—but—I suppose I must do without them—"

"Now, I understand," said Melville, impatiently interrupting these broken sentences: "how much do you want?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Tibbatts, as if he were quite astounded by the question.

"How much do you want?" demanded Melville, doggedly.

"Why—if you must know, about five hundred pounds," replied Mr. Tibbatts, in a tone approaching a whisper.

"You shall have it," cried Melville, dashing his clenched fist upon the table. "I will go and fetch my cheque-book out of the drawing-room, and will do what you require this minute."

"My dear fellow, you will be the making of me!" said Mr. Tibbatts, clasping his host's hand with a warmth that was apparently the most sincere.

Melville hastily withdrew his hand, because he was as anxious to demonstrate his kind-

ness to the designing Mr. Tibbatts, as in his sober moments he would have been inveterate in his hatred against the same individual. He staggered out of the room, and proceeded to the saloon where his wife was sitting alone, her children having by this time retired to rest. The moment Victor entered the apartment and met the glance of his tender spouse, he started, while a deadly pallor overspread her countenance.

"My dear Victor," said she in her usual mild and musical voice, "you have been drinking."

"Nonsense," cried Melville, impatiently; and he began to reflect whether he should not find fault with something, in order to avoid the placid remonstrances of his wife. "Where is my cheque-book?"

"You cannot require it at this time in the night, Victor," said Louise, in a firm tone, but one devoid of all irascibility or even reproach. "Sit down with me—here—and tell me if anything has annoyed you."

"No—no, my dear Louise," returned Victor; "I am not annoyed—on the contrary, I am very happy—I have found an old friend."

"An old friend?" repeated Louise; "and who is he?"

"My old and intimate friend Tibbatts," answered Melville, somewhat impatiently. "Where is the cheque-book?"

"Tibbatts! Tibbatts!" almost screamed the now miserable wife. "What! the wretch who bore false witness against you? Oh! Victor—Victor, spurn him from your house—cast him away from you—he is a viper come to sting you to the heart.—Oh! my dear, dear husband, for once listen to the intreaties of your wife—I implore you upon my knees!"

And as she uttered these words in a tone which indicated the most acute grief, the lovely young woman sank upon her knees before him whom she adored as something more than human.

"Come, come, Louise," he murmured half angrily, "this is childish: Tibbatts is a very good fellow, and I mean to lend him a little money to ensure his fortune."

"Victor, hear me!" cried the distracted lady, joining her hands together. "Be your children, I implore you to hear me,—by all that you hold or deem sacred, I implore you to attend to my words.—Oh! Victor, do not refuse to listen to me! Let not that man remain in this house for one moment longer—"

"Louise, he is my guest," interrupted Melville.

"He is a fiend—he means to do you no good—he will be the ruin of us yet.—Oh! I know—I know he will!" sobbed Louise in so earnest and plaintive a tone that only a man, who was brutalized by strong drink, could refuse to accede to all that was asked in so sweet a voice, and by one so transcendantly beautiful. "It is not often I implore a favour of you, Victor.—I beseech you, do not refuse me this."

"Nonsense—nonsense, Louise," ejaculated Melville, disengaging himself from her embrace, and proceeding towards his writing-desk, whence he took his cheque-book with an air of dogged and desperate determination.

"Victor—Victor—you will break my heart," screamed Louise, falling with her face downwards upon the carpet, and sobbing bitterly.

Melville rang the bell, and coolly desired a female servant who answered the summons, "to attend to her mistress." He then left the apartment, in a state of the utmost indifference in regard to one who loved him with all the enthusiasm and passion of a young and devoted heart, to return to lavish a kindness upon an individual who had already behaved in the most diabolical manner towards him.

Mr. Tibbatts anxiously awaited the return of our hero; and when Melville once more

entered the study, with the cheque-book in his hand, that individual's eyes beamed with the most unfeigned delight. Melville sat down, drank off another glass of champagne to expel the reminiscences of the dispute with his wife, and then proceeded to write a cheque for five hundred pounds. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was enabled to fill up the draft; but Tibbatts, by dint of spelling each word for him four or five times over, and occasionally guiding his pen, at length enabled him to complete the task.

"Well, I am very much obliged to you, old fellow," said Mr. Tibbatts: "you will be the making of me with this kindness on your part. Good bye for the present."

"One glass more," stammered Melville.

"Only one, then," said Tibbatts, who was now anxious to take his departure, having obtained all that he at the moment required.

The glasses were poured out and drunk; and the two friends separated, with many vows of uninterrupted good feeling for the remainder of their lives. Melville retired to his couch, without thinking of inquiring after his distracted wife, who had sought the means of consolation in the same room where her beloved children were sleeping; and Mr. Tibbatts took his departure to his own lodgings, with a demonic smile of satisfaction playing upon his lips.

To be continued in our next.

NINTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE Commander of the Faithful was so pleased with the presents sent to him by King Abstinence, and was so anxious to keep up a friendly correspondence with so sage a prince, that he said to me, "Sindbad, you must prepare for another voyage. I am resolved to send King Abstinence a testimonial of my admiration of his wisdom. In thirty days the presents will be ready, and you shall embark on board of one of my own galleys at Balsora." I threw myself at the feet of the Caliph, and implored him to take my gray hairs into consideration; but the monarch seemed so anxious for my compliance with his request, that I could not persist in my refusal. I accordingly assented to his wishes, and in due time embarked at Balsora.

I calculated that by sailing in a certain direction, we should reach the island, in which the dominions of King Abstinence were situate, at the expiration of about sixty days, provided the wind and weather continued favourable. For about six or seven weeks we enjoyed a propitious breeze, and were in a high state of hope, when a sudden change in the atmosphere announced an impending storm. The sailors made every preparation to encounter this calamity; but the tempest came on in a few hours with such appalling violence that the ship was quite driven from its course. The pilot threw his turban upon the deck, and beat his breast with the force of a maniac; and the captain partook of the common alarm. The storm continued for six and twenty days, during which time the ship was buffeted about at the mercy of the wind and waves; and on the morning of the twenty-seventh day, when the storm abated, and land was discovered a head, we knew not whether we were about to touch on a friendly or an inimical shore. When the vessel was about four parasangs from the land, it struck upon a sunken rock of coral, and instantly went to pieces. Every soul perished except myself; and I with difficulty escaped death, by clinging to a piece of the broken mast, on which I floated towards the land.

When I found myself upon the shore, I fell upon my knees, and lifted up my voice in thanksgiving to God and his holy prophet for this happy deliverance. Suddenly, as I gazed around me, I saw the pinnacles and domes of a great city in the distance; and, suspecting that such a place could not be inhabited by savages or cannibals, I determined to hasten towards it. It was only a short time before sunset that I entered the town through one of the principal gates. I addressed myself to the porter, who was sitting in a very singular attitude on a stone by the side of the gate, and inquired the name of the city and of the country in which I found myself. The porter stared up into my countenance with a stupid glance, and muttered, in a tongue with which I was familiar, these words—"Ah! you are the dog of an infidel who stole my trousers the other night from off me, while I was sleeping in this very spot—are you?" and, without more ado, he jumped up, shouting, "Help! help! here's the wretch who stole my trousers!" A crowd of persons soon collected around; but they seemed so confused in their ideas, that they all began laying hold of each other, crying with thick and stammering voices, "Oh! you wretched thief!" and then they all began beating and pummeling each other as hard as they could. At length the

porter endeavoured to turn their attention towards me; but they did not seem to understand him, and took him for the thief of his own trousers. While they all began beating and ill-using this man, I stole away from the scene of this extraordinary affray, and entered further into the city.

Seeing a barber's shop open, and thinking that I should there learn all the news, I went in and asked to be shaved. The barber came reeling forward out of his back-room, and took up a large mop with which he began mopping my face. At length, perceiving his mistake, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, and then took to his lather-brush. But he soaped my head all over, and chaunted a drinking song the whole time. After a considerable deal of delay, during which I was too much astonished at all I saw to make the slightest observation, the barber began shaving me:—but the wretch cut off all my beard on the left side of my chin and face, and all the hair off the right side of my head. He then threw down the razor, and swore by the Prophet that he would not shave me one atom more. I was about to remonstrate with him, but he kicked me out of his shop, and refused either to listen to me, to finish shaving me, or to be paid for what he had done. I was therefore compelled to walk through the streets, cutting the most ridiculous figure in the world.

Presently I passed by a caravanserail, or inn, and resolved upon taking up my lodging there. I went in and found the master of the caravanserail leaning against the door-post of his own room, and looking in a most vacant manner at a door opposite. The moment I accosted him, he gave an unmeaning look towards me, and then began singing a song. I asked him if I could have a meal, and he set up a dance; when he had done that, I inquired if I could be accommodated with a lodging, and he rushed upon me like a demon, beating and scratching me with all his might. I made haste to run away from the caravanserail, and the master of it rolled upon a heap of manure in a corner of his yard, laughing like a lunatic.

More astounded than ever, and thinking that my garb probably annoyed the inhabitants of this city, I entered a tailor's shop, to procure a change of attire. The moment I presented myself to the tailor, he jumped up from his seat, fell upon my neck, declared that I was his long-lost father, and then began dancing around me for joy. His wife ran out to see what was the matter; and she immediately darted towards me, caught me by the collar of my vest, and began pummeling me with all her force, exclaiming at the same time, "Ah! you wicked old sinner! you are the conjurer who told my fortune, and said that I should marry a prince, and you come to laugh at me because I have espoused a tailor." "He is my father, my dear," said the tailor. "He is an old magician," retorted the wife. But the tailor, under the singular impression that I was his father, fell upon his wife, and a dreadful conflict ensued between them. They punched, scratched, and beat each other with all their might and main; and I, fearing the consequences of being implicated in their quarrel, made my escape from the shop.

Scarcely had I got a few paces from the door, when a young female came up to me, exclaiming, "Oh! you wretch, to abandon your lawful wife and three children, and leave them in distress; and now you hope to be able to creep about this city without my seeing you; but I knew you directly, in spite of your beard being cut half off."—and, as she thus spoke, she set up such a dreadful scream, that a crowd collected around us in an instant. But, as was the case in the affair with the porter, no one seemed to know who was the particular individual pointed out, and all began attacking and fighting with each other. A dreadful scene of confusion took place, of which I availed myself to slip away amidst the riot; leaving the young female, who had accosted me, engaged in combat with an old man, whom she held by the beard with one hand, and ill-used with the other.

I hurried on, more astonished than ever at what took place. But being dreadfully oppressed with hunger, I went into a baker's shop, and asked for a loaf. The baker was sitting in a sleepy and reeling attitude upon his stool; and when I entered the shop, he contented himself with raising his heavy eyes for a moment, and pointing towards his oven. I understood the signal, and went to the oven; but all the bread inside was burnt to ashes, and I could not find a morsel fit to eat. With a heavy heart I left the shop, and proceeded to a seller of baked meats who lived opposite. There I found the master of the shop lying fast asleep upon the floor, and half a dozen ravenous dogs were preying upon the cooked food on the tables. They had eaten up nearly every thing to the very bone; and I could not venture to interfere with their occupation.

Wondering whether I was destined to starve in this great and populous city or not, I went on a little farther, and to my joy discovered a shop where beautiful comfitures and dried fruits of all kinds were displayed in the window. With an appetite sharpened by previous disappointments, I entered this shop, and found the master, his wife, and five or six children, all sitting in an inner room, and engaged in drinking wine out of large flagons. I expressed the nature of my wants; and the fruiterer very kindly told me to help myself in the Prophet's name, and that I might eat of the best in his shop without paying an asper. Overjoyed at my good luck, I was about to commence an attack upon some fine dates, when a

volume of flame and smoke suddenly broke forth from a side room, and nearly blinded me. The house was on fire; and I hastened to save myself by retreating into the street. A dreadful alarm soon prevailed; but no one ventured to adopt any measure to save the fruiterer's family; and so he, his wife, and all his children perished in the flames.

It was now quite dark; and the streets were filled with crowds reeling and rolling about in all directions. A stranger met another stranger, and a fight instantly sprang up between them, because one fancied that the other was an enemy. In fact, a general delusion seemed to prevail around; and disorder, tumult, and danger reigned triumphant in the streets. Suddenly a soldier came up to me, and ejaculated in a terrible voice this dread accusation,—"Unhappy wretch! you are the villain who killed the king's favourite monkey!" "Alas! seignior," said I, "I have not been in this city an hour; and I never saw your prince's monkey in my life." "Oh! you have had an eye upon the prince's monkey all your life, have you?" thundered the soldier; and I was immediately dragged off to a miserable prison, where the gaoler was ordered to supply me with food. He, however, forgot to execute this command, but gave me a book to read, and omitted the lamp by which I was to read it.

On the following morning I was ordered to prepare to stand my trial before the king of the country. The gaoler, upon being desired by me to supply me with some food, as I was nearly famished, offered me a cup of wine, which I greedily swallowed. I then felt a total recklessness steal over me concerning my future lot, and suffered myself to be conducted into the presence of the king without offering any resistance. This monarch was reclining upon a sofa, and near him was a table covered with flagons of wine. His manner of distributing justice was very remarkable. He conferred a title and honours upon a man who was proved to be guilty of murder; and sent a complainant in another cause forth to be hanged instead of the assassin just alluded to. But all these strange decisions were not the result of wilful injustice and cruelty; they proceeded from the strangely confused imagination of the sovereign. When I was brought into his presence, and the accusation against me was mentioned, the king said, "Oh! I perfectly recollect seeing this ill-looking fellow walking about my palace on the day the monkey was stolen; and the manner in which he has endeavoured to disguise himself, by half shaving his hair and beard, proves his guilt. Let him be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and the pieces of his body sent to the four governors of my provinces." In a moment I was led out of the hall of audience, and consigned to the care of a captain of the body-guard, to whom the order for my immediate execution was handed. But the captain misunderstood the command, and immediately set off with me to the residences of the four governors of the provinces. These governors he had hanged, drawn, and quartered, and then began to wonder why he had me still in his custody. Thinking that he had done something wrong, upon mature reflection, he said to me, "Seignior, in the name of the Most High God, and of his Prophet Mohammed, depart from this place, and, as you value your life, never return to the City of the Drunkards!"

This exhortation conveyed to my mind the explanation of all that had before seemed so mysterious to me, and I did not hesitate to follow the captain's advice. I procured a horse, and left the city as speedily as the animal could carry me. When at a little distance from it, I obtained some food from a peasant's hut, and inquired the way towards the nearest sea-port. On my arrival at a maritime town, I fortunately discovered a vessel bound direct for the dominions of King Abstinence, at whose capital city I shortly arrived in safety. I acquitted myself of my commission, and returned in one of this sovereign's ships to Balsora, whence I forthwith hastened to Bagdad, to throw myself at the feet of the Caliph, and give a full account of my mission. The Commander of the Faithful was so struck at all I told him, that he ordered his secretary to take down, in letters of gold, the particulars of my adventures in the City of the Drunkards.

COFFEE.

THERE is a highly interesting manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, in Arabic, entitled "The Support of Innocence." It relates to the lawfulness of using coffee by the professors of Mussulman doctrines. The author's name is Aijerjiri Alhanbali. It appears that a question arose whether coffee was to be included amongst the intoxicating beverages which the Koran prohibits; and the manuscript proves that it is not. There are many other interesting matters in this manuscript. The use of coffee was first introduced by a famous Sheikh of Arabia Felix, whose name was Dhabani, in the fifteenth century.

The excellence of coffee depends in a great measure on the skill and attention exercised in roasting it. If it be too little roasted, it is devoid of flavour; and if too much, it becomes acrid, and has a disagreeable burnt taste. In Europe, it is usually roasted in a cylindrical tin-box, perforated with numerous holes, and fixed upon a spit, which runs lengthwise through the centre, and is turned by a jack or by the hand. Coffee is used in the form either of an infusion or decoction, of which the former is decidedly preferable both as regards the

your and strength. Coffee, as very commonly prepared by persons unacquainted with its nature, is a decoction, and is boiled for some time, under a mistaken notion that the strength is not extracted unless it be boiled. But the fact is just the reverse. The fine aromatic oil, which produces the flavour and strength of coffee, is dispelled and lost by boiling; and a mucilage is extracted at the same time, which also tends to make it flat and weak. The best modes are to pour boiling water through the coffee in a biggin or strainer, which is found to extract nearly all the strength; or to pour boiling water upon it, and set it upon the fire, not to exceed ten minutes. Prepared in either way it is fine and strong. As a medicine, strong coffee is a powerful stimulant and cordial, and in paroxysms of asthma, is one of the best remedies; but it should be very strong, and made with almost as much coffee as water. In faintness or exhaustion, from labour or fatigue, and from sickness, coffee is one of the most cordial and delicious restoratives. There are coffee machines in which the water is boiled, and the steam penetrates the coffee, and extracts, to a great degree, the fine aroma. Immediately after, the boiling water is poured over it. Thus the best coffee is made. As we have already said, in Europe, coffee is generally roasted in a cylinder; in Asia, however, open pans or tin plates are used, and, if the time allow, a boy is employed, who picks out every bean when it has reached the right degree of brownness. The same is done by many French people. The second difference in the Asiatic way of preparing coffee is, that they pound the beans and do not grind them, much preferring the former mode. In Marseilles we have likewise seen coffee pounded. Whether this is really preferable, we do not venture to decide; but experience has taught us that the Asiatic coffee is, on the whole, much better than the European. It improves the beverage very much to moist and grind the coffee just before it is used.

The best coffee in the western part of the world is made in France, where this beverage is in universal request. In England and the United States, coffee is always badly made. Coffee was nearly unknown at Paris until the arrival of the Turkish ambassador, Solymán Aga, in the year 1669. The coffee shrub was originally planted in Jamaica, in 1732. In 1652, Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, brought home with him a Greek servant, whose name was Pasqua, and who understood the methods of roasting coffee and making it into a beverage. This man was the first who publicly sold coffee in England, and kept a house for that purpose in George Yard, Lombard Street.

Many sermons against coffee-drinking are extant, written at the time when it was first introduced into Europe, as there are also many sermons against smoking. We recollect having read the following passage in an old English sermon:—"Men cannot now-a-days wait until the smoke of the infernal regions surrounds them, but encompass themselves with smoke of their own accord, and drink a poison which God made black, that it might bear the devil's colour."

Under date of 31st August, the Board of Excise has issued to the officers of that branch of the revenue a general order, of which the following is a copy:—

"In pursuance of directions from the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, specified by Mr. Gordon's Letters of the 6th and 25th instant, ordered—That no objection be made, on the part of this revenue, to dealers in and sellers of coffee mixing chicory with coffee, or to their having the same so mixed in their possession."

(Signed) CHAS. BROWNE.

Of all the abominable frauds on the part of the most dishonest government of this oppressed country, the permission here accorded is the worst. For the sake of revenue, these despots do not care how they encourage the mal-practices of tradesmen; but what can we expect from a government which sacrifices every principle of honour and integrity for the sake of increasing the revenues? The publican is punished for adulteration; but the grocer is told to adulterate his goods. The Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury are about the most unprincipled set of miscreants that ever disgraced a nation. They commit every villainy under the cloak of an assumed liberality of principle. When will the working classes assert their own rights and privileges?

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to SPART for his verses, which are capital; but we do not wish to make poetry a characteristic feature in the editorial management of our journal.

Private answers have been sent to about twenty correspondents during the last week.

To L. L. C. we repeat the regret expressed in our private letter; but we cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

We again solicit correspondence from all provincial secretaries to total abstinence associations.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 26, 1840.

WHAT a strange spectacle does London present to the eyes of the moralizer in those hours

when the lamps are bright, and the natural darkness is rendered visible by the artificial lustre of gas! And how different is this scene in the morning, in the same localities! The cathedrals of the east and the west—St. Peter and St. Paul,—the marts of commerce, and the sails that wait it through the world,—the temples of learning and of the law,—the hospitals of the sick, and the palaces of kings,—the old historic sites, and the records of modern magnificence,—the saloon of pleasure, and the fortalice of power,—the monuments of princes, the mansions of nobles, and the workshops of the poor, meet together in the morning light, and bring all the morals of life into one focus, as all its abodes into a common point of view. But at night, when all these edifices present but a dim outline of colossal darkness in the air, the brilliantly lighted streets are the grand object of attraction.

At first sight it would appear that those streets are filled with naught but the bustle of thrifty prosperity and the features of joy. Crowds appear hurrying in all directions, either bent upon amusement or profitable business; and hearts and footsteps both seem light. But a nearer glance will satisfy the beholder that he is deceived. Beneath the bustle he will distinguish the anxiety of deep suspense; and the beams of joy upon the countenance will verge into sickly smiles of mocking misery. The daughters of crime pass along by ones and twos, dressed in the flaunting garb that tells, itself, the tale of broken hearts, and blighted promise, and crushed affections,—to lose an hour of misery amid the haunts of pleasure and of vice. The man, whom the presence of a despairing poverty has driven from his home, proceeds to the public-house, where he drowns his cares in alcoholic poisons, and joins in peals of laughter which find an echo only on his lips, but not in his heart. And in those self-same streets—amid all that bustling crowd—there winds an individual, who has a smile upon his countenance, and a dread idea in his mind. That individual systematically pursues the nearest paths which lead to Waterloo Bridge, and seeks the dark tide that murmurs beneath those graceful arches, as a welcome escape from the human tide that beats against its avenues—in search of that one pearl no where to be found amid the troubled waters of the world, but which the Thames hides in its mysterious depths—*oblivion*! And to that bridge go the thoughtful men to muse, and the actor to rehearse, and the author to compose, and the invalid to seek for health,—as well as the suicide to die!

Yes, the streets of London are full of the most appalling misery. Many a despairing heart wanders along, in the hope of flying from its own excess of agony; many a crime is concealed beneath a smiling countenance and a fine attire; and many an innocent soul is belied by a repulsive exterior. But of all the victims of evil passions or pursuits, that circulate through the streets of London, as the blood gushes in the veins and arteries, the wretches who are addicted to the vice of intemperance are the most miserable and the most degraded. They cannot depend upon themselves for their own means of recreation or diversion; they dread the solitude of their own thoughts; they are cowards, who fly from their own ideas, to take refuge in those of their companions at the tavern. They have not even the courage of the suicide, because they dare not leave the scene of their woes and their delinquencies,—they are wedded to the public-houses which have ruined them. They creep about like criminals, and seem to dread the gaze of their fellow creatures. They only breathe freely in the fetid air of the tap-room or the parlour of the tavern; the pure atmosphere of the streets is oppressive to them. They have starving wives—starving children—starving parents at home: misery is before them—misery behind them—misery

round about them; and yet they cannot exert one effort of courage over their own degraded souls, and rob their evil habit of one penny to hush the cries of starvation at home, and drive their constant attendant Misery one pace further off. They proclaim their own degradation as they walk along, by their air, their pace, their glances, and their manners. They are lost in body—lost in soul: they look not upon the fair prospect of this world with a joyous eye: and they dare not gaze upon the future prospects of another world at all. Emaciated are some,—bloated are others: pale and lank-visaged the former,—livid and purple the latter: and all are the prey to loathsome disease. Their breath is fetid—their brain is heated—their hands tremble—their frames are weak—their legs totter. They are oppressive to themselves, and oppressive to their acquaintances,—a constant burden to all save the publican, who lives by them.

And of all the hundreds of thousands of people that circulate through those streets of London to which we have alluded, there is no class more numerous than that of the intemperate. This class is composed of all ranks and of both sexes. It is a hideous multitude of self-immolated beings—slow suicides—miserable, miserable maniacs. The members of this class are totally divested of moral energy, or they would shake off the yoke of a monster whose shackles they do not love. They hug a chain which they loathe: they worship a task-master whom they anathematize in certain moments, but to whose resorts they return again. Their wives shed bitter, bitter tears all day, and all night: their sons become the perpetrators of enormous crimes, and their daughters enlist in the ranks of the lowest prostitutes. They set an infamous example to their families, and to their acquaintances. They resemble men who are attacked with the plague; they not only die of the disease themselves, but also communicate it to others who die also. Each drunkard makes more converts to his system of vice, than each good man can enlist beneath the banners of virtue.

Can the reader now wonder, then, that amid the crowds which frequent the streets of London, there should be so many care-worn countenances,—so many features lighted up with sickly smiles, while worms are gnawing at the heart? The drunkards are not really happy either in the midst of their dissipation, or on their way to it;—their wives are wandering about to seek the wretches who desert them: their sons are alert after crime: and their daughters are plying their horrible trade of turpitude. Thus does the drunkard supply the streets with misery and crime,—in his own person, in the person of his wife, in the persons of his sons, and in the persons of his daughters. His crime is not single: its name is legion. One evil thus widely operates upon society;—one evil spreads ruin, desolation, poverty, and vice around. The healthful bloom upon the cheek, the bright lustre of the eye, the felicitous smile, the decision of step, the manly confidence of demeanour, the pride of conscious rectitude, the glow of natural exhilaration,—all, all are effaced by the accursed influence of intemperance!

INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

We extract the following abridged remarks from a very clever work, called "AN ESSAY ON INTOXICATING LIQUORS," by T. Herbert Barker, Esq., Surgeon, of Bedford:—

When the strongest, most concentrated alcohol, is introduced into the stomach, it inflames the mucous membrane, and shortly destroys its vitality: the shock is rapidly conveyed to the brain, through the medium of the nerves: and persons have been known to die in so short a time after the exhibition of the spirit, that its absorption into the circulation could not have taken place: but it must have exerted its effects immediately upon the nervous system. That intoxicating liquors produce their effects through the medium of the

nerves, rather than being absorbed into the circulation, is very probable from the well-known intoxicating effects of a small quantity of a stimulating liquid when imbibed through a reed a plan of drinking which is pursued, as has been observed, by the Burmese and Siamese people. The fluid makes its impression upon the minute extremities of the nerves of sensation as it passes slowly over the tongue, along the oesophagus, (the gullet) into the stomach, where besides this prolonged impression upon the nerves of these parts, it produces the effects which it ordinarily does when taken rapidly into that organ.

Sir Benjamin Brodie killed several rabbits by injecting concentrated alcohol into their stomachs; and invariably found distinct marks of high inflammatory action in that organ, and extravasation of blood between its coats; and from the absence of any preternatural appearances of the brain, with the exception of a gorged state of its blood-vessels, the inference that the fatal shock is altogether upon the nervous system, was much strengthened. These suddenly fatal effects only follow the introduction into the stomach of the most highly-concentrated spirit. In a more diluted form, and as it exists in the numerous varieties of drinks some of which have been treated of, it acts less energetically, and produces the phenomena of Intoxication.

All stimulating liquors produce a local excitement of the nerves of the stomach, and the sensibility of the organ is increased, attended with a feeling of warmth in that region; in a short time the impression is communicated to the brain and entire nervous system, followed by hilarity of mind, dissipation of care, talkativeness, flushed state of the countenance, increased animation of the features, particularly of the eyes, which present a sparkling appearance. The invariable augmentation of the thirst after drinking inebriating liquors at once, and entirely, renders nugatory the reason which is often assigned by the drunkard for resorting to their use, that of thirst. If thirst do not exist when he commences drinking, this painful sensation will shortly be engendered, and thus will he be induced to drink more deeply and frequently of the intoxicating draught. If at this period of intoxication drinking be persisted in, the individual begins to lose all control of the will; giddiness, double vision, and noises in the ears supervene; the ideas become confused and irregular, and instead of being combined so as to produce joyous feelings, they arise in the mind in the most irregular and unconnected manner. During slight ebriety the prevailing disposition and pursuits of the individual are generally pretty freely disclosed, and hence originated the well-known saying, "*in vino veritas*." The irritable and ill-tempered become quarrelsome; the weak and silly, boisterous with laughter and mirth, profuse in their declarations of friendship, and in their own minds, capable of mighty achievements; the naturally sad and hypochondriacal are readily moved to tears, and dwell on mournful subjects. In a still more advanced stage of drunkenness, the excitement nearly approaches to that of delirium; the conceptions become more and more disordered, various hallucinations are frequently observed, the face becomes pale, and covered with a cold and clammy perspiration, the eyes vacant, the voice is thick, the voluntary motions are imperfect and unsteady, and at length the voluntary muscles cease to act. Sometimes vomiting occurs at this period, and produces very beneficial effects, much alleviating the subsequent stupor.

After these effects, the phenomena of *deep* intoxication occur. The powers of voluntary motion entirely fail, the mental faculties are suspended, and in the most severe cases, sensation is completely lost. In most instances this state supervenes gradually: the drunkard feels drowsy, and appears to fall into a sound sleep; but when the attempt is made, it is discovered that he cannot be aroused to consciousness by any effort; and the limbs remain in whatever position they may be placed. The face may be pale or flushed, and there may or may not be vomiting at this period; but the eyes will be vacant, red, and sometimes glazed; the pupils dilated. The head is generally warm, although the body and limbs may be somewhat or considerably cold. The pulse, which was at first excited becomes now feeble and slow, and, in severe cases, the depression of the circulation will be so great, and the powers of life at so low an ebb, that it cannot be felt at the wrists. The breathing may be laborious, and, in severe cases, there may be convulsions which are frequently the prelude to a fatal termination.

The effects of the stimulating liquors will vary with the habits of the person, with the condition of the body, particularly with regard to its strength and fullness of habit, with the kind of inebriating liquid used, and the circumstances of the stomach containing food or not. Many kinds of ale are strongly impregnated with some narcotic principle, besides what is contained in the hops; and these produce more decidedly stupifactive effects in a short time, and possess less of the stimulant properties than spirits, but are equally, if not more, injurious than the other liquors.

The sleep resembling apoplexy which is induced during intoxication, is a wise provision of Nature to restore the exhausted excitability of the system; I remarked the sleep resembling apoplexy, for it is different from the sleep of nature and health, and is more resembling apoplexy than any other disease; and

indeed not unfrequently terminates in apoplexy. How numerous have been the instances of sudden death from intoxication! These have been cases where this sleep has been the prelude to death; and in the majority of instances where death has occurred, it has been from apoplexy. We frequently read of persons found dead from intoxication,—of cases where the sleep of ebriety has been the last that has been taken in this world. I have known individuals who have recurred to the intoxicating draught in a condition of comparative health, and have fallen into this state of stupor never again to awake in this life; during the sin of intoxication have they been instantaneously ushered into eternity. Surely if the drunkard were but aware of the risk which he encounters during each of his vicious acts of intemperance, of the attenuated film upon which life hangs in the depth of intoxication, he would be frightened from his destructive course. What will he think when he is told that during the excitement of intoxication, merely a small quantity of fluid is required to be thrown out by the blood-vessels into the cavities of the brain, to cause instantaneous death, but that he has been most mercifully preserved during these debauched states of his system; death frequently happens from this cause during intoxication; and it is not surprising, since it sometimes occurs suddenly without any unusual excitement; indeed, it is remarkable that this result is not more frequent even than it is, with drunkards.

But we will suppose that the individual awakes after some time—which happily is the termination in the majority of instances—in what condition do we then find him? He does not awake as though he had been partaking of

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep;"

but both physically and mentally is suffering from his debauch: his hands are tremulous, his limbs are weak and unsteady, the surface of his body is susceptible of the slightest impressions, his stomach nauseates all kinds of food, his thoughts are gloomy and desponding, his temper is irascible, and if every moral principle of his nature has not been destroyed by excessive repetition of the vice, his mind is overpowered with the most distressing sense of degradation. The physical effects of the destructive habit are temporarily combated by a recurrence to the stimulant. Happy result for the individual if the effects of a single first debauch produce such a permanent impression upon his mind, as to prevent him from ever afterwards taking an intoxicating quantity of stimulating liquors. It is not infrequent that such disgust is excited by a first intoxication that it has not been repeated; but, if this be not excited after the first ingestion of a large quantity of intoxicating liquors, the tendency to it will be diminished by every subsequent indulgence.

The preceding sketch of intoxication must convince every intelligent individual of the total incompatibility of a continuance in the practice, with health of body, and vigour of intellect. Every appearance indicates a violent commotion of the frame, and however thoroughly some practices may become ingrafted and naturalized as it were, to the system, as to have justified the well-known assertion that habit is second nature, that of intoxication can never be persisted in with impunity. The disturbance of the mental faculties indicates the degree to which the brain has been affected; the appearance of the countenance, the condition of the pulse, and of the surface of the body, indicate the disturbance of the vascular system; in fact that something like a general but temporary febrile action has been set up in the body. The stomach, as has been wisely ordained, is excited to attempt to throw off its offending contents; and the kidneys are actively exercised, after the entrance of the fluid into the circulation, to assist in ridding the system of the baneful agent of intoxication.

If all other intoxications were wanting, none other would be required to convince the most obstinate sceptic of the injurious effects of intoxicating liquors, than those which are observed after the more immediate effects of the poison have subsided. Then, indeed, is the victim truly wretched; his body unhinged, and his intellectual faculties bedimmed and by a continuance in the habit, we may observe the most lamentable spectacle in animated nature, a being with a shattered fabric of a body, and a ruined tenant; reason perhaps dethroned from her seat, never again to be reinstated in the earthly tabernacle.

I would exhort the drunkard to reflect well on his condition during the insensibility of drunkenness. The sleeping brute can be aroused to conscientiousness, and may escape danger if near at hand, but here is a human being, a being endowed with reason, and with the awful responsibilities of his nature appended thereto,—insensible, perfectly helpless, more so even than the newly-born babe,—and this by his own perverse and worse than brutalized will.

CASES OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Extracted from No. III. of the "ANATOMY OF INTEMPERANCE."

THE Countess Cornelia Bandini of the town of Cesena in Italy, enjoyed a tolerably good state of health, although she had reached the age of sixty-two, and notwithstanding her addiction to ardent spirits and strong

wines. Having one evening experienced a sort of drowsiness, she retired to bed at an earlier hour than usual; and her maid remained with her until she fell fast asleep. On the following morning, when the girl repaired to her mistress's bed-room, she found nothing but the remains of the countess's body in the most horrid condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed was a heap of ashes, in which could be distinguished the legs and arms untouched. Between the legs lay the head, the brains of which, together with half the posterior part of the cranium, remained; but the whole of the chin had been consumed. Two fingers had been found in the state of a coal; and the body itself was reduced to ashes. These ashes, when touched, left on the fingers a fat and foetid moisture. A small lamp, which stood on the floor, was covered with ashes, and had no oil in it. The tallow of two candles was melted on a table; but the wicks remained untouched; and the feet of the candlesticks were covered with a certain moisture. The bed was not damaged. The bed-clothes and cover-lids were raised on one side, as if a person had just got up from the bed. The furniture and tapestry were covered with a moist soot, the colour of ashes, which had penetrated the drawers and soiled the linen. This soot, having been conveyed to a neighbouring kitchen, adhered to the walls and the utensils: a piece of bread in the cupboard was covered with it, and no dog would touch it. The same infectious odour had been communicated to other apartments.

Grace Pitt, the wife of a fishmonger at Ipswich, aged about sixty, had contracted a habit, which she continued for several years, of going down stairs in the middle of the night, half-dressed, and smoking a pipe. She was moreover accustomed to partake largely of ardent spirits previously to retiring to rest. One night she got up from her bed, and went down stairs as usual: her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive that she was absent until the next morning when she awoke. The young woman rose and dressed herself, and then proceeded to the kitchen, where she found her mother stretched on the right side, with her head near the grate, the body extended upon the hearth, and the legs upon the floor. This floor was made of wood, and had the appearance of being burnt without any apparent flame. On beholding this hideous spectacle, the girl ran in great haste to fetch some water, a large quantity of which she poured over the body of her mother, to extinguish the fire which was still burning in the region of the left bosom; but the dreadful foetid odour that was exhaled from the corpse almost suffocated the neighbours who repaired to the daughter's assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered over with white ashes. The head, the legs, the arms, and the thighs had also participated in the burning. The unhappy victim had drunk an extraordinary quantity of spirits on the preceding day, in consequence of having received tidings that another of her daughters had just returned from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate; and the candle was found entirely burnt out in the socket of the candlestick, which was close by her. Near the body, there were also a child's clothes and a paper screen, which had not sustained the slightest injury by the fire,—although placed within the scope of its fury, had it been a natural flame.

In the month of February, 1779, Marie Jauffret, widow of Nicholas Gravier, shoemaker, and who resided at Aix, in Provence, France, was burnt to death in her apartment. She had long been addicted to the dreadful vice of intemperance, and her frame was exceedingly bloated and unhealthy when her terrible end took place by means of spontaneous combustion. Messieurs Muraire and Rocas, two eminent surgeons of the vicinity, were commissioned by the local authorities to make a report of the state of the body. They found only a mass of ashes and a few bones, calcined in such a manner, that at the least pressure they crumbled into dust. The bones of the cranium, one hand, and a foot had in some measure resisted the action of the fire. Near the remains stood a table untouched, and under the table a small stove, the grating of which having been long burnt, afforded an aperture through which it is probable that the fire had been communicated: one chair, which stood near the flames, had the seat and fore-feet burnt. In other respects there was no appearance of fire either in the chimney or the apartment; so that, except the fore-part of the chair, it appeared to the medical gentlemen that no other combustible matter contributed to this speedy incineration, which was effected in the space of seven or eight hours.

A woman of Copenhagen, in the year 1692, who for three years had been notorious as a most inveterate drunkard, and who for some time previous to her dissolution, would take no other kind of nourishment, suffered death from spontaneous combustion. She sat down one evening upon her chair to sleep, and was entirely consumed in a few hours, so that on the ensuing morning, no part of her was found but the skull and the extreme joints of her fingers. All the rest of her body was reduced to cinders, and a most horrible stench pervaded the chamber in which this direful tragedy of nature took place.

The following case of spontaneous combustion took place in the year 1773. The victim was a widow of the name of Mary Clues, and was fifty years of age at the time of her death. She had long been addicted to dreadful habits of intemperance; and this propensity

increased after the decease of her husband, which took place a year and a half previous to the demise of the widow. For upwards of a year, scarcely a day had elapsed in which she did not drink half a pint of rum or aniseed. Her health gradually declined; and, about the beginning of February, she was attacked by the jaundice and confined to her bed. Though she were incapable of much action, and not in a condition to work, she still continued her old habit of drinking every day, and smoking tobacco. The bed, on which she lay, stood parallel to the chimney of the apartment, and at a distance of about three feet from the fire-place. On Saturday morning, the 1st of March, she fell upon the floor; and her extreme weakness having prevented her from getting up, she remained in that state until some one entered and put her to bed again. The following night she wished to be left alone again. A woman quitted her at half-past eleven, and, according to custom, shut the door and locked it. This woman had put upon the fire two large pieces of coal, and had placed a light in a candlestick on a chair at the head of the bed. At half-past five in the morning, a smoke was seen issuing through the window, and the door was immediately broken open. Some flames, which were in the room, were soon extinguished; and between the bed and the chimney were found the remains of the unfortunate Mary Clues. One leg and a thigh were still entire; but there remained nothing of the skin, the muscles, or the viscera: the bones of the cranium, the breast, the spine, and the upper extremities were entirely calcined and covered with a whitish efflorescence. The furniture had sustained but little injury. The side of the bed next to the chimney had suffered most; the wood of it was slightly burnt, but the feather-bed, the clothes, and covering, were not even singed. The walls and everything in the room were blackened, and a disagreeable vapour pervaded the chamber; but nothing except the body exhibited any strong traces of fire.

THE MADEIRA MERCHANT.

A TALK.—BY H. W. WESTON.

JAMES MAURICE was born near the lovely city of Perth. Being blessed by the most amiable and virtuous of parents, he received a very superior Scotch education. With joy did the authors of his being watch over the development of the intelligence of their only and dearly-loved boy; and with heartfelt anxiety did they look forward to the time when he should leave their humble but happy abode, to launch his frail bark on the ocean of life. He was destined to try his fortune in the counting-house of a distant relative, a wealthy merchant in the great metropolis; and when the dreaded day of separation arrived, the miserable parents bade a long farewell to their beloved son.

On the arrival of the amiable young Scotchman in London, he was immediately taken into the counting-house of his friend, who was an extensive importer of foreign wines; and young Maurice, in his capacity of clerk, was compelled to taste nearly every sample to try its quality. Thus he at first imbibed the relish for intoxicating drink; but at this time his vigorous and healthy constitution seldom or ever yielded to its influence.

The superior talents of Mr. Maurice soon evinced themselves; and never were the merchant's affairs in a more flourishing condition than under the discipline of our hero.

Mr. Maurice soon became a partner in a more extensive business than that of his employer, and his name then stood first in a large firm well known at five or six of the principal ports of the world. His transactions with his bankers amounted to upwards of a quarter of a million annually; and for years the splendid career of our young friend astonished and delighted all who knew him.

At this time he married a most accomplished young lady, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. He took a charming Villa at Dulwich, and many a happy day has the writer passed at that lovely and hospitable retreat. Mrs. Maurice presented him with six children; and never did man look upon a sweeter domestic circle than that composed of this happy family. Every thing that could please the eye or delight the heart was there provided, and all appeared happiness and peace; but luxury crept into the abode, and the merchant imagined that his friends could not be happy unless they were well saturated with wine and other intoxicating drinks, to which it was suspected that the wealthy Maurice himself was somewhat attached.

The habit of excessive drinking has certainly decreased of late among the higher classes of English society; but this favourable change can hardly be said to have reached the merchants and the *bons vivants* of the City. The luxurious feasting of the City corporations must at some period be brought before the public; and these worthies will doubtless be soon shamed out of their excessive gluttony and drunkenness. It may here be observed by way of parenthesis, that the Grocers' Company spends upwards of £800 for each annual venison dinner. Yes, £800 in one day in each year to tickle the palates of a few individuals, many of whom are poor law guardians, and employed in carrying out the cursed statute which makes poverty a crime, and punishes it with the slow and lingering death of starvation; and it was such Bacchanalian revelries as these that

Maurice frequented, to be further initiated in the habits of drinking to excess.

In 1825 the terrible panic came like a simoom upon the face of the commercial world, and shook our mercantile credit to its base. Yes—there came one of those periodical tornados, let loose upon commerce by the juggle of the paper system, and the withering monopoly of that pandering and infamous combination, commonly called by the late Mr. Cobbett, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and more generally known as the Bank of England."

The house of the wealthy Maurice fell in the general havoc, and the merchant who was a prince one day, saw nothing but ruin and destitution staring him in the face the next. Again and again did he seek solace in the intoxicating cup; and every fresh calamity made his potations the deeper.

The affairs of his house were wound up; a composition was paid to the creditors; and the partners were released, to try their fortunes once more.

Mr. Maurice with some assistance again commenced his business with the Island of Madeira, and soon found employment for two smart schooners. He continued trading for a few years, and supporting his family in respectability; but the accursed habit of drunkenness now began to show itself in all its deformity; and the once joyous and happy countenance of our hero became bloated and disfigured. His hand trembled, his memory failed him, and the lurking shyness of conscious guilt soon compelled his friends to express their sad conviction that Maurice was a lost character!

Owing to some dispute with the custom-house, our poor friend obstinately persisted in not paying a fine, and was thrown into the King's-Bench prison. Ruin now really overtook him; every fraction of his property was stripped from him; his wife and dear family were compelled to fall back on her father, who sent her and the children to some little estate in Scotland, for the sake of economy; and he, deprived of his all, remained in a debtor's prison. If there were no other reason for abolishing the system of imprisonment for debt, a sufficient one exists in the fact, that the habits of prisoners, generally, confirm the poor debtor in the vice of drunkenness.

For twelve long months did poor Maurice linger in this abode of misery, and here he sank down to the confirmed sot. The pot of beer, the pipe of tobacco, and the lewd and filthy song, day after day, passed away his time. He was released; but these low habits never forsook him,—he was indeed lost, besotted, and paralysed; he actually forgot his wife and offspring, he drank all he could get, and he found numbers who gave him *drink out of charity*. He passed his time in wandering from one public house to another, and often was to be seen about those dens of iniquity in Leadenhall, Newgate, and Billingsgate markets. At length a dread disease overtook him, and the writer with some other friends gained admission for him into St. Bartholomew's hospital. He was taken thither in his rags from an out-port of hell, called the "Dark House," in Newgate-market. A few weeks terminated his wretched existence,—he died there, unvisited and alone! No wife or dear children were near to soothe him. Strong drink had made the father forget the wife of his bosom and the children of their loves; nor did any of them know he was dead until some time after his burial. The writer begged the body of Maurice, and had it interred with the remains of some portion of his young offspring, in a vault which he had erected in his affluence, in Homerton church.

He is gone to another world; his wife and family are dispersed—we scarce know whither; but reflection on his career reminds us of the dread uncertainty of all mundane affairs; and, as we curse the cause, we tremble at the consequences of tampering with intoxicating drinks!

Fathers! for the sake of heaven, never place your sons in a situation where they are likely to deal in alcoholic drinks! Attribute the appalling end of Maurice to his early habit of tasting wine as one of the attributes of his business; and be assured that, as drink punishes and curses its victim, so he that deals in intoxicating liquors, is in some way or other castigated by means of the traffic!

REVIEWS.

The Museum of Mirth; or Humourist's Pocket-Book. Numbers I—XVI. Published every Fortnight. Glasgow: W. Hamilton.

THIS excellent little publication is compiled expressly for the working classes, so that rational amusement may be provided for the poor man, instead of the baneful indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors. This aim, which is a laudable one, is well worked out; and the sixteen numbers now before us contain some of the most witty and pithy anecdotes and quotations which a discrimi-

nating taste could have selected for the purpose. We will give an example:—

"Thomas," said a sponging friend of the family to a footman, who had been lingering about the room for half an hour to show him to the door; "Thomas, my good fellow, it's getting late, isn't it? How soon will the dinner come up, Thomas?" "The very moment you be gone, sir," was the unequivocal reply.

Grant's London Journal. Published Weekly.

8vo. pp. 16. Vol. II. No. 37. London: G. Berger.

This very clever publication, which is conducted by the well-known author of the "Great Metropolis," &c. &c. deserves universal patronage. The original articles are all excellent, and the selections are made with good taste and judgment. The following brief extract is from a capital paper called "The Adventures of Anthony Small-Cash, Esq.":

"Well then," continued my new acquaintance, "you must know that I am in rather an unpleasant predicament, hunted about like a hare. The fact is, some friends of mine are rather too anxious about my comfort, and follow me whether I like it or no. I am fond of giving 'em the slip, though, now and then, as you see—"

"Oh! ah! relations, I suppose," said I. "Kind-hearted aunts."

"Aunts!" exclaimed the stranger with a loud laugh. "No indeed, if you had talked of my uncle, you would have been nearer the truth. I know a good deal more of him than any of my other connexions. But the friends I speak of are no relations, oh! no, not in the least."

"Pressing fellows, perhaps, wanting to borrow money," said I.

"Now you've hit it. They do want money, and what's more, they won't take any refusal. If they can't get it, they'll have me. In fact it's of no use denying it, they are officers."

"Military men!" cried I in astonishment.

"No, bailiffs," carelessly replied my companion.

"Then you are—"

"Nicholas Sharp, Esq., of no particular parish, commonly called Sharp Nick. Occupation, dodging creditors, revenue, round O, accomplishments undeniable. Now you have my history. People say I have a knack for guessing; now tell me am I very far wrong when I say you are in my line?"

The Temperance Messenger. Number for September. New Series. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

A very clever organ for the South Midland Temperance Association, and the adjacent parts. It contains a great variety of matter, and blends amusement with instruction. We quote the following clever remarks:—

WHAT IS THE POSITION OF ENGLAND? She is drunk. In her cities, the gin palaces have raised their shameless fronts, with almost royal splendour; like prostitutes, they pander to the lust of the people for the sake of money till our wretched, ragged, starving, metropolitan poor, are drunk with gin! In the country, the beer-shops infest every village, and every lane; absorb the hard-earned wages of the poor; and consume the children's bread while the father is drunk with beer. It is not known how large a portion of the flower of England's hope, of the rising talent of the country, fall prostrate before the power of wine! Thus England, Christian England, is become the greatest drunkard in the world, if we except her progeny, in New South Wales, who are said, if it be possible, to drink deeper still.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL PROGRESS AND MEETINGS.

BIRMINGHAM.

OUR esteemed correspondent, MR. ELIJAH GOODHEAD, has favoured us with an elaborate report of the meeting held by the Birmingham Temperance Society, at the usual place, on Monday evening, Sept. 14th. MR. PLUMFRET was called to the chair. The audience was addressed by MESSRS. GOODHEAD and SMITH; who were succeeded by that truly renowned champion of Teetotalism, MR. JOHN HOCKINGS, the "Birmingham Blacksmith." This veteran was received with tremendous applause; and his powerful style of elocution, his sallies of wit, his terrific attacks upon those who encourage drinking, and his strong appeals to those present to sign or adhere to the pledge, drew forth the most enthusiastic applause. The details of that oration will long tingle in the ears of those who heard it; and the fruits will be a glorious accession of strength to the Birmingham Temperance Society.

Mr. HOCKINGS said he had been asked whether any good came out of Teetotalism? He would declare, in reply, that some years ago he did not possess five shillings, and now he was worth five hundred pounds. Teetotalism had done this for him, and would do the same for all who tried its principles. Mr. Hockings said that a short time ago he was travelling in a coach in which there were some convicts on their way to the hulks. He (Mr. Hockings,) enquired wherefore one of them sobbed so bitterly. The reason was, that the penitent malefactor "recollected him (Mr. Hockings,) and regretted to say that he had frequently attended Temperance meetings, for the sake of creating a disturbance. If he had signed the pledge, he should not have been in that condition; as drunkenness had led him to commit the crime for which he was then on his way to the place of punishment." Mr. Hockings then alluded to Father Mathew, on whom he pronounced a powerful eulogium.

LAUNCESTON (CORNWALL).

On Friday, August 28th, the members of the Launceston Temperance Institution were edified by the delivery of a *Lecture on Tobacco*, by Mr. B. A. PALMER, who entered into the history of the plant, and fully explained its injurious effects. The talented lecturer is a young man of considerable intellectual attainments, and who was reclaimed from habits of intemperance at the period of the first establishment of a total abstinence society in Launceston. One Teetotaler, who listened to the lecture with great attention, emptied his snuff-box upon the floor, the moment it was concluded and declared that he would never indulge in the habit again.

We sincerely thank the Secretary of the Launceston Temperance Institution for his kindness in corresponding with us, and shall always be glad to give insertion to his communications. We perceive, by a card forwarded to us, that several interesting lectures are to be delivered at Launceston in the course of the summer. One is upon the "Physiology of Temperance;" we shall give a short account of each.

THE MARINER'S CHURCH, WELLCLOSE SQUARE.

On Monday, August 31st, according to previous announcement, a tea-meeting was held in the Mariner's Church, after which a female Branch to the Saint George's Branch was formed. Mr. MIERS, the Secretary of the latter, was called to the chair, upon taking which he expatiated upon the importance of establishing female total abstinence associations. Mrs. ROBERTS and Mrs. DOUGLAS were amongst the female speakers on this occasion: and they were listened to with the most profound attention. The new branch was denominated *The St. George's and East Smithfield Female Branch*.

GLOUCESTER.

Teetotalism has many able and staunch supporters in this city. Mr. E. HUDSON, one of the travelling advocates of the United Temperance Association, gave lectures there, to very crowded audiences, on the 13th and 14th instant. These lectures were received with much enthusiasm; and great benefits will result to the cause of total abstinence in this city.

HALL OF SCIENCE, CITY ROAD.

On Friday, the 11th instant, a crowded meeting of Teetotalers assembled at this place. Mr. DONALDSON (the brother of the well-known advocate) was called to the chair. The meeting was addressed by the chairman, and by Messrs. HART, CLUES, JAMESON, ROBERTY and J. H. DONALDSON. The Hall will be open every Friday evening, on which occasion every pledge of total abstinence will be administered.

VIRGINIA STREET, CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

A meeting of this association was lately held in the Glass-house, opposite the entrance to the London Docks, East Smithfield. The room was crowded to excess. The Rev. S. HUTCHINSON was called to the chair. The audience was addressed by this gentleman, and by Messrs. KESLEY, BLACKMORE, ROBERTS, JOHNSON, ROBERTY, SULLIVAN, and GRAY, in a most powerful and impressive manner.

THE MARLBOROUGH BRANCH OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The usual weekly meeting at Mr. Warde's Assembly Rooms, Circus Place, New Road, took place on Wednesday evening, Sept. 16th. The chair was taken by Mr. H. W. WESTON, Secretary to the United Temperance Association; and the audience was addressed with great effect by Messrs. TODD, MAC CURRY (of Chelsea), COLLINS, and SMITH (of Stratford.)

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday, Sept. 16.

Mr. CRUMP, the Registrar of this Association, took the chair at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, on this occasion. He made an excellent speech upon the general merits of Teetotalism, and produced a sensible impression upon the audience.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS said that if there were a few occasional relapses from the doctrine of total abstinence to the habits of dissipation, they only occurred on the parts of those who were not sincere from the commencement.

Mr. BENSTEAD spoke upon the necessity of consistency, and exposed the folly of the moderation-doctrine by showing the impossibility of its universal application, whereas the principle of total-abstinence possessed the characteristic of unity in that respect.

Mr. ANDERSON implored the miserable and degraded drunkard to hasten and sign the pledge, as the only means of salvation from domestic, moral, and physical ruin.

Mr. BLACKLEY made a most powerful speech, in which he adduced fresh arguments in favour of Teetotalism.

Saturday, Sept. 19.

Mr. H. W. WESTON, the Secretary of the United Temperance Association, took the chair, and opened the business of the evening in a speech eminently calculated to forward the interests of Teetotalism.

Mr. BOWLER (of Kensington) gave a most favourable account of the progress of Teetotalism in his vicinity.

Mr. BENSTEAD continued his observations from Wednesday night on the necessity of consistency.

Mr. MEE exposed the ruinous consequences of frequenting public-houses, and the folly of people talking of political freedom, while they were shackled in the moral slavery of intemperate habits.

Mr. WILLIAM DONALDSON made a powerful appeal to those present to induce their children to sign the pledge of total abstinence.

Mr. BATEY adduced arguments to prove that the working man can perform his labour better without intoxicating drinks, than with them.

GREENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

One of the most crowded meetings that has ever taken place at the Aldersgate Chapel, was held there by this excellent society on Friday evening, Sept. 18th under the presidency of the Rev. Doctor TRACY, D.D. On the platform were noticed Messrs. R. P. BATGER, (Secretary to the Society,) J. H. DONALDSON, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, H. W. WATSON, &c. &c. The chairman made a most admirable speech upon the grand effects of Teetotalism in respect to the rising generation, and the Report of the Secretary, Mr. R. P. BATGER, was received with the applause due to a narrative of success and triumph in the great cause of total abstinence.

MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS OF "THE TEETOTALER."

A General Meeting of the Shareholders of *The Teetotaler* journal took place on Monday evening, Sept. 21, at Pepperell's Coffee House, Golden Lane. Mr. R. P. BATGER took the chair. The Secretary, Mr. H. W. WESTON, laid a statement of the position of the journal before the meeting: and a *vote of confidence and thanks* was awarded to that gentleman, and to Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, the Editor. It was then resolved that the sum of two hundred pounds should be immediately raised upon the issue of the remaining shares, in order to send agents into those distant parts, where the journal is as yet scarcely known, and to adopt the necessary measures to secure an increased circulation.

From the Secretary's Report, it appeared that the sale of the journal had been so great that several of the back numbers were being reprinted: (Number V., second edition, is already out.) The Shareholders were much pleased with the Secretary's statements, and resolved to support the journal to the utmost of their ability.

A vote of thanks was awarded to the chairman, and to Messrs. CRUMP (the Registrar of the United Temperance Association,) EM-

BERSON (the Treasurer) GAWTHORPE, and WILSON, for having especially interested themselves in the business.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Conducted by the author of "Random Recollections,"

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The attention of the friends of Teetotalism is requested to GRANT'S LONDON JOURNAL, as, though essentially a literary publication, it has, from its commencement, most strenuously advocated the cause of Temperance.

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By G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

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Depot of the United Temperance Association, 13, Aldersgate Street;

And sold by W. Strange, Paternoster Row; S. Macher & Co., Dublin; and D. Campbell, Glasgow.

A New Weekly Publication for Teetotalers

This Day is Published, Part I, Price Fourpence, of

THE LADIES' KITCHEN DIRECTORY.

EDITED BY A LADY.

With Illustrations on WOOD and STEEL.

London: Published by J. FELLOWS, 36, Tottenham Court Road, and may be had of all Booksellers and Venders of this Publication.

NOTICE.

L. KYEZOR, (From General) WATCH

AND CLOCK MANUFACTURER, 16, TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, nearly opposite Great Russell-street, and at 17, Upper George-street, Edgware-road, takes the present opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the public for the great encouragement he has met with for the last thirty years, and begs to inform them that he continues to employ ten experienced workmen, both French and English, for repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Musical Boxes, &c., of every description. He has made a reduction of one-half the price usually charged by others in the trade.

Common Watch Glasses, 3d., Double Flint, 6d., Lunet Glass, 1s. 3d., Gilt Watch Hands, pair, 9d., Watch Dials, 3s., Main-spring, 3s., Verge, 3d., Hair-spring, 1s. 3d., Watch cleaning, 1s. 6d., Chains, 1s. 6d., Gold Watch Hands, pair, 1s. 3d., Cleaning 30-hour Clock, 1s. 3d., Cleaning 8-day Clock, 3s. 6d.

Chronometers, Duplex, Horizontal, and Repeating Watches of every description, both Foreign and English. Turret Spring, and Musical Clocks, &c., and every other article in the trade as cheap in proportion.

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This is universally recommended by the Faculty for its efficacy in removing Disorders incident to the eyes and head. It will prevent diseases of a Scrofulous nature affecting the nerves of the head. In cases of a nervous head-ache it is completely efficacious, and gives a natural sweetness to the breath. It may be taken as frequently as other snuffs, with the most perfect safety and gratification to the consumer. Wash the eyes every morning with warm milk and water, to remove whatever secretion may have been produced during the night.

Dr. Abernethy used it, and termed it the Faculty's Friend and Nurse's Vale Mecum.
Dr. Andrews also recommends its use as a preventive from contagion.

G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S.—This eminent surgeon strongly recommends Grimstone's Eye Snuff. See J. B. Lachfield, Esq.'s Letter.

Observe this Caution.—W. GRIMSTONE is the SOLE INVENTOR, and the only genuine is prepared by him.
Read a few cases of Sight Restored by the use of GRIMSTONE'S EYE SNUFF.

Mrs. A. Cole, No. 7, Skinners' Almshouses, aged 69, sight restored and head-ache cured, Jan. 9, 1840.

W. Verlin, Esq., inflammation cured, Youghal, Ireland.

J. J. Protherne, Esq., sight restored and head-ache cured, Waterford.

J. W. Chester, Esq., sight restored, Ballyclough, Glebe, Mal-lor.

J. B. Lachfield, Esq., cured of ophthalmia; Whitehall, and Thatched House Tavern.

Mrs. Guppy, 36, Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, cured of ophthalmia.

Miss Mary Roades, Market-place, Winslow, Bucks, cured of ophthalmia; witnesses to her cure, Mr. John Roades, father, and R. Walker, Esq., a magistrate.

To Mr. Grimstone, 39, Broad-street.

Sir,—Having read in several public journals many testimonials the editors of which have thought them worthy their attention, in many instances so much so as to call the invention of which I believe you are the proprietor, and consider it of such vital importance to the preservation of sight, as to recommend its universal use. Now, sir, to my case, during my residence in Jamaica, I suffered much from inflammation in the eyes and head, which brought on a continued nervous headache. I had all the advice that the medical gentlemen of those parts could afford, but all to no purpose. My uncle, Mr. Frederick Hill, a gentleman well known to those parts, was recommended to send to your agent at Kingstown for some of your Eye Snuff; and I believe he paid to the value of 3s. for every one of the 1s. 3d. canisters; this I know, it was cheap at any price. I was relieved before using the contents of four canisters, and from that time I have ever used it with the most happy result. You may circulate this testimony for the good of others, who may be sceptical as to the real utility of your Eye Snuff.

I am, your's gratefully, M. HILL.

1, Bull's-head court, Great Queen street, Lincoln's inn.
G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S.—This eminent surgeon strongly recommends Grimstone's Eye Snuff. Read G. J. Lachfield's letter.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

From Blackwood's Lady's Magazine, for May, 1838. To Mr. Grimstone, on his valuable invention of the Eye Snuff, made from British Herbs, for the diseased organs of the head and eyes.

Great was the power that did to man impart
Creative genius and inventive art;
The second prize is not less, Grimstone, thine;
Wise was thine head and great was thy design.
Our precious sight, from danger now set free,
Wives, widows, fathers, praiser sing to thee.

ELIZ. ROBSON.

Copy of a letter sent to Mr. Grimstone, Feb. 10, 1840.
Sir,—Having been afflicted with bad eyes for a long time, a friend who had received benefit from using your eye snuff, recommended it to me. I have taken the contents of your 2s. 4d. canisters, and am happy to say my sight has improved, the weakness and dimness is removed; and, Sir, it is my wish that you make this known for the good of the public.

6, York-place, Kentish-Town. Your's, GEORGE SMITH.

To W. Grimstone, Esq., Inventor of Eye Snuff, 39, Broad street, Whitehall, March 8, 1838.

Mr. Grimstone—Sir, I think it but justice that I should offer my acknowledgments to you for the great benefit I have derived from the use of your most exquisite fragrant compound, composed of herbs, called Eye Snuff; its action on the membrane of the nose, causing the lachrymal glands to discharge in a manner truly surprising, and by that means to cleanse the cornea, that my eyes became healthy, strong, and performed their wonted duties in a manner that I have not known the blessing of for six years. The renowned G. J. Guthrie, Esq., recommended me to try your Eye Snuff prior to my undergoing an operation. Many thanks to him for his suggestion; thanks to your invention, that operation will not be necessary. Sir, you have my permission to make this known in any manner you may think best. I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. B. LACHFIELD.

P.S.—Sir, be pleased to send to the Thatched-house Tavern, St. James's street, a 4s. 4d. and 8s. 4d. canister. You can send the change in the parcel for the enclosed half-sovereign. J. B. L.

This letter is attested to by G. J. Guthrie, Esq., F.R.S.
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H. WHEATLEY."

St. James's Palace, June 25th, 1835.
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18	2 14 8	2 7 9	2 2 0	1 18 0
19	2 16 8	2 9 3	2 3 3	1 19 0
20	2 18 9	2 11 0	2 4 6	2 0 0
21	3 1 9	2 12 9	2 5 6	2 1 0
22	3 3 9	2 14 6	2 7 0	2 2 0
23	3 6 3	2 16 6	2 8 6	2 3 0
24	3 9 4	2 18 9	2 10 3	2 4 0
25	3 12 4	3 1 0	2 12 4	2 5 0
26	3 15 9	3 3 9	2 14 0	2 6 0
27	3 19 7	3 6 3	2 16 0	2 7 0
28	4 3 9	3 8 9	2 18 2	2 8 6
29	4 8 3	3 12 0	3 0 3	2 10 0
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31	4 18 3	3 18 9	3 5 2	2 13 0
32	5 4 0	4 2 6	3 7 9	2 15 0
33	5 10 9	4 6 6	3 10 6	2 17 0
34	5 18 3	4 11 0	3 13 9	2 19 0
35	6 6 3	4 15 6	3 17 4	3 1 0
36	—	5 1 0	4 0 9	3 3 6
37	—	5 7 3	4 4 8	3 6 0
38	—	5 14 0	4 9 0	3 9 0
39	—	6 1	4 13 9	3 12 0
40	—	6 9	4 18 9	3 15 0
41	—	—	5 4 6	3 18 0
42	—	—	5 10 9	4 1 0
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All Communications for the Editor, to be addressed, post-paid, to the Depot of the United Temperance Association, 134, Aldersgate Street.

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FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 15.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER III.

THE BREAKFAST.

"WHAT is the use of making yourself and me miserable also?" demanded Melville pettishly of his amiable young wife, on the morning after the adventures related in the two preceding chapters.

"Oh! Victor, you know not my heart, if you think that I would willingly afflict you," answered Louise, endeavouring to smile through the tears that trickled down her charming countenance; "but I tremble—I am afraid—I dare not contemplate the future—now that your mortal enemy has become a visitor to this house. It is not for myself that I fear, Victor,—oh! no—believe me, I can support all the evils of penury and want: but when I think of our dear children—of those little beings who smile so innocently upon us, and amuse us with all their winning ways,—oh! it is then, Victor, that I tremble for the consequences of this renewal of your intimacy with that man!"

"This is childish, Louise," said Melville, endeavouring to console his afflicted wife;—"this is childish. The truth is, I am almost ashamed to admit that I had drunk too much last night,—and that—when in that state—"

"When in that state, my dearest husband," interrupted Louise, "you would sacrifice anything to that which you call friendship! Alas! friendship is often nothing more than a coin with which one man endeavours to cheat his neighbour; and intoxication blinds the eyes to the baseness of the metal."

"True, dear Louise," answered Melville: "I will not cultivate this man's friendship."

The young and affectionate wife threw herself into her husband's arms, and poured forth her gratitude for this promise in terms so endearing, that Melville anathematized his own brutal conduct on the preceding evening, and of which he entertained a slight reminiscence, towards so amiable and fascinating a creature. He gazed upon her with the most melting tenderness, and whispered words of consolation and promise in her ears. Suddenly she disengaged herself from his embrace; and, impelled by the thought of the moment, hastened to a table on which lay a beautiful *Album*, or "scrap-book." In this volume were several of Melville's own compositions; and to one of these did Louise refer at that moment. It was an additional source of consolation to her to peruse the following lines, which Victor had addressed to her; and copied into the *Album*, only a few weeks previous to the period of which we are speaking:—

TO MY WIFE.

How beautiful art thou, my love,
The angel of my life,
The star that leads me safely through
The world's distress and strife,—
The beacon on the rock of hope
That cheers me from afar!—
How beautiful art thou, my love,—
My angel, and my star!



INTERVIEW OF LOUISE AND MELVILLE, IN NEWGATE.
To illustrate Chapter XII. (No. 11.)

Our children have thine own blue eyes,
In which affection gleams,—
Their lips have caught from thine the smile
That ever on them beams:—
When sorrow steals into my soul,
And clouds hang o'er my brow,
The first to wean me from despair,
My well-beloved, art thou!

The mind, when in that desert-state,
By Hope's pure manna fed,
Revives, as flowers beneath the dews
Which April mornings shed:
For all th' endearing sentiments,
And all the bliss of life
Are mark'd by the two tender words
Of children and of wife!

How beautiful is the belief
Which Moslems still maintain—
(Alas! that sages should have shown
Such visions to be vain!)
That echoes are the voices of
Those souls in worlds of bliss,
Which e'er repeat the words of them
They lov'd and left in this!

Oh! should'st thou pass from hence away
Into another sphere,
Before the sun has also clos'd
Upon mine own career,
"I love thee!" are the words which on
My lips shall e'er be found,
That, though in other realms, thou still
May'st echo back the sound!

How beautiful art thou, my love
The angel of my life,
The star that leads me safely through
The world's distress and strife,—
The beacon on the rock of hope
That cheers me from afar!—
How beautiful art thou, my love,—
My angel, and my star!

"When I peruse these lines, Victor," said Louise, with tears in her eyes, as she closed the *Album*, "I feel convinced that you could not wish to make me or your children unhappy!"

"Never—impossible!" ejaculated Melville. "I was idiot enough to lend, or rather to give that fellow Tibbatts some money; but if he ever call again, I will dismiss him with contempt from my presence."

This promise entirely relieved the beautiful wife from all further uneasiness, and a servant at this moment announced that the vehicle which had been ordered, was ready at the door, to convey the expected guests to the house of Mr. Terrywhist.

From an early hour on that same morning, had every thing been in bustle and confusion at the abode of this gentleman. When the cat's-meat man passed by with his wheelbarrow, Mr. Terrywhist felt persuaded that the bridegroom had just arrived in his carriage; and he rushed down stairs to receive him with such precipitation, that he strangely unsettled the equilibrium of Mrs. Jubbins, who was cleaning out the hall. Then, when the collector called for the water-rates, Mr. Terrywhist scampered to the door with such extraordinary alacrity, that the aforesaid collector retreated to a considerable distance, under the apprehension that assault and battery were meditated against him. In a word, the usually tranquil and sedate Mr. Terrywhist was as lively as if he had swallowed a pound of quicksilver; and Mrs. Jubbins was mortally offended with her once respected master, because when she de-

licately and gently remonstrated with him for kicking over her pail in his hurry to rush to the door every time there was a knock, he had coolly desired her to go to the hottest place he could think of at the moment. But as this respectable female probably fancied that journey to be somewhat too long, she undertook a shorter one just round the corner to a gin-shop, where she regaled herself with a quarter of rum.

At length Mr. Terrywhist was gratified by the arrival of Mr. Chizzlehurst, who made his appearance in excellent spirits and a new suit of clothes. Mr. Chizzlehurst was a gentleman on whom beneficent nature had conferred an abundance of bright red hair: his eyes were light green (an ominous colour in respect to jealousy), his lips large and thick, and his face curiously studded with freckles. He fancied himself to be a very clever person, and was particularly fond of intruding his verses upon any one who would listen to him. But he was tolerably well off; and riches, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. Indeed, the police magistrates of London often corroborate this assertion of ours by their own decisions: inasmuch as they slightly reprimand those delinquencies in the rich for which the poor man is abused and sent to the tread mill for three months.

"My dear Mr. Chizzlehurst, I am so delighted to see you," exclaimed Mr. Terrywhist, grasping the right hand of his intended son-in-law with uncommon violence.

"There is nothing like punctuality, my dear sir," answered Mr. Chizzlehurst. "As I have observed in one of my poems—

When one has promised to be married,
If he can't walk, he must be carried:
E'en on a donkey should he ride,
Rather than disappoint his bride:—
Or hire a dog-cart, or a stretcher,
So long as he don't fail to fetch her."

"Really Hudibrastic, I declare!" ejaculated the admiring Mr. Terrywhist. "What a facility you have for poetry to be sure!"

"We might convert your remark into a pleasant little distich," said the red-haired votary of the Muses: "for instance:—

In manners few so well are versed
As Mr. Thomas Chizzlehurst."

"Capital! excellent!" shouted Mr. Terrywhist; but as some of the relatives and friends now began to arrive, it was deemed prudent by the happy father to hasten the ceremony as quickly as possible. He accordingly rang the bell, and enquired whether Miss Betsy was ready, as the carriages were waiting. In a short time that young lady made her appearance, blushing like a peony, and casting her eyes upon the ground in a sentimental manner which quite charmed the poetic lover. The bride's mother then issued some necessary orders to Mrs. Jubbins relative to the breakfast: and the party shortly proceeded to the church where the nuptial knot was duly tied. On the return of the cavalcade to the house, Mr. and Mrs. Chizzlehurst were duly complimented upon their happy union by Melville and Louise, who had arrived at Terrywhist Terrace in the meantime.

A most delicious repast was now served up; and what with the succulent provisions, and the happy jests that prevailed, the little party continued to make themselves very comfortable. Only one accident occurred to disturb the hilarity of the scene, and this was brought about by Mrs. Jubbins, who had stepped round the corner so often to drink the health of the newly-married couple at the public-house, that, when she made her appearance in the parlour of her master's dwelling with the teakettle in her hand, she stumbled over the cat, and emptied a portion of the boiling water upon Mr. Terrywhist's foot. The old gentle-

man literally roared with pain; but Mrs. Jubbins was forgiven, at the intercession of Mr. Balls, who was one of the guests.

"Accidents will occur in the best regulated families," said Mr. Balls, as he made a desperate attack upon a pigeon-pie which stood near him.

"They will indeed," assented Mr. Chizzlehurst: "and it is to that that I allude in one of my poems, when I say—

He who at each mishap is flurried,
Is like the cat by bull-dogs worried."

"I have often asserted, and I now maintain," said Mr. Terrywhist with his usual pomposity of manner, and his solemn enunciation, "that Mr. Chizzlehurst is one of our most talented young aspirants to the heights of Parnassus, and I see no reason for changing my opinion. Chizzlehurst, your health,—and may happiness attend you and Betsy."

Mr. Terrywhist filled his glass with Sauterne wine, (for this was a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, with all the usual appurtenances and concomitants in the shape of liquors,) and this example was imitated by all the gentlemen present. Melville drank a few glasses with peculiar zest; and when he became exhilarated with the wine, his conversation grew animated and interesting. He saw that his sallies amused those present, and he considered that the old adage must be true, which says, "wine is the soul of wit." No evil habit has obtained so much support in respect to delusive sayings of all kinds, as that of drinking!

There was, however, one young gentleman present, who did not partake of the wine, and who wished the bride and bridegroom all possible happiness, without pledging the hope in the glass. This gentleman was a friend of the bridegroom's; and the circumstance of such abstinence somewhat astonished our hero. At the expiration of an hour and a half from the commencement of the meal, the post-chaise, which had been previously ordered for the purpose of conveying the happy couple to the house they were in future to occupy, drove up to the door. We shall not dwell upon this portion of our tale; suffice it to know that the poetic Mr. Chizzlehurst handed his *cara sposa* into the vehicle; and the newly-married pair departed, followed by the prayers of the mother, and the admiration and complacent approval of the father.

"Let us now drink one more glass to the health of the happy pair," said Mr. Terrywhist. "But, my dear Mr. Thornton," added the worthy host, addressing himself to the abstemious gentleman before alluded to,—“you do not follow our example."

"I hope you will not think me rude," was the reply, "or consider that I am less anxious than yourselves for the prosperity of the newly married couple; but the truth is, I never partake of intoxicating liquors."

"What!" ejaculated Melville, in astonishment, "you refuse a generous glass of wine, sir?"

"Certainly I do," was the quiet answer, "and for the very simple reason, that I do not consider it to be at all generous, either in its quality or its effects."

"You drink spirits and water, perhaps?" said Mr. Terrywhist.

"Neither wine, nor spirituous, nor malt liquors of any kind," rejoined Mr. Thornton, who was a good-looking young man, and endowed with pleasing, and quite unassuming manners.

"Probably your health will not allow you those indulgences?" said Melville, who began to take some interest in the subject of conversation.

"On the contrary, my health is unexceptionable," answered Thornton; "and it is for

the purpose of conserving that state of salubrity that I abstain from the use of alcoholic drinks."

"This is a species of self-mortification which I cannot understand," said Melville, emptying his glass.

"Do you imagine it a greater punishment to abstain from an occasional indulgence and enjoy constant health, or to use that occasional indulgence, and invariably feel the ill effects of it?" demanded Mr. Thornton:—"or, in other words, which is preferable—health, or sensual enjoyment?"

"I do not conceive that a moderate use of wine or other strong drink can be ruinous to the human frame," said Melville.

"The least quantity of alcohol imbibed into the human frame is hurtful," answered Mr. Thornton: "and the constant diffusion of it throughout the body must weaken the physical energies, by the mere process of excitement and reaction."

"But wine and beer are strengthening," retorted Melville, somewhat angrily.

"That is the usual delusion, my dear sir," said Mr. Thornton, mildly. "Nutriment alone affords strength—strong drink produces excitement: but nutriment and excitement are two very different things. The former supports the human frame; the latter obviously enfeebles it."

"And yet the labourer in the field cannot toil without his beer," said Melville, almost in a contemptuous tone of voice.

"That is also a delusion, my dear sir," continued Mr. Thornton. "Strength to labour is only given by nourishment: and wholesome food is the proper means of producing that effect. Nutriment emanates from substantial aliment: and thus wine or beer can only be so far nutritious as in the proportion of the solid substance to which they can be reduced. A gallon of ale does not contain more nourishment than is equivalent to about one pound and a quarter of barley; and thus a good penny loaf contains more nutriment, and that of a more wholesome kind, than a gallon of strong ale. In the same way it can be proven that a bottle of the best port-wine does not contain as much nutriment as one quarter of a penny loaf of good wheaten bread."

"But man requires a certain stimulus, at all events," persisted Melville, who saw that he could not controvert this system of reasoning.

"A proper and necessary excitement is afforded by nutritious food, by exercise, by physical or intellectual employment, and by the mere variation of occupations. It is evident that nature has not formed us in a manner adapted to the idea that alcoholic drinks are necessary conditions of our being, seeing that we are better without them. If you be ill, the medical man orders you to abstain from those liquors, because they are heating and unnaturally exciting: and if they excite the blood improperly when you are ill, they do not fail to produce the same effects when in a state of health."

"On the score of indulgence, then—as a means of enjoyment and conviviality?" urged Melville.

"If the indulgence be a vicious one, and calculated to produce moral, physical, and social evils," said Mr. Thornton, "we should not demonstrate so much weakness as to wish to adhere to it. The most moderate use of strong drinks places a dangerous temptation in our way: we do not sit out in life with the idea of being drunkards; but the habit grows upon us by means of its own fascinating powers. That is the reason which induced me to adopt the only safe and sure principle—the principle of total abstinence."

"I certainly should advocate the moderate use of strong liquors," said Melville.

"My dear sir, abstinence is by far more easy than moderation," answered Mr. Thornton; "and be assured that the boldest and most courageous often submit to a temptation by only slightly connecting themselves, in their habits, with it. We see evil customs grow upon us by degrees: from stealing a penny, the thief proceeds to the plunder of a pound; and so does the moderate drinker of one glass gradually turn into the confirmed drunkard, after having passed through all the various phases of temperance—a little more—a little more still—a very little more still—a little too much—a great deal too much—and then habitual indulgence."

"But are the consequences of the indulgence so fatal as to render such a principle of self denial necessary?" demanded Melville.

"No one can calculate the evil effects of intemperance, because some of them are very remote, and others are not always seen," replied Mr. Thornton: "but, be assured, sir, that three fourths of all the crime, all the poverty, and all the disease, which prevail around, may be directly or indirectly traced to the vice of intemperance."

"But total abstinence is so extreme a measure," said Melville: "it is almost absurd!"

"Extreme cases require extreme measures," was the ready answer. "Society is in an extreme case of crime, poverty, and disease,—and to so extreme a case only an extreme remedy can be applied."

"Would you, then, propagate this doctrine?" inquired Melville.

"I hope to see such a doctrine one day not only propagated, but also embraced by thousands," was the answer. "We are now towards the end of the year 1830—and I will venture to prophesy that in less than ten years millions will have abundantly seen the good effects of this principle. It is impossible that society can tolerate the evil of intemperance much longer. The working classes, who particularly suffer by it, will doubtless arouse themselves to exertion, and be the first to embrace the only means of their earthly salvation."

"You speak enthusiastically," said Melville.

"And this observation of yours reminds me that I have probably incurred the imputation of discourtesy by endeavouring to force my opinions upon you at a moment when you are engaged in the very occupation which my arguments tend to discountenance," said Mr. Thornton.

"You have considerably interested me," cried Melville. "I shall be most happy if you will visit me at my own house, and enable us there to continue this discussion."

"I shall accept your kind invitation," replied Mr. Thornton, to the infinite delight of Louise, to whose mind this novel idea of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, had imparted a species of hope, relative to her husband, which quite cheered and enlivened her. She reflected that the wife was the greatest sufferer by the intemperate habits of a husband: and although no selfish feelings were allowed to find a resting-place in her mind, she could not avoid entertaining a fond anticipation of total reform on the part of Victor, for the sake of himself—of her—and of his children.

After they had taken leave of Mr. and Mrs. Terrywhist, and during their ride back to London, Melville seemed plunged in the deepest meditation. When questioned by Louise as to the nature of his thoughts, he said, somewhat impatiently, "I cannot help reflecting upon all that this Mr. Thornton has been saying to me."

Louise smiled, for she saw that conviction was working upon the mind of her husband, in spite of himself.

(To be continued in our next.)

ANIMAL LIFE AND HEAT.

LIFE, in the earlier periods of scientific knowledge, was attributed only to animals. With the progress of science, however, it was extended to plants; and man, who had been hitherto regarded as a distinct order of being, was now considered but as a higher animal, intimately connected with the whole chain of the organised world. The great discoveries in chemistry, magnetism, electricity, and galvanism, have shown that those elements and principles, on which rest the laws of life, pervade nature in the most various forms and combinations; that there is no harsh and abrupt distinction between the animate world and the inanimate, but, on the contrary, one intimate connexion between the energy which makes the crystallizing mineral follow the law of the strictest regularity, or the stone fall from the height, and that which makes the heart of man beat. The difficulty of defining animal life has, therefore, been greatly increased. What is animal life? What constitutes an animal? Since mankind began to cultivate philosophy, they have sought in vain for a definition of life. It would require much more metaphysical discussion, to enter at all satisfactorily into this subject, than the character of this article allows; and we are constrained to offer the reader only a few remarks upon this most interesting subject. Linnaeus defined an animal as an organised being, and sentient being. An animal is, indeed, organised; but are not vegetables organised also? Animals are endowed with sensation; but are all, without exception? and do not some plants possess this faculty? Locomotion is not a more certain characteristic of animals than life or irritability: for many animals are destitute of this power, and vegetable like plants, the images of torpidity and insensibility. Neither are the chemical characters of animal substances more distinct: animals are chiefly composed of azote, and vegetables of carbon; but, among the latter, some are, like the former, composed principally of azote. Azote, or nitrogen, is a permanently elastic gas, transparent, colourless, and inodorous. In whatever point of view we consider those two kingdoms of nature, we find them blended in so many ways, and separated from each other by such imperceptible gradations, that it is impossible to draw a line at which we can affirm that life ends, and the vegetable begins.

Animal heat is that property of all animals by means of which they preserve a certain temperature, which is quite independent of that of the medium by which they are surrounded, and appears rather to be in proportion to the degree of sensibility and irritability possessed by them. It is greatest in birds. The more free and independent the animal is, the more uniform is its temperature. On this account the human species preserves a temperature nearly equal, about 96°—100° Fahr., in the frozen regions of the pole, and beneath the equator; and on this account, too, the heat of the human body remains the same when exposed to the most extreme degree of temperature. In fact, cold at first rather elevates, and extreme heat rather depresses the temperature of the human body. Fordyce and Blagden endured the temperature of an oven heated almost to redness; and two girls in France entered a baker's oven heated to 269° Fahr., in which fruits were soon dried up and water boiled. Francisco Martinez, a Spaniard, exhibited himself, a short time since, in Paris, in a stove heated to 270° Fahr., and threw himself immediately after into cold water. Blagden was exposed in an oven to a heat of 257° of Fahr., in which water boiled, though covered with oil. There is also a remarkable instance of a similar endurance of heat by the *convulsionnaires*, as they were called, upon the grave of Saint Medardus, in France. A certificate, signed by several eye-witnesses, among whom were Armand, Aronet, the brother of Voltaire, and a Protestant nobleman from Perth, states that a woman, named La Sonnette, lay upon a fire nine minutes at a time, which was repeated four times within two hours, making, in all, thirty-six minutes, during which time fifteen pieces of wood were consumed. The correctness of the fact stated is allowed even by those who were opposed to the abuses in which it originated. The flames sometimes united over the woman, who seemed to sleep; and the whole miracle is to be attributed to the insensibility of the skin and nerves, occasioned by a fit of religious insanity. These facts are the result of a law of all living substances; viz., that the temperature of the living body cannot be raised above certain limits, which nature has fixed. There is also an increased flow of perspiration, by

means of which the heat of the body is carried off. The extreme degrees of cold which are constantly endured by the human frame without injury, are well known, and are to be explained only by this power in the living body to generate and preserve its own heat. The greater the irritability of individuals, whether from sex, or age, or peculiarity of constitution, the greater the warmth of the body: it seems also to depend, in part, upon the quickness of the circulation of the blood: thus children and small animals, whose circulation is lively, feel the cold least. Increased activity and motion of the body, as in walking, running, &c., and diseases of increased excitement, as fever and inflammation, produce a similar increase in the temperature of the body. All this justifies the conclusion that animal heat depends chiefly upon the irritability of the body, and is thus most intimately connected with the state of the nervous system.

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE.

No. IV.

A CRIMINAL in Newgate observed, some time since, that he could not pluck up courage to enter a man's house in the dead of the night, and take the chance of being shot in it, or of being hung when he got out of it, unless he were well primed with liquor first.

There is a striking difference between spirits and beer, in their mode of operation. Beer makes persons first heavy, then stupid, and then senseless: the beer-drinker becomes more drunken than the drinker of spirits, and shows his condition more. In the case of dram-drinking, the effects are not so stupifying. Spirits are less narcotic, but more exciting than beer; they increase and irritate the passions, and prepare the soul for the perpetration of the most infernal schemes.

All public riots have been encouraged by drinking. Cashman, the rioter, who was executed a few years ago in London, declared on the day before his death that he had been drinking spirits repeatedly before he joined the mob. It was in evidence on that occasion, that some of the rioters who were tried and acquitted, as well as others who were examined, but not put on their trials, had been drinking spirits at Spitalfields, and on the road to the city. The peace-breakers in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire invariably drank spirits before the different attacks. The effect of liquor upon the Irish, in every scene of depredation and murder, needs only to be adverted to as the means of fomentation of the most atrocious and appalling crimes.

The best security and cheapest defence of nations is a moral population.

Drinking produces obduracy and hardness of heart,—distaste for labour, and waste of time,—an insatiable love of the habit, which renders it almost a necessity and condition of existence,—neglect and contempt for religion,—and injury to life and health.

One of the most fatal circumstances connected with the habit of drinking is, that it enervates and debases the mind so as to deprive it of its natural vigour, and prevent the success of every effort for its own deliverance.

Drinking deranges the animal economy, weakens the nerves, destroys the digestive powers, obstructs the secretions, and destroys the life. The stomach is kept by it in a state of constant excitement, and, by the frequent application of an artificial stimulus, at length loses its tone, and refuses to perform its office; the appetite becomes vitiated and fails; the liver and lungs become the subjects of incurable disease: depression of spirits invariably accompanies drinking; dropsy and consumption, paralysis and apoplexy are evident consequences; and nearly all fevers and inflammatory diseases are found fatal to the case of dram-drinkers, because the blood of such persons is remarkably destitute of oxygen, and can therefore afford little or no antiseptic resistance to such diseases.

George Crabbe painted the gin-shop as a great snare-trap. Each new spirit-house is decidedly a pest-house, no matter how respectable it may be in reference to its owners. Most of the London gin-shops, however, are of the basest character, being houses of aggregation, and the nurseries of prostitution and crime.

(To be continued.)

MR. J. HOCKINGS' LATE PROCEEDINGS.

THIS redoubtable and faithful friend of the cause of total abstinence has lately been prosecuting his endeavours to forward the good work, with considerable success.

On Monday last the "Birmingham Blacksmith," as he is denominated, proceeded to those fairs in the neighbourhood of Birmingham at which he disposes of his goods. He will, however, endeavour to be in London in about a month or five weeks; but he cannot, as yet, specify the exact time. Mr. Hockings has been hard at work ever since he left the conference at Bournemouth. For some days he has spoken six hours at in-door and out-door meetings, and has spoken altogether, since that period, two hundred and seven hours,—exertions by which he has obtained upwards of fourteen hundred signatures. After having given a week's gratuitous labour to the conference, his is indeed hard work for eleven

weeks together! It is, however, nothing for one like Mr. Hockings, who "has a good pair of bellows, and who is an out-and-out member of the Coldstream Guards." The towns he has lately visited are as follows: Blackburn, Oldham, Duckenfield, Wrighton, Pocklington, Leavington, Bugthorpe, Bishop Wilton, Gowthorpe, Market Weighton, Howden, Seaton Ross, York, Millington, Butwith, Leeds, Todmorden, Huddersfield, Dewsbury, Pontefract, Doncaster, Wakefield, and Otley.

Desirous of changing the scene of by-gone days (when he was accustomed to take his hard-earnings to the publican, who was thus enabled to parade his wife down to the watering-places) Mr. Hockings now keeps his money for himself; and he treated his wife and one of his children to a trip of pleasure to Burlington Spa. He there had an excellent meeting. His next visit was to Scarborough, where he held two meetings in the Grand Assembly Room. On the following day, he had an out-door meeting on the sea-sands, where upwards of two thousand people were present. Of that number, there were several hundreds of the most respectable visitors, who were at the waters for the benefit of their health. After addressing them for more than two hours, Mr. Hockings went to another meeting in the Bethel chapel, where he addressed the male members. His wife, unwilling that he should have all the applause, got up and addressed the females. An impression was thus made that will not soon be forgotten. His next meeting was at Grinstead, whence he proceeded to Brighton. At Whitby he was present at the opening of the New Temperance Hall. Here, likewise, his wife claimed part of the laurels. Having formed the acquaintance of an influential and benevolent lady of Leeds, of the name of Lupton, and who was a very zealous friend of the temperance cause, Mrs. Hockings, in union with this lady, and some others, agreed to form a teetotal society. Accordingly, the bellman was sent round to call the females together, and a fine gathering there was; but when they were assembled, no one was there to address them, save Mrs. Hockings, who, with the zeal of a staunch teetotaler, got up and expatiated upon the fact, that it was the females who are the sufferers through the effects of strong drink, as it is at the public-house that the kindest of husbands are robbed of their hard-earnings, and rendered brutal to the fondest wives. During the festival and the opening of the Hall, between two and three hundred signed the pledge. Mr. Hockings then proceeded to Thornton, Selby, Bradford, Leeds, Wakefield, Huddersfield, and then home.

It is thus that the "Birmingham Blacksmith" is so nobly sacrificing his own time to the welfare of his fellow-creatures; and most truly is sympathy enlisted in the favour of his wife—of Mrs. Hockings—who so strenuously follows the example of her husband, and preaches to her fellow-countrywomen the principles of the glorious doctrines of total abstinence. Proceed in your course, O worthy couple! and your death-beds will be beds of roses; your parting sighs will be delivered up amidst the calm tranquillity of the mind; and crowns of glory will await you in heaven!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B. B.'s article shall appear in our next.

A FRIEND TO DRUNKARDS will perceive that there have been numerous refutations to the arguments to which he alludes, in this Journal. We will, however, shortly give an entirely chemical dissertation upon the subject.

A STANCH TEETOTALER's letter shall be communicated to Mr. H. W. WESTON, the Secretary to the United Temperance Association.

Private answers have been forwarded to C. D., E. M. P., N. S., D., ELIZA, WILLIAM MORGAN, ESQ., A. B., Hampstead, A. B., Hackney, and H. W. W.

Mr. J. F. DAVIES's plan shall appear in our next, if possible.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 3, 1840.

THE publicans are mightily alarmed at the rapid progress of Teetotalism; and, in order to throw discredit upon its doctrines and its disciples, they have recourse to a thousand infamous stratagems, the mere conceit of which bears ample testimony to the villainy of their dispositions. Demoralized by the mere fact of constantly gazing upon scenes of crime, and by perpetually hearkening to the depraved conversation that takes place within their dwellings, the landlords of public-houses are necessarily lost to all the finer feelings of morality, and look upon strict integrity as a characteristic of folly in him who practises it. They view with alarm any prospect of the decline of their own business; and are far from particular as to the methods by which they endeavour to throw obstacles in the way of the

rapid progress of Teetotalism. At first they hired lecturers to hold forth at public-meetings against the new doctrine; and, when they found that this plan was only calculated to injure their own cause by exposing the weakness and infamy of it, they had recourse to another system—the infernal policy of which could only have been imagined in a gin-palace, or worked out by its proprietors.

The plan to which we allude is thus arranged:—One or more individuals are hired by these publicans to create a disturbance in the streets at night, and thus compel the police to interfere. The rioters are accordingly taken into custody; and on the following morning they are placed at the bar of a public police-office. The desired aim is thus accomplished: the magistrate questions the delinquents relative to the cause and circumstances of their improper proceedings of the previous night; and the answer given by the offenders is, "that they are very sorry for the disturbance they occasioned; but that they hope the magistrate will excuse them as they have been Teetotalers for three or four years, and have only broken their pledge in this instance." Probably one will add that "he has received a medal, or the thanks of a committee, from some Teetotal association;" and all this is detailed to "his worship" with such an air of truth and contrition, that the tale is believed, and the whole transaction is published in the newspapers. We need scarcely inform our readers, that the villains, who thus suffer themselves to be made the debased tools of the publicans, never have even contemplated an action so worthy as the signing the pledge of total abstinence.

In this manner the landlords of public-houses adopt schemes to throw discredit upon the professors of Teetotalism. The uninitiated individual, who peruses such a case as the one just mentioned, in the London journals, very naturally forms a conclusion to the effect that there are many relapses amongst those who sign the pledge. We, however, do not hesitate to say, that these relapses are not to be taken as a proof of the fallacy of Teetotal doctrines, but as a sad testimony to the villany of a certain set of designing men. If an individual be sincere when he signs the pledge—if he give the principle a fair trial of some weeks—and if he be a person who is determined to judge with impartiality, he will not relapse—he will not fall away from his pledge, because he will arrive at the conviction of its excellence. But where the individual, who signs, is neither sincere in his intentions of adhering to the principle of total abstinence,—or where he has so little manly courage as not to be able to resist an occasional craving after strong drink, during the first days of his noviciate,—in such a case as this a relapse is almost certain to occur. In the former instance, the ranks of Teetotalism gain a good, a just, and an honourable supporter: in the latter, they lose a wretch, who is so mentally and physically degraded—so divested of moral courage—so wedded to filthy habits—and so obstinate and prejudiced in respect to a doctrine which alarms his grovelling soul by its purity, that he would sell the personal safety of his children—the honour of his sons, and the chastity of his daughters—to obtain the means of gratifying his base passions!

Those persons, who are denominated Teetotalers, and who adhere to the principle of total abstinence, are ornaments to their country, and the glory of the moral world. They present to the rich and the aristocratic portion of society, an example of self-denial which should bring the bloated archbishops, the luxurious rectors, and the dissipated inhabitants of the universities, to shame. They—the working classes—alone have the interest of

the nation at heart,—they alone seek to purge society of the causes of crime, poverty, and disease,—they alone endeavour to inculcate doctrines of the brightest morality—and they alone manifest in respect to social improvement, a wisdom which far exceeds all the laboured enactments of a legislature. While the senators of England are encouraging, both by example and by law, the vice of intemperance,—while the government upholds the system as a means of revenue,—and while a statute allows the public-house to be open on the Sabbath, while the shop of the baker is closed,—a measure of reform is threatening the evil habits of the great; and the principle of Total Abstinence, now so generally adopted amongst the working classes, is hailed as the only means of undermining the vices, the tyrannies, the monopolies, and the oppressive conduct of the government.

The working-classes of England have long been held in chains by a set of unprincipled and profligate task-masters, who have fattened in idleness upon their toils. The working-classes are the pillars of the nation. We can prove the assertion. Commerce, manufactures, and labour, are the sources of wealth and prosperity; and the working classes are the real agents in promoting or extending these. If the reapers in the field, the workmen in the warehouse, or the sailors in the ships, refuse to perform their several avocations,—will the aristocracy undertake to do their duties? will the vagabond Marquis of Waterford apply his hand to the ploughshare? will the semi-murderer Earl Waldegrave grasp the sickle? will the Marquis of Londonderry take his seat at the loom? or will the young rake Lord Castlereagh assume the garb and functions of a sailor? No: indolence and dissipation have unfitted them for any really manly pursuit;—and they are only the sculptured cornices which are upheld by the plain pillars of unembellished architecture. Such is the relative position of the aristocracy and the working-classes: were we wrong then, in declaring that the latter are the true support of the nation?

Yes,—the working classes are the pillars of the state; and from them shall all salutary reform emanate. The government may support the privileges of the publican—the wealth of the brewers may be expended to render their liquor more attractive—and the aristocracy may affect to ridicule the mere mention of the words "total abstinence;" but the voice of the working classes is louder than that of the aristocracy; the moral energies of the masses are more powerful than the wealth of the monopolizers; the fate of the publican, it is evident, is in the hands of his customers; and the government must yield to the force of a torrent which it cannot stem. Every thing, then, is favourable to the working classes in the furtherance of the great scheme of Teetotalism: all we shall now say to them is, "Unite and prosper!"

EXTRACTS FROM "PICKWICK ABROAD."

"WERRY 'ansome cab at the door, Sir," observed Mr. Weller, as he arranged his master's shaving apparatus: "and a nice little tiger I see in it, too," added the domestic.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick: "quite a tame one, I hope, though, Sam—is it not?"

"Oh! very tame, Sir," replied that gentleman: "the fact is, Sir, you might play with him, and he wouldn't be over dangerous."

"How delightful!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands: "I once heard that Kean had a tame lion; but I never knew before of people keeping young tigers."

"Not at all uncommon, Sir," remarked Mr. Weller. "The on'y thing that strikes us ven

talking o' tigers, is, that them as I alludes to ain't real vons, Sir."

"Stuffed, I presume," said Mr. Pickwick, "and put into the cabriolet as an ornament. Very picturesque, I dare say."

"Out again, Sir," playfully observed Mr. Weller. "Them tigers air on'y small boys dressed up in tights and tops, Sir."

"Ah! I see,—a name for young servants," cried Mr. Pickwick. "But why are they called tigers, Sam?"

"To frighten away duns, Sir," answered Mr. Weller, seriously. "Them tigers are the quietest hanimals living, Sir, as long as their mas'er's friends calls at the ouse: but if so be a creditor has the oudacity to knock at the door, them chaps springs upon 'em like vild beastesses, and scratches their eyes out, or does them some other corporal harm, vich accounts for their nicknames o' tigers. Ven a tradesman brings in goods, they are ciwility his-self; but ven he is imprudent enough to ask for his money, no selvidges is vorse than them."

"Singular,—very singular!" cried Mr. Pickwick, gliding gracefully from his bed, and shivering from top to toe. "Cold morning, Sam,—is it not?"

"So cold, Sir," responded Mr. Weller, "that von is glad to put his hands any-vere, as the thief remarked ven he vos discovered vith his fingers in the gen'leman's pocket."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when they were once more arrived at the hotel, "tell the landlord I wish to speak to him immediately."

"Very good, Sir," returned that gentleman: "but I rayther think he's en-gaged for the moment, Sir, as the lawyer's clerk said to the poor client."

"What makes you think so, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Cos I see him lookin' at two dancin' bears, Sir," responded Mr. Weller, "just as ve drove into the yard o' the hot-tel, Sir?"

"Letter, Sir," said Mr. Weller, one morning to Mr. Pickwick, as that gentleman was discussing politics and buttered toast with his two friends at the breakfast-table.

"How much is it, Sam?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, extracting a gold coin from his pocket. "Well, here's a sovereign, I declare: I really took it for a Napoleon."

"At all events, it ain't an affliction, Sir," observed Mr. Weller, "although they does call 'em sufferins. But wouldn't it be a good thing for the poor if it rained such afflictions as them there?"

"You are right, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, returning to the toast with that sort of appetite, which is a relish bestowed upon the indigent portion of the community that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, although they may eat what they like.

"Vell, Sir," continued Mr. Weller, bestowing upon Mr. Hook Walker a patronizing wink, and a nod upon Mr. Chitty, "this is the horigin o' the story. A countryman in Kentucky, Sir, goes to a grocer, and says, 'Vot 'll you give for eggs to-day, old feller?'—'Seventeen cents,' vos the reply: 'for there has been a meetin' o' the grocers, yesterday—leastvays in the afternoon, and they von't wote no higher terms.'—The countryman drives away, and calls agin next week. 'Vell, Sir,' says he to the grocer, says he: 'for there's been another meetin', and them's the prices as vos unanimously chosen.'—That wouldn't do—neither: the countryman walks his lucky!"

"What is that, Sam?" cried Mr. Pickwick. "Made his fortune, I suppose?"

"Oh! no, Sir—it's on'y a fashionable phrase as is much in wogue vith members o' parli'ment, young gen'lemen about town, and sich like chaps; and it means that he vent away," explained Mr. Weller. "But the countryman comes a third time, vithout no eggs at all. 'Have you any for sale to-day?' says the grocer, who vos quivite out. 'No,' says the countryman, 'I ha'nt: eggs raly is eggs, now.'—'Vot does all that mean?' says the grocer, says he: for he'd had a wery considerable order for eggs, and vos villin' to give any price for 'em now.—'Vy, simply this,' answers the countryman, 'that the hens has had a meetin' too, and woted not to put their-selves to the vexation an' trouble o' layin' eggs for ten cents a dozen.'"

"Shooting in June!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman, with a look of unfeigned horror, as he espied an old cow tranquilly feeding at a little distance.

"But, I say, Winkle—do you see that—that—"

"That what?" cried Mr. Winkle, casting a searching glance around, and drawing close to his friend's side.

"That bull," said Mr. Tupman. "Doesn't he seem very savage?"

"So verry savage, Sir," interrupted Mr. Weller, who had overheard this dialogue, "that I wouldn't be them butter-cups and dasies for a trifle. Blest if I don't think he'll dewour 'em all!"

"I'm not afraid of English cattle," observed Mr. Winkle, "because I know them. But French bulls—"

"Is vorse than Irish vons, Sir," added Sam.

"Winkle, I'm ashamed of you," said Mr. Pickwick, sternly. "You ought to feel your own importance, Sir, and know that man is the lord of the creation. His sagacity and boundless talents have placed all other living things within his power: the largest animals become his prey as well as—"

At this moment, just as every one present was regarding the venerable orator with the deepest attention and respect, the aged cow before alluded to, made a sudden start, and set off in a smart trot towards that part of the field in which the party was walking. Mr. Pickwick was the first to perceive this strange movement; and, prompted by that sagacity and boundless talent he had just been so highly extolling, he prudently took to his heels, and never once looked behind him till he had crossed the adjacent stile, and was beyond the reach of danger. On a subsequent occasion, Mr. Chitty, in a letter to a friend thus poetically described this important event:—"As the winged lightnings dart from the clouded canopy above, when the Almighty has unbarred their adamant gates, so did the great Pickwick run like the devil when an old cow was after him."

FATHER MATHEW.*

Extracted and abridged from a very clever Memoir of the great apostle of Temperance. By M. P. HAYNES, Esq.

MR. MATHEW was born October 10, 1790, at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. His father, James Mathew, of Thomastown, son of James Mathew, of Two-Mile Borris, near Thurlis, was left an orphan at an early age, and was taken under the care and patronage of his uncle, Major-General Mathew, of Thomastown. The Rev. Mr. Mathew's mother was daughter of George Whyte, of Cappa-Whyte, Tipperary, who was married to the niece of the celebrated General Mathew, of whom honourable mention is made by Sheridan, in his life of Swift.

Mr. Mathew lost his parents at an early period of life, and was then adopted by the amiable and accomplished Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Denis O'Donnell, the late respected pastor of Tallagh, county Waterford. About the age of thirteen, he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, so long and so ably conducted by the late Rev. Patrick Magrath, Catholic rector of Pilltown and Ennistogue, in the diocese of Ossory. It is said by Mr. Mathew's contemporaries, that he was a special favourite of the discriminating president of this establishment. After remaining there for seven years, he was, by the direction of the Most Rev. Dr. Bray, sent to Maynooth, to pursue ecclesiastical studies, to which state he felt himself called. After some time, stimulated by the example of two old Capuchin friars, of Kilkenny, to embrace their order, he repaired to that city, and there remained until his appointment to a mission in Cork. On Easter Saturday, in the year 1814, he was ordained in Dublin, by Dr. Murray, after having remained for some time under the care of the Very Rev. Celestine Corcoran, of that city.

We have stated that Mr. Mathew is a CAPUCHIN, and no doubt many of our readers will be prompted to inquire "WHAT IS A CAPUCHIN?" Amongst the Roman Catholics the clergy are of two classes, viz. the "Regular," and the "Secular." The functions of the ministry they possess in common; but the Regulars take certain vows, which the others do not. They are also formed into "Orders" or bodies, which is not the case with the Secular priests. They mostly live in communities, and have special rules for their government, which they pledge themselves by solemn vows implicitly to obey. With the names of many of their orders, our readers are no doubt familiar. There are the Jesuits, the Cistercians, the Carmelites, the Dominicans, and many others. The Capuchins are a branch of the

* The best portrait of this distinguished individual, was given, gratis, with Number V. of "The Teetotaler;" and is still presented on the same terms to all purchasers of that Number of this Journal.

"Friars minors," founded by Francis of Assisium, in 1226. Some idea of the importance of the Franciscan Order amongst the Catholics may be formed from the fact, that of them no less than forty-five have been Cardinals, and five Popes. The Capuchin branch of the order was established in 1525, by Mathew Baschi at Urbino, and was sanctioned by Clement VII. The Franciscan rule of life entails much hard labour, and prescribes great self-denial. The monks wear a grey habit, with a black patch upon the back of the cloak. Their beards are not shaved close, but are long and clipped. When members of this order do not live in communities, but mix with the world as Father Mathew does, they do not observe their rule as to dress.

With the person of Father Mathew most of our readers are in some degree familiar, from the numerous portraits which have been published of him. Though stout, he is not corpulent, and his frame is calculated to endure great fatigue. His countenance is ruddy; it is however the ruddiness of teetotal health—a gratifying contrast to the rubicund stain which is produced by "potations strong and deep." His eyes are blue, and large: they are intelligent, though not sparkling;—his hair is very dark, indeed it is almost black; he has a Roman nose, and the expression of his countenance upon the whole is indicative of great steadfastness of purpose, unaccompanied with any hauteur, but softened with a smile of great and peculiar blandness. In temper he is one of the most even men in the world; and this has been his character from his boyhood.

At the outset of his great work, Father Mathew was in the habit of receiving the signatures of those who took the pledge. As their numbers increased, he rested satisfied with having their names enrolled. The early mode of taking the pledge has been thus described by an eye witness:—

"The ceremony is simple and affecting. At Cork it is usually performed in a room in Mr. Mathew's house, where a small number are assembled at a time, who, kneeling in a semicircle before him, repeat the words of the pledge 'to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally and by order of a medical man, and to discountenance the cause and practice of intemperance.' A short prayer and the Father's blessing conclude the ceremony, after which each person repairs to a side table, where sits a clerk, who inscribes their names in the register, and delivers to each a medal and a copy of the rules of the society; for which a small sum is paid by all those who can afford it."

The words of the present pledge are as follows:—

"I promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I will continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes; and to prevent, as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others."

In administering the pledge, the Rev. Mr. Mathew is somewhat peculiar. He has a fine, rich, and sonorous voice. He pronounces the words slowly and with great distinctness. The Rev. Mr. Birmingham says—"I don't know whether it may have struck others, but I have never failed to be impressed with the manner in which he pronounces the word *drunkenness*. He divides the syllables of this word, speaks them with peculiar emphasis, and by the energy of his voice, and a particular expression of countenance, as if he were loathing and execrating something, he would seem to heap all possible reprobation on the vice, the name of which he thus so strikingly pronounces." After pronouncing the words of the pledge, he gives the multitude his blessing—or rather, he invokes upon them the blessing of Him "from whom all blessings flow," in the following beautiful words of genuine Gospel simplicity, and of truly Christian import. The words are, "MAY GOD BLESS YOU, AND GIVE YOU GRACE TO KEEP YOUR PROMISE."

An allegation against the reverend gentleman is, that he has pecuniary emolument in view. There never was so unfounded a charge. At the outset of his career, not less than 60,000 medals were given away by him: he paid the rent of a place in Cork for the teetotal meetings: scores of pounds were paid by him for the relief of those who travelled many miles to take the pledge from him: upon him devolved the expense of providing cards and paying his writing clerks: wherever he preaches a charity sermon, he practices what he preaches by giving a liberal donation: to the funds for erecting chapels he is a free giver: to numerous charities in Cork he is a donor of large sums: to the most distinguished of those who take the pledge from him, he gives silver, and even gold medals: to the poor, who cannot pay for medals, he still directs them to be given: and in addition to all these heavy drawbacks upon his income, he has long been engaged in erecting, upon the voluntary system, a temple for the accommodation of his people, which, in architectural magnificence, will excel any which the Law Establishment, with all its wealth, has raised in the sister island. When money was offered him by the teetotalers of Liverpool, to aid him in his labours, he respectfully declined accepting it.

Passing over several other places which Father Mathew has visited, we must briefly notice his visit to Dublin in March last. He administered the pledge, in the metropolis, in a wide open space near the Custom-house. The weather was bad, and a drifting rain fell during nearly the whole of the several days that the good man was occupied. He received no less than

70,000 new members. One of the most pleasing circumstances connected with his visit to Dublin was his being entertained at a tea party in Trinity College, when several of the students took the pledge. He expressed great delight at this, using almost the same words as upon a similar occasion, when he met the students of the College of Maynooth. Differences in religion are entirely banished from his views. To the students in Trinity College he gave silver medals.

We must here reluctantly withdraw from the contemplation of these pleasing labours. Mr. Mathew has recently been to Castlebar, in the county of Mayo, and he there enrolled immense numbers. He was in this town during the assizes: for it is at such periods that he avails himself of the presence of the peasantry, as it is a strong characteristic of the Irish that, whether they have business or not, they attend the assizes. At Castlebar, Judge Crampton called upon Father Mathew and received from him a silver medal. His lordship has for years been a teetotaler, and so was the late Judge Vandeleur—an upright, if not an able man. A rumour was spread that Judge Crampton knelt before Father Mathew and took the pledge: and will it be credited that his lordship was therefore made the subject of bitter invective and furious attack? Good, however, was the result: for the upright judge published a letter in which he triumphantly defended the great regenerating cause.

The very peculiar Marquis of Londonderry has recently "said his say" upon teetotalism. He owns large estates in Ulster, and has refused a site for a building to be raised by his teetotal tenants. The reasons he gives for this resolution are just such as might be expected from him. He says "teetotalism" is going too far. He never made that objection to the drunken orgies of his cherished Orange lodges; and though he opposes teetotalism, his opposition will be vain. It is now making a rapid progress amongst the strong-headed, independent, and intelligent people of Ulster. Mr. McCurdy, of Belfast, is a powerful advocate of the cause: he utters more sense in half an hour than Lord Londonderry could write in half a century, even if assisted by his hopeful son, Lord Castlereagh; and by the columns of the *Northern Whig* we are happy to find that teetotal societies are rapidly gaining ground, in Belfast, and throughout the important province of Ulster.

In his progress through the country, Father Mathew does all in his power to avoid any unnecessary public excitement; and, if possible, he invariably declines the honours which the people would pay him. He travels in the most unostentatious manner; and we believe it is a fact that Mr. Purcell and the excellent Mr. Bannock—whose coaches and cars run in every part of Ireland—have directed that no charge shall ever be made to the apostle of temperance.

None of the losses to the revenue, which were so lugubriously predicted, have resulted from the progress of the teetotal cause: on the other hand, great public savings have been made. The county rates have been diminished by the smaller number of prisoners in the gaols: the Grand Jury cess has been lessened by the diminution of the police force; and the frightful item in the public accounts for "Administration of Justice in Ireland," has been most materially diminished. Sessions-business has wonderfully fallen off: sharking attorneys are looking out for honest employment: process-servers are becoming decent men, but useless: and the magistrates at petty sessions have not half so many opportunities of doing injustice as formerly they had. The money hitherto spent in whiskey is spent in new shops, in clothing, solid food, and household furniture. Thus the revenue will be compensated for the loss of the whiskey duty. It will get from habits of comfort what it so long extorted from the victims of vice. The Irish are now a sober people. They have banished from amongst them the phrensy of mad drunkenness—and, what is worse, the stupefying effects of continual—early and late—muddling. Their great powers of enduring labour will now be developed; and, ere long, their industry must be rewarded—their skill must be encouraged—their enterprise must be crowned. We use the word *must*, for it is impossible that a country so rich, and that a people so endowed by heaven with every high quality, can long remain in misery, to which no nation affords a parallel, now that sobriety has established its sway.

Now that Ireland is sober and peaceful—now that her garrisons are empty, and her places of worship are full; now that the judges have little to do, and that habits of steadiness, of study, and of forethought are spreading around—may we not hope that the Irish absentee gentry will return to "the halls of their fathers," in which they are strangers? May we not venture to hope that better feelings will not enter into the relations between landlord and tenant? Gladly would we hail the happy day when just treatment will banish discontent, and when the "live and let-live" principle will shed its protecting and fostering influence over every farm, holding, and cottage in the sister island. —[We strongly recommend a perusal of the original work, from which these extracts are made, to our readers. It is published in 8vo., at the low price of *Three Pence*, by T. White, 53, Wych-street, Strand. See *TEETOTALER*.]

THE BASHFUL MAN.

We extract the following amusing tale from "Grant's London Journal," which is one of the most entertaining and instructive cheap periodicals of the day.

You must know that, in my person, I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair, but of such extreme sensibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. Having been sent to the university by my father, a farmer of no great property, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their proffered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled: for often, when I have rode or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward resolved to try again next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a-year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons, and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gut, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity of the five positions. Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner; not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I was. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclature of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics; in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unfortunately pitched upon a wedgewood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inland table on the Turkey carpet; and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour-dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely compli-

mented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, not knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application: one recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already dazed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beet, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly exhort her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerant state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

REVIEW.

Bacchus. An Essay on the Nature, Causes, Effects, and Cure, of Intemperance. By RALPH BARNES GRINDROD, Esq., Surgeon. Third thousand. 12mo. pp. 335. London: J. Pasco.

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

ACCORDING to promise we must once more return to this very clever book, and again do we recommend all our readers to hasten and peruse one of the best essays in the English language. Had Mr. Grindrod been in France, and had he written his book in the language of that country, the government would have conferred upon him the honourable distinction of the knighthood of the Legion of Honour, and the more substantial recompense of a good pension in addition thereto; but here, in England, when was talent ever rewarded by the government? when did the author of a book ever receive an honour or a pension, unless he were a friend of the ministers? A man must be mad to exclaim, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!"

But—*recommenda a munda*. The work under notice has experienced the success which it deserved, and has elicited universal approbation wherever it has been perused or reviewed. It is evidently the fruit of a severe toil—the produce of a rich and well-stored intellect, which has been duly watered by the most refreshing dews of nature. No book has ever fallen into our hands that has exemplified a more unwearying spirit of research than this. The number of works referred to, or extracted from, is astonishing; and the judgment with which those references are made, and the taste manifested in the selection of quotations, are also peculiar qualities belonging to this author. We do not praise the work, because we entertain the same opinions; but because we feel convinced that it is all we state.

The Appendix is by no means the least valuable por-

tion of Mr. Grindrod's "Essay;" and from it we shall call a few observations to lay before our readers:—

The food of women who suckle their own children is frequently very improperly selected. The quantity of the milk, not the quality of it, is studied. It is a well-known fact that this secretion partakes very much of the nature of the diet that is used,—that is to say, certain particles pass through the breast unassimilated. All drinks containing *ardent spirit*, such as wine, punch, caudle, ale, and porter, must impregnate the milk; and thus the digestive organs of the babe must be quickly injured. * * * Porter is generally permitted in large quantities on these occasions—a beverage highly improper and dangerous.

The observations emanate from the pen of Doctor Trotter, physician to Lord Howe's fleet, and are quoted by Mr. Grindrod in his *appendix*. We shall quote one more extract from this portion of the "Essay;" it is a paragraph borrowed from Dr. Rush, the celebrated American physician:—

The solitary instances of longevity which are now and then met with in hard drinkers, no more disprove the deadly effects of ardent spirits, than the solitary instances of recoveries from apparent death by drowning, prove that there is no danger to life from a human body lying an hour under water.

No advocate of Teetotalism should ever attempt to enter deeply into the subject, without having previously read "Bacchus."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ONE of our readers of the Teetotaler has forwarded to us the following extract as a contrast between the French and English relative to Drunkenness. It is an extract from a letter to a friend from Paris:—"The superior condition of the lower classes of France is owing, no doubt, in a great degree, to the comparative absence of drunkenness. There may be a good deal of merry-making from cheap wine outside the barriers among the Parisian operatives on a Sunday or holiday; but drunkenness, brutal, degrading, an habitual drunkenness, the besetting vice of our lower orders, would appear to be almost unknown here.

"I have not, since I entered France, seen a single person in a state of intoxication. We are apt, in England, to give ourselves airs, and speak with affected horror of French indecency and immorality. We should do well to look to our own gin-palaces and the condition of the lower classes in our great towns before we thank God we are not like our neighbours—publicans and sinners."—*Monthly Chronicle*. "Letters from the Continent."

BLACKSMITH'S BOTTLE.

A blacksmith in extensive business had a bottle that held exactly a pint; and in the large village in which he resided it was soon known in its various trips to the stores as an exact gauge for that quantity, and on its appearance for replenishing, was relied without recourse to the measure. This bottle became celebrated—18 years it performed the drudgery of being the medium of conveying the ruinous beverage to the owner and the workmen. During this long course of service, the shop, in which it was so conspicuous an appendage, was three times consumed by fire, but each time the bottle was found among the ruins uninjured. Phoenix-like it rose, and was taken again into active service. It was kept in motion like a weaver's shuttle, and such zealous devotees at the bacchanalian altar were the possessors, that it has been known to convey fourteen shillings' worth of the poison in a single day to the occupants of the shop. The bottle well served its owner, who has recently passed into the grave at the age of sixty. The veteran toger, indeed, possessed a constitution, which, but for that pernicious habit, promised to carry him to the age of many a temperate pilgrim, that of eighty or more, and instead of competency to the survivors, has left the little bottle as his only legacy. This veteran bottle has been the means of conveying more wealth from its owner and the workmen, than would suffice to purchase the most extensive and valuable farm the country could boast of.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

A man in Maryland, notoriously addicted to this vice, hearing an uproar in his cottage one evening, had the curiosity to step without noise to the door, to know what was the matter, when he beheld his servants indulging in the most unbounded roar of laughter, at a couple of his negro boys who were mimicking him in his drunken fits, showing how he rolled, and staggered, how he looked, and nodded, and hiccupped, and tumbled. The picture which these children of nature drew of him, and which had filled the rest with so much merriment, struck him so forcibly that he became a perfectly sober man, to the unspeakable joy of his wife and children.—*Chambers*.

TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

IRELAND.

MR. O'CONNELL, M. P. has forwarded the sum of five pounds to the Tralee Teetotal Society; and has desired his name to be inserted for a donation of one pound annually, upon the books of the Association.

THE MARQUIS OF LANDSOWNE has addressed a letter to the REV. THEOBALD MATHEW, the great apostle of temperance, enclosing a cheque for one hundred pounds, and requesting Ireland's regenerator to "apply it to the use of any one of the institutions for the benefit of his poor countrymen in which he takes an interest." The noble Marquis compliments Father Mathew upon "the extraordinary success of his unremitting endeavours to introduce amongst the Irish confirmed habits of temperance and self-control."

SWAN RIVER.

A recent letter from this colony announces the pleasing intelligence that a Total Abstinence Association has been lately formed there, and that one of the public-houses is consequently closed. Since the establishment of this society, the health of the colony has improved amazingly, and the Total Abstinents are in a fair way to make rapid fortunes. Good land may be had at five shillings an acre, and the most delicious fruits of all kinds are now more than abundant in the markets,—they are absolutely wasted. A man who is at all addicted to drinking in this colony, has not the slightest chance of living any length of time. A subscription has already been set on foot for the purpose of raising a sufficient sum to erect a Temperance Hall for the Swan River Total Abstinence Association.

PLYMOUTH.

This town has just been visited by MR. WEDLAKE, a Cornish miner, who is now devoting himself to the advocacy of Total Abstinence. He is himself a living testimony to its saving influence; and being gifted with a powerful and thinking mind, and a fearless zeal in the advocacy of our cause, he is eminently qualified to attack the strong holds of prejudice and appetite. This he has accomplished most successfully here: his originality of manner and matter have attracted crowded meetings.

IPSWICH.

On the 30th of August, the *First Report* of the Ipswich Total Abstinence Society was read at the opening of the Hall. This *Report* is now published, and contains a cheering account of the progress of total abstinence principles in that town. Upwards of a hundred *working men* have affixed their names to the following document:—"We, the undersigned, have worked upon the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks for the space of time appended to our several names, and bear our voluntary testimony to the fact of being as well in health, as able to do our work, and more happy in our general feelings and condition than when in the habit of using malt liquors, &c." No argument can resist the practical experience of these *working men*, who have neither interest nor reason to propagate a falsehood, especially when their own habits are so materially involved in the matter. The *Report* gives a most favourable account of the condition of the Total Abstinence Associations at the following places:—Aldborough, Beccles, Bungay, Bury St. Edmund's, Framlingham, Harwich, Great Oakley (Essex), Stowmarket, Stradbroke, Wickham-Market, Woodbridge. The Ipswich Society now consists of 609 male adults,—200 juvenile members,—54 reclaimed drunkards, 7 of who are now members of christian churches.

AMPTHILL (BEDFORDSHIRE).

On Monday the 20th September, a Rechabite Tent was opened in this beautiful little town. The interest attached to the good cause in this place is great. Success is attending the labours of Teetotalers there; and we hail with delight this fresh proof of their activity.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Head Quarters.

The Wednesday evening meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel was crowded to excess. MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS took the chair; and the audience was addressed, after this gentleman, by MESSIEURS PADDINGTON (from Winchester), WILLIAM DONALDSON, BOWLER, MEE, CUENER, STALLWOOD (Secretary to the Kensington Branch), and H. W. WESTON (Secretary to the United Temperance Association).

The Saturday evening meeting was also well attended. We have no room this week for any extended Report of the proceedings.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY.

Since the formation of this important branch, every thing wears a cheering aspect with regard to the success of the society: indeed, so energetic has been the conduct of the members, that, no sooner was the subject of the first general meeting brought forward, than a subscription was instantly set on foot for the payment of all contingent expenses. On Tuesday last, a grand meeting was held at the Royal Bath Gardens, MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS in the chair. We must postpone all further notice of this grand assembly until next week.

KENSINGTON AND BAYSWATER BRANCH.

A series of most interesting lectures are being delivered at the Camden Chapel, Kensington Gravel Pits, on Mondays and Thursdays, by some of the most talented advocates of Teetotal principles.

EAST LONDON AND SPITALFIELDS BRANCH.

A crowded assembly of the members of this branch was held on Monday last at the rooms, Church-street, Bethnal Green. This branch has effected great good amongst the inhabitants of that district.

MARYLEBONE BRANCH.

Mr. Ward's assembly rooms, Circus-street, New-road, were crowded, as usual, on Wednesday last, Sept. 23.

LECTURES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES, ALDERSGATE CHAPEL.

MR. JAMES MEE will deliver a course of Lectures on every Friday evening in October, at 8 o'clock—on Astronomy, Geology, &c.—Tickets, Two-pence each, may be had at the Depot, 134, Aldersgate-street.

Correspondents will please address all communications for the Depot of the United Temperance Association, to Mr. H. W. Weston.

* * We take this opportunity of correcting an error which appeared in our tenth number. The Clerkenwell and Pentonville Youths' Teetotal Society holds its weekly meetings for youths only at Mr. Dennis's Coffee-House, Jerusalem-Passage, every Tuesday evening, and not every Thursday evening as then stated; and we may also mention that a registry has recently been established at the same place, for youths who are Teetotalers, of good moral character, and out of employment.—[Ed.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. HENDERSON has just published the following new works:—

SISTER ANNIE;

A Novel translated from the French of Paul de Kock.

By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

Demy 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

II.

THE LAST DAY OF A CONDEMNED.

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo,

By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

12mo. price 6d.

III.

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF

FRANCE.

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HERAULD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October will contain an article upon the all-absorbing subject of

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EAST LONDON

CHARTIST TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

RULES AND OBJECTS.

1. That this Association be denominated the East London Chartist Temperance Association.—2. That the affairs of this Association shall be managed by a Committee of ten, chosen by the first members who join it; with an addition of one to the Committee, to every ten Members.—3. That the Members of the Committee shall be elected every three months. Seven to form a quorum.—4. That the Committee shall meet once a week; or oftener, if necessary.—5. That there be a General Meeting of the Association every month for the admission of Members—to receive reports and the transaction of general business.—6. That no rule or article shall be altered without the consent of a majority of the Members, all of whom shall receive a week's notice of the same.—7. That each Member be recommended to subscribe One Penny per week to defray the expenses of the Association.—8. That it be the duty of this Association to advance the moral and intellectual welfare of the Members; by lectures, discussions, or any other means.—9. That the Members of the Association are earnestly recommended to take an interest in the welfare of each other by trading with, and endeavouring to procure employment for, any of the Members who are in want of the same; and in order to facilitate this object, a record of each Member's trade or occupation be kept by the Secretary, and read over at the general monthly meetings of the Association.—10. That as early as the Funds will allow, a convenient place shall be hired for the use of the Association; and a Library of useful books be established, in order that the Members may spend their leisure hours profitably, and set a good example.—11. That the Members of this Association adopt as their motto the following beautiful rule of justice—Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.—12. In order that harmony of sentiment and unanimity of action may characterise the Association, all discussion on questions of Theology is expressly forbidden.—13. That persons desirous of becoming Members of this Association must abstain from all intoxicating drinks one week previous to their admission, in order to try the principle and prevent a relapse.—14. That, to prevent embarrassment in the pecuniary affairs of the Association, the Committee shall not allow the debts of the Association to exceed, at any time, the sum of ten shillings, except by the consent of a majority of the Members, given at any public meeting.—15. That the following be the pledge and qualification of Membership:—

I VOLUNTARILY consent to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except prescribed by a medical person; and, as Temperance applies to all things, I renounce the use of Tobacco as a common habit, injurious alike to health and good morals; and pledge myself not to use it, except as a medicine; and do further declare that I will use all moral and lawful means to cause the People's Charter to become the Law of the Land.

CHAS. H. NEESOM, Secretary, 75, Hare Street, Bethnal Green. To whom all communications may be sent, post paid.

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Relief I seek within my box,
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I cheerfully his person greet,
A hearty "How d'ye do?" takes place,
When to my snuff-box shows its face
My pulverulent box supplies
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Who thoughtlessly condemns its use
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Then here's my glass in which I toast,
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Copy of a letter sent to Mr. Grimstone, Feb. 10th, 1840.

Sir—Having been afflicted with bad eyes for a long time, a friend who had received benefit from using your Eye Snuff, recommended it to me. I have taken the contents of your 2s. 4d. canister, and am happy to say my sight has improved, the weakness and dimness is removed, and, Sir, it is my wish that you may make this known for the good of the public. Yours, G. GEORGE SMITH.

To Mr. W. Grimstone, Inventor of Eye Snuff, 39 Broad-street, Bloomsbury, March 25th, 1840.

Sir—I have been afflicted for many years with a severe pain in my head, attended with a dimness of sight and darting of fire in my eyes, for which I have had the first medical advice. Indeed, I have taken large quantities, without receiving any relief, but I am now delighted to say with truth that ever since using your valuable Eye Snuff, which I have taken copiously, that is a 2s. 4d. canister weekly, I am quite free from those excruciating pains, and can read the smallest print, although I am in the 64th year of my age. This is my third testimony, and shall be most happy to give it to you or to any respectable enquirer at my residence as under. I remain, with gratitude, Sir, your obedient humble servant, E. FORSEX.

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This odoriferous Herbaceous Compound of Herbs is sold in capsules at 2d., 1s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 12s. 6d., by all wholesale Tobacconists, Merchants, and Druggists, in town and country, by whom dealers may be supplied. It can be obtained in all the principal towns and cities. A liberal allowance to Shipowners, owners, captains, and all vendors of Grimstone's Eye Snuff. This celebrated Snuff is shipped to all quarters of the globe, and retains its benign qualities in every climate. All Snuffs and Cigars shipped on the shortest notice.

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Black Leaf wavy Rough Congou, highly recommended. 5 0
Strong black leaf Congou, for taverns and coffee houses. 4 5

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20	2 18 9	2 11 0	2 4 6	2 0 0
21	3 1 9	2 12 9	2 5 6	2 1 0
22	3 3 9	2 14 6	2 7 0	2 2 0
23	3 6 3	2 16 6	2 8 6	2 3 0
24	3 9 4	2 18 9	2 10 3	2 4 0
25	3 12 4	3 1 0	2 12 4	2 5 6
26	3 15 9	3 3 9	2 14 0	2 6 0
27	3 19 7	3 6 3	2 16 0	2 7 0
28	4 2 9	3 8 9	2 18 3	2 8 6
29	4 5 3	3 12 0	3 0 3	2 10 0
30	4 13 0	3 15 3	3 2 9	2 11 6
31	4 18 3	3 18 9	3 5 2	2 13 0
32	5 4 0	4 2 6	3 7 9	2 15 0
33	5 10 9	4 6 6	3 10 6	2 17 0
34	5 18 3	4 11 0	3 15 9	2 19 0
35	6 6 3	4 15 0	3 17 4	3 1 0
36	—	5 1 0	4 0 9	3 3 6
37	—	5 7 3	4 4 3	3 6 0
38	—	5 14 0	4 9 0	3 9 0
39	—	6 1 0	4 15 9	3 12 0
40	—	6 9 0	4 18 9	3 15 0
41	—	—	5 4 6	3 18 0
42	—	—	5 10 9	4 1 0
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"Sir,—I am honoured with the King's command to express his Majesty's sense of your polite attention in sending the two bottles of Essence of Ginger. His Majesty has been pleased to direct me to forward you ten pounds in payment for it—inclosed you will find that amount—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. WHEATLEY."

St. James's Palace, June 25th, 1835.

To Mr. Decimus Woodhouse.

WOODHOUSE'S ETHERAL ESSENCE OF GINGER is particularly recommended to all cold phlegmatic, weak and nervous constitutions; it is certain in affording instant relief in Spasms, Cramps, Flatulence, Languor, Hysterics, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Sensation of Fulness, Pain and Oppression after Meals; also those Pains of the Stomach and Bowels which arise from Gouty Flatulencies; Digestion however much impaired, is restored to its pristine state, by the use of this Essence for a short time, if taken in Tea, Coffee, &c. &c.; it corrects their flatulent tendency; also this Etheral Essence warms and invigorates the whole system, and will be found on experience, a happy substitute for those spiritual cordials, which at the moment they seem to revive, are insidiously undermining the very principles of life and health: in short as a domestic remedy, a remedy for the Traveller by sea or land, nothing can be more convenient or efficacious, as a few drops in water, forms a tea of any strength.

The undersigned, and 208 other medical men, have given certificates of their unqualified approbation of the value of the Essence, as also of its superiority over all other similar preparations. Drs. James Johnson, Physician to his Majesty, A. T. Holroyd, S. Ashwell, R. Kewier, A. Middleton, C. Loudon, D. Davies, Surgeon to his Majesty, J. Pereira, G. Pilcher, F. Salmon, F. Tyrrel, J. H. Curtis, Aurist to his Majesty, C. Millard. In bottles 2s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 10s. 6d. and 21s. each.

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NOTICE.

L. KYEZOR, From Geneva WATCH

COAST AND CLOCK MANUFACTURER, 16, Tottenham Court Road, nearly opposite Great Russell-street, and at 17, Upper George-street, Edgeware-road, takes the present opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the public for the great encouragement he has met with for the last thirty years, and begs to inform them that he continues to employ ten experienced workmen, both French and English, for repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Musical Boxes, &c., of every description. He has made a reduction of one-half the price usually charged by others in the trade.

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All Communications for the Editor, to be addressed, post-paid, to the Depot of the United Temperance Association, 134, Aldersgate Street.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 16.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER IV.

A HUMOROUS SCENE.

THE conversation with Mr. Thornton had awakened a strange train of reflection in the mind of our hero; and Louise faintly hoped that the observations of their new acquaintance would lead to ultimate good in respect to her husband. Her delicate mind could not appreciate all the horrors of intemperance; and although she saw but little more than mere mental degradation and debasement in the practice of that hideous vice, she still anxiously hoped that Mr. Thornton would be the means of inculcating into the bosom of Melville a principle which would for ever place a barrier between him and an indulgence in intoxicating liquors. She did not therefore attempt to interrupt the chain of her husband's reflections; and the moment they reached their own home, Melville retired to his study, where he sat down with the determination of considering the subject in all its bearings.

Melville's meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a domestic who handed him a letter. He opened it, and found that it was a circular from the secretary to a joint-stock company, in which he had taken shares to a considerable amount. The circular required his immediate presence at the office of the company, where a meeting of the shareholders was to take place. Glad of a means of abstraction from the numerous subjects of serious thought that weighed upon his mind, our young hero ordered his cabriolet; and at the appointed time drove to the offices of the British and Foreign Equitable Lucifer-Match Joint-Stock Company, in Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

The "Board-Room" was thronged with as motley a crowd of gentlemen as the eye could wish to gaze upon. Some were dressed in the first style of fashion, and others had scarcely taken the trouble to dress at all. Old and young—washed and unwashed—polite and vulgar—to the number of about fifty, formed the miscellaneous audience to whom a stout gentleman standing behind a mahogany desk was addressing himself. The individuals who formed that audience were seated upon a number of forms that had been placed in rows, at one extremity of the apartment, for their accommodation; and although the characteristics of their personal appearance were so essentially varied and diversified, one common expression seemed to animate their countenances. The same light falls upon all objects, though each receives the lustre in a different manner; and thus did the same gleam of satisfaction illumine fifty physiognomies in as many discrepant fashions. The broad grinning face—the wizen countenance, partially relaxing from its accustomed serenity—the pursed-up lips, but laughing eye—the complacent smile—and the placid expression of contentment, were all visible upon that occasion.

The stout gentleman, who was standing at the mahogany desk, was about fifty years of



THE BREAKFAST PARTY.

To illustrate Chapter III., Period II., No. 15.

age. His complexion was swarthy,—a circumstance which gave an air of uncleanness to his whole person; his forehead was high and broad, and seemed to indicate the full extent of the intellectual qualities possessed by its owner; and his restless dark eye had an expression of cunning and suspicion which would never enlist a phrenologist in his favour. His voice was sonorous, and authoritative in tone; his manners were familiar, and consequently somewhat vulgar; and, when he moved, a slight lameness was perceptible in his gait.

"Gentlemen," said the individual, whom we have briefly sketched, "according to the forms prescribed by the sixtieth article of the Deed of Settlement, which constituted our Company, I have summoned this meeting to communicate to you the condition of those self-acting lucifer-matches, the idea of which was founded by your capital, and has been worked out by my talent and experience."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bubbel," exclaimed one of the shareholders; "but I thought that there was to be no general meeting of the shareholders until the expiration of six months from the foundation of the Company."

"Unless the Director considered it necessary to the interests of the shareholders, to summon such meeting," observed Mr. Bubbel, endeavouring to apply this corrective in his most mellifluous tone; "and such an opinion is now entertained by me. I do not feel myself justified, gentlemen—I may say, I do not even feel comfortable, at having been entrusted with so large a sum, and not being called upon to give any account of the opera-

tion for which it was advanced, for so long a period as six months. Gentlemen, I am too conscientious to keep you in the dark relative to your own affairs; and I think—I flatter myself, gentlemen—I fondly imagine, in a word, that you will not blame me for my scrupulousness."

"What a straightforward honourable man!" whispered one of the shareholders to his neighbour.

"Oh! I knew very well, when I received the circular," was the answer, "that every thing was right; and yet my foolish wife declared that she had a presentiment that every thing was wrong."

"Those women are terrible with their presentiments!" remarked the first speaker. "It was only a few days ago that my old mother dreamt that the great sow was dead; and when we went to look into the sty, we found it was well and hearty as you or I."

"Upon your honour!" said the other, very naturally surprised at this remarkable event. "But let us be quiet,—Bubbel is going on."

"The success of our lucifer-matches, gentlemen," resumed the Director, as soon as his last words had made a favourable impression upon his audience,— "the success of our lucifer-matches has exceeded my most sanguine expectations."

Here the worthy Director was welcomed with such a clapping of hands, thumping of sticks and heels upon the floor, and shouts of "Bravo!" and "Hear!" that he was compelled to conceal his emotions in his pocket-handkerchief; during which manifestation of his modesty he was observed to shake very

much. The shareholders immediately conjectured that he was overpowered by the sensitiveness of his feelings; but a clerk, who was peeping through the key-hole of the door has since declared that Mr. Bubbel was nearly convulsed with laughter,—doubtless at the ludicrousness of some idea which just then flitted across his fertile imagination.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Mr. Bubbel, after a long pause, during which his feelings and the dust which had both been excited by the applause of the shareholders, had had due leisure to subside—"yes, gentlemen, I may safely say that the British and Foreign Equitable Lucifer-Match Company has altogether exceeded my most sanguine hopes."

"He is already going to offer a dividend, I declare," whispered a shareholder to his companions.

"I'll be bound he is!" coincided another.

"Fifteen per cent., perhaps," suggested a third.

"I'll buy your shares at ten per cent. premium, Slivers," said one fat old gentleman to a very thin young one.

"No, I thank'ee, Binks," was the immediate answer, accompanied by a shake of the head, that intimated the resolution of Mr. Slivers not to part with the slips of paper on which the words "One hundred pounds" had been printed in large red letters in the midst of sky-blue flourishes.

"But it was not simply to inform you that my most sanguine hopes have been exceeded, gentlemen," continued the Director, after another pause, "that I convened this meeting. My object was far more important to the interests of the concern than that announcement; and I can assure you that it gives me the greatest pleasure thus to meet you all—well and happy—in the 'Board-Room,' of the Company's offices. My only regret is that you did not all take more shares in this profiting and profitable enterprise, at its commencement:—I regret it, because you are all personally known to me; and the hundreds of other shareholders who dwell in England, Germany, Belgium, and elsewhere, are total strangers to me. They however reap, or rather *will* reap, equal profits from the concern; and I could have wished that it would be my pleasant and pleasing duty to divide those profits amongst you." But regrets are useless, gentlemen; let us forget that we ever entertained them."

"I wish I had taken a few more shares," observed Mr. Binks to Mr. Slivers.

"So do I," said Mr. Slivers to Mr. Binks.

"I shall first make a few observations relative to my administration of the affairs of the Company, ere I unfold the object of this assembly," resumed Mr. Bubbel. "I have neglected nothing that could ensure the prosperity of the enterprise, and conduce to the interests of the shareholders. I put into force many ingenious schemes to give publicity to the matches; and I do not fear contradiction when I assert, that they all perfectly succeeded. For instance, I wrote a pamphlet containing a desperate libel upon another Lucifer-Match Company; an action was brought against us, and we had to pay fifteen hundred pounds for damages. This was all I wanted, and the sale of our Lucifers instantly increased. Again—in pursuance of the same correct line of policy, I have kept open house to all individuals who are likely to benefit the undertaking; and in order to produce a favourable impression upon those persons, I furnished my house anew from top to bottom. I did not spare my wines; but, by buying a very large quantity at once, I saved the Company at least ten per cent. in this outlay. You therefore perceive, gentlemen, that I neglected nothing which might conduce to the interest of the establishment. In order to devote as much time as possible to the business of the office, I purchased a cabriolet and horse, as my house is at a consi-

derable distance from London—at Richmond, gentlemen; and to be punctual, I procured a handsome chronometer watch, which now lies, gentlemen, upon this desk. But all these items are duly entered upon the books of the Company;—and those books, gentlemen, are open to your inspection. From the observations which have just fallen from my lips, you will see that I have religiously fulfilled the pledges I made to you when I received the sacred trust you deposited in my hands. I promised to economize your money: the transaction of the wines shows that I have not been unmindful of the vow. I swore to adopt all legal and legitimate measures to insure the sale of our matches: an action for libel was immediately courted. I declared that I would devote myself entirely to the business of the Company: I purchased (as I before informed you), a cabriolet to insure an early attendance here in the morning, and to enable me to remain at my post until within an hour of dinner time in the evening. What, gentlemen, has been the result of this unwearied attention—this conscientious behaviour—this prudent and politic line of conduct? Need I repeat the words I uttered just now? Shall I once more assert, in the most solemn manner, that the British and Foreign Equitable Lucifer-Match Joint-Stock Company has exceeded my most sanguine expectations? Yes, gentlemen, it *has* done so! It has only swallowed up one hundred thousand pounds, the amount of the capital subscribed. It has existed for the period of six months, and it only requires a fresh advance of capital for the purpose of buying a whole forest to cut down to make into Lucifer matches."

As when a sudden squall sweeps the surface of a calm and waveless sea,—as when a bo-constrictor darts from a tree upon the unsuspecting traveller beneath; or as the merchant receives the tidings that his bankers have failed,—so came this appalling communication to the assembled body of shareholders. All the members of that body were suddenly convulsed, as if they had possessed a common neck in modern fulfilment of the wish of the ancient Roman, round which a rope had been twisted with the tightness of the eastern bow-string in the hands of the Bostandji-baschi: Mr. Bubbel marked the effect produced by his disclosures, and calmly played with the handsome chronometer watch before alluded to, like the animal that, "hushed in grim repose, expects its evening prey."

"Binks, I'll sell my shares now," suddenly exclaimed Mr. Slivers, kindly relenting.

"Slivers, I'll not buy your shares now," as abruptly returned Mr. Binks, prudently reflecting.

"A hundred thousand pounds!" exclaimed another shareholder.

"All gone!" cried a fourth.

"Fifteen hundred pounds damages in the action!" ejaculated a fifth.

"And law expenses to boot," observed a sixth.

"He can't make us pay for the cab," said a seventh.

"Nor for the wines," added an eighth.

"Nor for his furniture," super-added a ninth.

"How much money did you receive in all?" demanded Mr. Binks of Mr. Bubbel.

"How much?" repeated that gentleman, with ineffable nonchalance; "why—exactly one hundred thousand pounds."

"And how much is there left?" inquired Mr. Slivers.

"One hundred thousand noughts," answered Mr. Bubbel, chuckling and rubbing his hands—probably with a view of imparting a little of his own good humour to his audience: a task in which he however experienced as miserable a failure as Warren Hastings did when he attempted to prove to the world that he was an innocent and an injured man.

"One hundred thousand pounds sterling in three short months!" exclaimed Melville.

"I beg your pardon," cried Mr. Bubbel: "two of the months were long ones: this is the thirtieth day of September, of the year 1830: and consequently the Company existed in both July and August, each of which has thirty-one days."

"The time, then, has been short enough!" grumbled Mr. Binks. "But what's to be done?"

"Oh! that is very simple," said Mr. Bubbel. "All I require is an advance of capital—there is no other obstacle to the purchase of the forest. How much shall we say, then, gentlemen?" exclaimed the Director, rubbing his hands together.

"It's very easy for you to stand there asking for money and rubbing your hands," returned Mr. Slivers: "as for me, I wash mine of the whole transaction;" and, having uttered these words, he left his seat and the room.

"In that case, gentlemen," said the Director, "this meeting is dissolved. I wish you all good morning."

And having uttered these words, the celebrated Mr. Bubbel limped out of the room, hastened to his cabriolet which was waiting for him at the street-door, and proceeded to Radley's Hotel, where he ordered an excellent dinner, to which he had already invited two or three of his fashionable friends. Amongst these was Melville, who cared but little for the loss of a few hundred pounds which he had sustained in the British and Foreign Equitable Lucifer-Match Joint-Stock Company; and who forgot all the sage observations made to him in the morning by Mr. Thornton. He returned home at a very late hour, in a dreadful state of intoxication, and found Mr. Tibbatts awaiting his return in his study.

(To be continued.)

TEMPERANCE VERSUS INTEMPERANCE.

ARTICLE THE FIRST.

"Observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught."
MILTON.

TEMPERANCE is a bridle of gold; and he who never allows it to fall from his hand, "is more like a God than a man;" for, having made the human beast a man again, it contributes to heighten humanity into divinity.

In imagination I lately visited an Association of persons who, beginning to awake to the evils of intemperance, and resolved to forsake it, had assembled to devise expedients for aiding and confirming themselves in their good intentions. So true is it that we no sooner form a sincere resolution of amendment, than the beneficent God comes more than half way to our aid, that the company, on coming together, found the place of their meeting pre-occupied, and almost filled with preternatural incentives and encouragements to persevere.

These consisted, principally, of venerable personages of all ranks and times, who received them with looks of cheering complacency; and who, on uttering a sentence of caution or encouragement, slowly and successively withdrew. Many of the sentences so uttered I distinctly remembered to have read; and am convinced, from various circumstances which then transpired, that those who uttered them were their original and veritable authors, who, being dead, were thus allowed to speak.

The first, an eminently venerable man, placing his finger on a page of a book which he carried, read a passage which I recognised as Genesis ix. 20, &c.; and as he read, tears of penitence and looks of compunction, marked his patriarchal face. On the head of the next was the "likeness of a kingly crown;" and as he departed he pronounced, emphatically, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." A train of ruddy and athletic men next walked forth, the personifications of health, followed by a majestic person wearing the prophetic vestments, who said to them, with an air of divine authority, "Thus saith the Lord

of hosts the God of Israel, Because ye have obeyed the command of your father, not to drink any strong drink, therefore shall ye never want a man to stand before me for ever." Two others then departed in company; and as they went one of them said, in a tone of benignant entreaty, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." And the other instantly added, "For the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Next went an aged man with his son, and pointing at him with delight, exclaimed, "This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found; rejoice with me." And the son knelt to receive his blessing.

Of those that followed, most of them, instead of speaking, deposited a paper on the table, which was immediately opened and read by one or other of the company. The first was, *Ebrii gignunt ebrios*, and signed "Plutarch;" this the reader interpreted as, "one drunkard begets another." The next bore the subscription of "Tully," which, translated, is as follows:—"Better be a temperate old man than a free-living youth." The philosophers were followed by a train of kings and nobles, represented by a patrician of Venice, who laid on the table a book on the art of prolonging life, by Lewis Cornaro. These were succeeded by the poets, in whose name Shakspeare exclaimed,

"Ask God for temperance, that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires."

To which Milton added, with the sonorous voice of an organ,

"Observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

Statesmen, moralists, and preachers next disappeared, each depositing on the table, as he passed, some memento or sentence to the same effect as those which had preceded them. One of these was evidently by Camden, and stated that "the English, which, of all the northern nations, had been least drinkers, and most commended for their sobriety, learned, by the Netherland wars, to drown themselves with immoderate drinking; and by drinking to others' healths, to impair their own;" leaving it to be inferred that, as the poisonous habit is not indigenous, but exotic, it may yet be eradicated. Another was subscribed by the venerable name of "Hale," and ran thus,—"If ever you expect to have a sound body, as well as a sound mind, carefully avoid intemperance. The most temperate and sober persons are subject to sickness and diseases, but the intemperate can never be long without them." A third bore the name of "Cecil, Lord Burghley," and contained the following:—"Banish swinish drunkenness out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man." "Temperance," said another, "that virtue without pride, and fortune without envy, gives ease of body and tranquillity of mind,—the best guardian of youth, and support of old age." And to this was appended the name of "Temple."

But to proceed with the account of the incidents which took place after the reading of these and many similar sentences was ended: the venerable assemblage having nearly all departed, the association now remarked, for the first time, that the walls of their room exhibited a number of devices relating to the subject under their consideration. On one side appeared the brutal bacchanalian orgies; on another, the drunken broil between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ: here, Alexander, in the frenzy of intoxication, rushing on his friend Clytus; and there, a squalid wretch dragged away by Disease and Remorse from a family perishing with want through his drunken habits. In one place, the apologue of the demon offering to his victim the choice of three sins, and smiling at his choice of drunkenness, well knowing that, when drunk, he would be ready to commit the other two; and in another, a body in a state of spontaneous combustion; whilst the whole of the upper part of the room was occupied by a representation of Temperance enthroned, crowned by a hand from the clouds, and surrounded and supported by groupes of happy faces, denoting health, plenty, hope, honour, and religion.

(To be continued.)

TEETOTALISM IN ITS EFFECTS.

TRUTH has always met with its opponents, and absurdities of every kind have been raked up, for the purpose of ridiculing its adherents and supporters:—but the fire kindled at the altar of truth, burns higher and brighter still by raking, even though the stirring be by the hand of an enemy; still the flame ascends; the hand of him who would put it out is burnt by it; and all endeavours to quench it are in vain. Thus has it been, and thus it is, with Teetotalism. Fire from heaven has lit the flame on the altar of philanthropy and christianity;—interest cannot quench it;—surrounded by enemies on every side, who strive not a little to pull down the altar and put out its fire, yet it burns "higher still, and higher." The victim is placed on the altar. Drunkenness has consumed its thousands;—Alcohol, the giant demon, has had an altar died in blood, watered by widows' tears,—unmoved has listened to orphans' wails, to moralists' cold remonstrances; and has rejoiced in his work, of destruction. His day is past; he has consumed, but he is now himself consuming on the altar of Truth;—every ear shall hear the exulting shout of millions of his redeemed slaves, who stand around the altar;—the ear that has been deaf to the shout must now listen to the fervent thanksgiving;—the eye that blinded itself to the giant strides of the great moral reformation can no longer remain closed; it opens on a sight it would fain never have seen; it can now discern the truth it never wished to know, that alcohol is tottering on his legs, that his fall is inevitable; and publicans gaze

"And turn in horror from 'that sight.'"

Glad news! how many a heart beats with delight at the joyful intelligence, that the energies of more than five millions of Teetotalers are employed in wiping away Britain's foulest spot—driving from her shores her greatest curse. It is no visionary scheme, yet to be begun; it is doing, operating, and every day brings near the glorious much-to-be-desired end. The opponents of Teetotalism attempted to reason, but Reason was not found on their side; now, no absurdity is too great for them in their unholy warfare. But the fight is nearly ended; we have wrested from them all their weapons, and employed them for their own destruction: ridicule is the only missile they have left; and this is so contemptible, and harmless, that the Teetotaler would be unwilling to deprive them of it, since its bungling attempts serve only to cause the hearty laugh at the fireside of many a Teetotaler. True, the press, the public journals, (in which line, be it remembered, the "*Licensed Victuallers*" have a property,) still cry loudly against us; but it is as a man standing on the sea-shore in a storm, and raising his voice against the roaring of the elements; and when we consider who are the opponents of Teetotalism, generally, we have a soothing thought in the reflection, that "to be dispraised of some is no small praise."

But I would speak not only of general effort, or the general enthusiastic joy. Could you but hear the tale of every reformed drunkard in our land, or look into the home of every Teetotaler, what a voice would they utter! How would they bear witness to the individual benefit Teetotalism had conferred on them. For some years I knew a man, a blacksmith by trade, and father of a large family, whose habits of intemperance had rendered him the nuisance of his neighbours, and his family's curse. The father—whose example and whose precept should have been the guide of his children's youth, whose return at the close of day should have been welcomed by the wife's cheerful smile, the children's joyful shout, and the homely supper—had become hateful in his children's eyes—a curse to himself and family; his return was looked forward to with heavy heart, as it brought neither peace, comfort, nor supper; but one, who in a state of filthy, brutal intoxication had lost alike the feelings of a parent and a man—rolling into his dirty hovel, striking her whom he had promised "to love and to cherish," cursing those young innocents on whose head he should have prayed only for blessings, making a hell at home, (if by that sweet name his wretched hut could be called,) a hell in his own breast, and daily hastening on to a hell which would be his portion for ever! I saw it myself, a truly wretched scene—I shuddered as I gazed on it; I shudder as I think of it now.

Such was the man who one evening presented himself to sign the pledge of our society at B—, in Oxfordshire. I feared—I felt confident he would never keep it—yet he did; and oh! how does he re-

joice in it now! He is one of the most active members of the society. See his home now—it is worthy of the endearing name of *home*; it is all the Englishman's home should be; and his wife herself told me that she desired no comfort which she had not got. His children are well clothed, and well fed, and educated in the British school. This is not all: the husband is an ornament to a religious community, whereas five years ago he was a disgrace to the name of *man*. This I have seen; but the description I have given will serve as one for thousands of such instances. Search for yourselves, you will find it so.

Teetotalers! ye have put your hand to the plough; look not back! Onward—ever onward; there is much ground yet to be possessed—ye have done much: let your success encourage you to do more; you cannot labour in vain—the end must be accomplished—let your united voices reply, "It shall!" Tens of thousands are wishing you "God speed;" drunkenness is fleeing from before you; do not give him time to rally. There is work for every Teetotaler in his or her sphere: let each one work "while it is called to-day;" "what thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and God help you. "Be not weary in well doing."

G. B. B.

Newport Pagnell.

THE TEETOTALISM OF THE TURKS.

WE extract the following sketch of the rise, glory, and decline of the Ottoman empire from "*THE ANATOMY OF INTemperance; OR, A KEY TO TEETOTALISM*,"—a new work now publishing in weekly Numbers, at 3d. each, and monthly Parts, at 1s. each:—

The Ottoman empire dates from the commencement of the thirteenth century of the Christian era, or from the eighth of the Hegira: but the history of the ancestors of Osman, its founder, commences about a century before that period. His grandfather, Solyman-Shah, settled in Armenia, at the head of fifty thousand souls, in the year 1224, A.D. (621. A.H.); and his death led to the dispersion of the tribe. Ertoghul, one of his sons, at the head of only four hundred families, proceeded to the vast plains which are situated on the eastern side of Erzerum. During this march Ertoghul came up with two armies that were engaged in close combat; and he determined upon lending his assistance to the weaker side. The belligerents were the Tartar Moguls, and the Seljuks. The latter were enabled to defeat their enemies, through the timely aid of Ertoghul; and Aladdin, sovereign of the victors, bestowed certain lands, on condition of fiefal tenure, on the chieftain who had so opportunely appeared as his auxiliary. Ertoghul soon made himself master of the adjacent castle of Karadjahissar, which belonged to the Greeks of Byzantium; and, at his death, his son Osman succeeded to these possessions. Upon this slender fabric was raised the fabric of Ottoman grandeur; and in a few years after the death of the Sultan Aladdin, the ambitious Osman raised the trophies of his dominion and glory upon the ruins of the Seljuk empire.

It is said that Osman foresaw all the future puissance of his nation in the following manner. He was staying with a venerable Sheikh, of the name of Erdebali, of whose daughter Malkhatoun he was deeply enamoured, when he one night dreamt that the moon, which suddenly increased to a vast magnitude, issued from the breast of Erdebali, and hastened to conceal itself in his own. He then thought that a tree sprung from his loins; and this tree, which rapidly increased in beauty and size, covered with the shade of its boughs, the lands and seas, as far as the horizon, of three parts of the world. Beneath this tree were Mounts Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus, and Hæmus, which seemed to be four columns supporting that immense canopy of foliage. From the roots of the tree flowed the river Nile, the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Danube, all covered with ships like the surface of the ocean. The fields were filled with abundant harvests, and the hills crowned with thick forests, whence emanated delicious springs which meandered amongst woods and groves of rose-trees and of cyprus. In the valleys, far as the eye could reach, were cities ornamented with domes, cupolas, pyramids, obelisks, columns, and magnificent towers, upon all of which glittered the crescent; and around those towers were the galleries whence emanated the voices of muezzins calling the Faithful to prayer. The leaves of the vast tree were elongated in the form of sabres; and suddenly a violent hurricane turned the points of those weapons towards the principal cities of the European continent, but especially towards Constantinople. This city, which is situated at the point of junction of two seas, and two continents, resembled a diamond set between two sapphires and two emeralds, and thus appeared to form the precious stone of a vast ring, the circumference of which embraced the world. Osman was about to place this ring upon his finger—when he awoke!

And this dream was fulfilled. Osman taught his fol-

lowers to obey that law of the Prophet which interdicted the use of inebriating drink; and thus their moral and physical energies remained unimpaired and fitted to work out grand aims. The Greeks were enervated with the luxuries of the period, and the scimitar was found a more successful weapon than the cross-handled sword of the Christians. The soldiers of Osman followed the patriarchal habits of frugality which rendered them hardy and invincible in war; and the undisciplined squadrons of barbarian Turks, whose only drink was water, foiled in every direction the well-trained warriors of the Grecian phalanx. Osman was succeeded by a long line of sultans who punished with death the infraction of that law of the Prophet which forbids the use of wine; and the empire increased in grandeur and importance with a rapidity which alarmed the remainder of the known world. The iron-clad chieftains of Europe were successively routed by the sturdy Musselmans; the flower of Austrian chivalry fell upon the battle-plain, in its vain attempts to resist the progress of the Ottomans.

For some time the Byzantine empire had tottered towards a certain and speedy fall. It changed but little from the fifth to the twelfth centuries, and progressively languished more and more, in the incessant series of revolutions by which it was harassed. Its frail and convulsive existence vegetated in a perpetual crisis, the elements of which were conspiracies in the palace, the intrigues of patriarchs or eunuchs, a literary court, an ingenious and degraded people, a remnant of taste for the arts without genius to execute the promptings of that tendency, the invention of tactics without military valour, a political knowledge without energy and without success, and a love of dissipation and an addiction to wine which knew no bounds. The government was feebly carried on in the midst of a vain luxury and a laborious and sterile policy. Amidst the new societies which were forming at that epoch all over Europe, Constantinople existed as a fossil-remnant of the old world, with its Græco-Roman civilization, its imperial domesticity, and its old laws applied to new interests.

It was in the year 1453, that the Sultan Mahommed II. appeared beneath the walls of Constantinople at the head of two hundred and fifty thousand men. For upwards of a century that the Ottoman empire had now existed, the Greeks had been compelled to submit to the incessant inroads of their neighbours, whose European capital was Adrianople, and whose Asiatic metropolis was Brusa. Calculating upon the enervated condition of the Byzantines, and confident in the powers of his own forces, Mahommed II. determined to fix the chief standard of the Ottoman nation upon the palace of the successors of Constantine. The history of the siege is replete with the most interesting incidents; but our space does not permit us to enter into detail. Suffice it to say that the Mussulmans triumphed over the Greeks, and that Constantinople became the capital of the Ottoman empire, on the 29th of May, 1453.

From that moment the fortunes of the Ottomans progressed at a more rapid rate than they had even done before this conquest; and those hardy warriors, whose constant beverage was sherbet or water, even in the midst of the most arduous campaigns, acquired a dominion which far exceeded the greatest empire ever founded by mortal man before or since. In the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, the Ottoman empire extended from the northern frontiers of Transylvania to the southern cape of the Morea; it reached the Austrian and Venetian boundaries on the western side, and spread to the confines of Persia in the east; it included the northern states of Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and the islands of the Levant; and the emperor of Austria, and the republic of Venice, were fain to pay tribute as a condition of their safety. This grand empire was achieved in about two centuries, Solyman the Magnificent having ascended the throne in the year 1517. So long as the wise regulations, which repressed the use of intoxicating liquors, were maintained with despotic vigour, nothing could resist the valour of the Turks in the field of battle. But as the Ottoman empire attained to its highest pitch of glory in the time of Solyman I., so did it also imbibe the elements of decline in the same reign. Solyman changed the law, which punished with death the use of wine, into a fine of one asper for every glass that was drunk by a Mussulman; and he encouraged the introduction of the juices of the grape into the suburbs of the capital, where they were vended by Christian and Jewish merchants. From that moment, the Ottoman empire began to decline in its power and glory: the former energy of the Turks yielded to the enervating effects of a dissipation, which, though progressing only in private, still progressed with fearful rapidity; and this secret and hidden luxury destroyed those physical powers which had triumphed over superior discipline and skill, and impaired those intellects which demonstrated a capacity for the most difficult political combinations.

For upwards of a century after the death of Solyman I., the history of the Ottomans is little better than a perpetual succession of anarchy, revolutions, insurrections, and disasters. Sultans deposed and murdered—Grand Viziers chosen and executed—extortions on the part of the Janizzaries, cruelties on that of the sovereigns—and insubordination on the part of the Pachas of the empire—form the basis of the narrative of this interval. At length, Mahommed IV. determined upon entrusting the great seal of the empire to an individual who was

strongly recommended to his highness by numerous partisans.

The call to prayer, "God is great!" echoed from the summit of every minaret in Constantinople, at the moment when Kœprilu-Mahommed received from the Sultan the dignity of Grand Vizier. The nomination of this individual gave universal dissatisfaction throughout the empire; for few foresaw the future greatness of this illustrious man, to whom it was reserved to revivify the fading lustre of the Ottoman star. But a short space of time was sufficient to demonstrate the talents and abilities of this statesman; and the progress of the Ottoman empire towards its fall was effectually arrested during his viziership. One of his first enactments was to suppress the licentiousness that had crept into the barracks of the troops, and into the private dwellings of the inhabitants of Constantinople; and, by promulgating an edict of severity against the use of wine, Kœprilu-Mahommed succeeded in restoring the people to the patriarchal simplicity of their former manners, and the abstemiousness of their ancient habits.

But Kœprilu-Mahommed died after having held the reins of the Ottoman empire for a period of only five years; and his son Kœprilu-Ahmed, although he partially sustained the glory of the empire, still gave an unbridled license to the pursuits of pleasure and dissipation. It is true that Kœprilu-Ahmed won many grand battles, and that to him the Ottoman coronet of laurels was indebted for many an additional wreath of the ever-green emblem of glory. But it is also true that the nation relapsed into a habit of dissipation which was more or less encouraged by the example of this great warrior; and, at his death, the increased ostentation displayed by Kara Mustapha-Pacha, his successor, and the luxury practised by this ambitious and dissipated man, led to all the disasters which resulted from the failure of the siege of Vienna, and to the rapid decline of the Ottoman empire from that period. It was at the head of two hundred and twenty thousand men that Kara Mustapha encamped beneath the walls of Vienna, on the 14th of July, 1683. Had not the Grand Vizier permitted the most enervating dissipation to prevail throughout his army, he might have made himself master of the Austrian capital. But he allowed time for the Poles and Germans to march against him; and on the 12th of September, King Sobieski attacked the mighty armament of Ottomans at all points. The Christians had passed the preceding night in prayer—the Mussulmans in dissipation. The battle was long and bloody; but at seven o'clock in the evening Vienna was delivered. As soon as the sun had set, Sobieski sat down in the captured tent of the Grand Vizier, as he had done in the morning on the mountain of the Calenberg, to address a letter to the queen, the only joy of his heart, the charming and well-beloved Mariette. In this letter he said to her,—"I have not as yet seen all the booty; but it far exceeds that which we acquired at Chocim; four or five quivers, ornamented with rubies and sapphires, are alone worth thousands of ducats. Thou shalt not say to me, my love, that which the Tartar women say to their husbands when they return empty-handed from the battle,—Thou art not a warrior, because thou hast brought no trophy of thy valour!" It is impossible for me to give thee an idea of the refined luxury which reigns in the tents of the Grand Vizier: there are baths, little gardens, fountains, aviaries, and the most delicious wines preserved in ice."

Thus was it that Vienna was delivered; and the destructive flood of Ottoman power, which had already, in the reign of Solyman I., a hundred and fifty-four years previously, dashed its billows against the walls of the Austrian capital, as against the defensive rampart of Christianity opposed to the barbarism of the east,—after having now presented itself in a more menacing and impetuous form than ever, disappeared—never to return.

From this period the history of the Ottoman empire down to the present day is merely a continued series of disasters and defeats, with an occasional exception, when the glory of the Turks again recovered an evanescent lustre. The Austrians gradually reconquered all the provinces and strongholds on the north of the Danube; and the Persians regained possession of their lands which had been wrested from them by their victorious neighbours. We shall not enter into farther detail respecting the fates of the Ottomans: suffice it to say that the introduction of habits of dissipation into their domestic privacy became the signal for their decline; and thus within a period of four centuries, did this gigantic power present to the view the three distinct phases of progressive might, the height of power, and the rapidity of decay. The Ottoman empire is a colossus which extends its powerful arms over Asia and Europe at the same time; and when the hour for its fall shall arrive, according to the common destiny of all empires, it will cover three parts of the world with its ruins.

THE AGED SOLDIER.

SLOWLY he pursued his way to dispose of the last remnant of his property, which the long sickness of his aged companion, the wife of his bosom, constrained him to part with to add to her comfort. It would leave him without a farthing, dependent upon the charity of the world for support. He seemed lost in thought; and though

the busy crowds with hasty steps passed and repassed he heeded them not. His brow wore the gloom of care; and the rigid expression of his features bore ample evidence of the agony within. His thin grey locks, attenuated and scanty dress, and feeble steps, attracted no attention from the happy throngs who, boasting of their liberty and independence, gaily pursued their own career, unheeding the aged soldier whose valour won those blessings. Liberty and independence were the watchwords of his youth; and as the sounds met his ear, a gleam of native fire from his eyes, and his lips essayed to speak, but the remembrance of unrequited suffering choked his utterance. He glanced at his wounds—a shudder ran through his frame, and he groaned aloud at his country's ingratitude. The paroxysm was soon past; it was but the repetition of many such an heroic martyr's spirit, which prompted him in early life to brave both battle-field and halter, was called again to rouse his sunken spirits. Just then the antic gambols of a passing troop of school-boys presented to his mind a faithful picture of happy security. "No," exclaimed the grey-haired veteran with exultation, "I have not fought, I do not live in vain; and though now neglected, perhaps despised, posterity will yet do justice to the soldier of the revolution."

Years rolled on, and the long-delayed compensation for toil and suffering was ultimately granted. Again I saw the veteran soldier: he was seated in the porch of a neat little cottage, situated in the midst of a highly-cultivated garden, recounting to his grand-children the deeds of the revolution, and praising with lively ardour the virtues of the great and good Lafayette. Content and happiness burned in his countenance; and as he mentioned the object of his early toil,—the completion of our independence, and the unrivalled prosperity to which our nation had arrived—tears fast flowed down the channels of his deeply-furrowed cheeks. They were tears of gratitude, that the soldier's services were at last required, and the evening of his days made happy by the justice of his government.—*American Periodical.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to inform L. M. D. that we neither know nor care whether the imputation against a certain individual, relative to the silver forks or spoons, be true or false.

We shall always be glad to hear from our esteemed correspondent, Mr. CROOK.

We deeply regret that we have it not in our power to oblige F. W. S. F. we think those are the initials; but we sincerely deplore his situation. We should have replied to his two letters sooner, but take each communication in its due rotation, and answer at leisure.

J. V. H.'s clever letter shall appear next week. Extracts from Mr. BENSTADT'S Lecture will also be given in our next.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 10, 1840.

THE clergy of the church of England has not only set its face against the propagation of the doctrines of Teetotalism, but many of its members have openly come forward to oppose them. Now, if Teetotalism be not all that its disciples suppose, it is at least *more right* than *wrong*, because it preaches abstinence from a vice instead of adherence to it. Consequently, even admitting it to be at best but a measure in whose favour we can say nothing more than that "it is more right than wrong," and "something better than merely innocent,"—even, on these grounds, should Teetotalism have found supporters amongst the professed ministers of the gospel.

But when we know and prove that Teetotalism is one of the greatest blessings ever introduced into the constitutional statute-book of society,—when we reflect upon the infinite good it is calculated to work, by redeeming the lost daughter of crime from the paths of that prostitution into which intemperance first plunged her, and by reclaiming the miserable drunkard, whose vices have entailed nakedness and starvation upon his family,—when we contemplate the beneficial effects of education which will be obtained through the means of this new doctrine,—and when we turn towards the crowds of mechanics and artizans, who repair to the altar of God on the Sabbath

day, instead of to the gin-palace;—oh! it is then that we feel convinced that Teetotalism is even something more than "a mere innocent doctrine,"—and something more than "a principle which is rather on the right side than on the wrong!"

Clergymen of the church of England! the doctrines of Teetotalism have dried the tears of the long-miserable wife, and have given bread to children who were once pale and emaciated with starvation;—the principles of total abstinence have turned men away from the paths which lead to the ale-house, and taught them to pursue those that conduct their steps to the shrine of the ALMIGHTY;—the new system of philanthropy has penetrated even to the soul, and wrung the heart of the lost girl upon the public streets;—and this same doctrine of Teetotalism has made sons respect their venerable fathers—and daughters love their aged mothers—and fathers fondle their innocent children—and mothers take pride in the offspring that was once neglected—and friends respect the rites of brotherhood and good-fellowship. Yes—clergymen of the church of England! Teetotalism has done all this;—and the advocates of its doctrines are not designing, nor interested, nor selfish men;—nor do the principles themselves militate against the pure inspirations of the gospel. Why, then, do ye refuse to enlist yourselves beneath the banners of so glorious a cause? and why do you come forward to oppose us? Are you ignorant of the nature of our doctrines? if so—come and be initiated in them; for they are plain—rational—and founded upon the most simple rules of common sense? Are you too proud to unite with the working classes in propagating so great a principle? If so, you are wrong, because that same principle has raised them to a higher elevation than even that on which ye stand, while ye oppose us? Or are you influenced by sheer wickedness, and by an aversion to abandon a habit which you contracted at the Universities in your youth, and which has grown upon you with your ripening years?

Clergymen of the church of England! my soul is exceeding sorrowful for you; for full well do your motives appear to be based upon sheer wickedness!

As ministers of the gospel, ye should have been the *first* to embrace the great doctrine which makes men better; and ye are not contented with remaining passive,—ye even oppose that doctrine! Ye should have come forward to support a principle which will make your ministry the more easy, and which will teach men to respect the scriptures that ye uphold;—and yet you wilfully stand in the way of moral improvement and social regeneration. Ye should have been the *first* to set an example of self-denial to your flocks;—and ye are the *last*! Ye should have acted up to the doctrines which ye preach, and have shown the world that ye are really the disciples of the lowly and the humble-minded Jesus;—and ye cling with avidity to your luxurious dishes, and your rich red wines! Ye should discountenance hypocrisy;—and ye are the veriest hypocrites upon the face of the earth. Ye should exert yourselves to maintain the dignity of religion;—and ye bring it into contempt. Ye know that your fraternity is as proverbial for hypocrisy, dissimulation, and licentiousness, as that of the civic body of London is for gluttony;—all this ye know, and ye will not seek to retrieve your characters by a self-denial which your degraded natures and narrow-mindedness dare not contemplate! Clergymen of the church of England! the Christian religion will find more staunch and able supporters in the advocates of Teetotalism, than in all your ostentatious and pompous preaching!

The mitred bishops, intolerant, gluttonous, dissipated, proud, illiberal, and vain—the portly rector, who makes a speculation of the

Christian church, and employs some miserable curate to perform that duty for eighty pounds *per annum*, for which he obtains a salary of thousands—and all the dissipated embryo priests, who make the cloistered halls of the Universities of Cambridge and of Oxford echo to the noise of their lewd songs, ribald discourse, and drunken revels;—all these are the opponents to the doctrines of Teetotalism; and, all bishops, rectors, and graduates as they are—they are not worthy to shake by the hand one of the humble artizans or lowly-minded mechanics who inculcate the sublime lessons of total abstinence from the platforms of temperance meetings!

There are a few noble exceptions to the general rule, relative to the malignant opposition of the clergymen of the Church of England to the doctrines of Teetotalism. But we are now speaking upon the broad basis of the general rule; and, in so doing, by implication, we eulogize and extol those few glorious exceptions! And again, let us award the due meed of praise to those dissenting ministers who have come forward in crowds to join the apostles of total abstinence from intoxicating poisons; and let us compliment these preachers of the gospel upon a line of conduct which ought to bring to shame the licensed vicars of the established church. The dissenting ministers are for the most part inclined to further the good cause, because their morals have not been ruined in early youth by an abominably vicious education; and the clergymen of the established church are opposed to Teetotalism, because they do not choose to resign an indulgence which they imbibed at the infernal hot-beds of every crime, vice, and degrading characteristic—the Universities!

THE PASTOR'S PLEDGE.

WE have before stated that we should extract from this very clever little work, by the REV. W. ROAF; and we now hasten to fulfil our promise:—

The practice of total abstinence from wines was enjoined upon all persons seeking eminence in the service of God.

The Nazarites, among others, were entirely to abstain from all the fruits of the vine, lest they should become bodily or mentally unfit for their functions. And lest they should mistake fermented for unfermented liquor, lest they should be deceived by any wicked characters, envious of their sanctity, and employed by Satan, they were on no account to touch anything that came from the grape. Thus was it with the Nazarites, of which Paul was one. They were peculiarly devoted to God, and were to abstain entirely; as, if they touched the grape, it might excite a desire for its fermented and drugged juice. The Rechabites abstained, and the blessing of the skies clearly followed that remarkable people for several centuries. True, they were rewarded for their obedience to their father; but we ask, whether the father's command was not well pleasing to God? At the Passover, every fermented substance was to be laid aside, a caution most scrupulously observed by the Jews at the present day. To make "assurance doubly sure," they manufacture a wine from dried grapes for the occasion, at least when fresh fruit cannot be obtained; and we know that the syrup, even in these times, is often preserved in jars under ground, for many months. Similar to this, we believe, was the wine our Lord used; and which was much inferior to the new wine made from fresh grapes. Hence, he says, with inimitable beauty, "I will no more drink of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom;" signifying by the difference of old and new grapes, the difference between the church below and the church above: had the wine on that sacred occasion been fermented, the figure would have had neither point nor beauty, as the older it is the better. At Cana, the Redeemer wrought a miracle, by converting pure water into wine to supply the assembled guests. But it is impossible to suppose, that he who was to fulfil all righteousness, to combine in his own person, and perfect in his own example, the triple character of prophet, priest, and king, would have begun to manifest his glory by creating an intoxicating liquor; when total abstinence from such liquors was almost the only thing in which those three offices agreed. Is it credible, that he, whose disciples were to abstain from all appearance of evil, and to be a peculiar people, would sanction the use of an article destructive to the souls for whom he was about to die?

The injunction of total abstinence is laid on Christian

bishops by St. Paul in his epistles—thus they correspond with the servants of God mentioned by Ezekiel, and with all who wish to be sanctified when they draw near to him. In these restrictions God has wisely consulted our two-fold natures. His service requires the full efforts of both; and both would be impaired by the use of strong or fermented liquids. Hence, those holy women, who were to bring illustrious characters, such as Samuel, Samson, and John, into the world, were to avoid all these drinks. God employs the right means for his purposes; and in the present day, by numerous attested facts it is proved, that the offspring of intoxicated persons are much more diseased, weak, and depraved, than those of total abstinents. Oh! how I wish the saints of the Most High would, both in their separate and collective characters, follow in the glorious train of the eminent departed ones: and especially at the holy communion of the body and blood of Christ, I wish they would use unfermented wine.

FRENCH POPULAR AIRS.

NO. I.—THE VETERAN CORPORAL.*

Translated from the French of De Berenger.

FORWARD, brave comrades, in full many a fight,
Your muskets charg'd—those arms prepar'd to kill
The tears you shed around me yester-night,
I almost feel upon my forehead still.
When peace incentive urg'd me to retire
From busy scenes of tumult and of war,
Fool that I was to fancy that the fire
Of glory still might be my leading star!
Slow be thy solemn pace—
Nor weep thy comrade's doom;
For short is now the space
Between him and the tomb!

Struck by a stripling, deck'd with misus'd power,
My sword alone could vindicate the blow:
Such was the crime that thus advanc'd the hour,
When as meet penalty my blood must flow!
At Austerlitz and Arcole have I bled—
'Twas mine the snows of Muscovy to brave;
And now an angry moment that has fled,
With stern decree, condemns me to the grave!
Slow be thy, &c. &c. &c.

Soldiers! would ye against the cross I wear
Exchange a limb?—Yet, in the bloody fray,
When monarchs fled before our armies—there
I won that cross which is your mark to-day.
Full oft at eve the hist'ry of each fight
Has chang'd the hours to minutes, as we sat
Around the board on which the wine was bright:—
Alas! that glory's stamp'd my present fate!
Slow be thy, &c. &c. &c.

And there is one among ye who knows well
My native village. Thither let him hie,
Henceforth in blest tranquillity to dwell,
Nor seek those paths that haste the hour to die.
In early youth, amidst my father's lands,
Devoid of care, 'twas mine to rove at will,
Or pluck th' inviting fruits with eager hands:—
Alas! a tender mother loves me still
Slow be thy, &c. &c. &c.

Whose mourning voice my fate seems to deplore?
It is the widow of my comrade slain!
From Russian snows her infant child I bore,
Tended it night and day, and soothed her pain.
Else had they perish'd in that cheerless land—
For none was found to succour them but I:—
And now, with suppliant voice and uprais'd hand,
She prays to heav'n to bless me ere I die.
Slow be thy, &c. &c. &c.

Let not th' accursed bandage stop my view:
The warrior may not shrink—though face to face;
He find himself with Death!—My friends, adieu—
We enter now upon the destin'd place!
Mark well your aim—be sure to let your eye
Rest on the glittering cross in battle won.
Once more, adieu—and may the Lord on high
To every mother safe restore her son!
Slow be thy solemn pace—
Nor weep thy comrade's doom;
For short is now the space
Between him and the tomb!

DISEASES BROUGHT ON BY DRINKING.

APROPLEXY is the name applied to a disease which occurs very suddenly, as if a blow had been inflicted upon the head, and deprives a person of consciousness and voluntary motion, while the respiration and action of the heart continue, although much oppressed. In a complete apoplexy, the person falls suddenly, is unable to move his limbs or to speak, gives no proof of seeing, hearing, or feeling, and the breath is stentorian or snoring, like that of a person in deep sleep. In a case less intense, the symptoms are more moderate. Consciousness sometimes remains in part; some power of motion is retained upon one side, or in some parts at

* The subject of this air is the Veteran Corporal's address to his comrades, as they led him forth to the place of military execution.

least; the speech is not entirely lost, but is only an unintelligible muttering of incoherent words. The immediate cause of this disease is an affection or injury of the brain, or of some portion of it; and it is most commonly produced by a fulness of blood in the head, either remaining in the blood-vessels, or poured out in or upon the brain, from their rupture in some part, and in sufficient quantity to exert considerable pressure upon that organ. As the state of the whole body depends much upon the sound condition of the brain and nerves, it is evident that such an unnatural state of these organs cannot continue long without danger to life. Genuine complete apoplexy is decidedly produced by the pressure of blood (whether extravasated or not) upon the brain. This arises from the destruction of the equilibrium or balance of the circulation by various causes, by which an unnatural quantity of blood is forced into an otherwise healthy brain, or the brain and its vessels so weakened, that they are unable to sustain the pressure of the usual quantity of blood. Some of these causes operate directly upon the brain, as strong passions, hard study, exhaustion from fatigue, &c.; others, indirectly, through the medium of the stomach, as when this disease is produced by indigestible food. But of all the most dreadful causes of apoplexy,—of all the evils calculated to produce the horror of a sudden and dreadful death,—the most certain and frequent is the use of *intoxicating liquors*.

PARALYSIS is characterised by an abolition or suppression of voluntary power, or of sensation—sometimes of both, and preceded sometimes by numbness and sense of weight in the head, or vertiginous affection; sometimes a sense of weeping, or numbness, precedes the full attack, and occasionally there is a twitching or catching of the member affected. It has been supposed that, when paralysis is thus ushered in by nervous feelings, such as those just mentioned, the disease is then in some portion of the nervous system unconnected with the brain; but, when it occurs suddenly, or without these precursors, that then the effect has been brought about by some prior condition of the central system. This is the more general principle of the malady; and nothing is more calculated to dispose the nervous system to the susceptibility of palsy than the use of *intoxicating liquors*.

ANOREXIA, or indigestion, may be caused by either excess or abstinence in the use of solid food. An over-distention of the stomach, especially by fluids, considerably injures its proper tone; and long fasting renders the stomach feeble by inducing a bad quality in the juices secreted. Nothing, however, tends to promote indigestion so much as the use of *intoxicating liquors*.

DROPSY is a preternatural collection of serous or watery fluid in the cellular substance, or different cavities of the body. It receives different appellations according to the particular situation of the fluids, either in the cellular membrane, the cavity of the cranium, the chest, the abdomen, the uterus, or the scrotum. It is produced by frequent salivations, preceding diseases of great virulence, the sudden striking in of eruptive humours, ossification of the valves of the heart, aneurism in the arteries, tropical weakness, exposure for a length of time to a moist atmosphere, but chiefly to the use of *intoxicating liquors*.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION is attributed to spirituous liquors, which, being continually in contact with the stomach, and penetrating through the tissues, become absorbed to such an extent, that the approach of an inflamed body, in most cases, is sufficient to cause combustion. A spirituous smell is invariably observed in the bodies of those persons who die from indulging too freely in the use of alcoholic liquors. From a paper read some time ago at the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, by M. Julia Fontenelle, it appears, first, that those who have died of spontaneous combustion, have always indulged to excess in alcoholic liquors; secondly, that this combustion is not always general, but sometimes partial; thirdly, that it is rare in men, and that the women in whom it has occurred were of all ages; fourthly, that the body and entrails have constantly been burned, whilst the feet, hands, and top of the cranium have been very frequently preserved from combustion; fifthly, that it is not necessary for the presence of an inflammable body for the development of spontaneous human combustion; sixthly, that water, instead of extinguishing the flame, appears to give it more activity, and, when the flame disappears, the internal combustion continues; seventhly, that these combustions take place more frequently in winter than in summer; eighthly, that those in whom this phenomenon occurs, experience an intense internal heat; and, ninthly, that combustion develops itself suddenly, and consumes the body in a few hours. This is one of the most horrible of all the afflictions brought about by the use of *intoxicating liquors*.

The minor diseases produced by the same cause are almost innumerable; but amongst the most prominent may be quoted sickness at the stomach, obstruction of the liver, headache, nervousness, and vomitings. MADNESS is one of the most terrible fruits of the same production, but accursed tree, the deadly shade of which has been so long spread over the earth! Is it not rational, then, as well as humane for the rotaries of Teetotalism to advocate a total abstinence from those infernal poisons which produce such terrible results? or shall

we suffer mankind to languish in affliction and misery of every species, without pointing out the way to salvation?

THE DEADLY VENGEANCE.

WE have been induced to translate the following extract from a powerful tale by H. DE BAZZAC, a celebrated French writer, in consequence of the wild originality which marks it:—

The chamber which Madame de Merret occupied, at the Breteche, was situated in the *rez-de-chaussée*. A small cabinet, of about four feet in depth, hollowed out from its massive wall, served as her wardrobe. Three months previous to the evening whose adventure I am about to relate, Madame de Merret had been so seriously indisposed that her husband had selected a separate chamber, on the first floor, which he still continued to occupy. By one of those mere accidents against which foresight cannot provide he returned home, on the evening in question, two hours later than was his custom, from the circle in which he ordinarily sought the journals and political gossip with his provincial neighbours. His wife believes him to have been long since returned,—in bed, and asleep, but the invasion of France had been the subject of an animated discussion,—the match at billiards had been a warm one. For some time past, M. de Merret had contented himself with asking Rosalie if his wife had retired to bed; and, on her reply, generally in the affirmative, had gone immediately to his own room. This night, however, the fancy took him, on his return home, to present himself in the chamber of his wife,—for the purpose, perhaps, of relating to her the story of his loss at billiards; and instead of calling Rosalie as usual, he went straight to the door of her apartment,—lighted by the lamp which he placed on the first step of the staircase that led to his own room. His tread, easily recognisable, echoed along the arched corridor. At the moment in which the Count turned the key of his wife's chamber, it appeared to him that he heard the door of the little cabinet closed; but, when he entered, Madame de Merret was alone, standing before the chimney. The husband innocently concluded, within himself, that Rosalie was in the closet, but at the same time, a suspicion, faint and uncertain as the ringing of bells in the air, arose within his mind. He looked steadfastly at his wife, and fancied he discovered a sort of trouble in her eyes.

"You return late to night," said she; and her voice habitually so sweet and clear, was slightly broken and tremulous. M. de Merret did not answer, for at this moment Rosalie entered—not from the cabinet—and her appearance was like a thunder-stroke to the Count. He walked about the chamber, passing from one window to the other, with measured motion and folded arms.

"Have you learnt any ill-tidings, or are you unwell?" timidly asked his wife, while Rosalie proceeded to undress her. The Count made no answer.

"Leave me," said Madame de Merret to her *femme de chambre*. "I will arrange my hair myself."

When Rosalie was gone—or believed to be gone, for she remained some minutes in the corridor, M. de Merret placed himself in front of his wife, and said coldly,—

"Madame, there is some one in your closet."

The Countess looked in her husband's face with a calm air, and with perfect simplicity.

"No, Monsieur."

That "no," agitated M. de Merret,—he did not believe it, yet never had his wife looked more religious and pure than at that moment. He rose, and moved forward to open the door of the cabinet; when his wife took his hand, and stopped him, and looking on him with an air of deep melancholy, she said, with a voice of singular emotion:—

"If you find no one in that closet, remember that all will be at an end with you and me!"

The sad and perfect dignity expressed in the attitude of his wife restored to the Count his profound esteem for her, and inspired him with one of those resolutions to which there wants but a vaster theatre to make them immortal.

"No, Josephine," he said, "I will not go, whatever might be the issue: I feel that we should be forever separated. Hear me! I know all the purity of your mind; I know that you lead a holy life; I feel that you would not commit a mortal sin, at the expense of life."

"Here," he continued, "is your crucifix; swear to me, before God, that there is no one in that cabinet. I will believe you, and will never open its doors."

Madame de Merret took the crucifix—and calmly said—

"I swear!"

"Louder!" said M. de Merret, "and repeat after me,—I swear, before God, that there is no one in that cabinet."

She repeated the sentence unmoved.

"It is well," said the Count coldly; and, after a moment's silence, he added (examining the crucifix of ebony incrustated with silver and richly sculptured).—

"You have a beautiful ornament there of which I had no knowledge."

"I purchased it at Duvivier's," she said; "who bought it of a Spanish monk, when that body of prisoners passed through Vendôme, last year."

"Ah!" said M. de Merret as he hung up the crucifix on the nail from whence he had taken it. He rang the bell, and his summons was promptly answered by Rosalie. M. de Merret advanced rapidly to meet her, led her into a recess of the window which looked upon the garden, and said, in a low voice,—

"I know that Garennot seeks you in marriage—that poverty alone prevents his entering upon house-keeping,—and that you are waiting until he shall have acquired the means of establishing himself as a master mason. Go to him, then; desire him to come hither with his trowel and tools. Manage to awaken no one in his house but himself,—and his fortune shall exceed your hopes. Take my master-key to let yourself in, at your return; and, above all, leave this house without speaking to any one. If not!"—his frown completed the sentence,—and Rosalie departed on her errand.

"Jean!" cried M. de Merret, fiercely, from the corridor; and Jean, who was at once his coachman and confidential servant approached.

"Go all to bed!" he said aloud, making a sign to the servant to draw nearer; then added, in a low voice,— "when all are asleep—*sleep, mind*—you will come down and let me know."

And then, M. de Merret, who had not lost sight of his wife, while he gave these orders, returned calmly to her side before the fire, and began quietly relating to her the events of his billiard match, and the political discussions of the circle which he had left. When Rosalie returned, she found M. and Madame de Merret chatting amicably, by the fire-side. The Count had recently been occupied with some repairs in the lower apartment of the mansion; and, as plaster is scarce in Vendôme, and its expense greatly increased by the carriage from a distance, he had bought a considerable quantity of it at once, which was now lying at hand. This circumstance suggested to him the design which he proceeded to put in execution.

"Garennot is come," said Rosalie, in a low voice.

"Did him enter," replied the Count; and the cheek of Madame de Merret grew pale as she beheld the mason approach.

"Garennot," said the husband, bring from the coach-house hither as many bricks as will wall up the door of that cabinet; you will use the plaster which is left to bind them."

Then, drawing Rosalie and the workman towards him, he said, in a whisper—"Hear me, Garennot! You will sleep here to night, but to-morrow morning you shall have a passport for a foreign land, and must depart for a town which I will appoint. I will give you six thousand francs for your voyage; you will remain ten years in that town; or, if you should be weary of it, you shall have permission to establish yourself in another, provided it be in the same country. You will take Paris on your way, where you will wait for me. There I will secure to you, by deed, a further sum of six thousand francs, to be paid to you at your return, in case you shall have fulfilled the conditions of our bargain. At that price, you are to preserve the most profound silence as to what you shall have done here this night. For you, Rosalie, I will give you ten thousand francs,—not to be paid you till the day of your marriage, and on the condition of your marrying Garennot. But secrecy or no money."

"Rosalie," said Madame de Merret, "come and dress my hair."

The husband walked quietly backwards and forwards in the room, watching the door of the cabinet, the mason, and his wife; but without exhibiting any distrust of either. The work of Garennot could not proceed without noise, and Madame de Merret seized a moment when the mason discharged some bricks on the floor, while her husband had reached the further end of the chamber, to say to Rosalie:—

"A thousand francs, yearly, dear girl, for you, if you can contrive to bid Garennot leave a crevice at the bottom!" Then aloud, and with perfect composure, she added,— "Go, girl, and help him!"

Monsieur and Madame de Merret remained silent during all the time that Garennot took to wall up the door. This entire silence was a matter of calculation on the part of the husband, that he might not afford his wife the opportunity of uttering words of double meaning; and on Madame de Merret, it was one of prudence or of pride. When the wall had attained half its elevation, the shrewd mason seized a moment when the Count's back was turned, to strike with his mallet, on one of the two panes of glass which were let into the door, an action which gave Madame de Merret to understand that Rosalie had spoken to Garennot;—and then, they three saw for a moment, at the glass, the scare and sad face of a man, with black hair and eyes of fire; and before her husband had turned in his walk, the poor lady had time to make a sign to the stranger, which bade him hope. At four o'clock, and towards the dawn of day, for it was the month of September, the construction was completed. The mason remained under the guardianship of Jean; and M. de Merret slept in the chamber of his wife.

The next morning when the Count arose, he said carelessly:—

"Ah! I remember, I must go to the *mairie* for a passport."

He took his hat, walked towards the door, then returned, and took down the crucifix. His wife started with joy:—"He will go," thought she, "to Duvivier's." As soon as her husband had left the house, Madame de Merret rang for Rosalie; and, in a voice hoarse with agitation, exclaimed,

"The pickaxe, the pickaxe, and to work! I watched last night how Garennot worked; we shall have time to make an aperture, and close it again."

In the twinkling of an eye, Rosalie brought the instrument to her mistress; who, with an ardour which no words can describe, set about the demolition of the wall. Already had she struck out some of the bricks, when, in taking her aim to apply a more vigorous stroke than hitherto, she beheld M. de Merret at her side,—and fell senseless.

"Place the Countess on the bed!" coldly said the Count.

Foreseeing what was likely to happen during his absence, he had laid this snare for his unhappy wife. In the mean time, he had written to the mayor, and sent for Duvivier. The jeweller arrived at the moment when the disorder of the apartment was once more repaired.

"Duvivier," said the Count, "did you not purchase some crucifix from the Spaniards who passed through this town?"

"No, Monsieur!" said the jeweller.

"I thank you—that is all," said the Count, flinging a savage glance on his wife.

"Jean," added he, turning towards his confidential valet, "let my meals be served in the chamber of Madame de Merret—the Countess is ill, and I will not leave her till her health is restored."

The remorseless husband stayed twenty days by his wife's side:—and when during the early portion of that dreadful time, sounds were, at times, heard from the walled-up cabinet, and Josephine strove to implore his compassion for the dying stranger, he replied to her wild gestures, without permitting her to utter a single word:—

"I have sworn upon the cross, that there is no one there."

GEORGE FAULKNER.—When Foote was acting in Dublin, he introduced into one of his pieces, called "The Orators," the character of George Faulkner, the celebrated printer, whose manners and dress he so closely imitated, that the poor fellow could not appear in public without meeting with the scoffs and jeers of the very boys in the streets. Enraged at the ridicule thus brought upon him, Faulkner one evening treated to the seat of the gods all the devils of the printing-office, for the express purpose of hissing and hooting Foote off the stage. Faulkner placed himself in the pit to enjoy the actor's degradation; but when the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to find, that so far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery friends partook of the comical laugh. The next morning he arraigned his inky conclave, inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, was lacerated ten times deeper by the simplicity of their answer:—"Arrah, master," said the spokesman, "do not be after tipping us your blarney; do you think we did not know you? Sure 'twas your own sweet self that was on the stage, and shower light upon us if we go to the play-house to hiss our worthy master."

REVIEWS.

Facts and Observations relative to a Successful Mode of Treating Piles, Fistulas,

&c. By S. J. VAN BUTCHELL, Surgeon.

Accoucheur. Fourth edition. pp. 164. London: H. Renshaw.

THE author of this work has obtained so extraordinary a reputation, not only in England, but also throughout the civilised world, for his wonderful cures in the most afflicting maladies to which the flesh is heir, that it would be but a work of supererogation to reiterate his praises here. He has quite changed the medical jurisprudence of hemorrhoidal excrescences, and has substituted a process of cure, instead of the knife, which never fails. The gratitude of thousands is due to this gentleman; and we believe that a most extensive practice has rewarded his exertions. The volume now under notice is a record of the most important cures he has effected; and we ourselves are here enabled by the testimony of several of our friends to corroborate the good opinion usually entertained of Mr. Van Butchell by the world at large.

A Fine Specimen of Teetotal Victory. 12mo. pp. 12. Sheffield: G. Chaloner.

This vulgar and execrable trash has been penned to

support the speech of a Rev. Mr. J. Bromley, who held a discussion some time back with Mr. F. R. Lees of Leeds. Mr. Bromley was completely vanquished: he had not a leg to stand upon,—and he acknowledged the fact. But some officious friend of his has put pen to paper, and written a farrago of rubbish, which he is pleased to denominate "The Sherrild Chaps' Opinion of the Trumpe-up Triumph," &c. This is the second title connected by the monosyllable, "or," to the one which stands at the head of this notice. A more contemptible production than this pamphlet we have not often seen; and as we do not choose to make unsubstantiated statements, we shall proceed to adduce proof to corroborate our opinion. The pamphlet is supposed to be in the shape of a letter to a friend. One passage says:—

My dear Friend, Mr. Lees proved as clear as mud, that alcohol is poison; and that it is not a creature of God; and this was food for the totalisers.

If Mr. Lees stated that alcohol was a slow poison, he only advanced the truth; for alcohol is contained amongst the list of poisons in the medical works of all writers, and in all pharmacopœias. And sure, nothing deserves the name of poison more than this spirit, which operates so fatally, although slowly, upon every part of the human frame.

Mr. Lees said that alcohol did not help digestion. He was again right: alcohol *injur*es digestion; and alcohol itself is never digested; because the process of digestion is separating the fluids from the solids; and no known process can reduce alcohol to a substance. It insinuates itself into every membrane of the frame, produces excitement when there, and leaves weakness behind it after evaporation by means of unnatural perspirations.

Here is another specimen of the "Sherrild (this is his orthography) Chaps'" vulgarity and ignorance:—

Again, relative to this victory, Mr. Bromley alludes to Timothy, and says, "Take a little wine;" and asks, why a little if it was not intoxicating? Why, says Lees, suppose it to be medicine, why not a little? Why, because Mr. Bromley says that Timothy was to take it instead of water; and therefore it was taken dietetically.

Now wine may be occasionally used medicinally, in the same way as poisons are—such as arsenic, prussic acid, benbane, fox-glove, &c.: but this admission does not necessarily include the *general use* of that which proves beneficial in cases of sickness. Again:—

Indeed alcohol is the base of almost all the tinctures; and without it they can neither be made nor kept; which tinctures have proved the greatest blessings imaginable to tens of thousands of the human species.

This is only another argument in favour of the medicinal use of intoxicating liquor; and against that Mr. Lees did not argue. Mr. Lees only vituperated the *general use* of it; and in doing so he manifested a superiority of wisdom over the defeated Mr. Bromley.

TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

WHITEHAVEN.

THE Rev. Mr. KELLY, a Roman Catholic priest of Wigan, commenced a series of most successful lectures on Friday week, in the Catholic chapel in the South-road. He administered the pledge to an immense number of persons, who knelt round the altar to ratify the sanctity of the vow. On the morning (Sunday), a second lecture took place; and hundreds of recipients flocked to the standard of FATHER KELLY. This new order of things quite confused the publicans, whose houses on that evening were literally deserted. On Sunday week the reverend gentleman gave his third and farewell lecture; and the number of his converts to teetotalism were then increased to one thousand. A tavern was immediately converted into a temperance coffee-house, to which the miners flocked in crowds, leaving the public houses quite empty.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Teetotal Meetings at this town are invariably well attended. Mr. JOHNSON, the advocate of the United Temperance Association, attended at one of

those *réunions* on Monday week, he being on a visit to that place; and on that occasion Messrs. HILL and KIRBY, and the above-named gentleman, addressed the audience in most impressive terms. Mr. HILL stated, that during the past year no fewer than twenty-five brewers and a hundred and fourteen inn-keepers had become bankrupts in England. Surely Teetotalism has had some share in this destruction; and although we regret the sorrows of our fellow-creatures, we rejoice at any signs of the progress of our great principle.

REDDITCH.

It is now nearly eleven months since a Teetotal Society was formed in the populous village of Redditch. Since its formation vastly important results have followed. The drinking usages of the place have received a considerable check; and not a few who were the dupes of intoxicating drink, have become blessings to their families and friends. Some of them have joined Christian churches, and are now a credit to the Christian name.

CORK.

A grand meeting of Teetotalers was held in Cork, on Monday, the 29th of September. Mr. WILLIAM MARTIN, the president, was called to the chair; upon taking which, he read a letter from the secretary of the Carrick-on-Suir Society, which stated that he had received £400 for to build a savings bank, a hall, &c. for the use of the members. The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. WILLIAM LOONEY, ROGER SULLIVAN, the Rev. I. DONKATT, WILLIAM DUDLEY, JOHN MAGUIRE, &c. The able advocate, Mr. GEORGE COX, was also present, but did not speak. The addresses of the orators were most effectual and impressive; and numerous pledges were received at the expiration of the business of the evening. The meeting was adjourned until the following Monday.

LANCASHIRE.

A letter from Mr. JOHN HOCKINGS to a gentleman in London, says that "the cause of Teetotalism is prospering gloriously in Lancashire." Mr. HOCKINGS has been to the Preston Festival, which lasted a week, winding up with an excellent tea-meeting, the provisions being supplied by the ladies of Preston. Mr. HOCKINGS proceeded to Lancaster, and held good meetings in the theatre. At Darwin, upwards of a thousand persons were collected in a few hours to hear this well-known champion of the great principle. At Blackburn, the theatre was taken for three nights; Mr. LEES, from Leeds, spoke on the first night.

TOWN NEWS.

FINSBURY AND HOXTON YOUTHS' SOCIETY.

The first anniversary of the above society was held at Ebenezer Chapel, Old Street Road, on Tuesday, September 29th, 1840. After a hymn had been sung, Dr. OXLEY was unanimously called to the chair. The meeting was addressed by this gentleman, and then by MASTER PARRETT. The Rev. H. REED spoke next; and he was followed by Messrs. S. WILLIAMS and J. H. DONALDSON. Dr. OXLEY gave a donation of ten shillings, and Mr. OAKLEY of two shillings and sixpence.

METROPOLITAN ROMAN CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday evening last, the assembly of this admirable association was very numerous, at the Meeting-house, Castle Street, Clerkenwell. Mr. CHARLES FITZGERALD, formerly Editor of *The True Sun*, was called to the chair. The audience was very ably addressed by this gentleman, and by Messrs. CALLANAN, IRONS, and CARROL. This branch is much indebted to the real and unwearied exertions of Messrs. CALLANAN and CARROL.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Head Quarters.

The meetings at the Aldersgate-street Chapel on Wednesday and Saturday are invariably well attended. We earnestly invite the friends of Teetotalism to visit this place of assembly on either or both of those evenings.

Chelms Auxiliary.

A grand meeting of this Auxiliary will be again shortly held at the Bath Gardens Theatre.

Marylebone Branch.

A well attended Tea-meeting was held by the members of this Branch at Warde's Rooms, Circus Street, City Road, on Wednesday week, Mr. H. W. WATSON in the chair. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the chairman, and by several other able advocates.

THE TEE TOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 17.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS

A TALE—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER V.

THE FIRE.

"My dear Melville, how are you?" exclaimed Mr. Tibbatts, rising from a chair in which he had ensconced himself: "you seem as happy as Apicius after a good dinner."

"Mr. Tibbatts," began Melville, recalling to mind his promise to his wife not to see this man any more.

"What! is it thus that you ceremoniously address your old friend?" interrupted Tibbatts. "You see I did not use any ceremony with you. I have been waiting upwards of two hours for you, and I resolved to make myself comfortable."

He pointed towards the table, and Melville saw that a decanter of wine and a glass stood before his visitor.

"I ordered it up myself," said Tibbatts: "I thought I might take that liberty."

"Well—what do you require of me?" demanded our hero, less impatiently than before.

"Nay—you must not be cross," cried Tibbatts. "Come—show me a welcome, or I shall depart at once. Pledge me in this."

He filled two glasses, handed one to Melville, and took the other himself. Melville gazed at him for a minute, and then tossed off the contents of his glass. He then stretched forth his hand to Tibbatts, and called him by the most familiar and endearing names.

"Well—I heard you famously eulogised the other night," said Tibbatts, endeavouring to turn the conversation upon a subject which he knew would flatter the weak side of his companion.

"Indeed!" said Melville, flinging himself into an arm-chair, and preparing to converse and drink with Tibbatts on a footing of perfect intimacy.

"Ah! at a gay party, where there were some very clever fellows; and they all agreed that you are one of the first writers of the day."

"I am not vain," stammered Victor; "but still one likes to hear what the public says of one's writings."

"Here is success to your next work," cried Tibbatts. "If it be like the others, it will beat Cicero for eloquence."

"Your health, Tibbatts," said Melville.

"By the way, my dear fellow," cried the visitor, after a moment's pause, "you can do me a little favour if you like. I don't want to bother you about money concerns—you have already lent me some—we will settle one of these days; but here is a little thing to which if you just put your name, I shall be excessively obliged. If not—nothing but ruin, absolute ruin stares me in the face; and if you do, I shall make a fortune."

As he uttered these words, Tibbatts handed a long slip of paper to Melville, who had just sense enough left to see that it was a bill of exchange; he could not, however, precisely define the writing or figures upon it, and appealed to his visitor relative to the amount.

"Oh! only a paltry hundred and fifty," returned Tibbatts hastily. "All you have to

do is just to write your name across it for me—make it payable at your banker's—and the thing is done."

Melville hesitated for a moment, intoxicated as he was, and Tibbatts coolly filled the glasses. Our hero drank off the contents of the one which stood near him, and then seized the pen which Tibbatts presented to him.

At that moment the door of the room slowly opened, and Louise entered. Her countenance was deadly pale—the traces of tears were visible upon her cheeks—and her lips quivered with alarm and emotion. She held her hands clasped before her, and her whole appearance wore an air of such deep melancholy, that it would have melted the heart of an anchorite. Yet so lovely was she in her mournfulness, that it seemed as if all the distressing or evil passions of frail humanity could not injure or efface one particle of the transcendent beauties of that fair creature's person. There was such grace in her attitudes, and such meekness in her manners, that a more interesting being was never condemned to shiver at the cold blasts of this rude world's storms. The fancy of poesy would almost have imagined that the direst grief would have turned to smiles at her presence.

Melville turned round to see who was entering the room, and he started when he saw that it was his wife.

"My dear Louise," said he, "I will join you directly in the drawing-room. I have business with this gentleman."

"It is as I was afraid it would be," she murmured; and then she stood motionless

and speechless for some minutes, uncertain what to say or do.

In the meantime Tibbatts sat uneasily in his chair, and Melville was partially sobered by the sudden appearance of his wife.

Louise at length cast her eyes towards the table, and perceived the bill of exchange. Her first allusion had been made to her husband's condition,—an allusion which only the excess of her grief could have forced from her lips; but when she saw that document thus lying prepared for his signature, and knew just so much of business as to make her aware of its purpose and design, she suddenly burst forth into a violent flood of tears, and sunk at the feet of her husband, exclaiming, "Oh, Victor!—do not ruin your dear, dear children."

This appeal of a tender mother in favour of her innocent and beloved offspring produced only that effect which such appeals invariably do upon the man whose intellect is impaired with wine, and whose tender sympathies are temporarily destroyed by the same cause. Melville was irritated at what he termed a "scene," and sharply rebuked his wife for her conduct.

"Oh, Victor!" she exclaimed, in a voice that was scarcely audible through her tears, "I would not reproach, but your words pierce like an arrow to my heart. You have been guilty of unkindness towards me, because I pleaded for my children's sake,—and you have made my very heart bleed,—that heart which always was, and always will be faithful to you. Oh! you should not sully such love as mine with the breath of suspicion—the sus-



picion of selfishness. Do you no longer love me yourself? Oh! speak—speak!”

The suspicion of the tender and affectionate wife was founded upon truth: intemperance had gradually undermined the affection of Victor for his wife. His soul had lost the flower of its magnanimous youth,—its sympathies were deadened, and a secret remorse rendered it melancholy, without preserving it from fresh faults. Oh! doubtless there is in love a sanctuary into which we cannot return when we have made one false step beyond its boundary; and the barrier which separates us from evil, and which we throw down, cannot be raised again. Error succeeds error—outrage follows upon outrage—and bitterness increases like a torrent whose embankments have given way. Who can define the termination of these ravages? Still never had the conduct of Melville robbed the soul of Louise of the smallest portion of that enthusiasm which characterized her love. Alas! she was so pure and virtuous in mind, that she never should have hoped to have found a heart worthy of her,—never could she have inspired a love that would correspond with her own; because never could worship be worthy of her divinity! If men do not yet know the true nature of that homage which is pleasing to the Almighty, how can they find upon earth that grain of pure incense, the perfume of which has not as yet ascended to heaven?

The appeal made to Melville was made in vain. He surveyed his wife with an angry countenance,—she reiterated her supplication in the name of her children; and his countenance relaxed not from its sternness; and when she almost fell senseless at his feet in a paroxysm of grief, he thrust her from him,—for he was under the influence of the demon of intemperance!

Suddenly Louise exerted an almost superhuman courage over herself, for she remembered that a person besides her husband was in the room, and that she had probably given way to her emotions somewhat unseasonably. She rose, cast a look of the deepest—deepest despair upon her husband, and then rushed precipitately out of the room, evidently unable any longer to restrain the ebullition of her agonising feelings.

Melville was annoyed at what had taken place; and partly from a feeling of obstinacy, and partly because he did not choose to seem to Tibbatts to be led by his wife, he unhesitatingly affixed his name to the bill which lay before him. Thus did he sacrifice every feeling of humanity and of love to the friend who had proved so treacherous once,—while the tender wife, who had presented him with all her fortune, and the endearments of all her attachment, was weeping bitter, burning tears over her two innocent children, in a room at a little distance!

When Mr. Tibbatts had obtained all he required, he took his departure, laughing covertly at the facility with which he had induced his victim to comply with his requests.

As soon as he was gone, Melville drew his chair near the fire, and endeavoured to reflect upon the scene that had just taken place. Amidst the thousands of vague ideas which filled his imagination, there was one which he did not like to contemplate. He felt that he had dealt brutally—inhumanly to the woman who loved him so tenderly, and so well,—who had visited him in his dungeon, who had clung to him when all the world deserted him, and who had laid her fortune at his feet;—and he was ashamed of his conduct,—ashamed, even amidst the recklessness and the indifference which invariably characterize the mind under the accursed influence of liquor.

It seems that Melville must have fallen asleep in his chair, in the midst of his ruminations, and that, by some sudden movement, he threw one of the candles down upon a

heap of papers lying on the table. It is, however, certain that he awoke, started up, and experienced a strange sensation which appeared akin to suffocation. He rubbed his eyes—a noise like that of a distant torrent fell upon his ears, and to his horror he found that the room was enveloped in flames. Uncertain how to act, he rushed wildly towards the door, and thence into the passage, exclaiming, “Fire, fire!” in a tone of agony and alarm. A natural impulse drove him to the chamber of his wife, whom he found weeping over her two children. The innocents were sleeping together in a little bed at the foot of her own; and it seemed a sin to disturb that soft and guiltless slumber. Louise started up in a state of horrible suspense, when the portending cry of her husband fell upon her ears.

“Fire! fire! Louise,” he exclaimed. “For God’s sake, save the children.”

He then ran back again into the passage to summon the servants; and by this time the whole house was filled with a dense volume of smoke. The table in Melville’s study stood near a book-case, the wood-work of which was probably the first object to catch the fire from the table, and afford food for the devouring element. Thus, in the course of a very few minutes, the whole room was in flames; and the devastating rage of the infuriate devourer was speedily communicated to the adjacent premises.

And then arose throughout the spacious dwelling that bustle and confusion, and those wild cries, which only added to the terror of the scene. Servants flew about in all directions, scarcely knowing what course to adopt, unless, indeed, it were to save their own property from the fury of the destroyer. An alarm was quickly spread in the neighbourhood; the engines of the vicinity arrived; the crowds collected in the street; and all the awful solemnity, and the wild confusion attendant upon a conflagration of the kind were there displayed. The red volumes of flame poured forth from the windows, and made the surrounding darkness of the night the more profound; the flickering glare played upon the countenances of the myriads of persons assembled in the street; and the cracking of beams, the fall of bricks, and the roar of the destroying element, formed a dread combination of sounds for the ears of those present.

Melville was quite sobered by the terrible occurrence of which he felt persuaded that he was the cause. He ran to the study with the view of ascertaining whether it would be possible to extinguish the fire; and when he saw that this hope was useless, he returned to the chamber of his wife, whom he found in a state bordering upon distraction. The poor young woman was paralysed with alarm, and unable to exert herself. Melville implored her to rise and save the children; he scarcely knew what he said to her. Seeing that there was no time to be lost, he caught his wife in one arm, and then hesitated which child to take in the other. He then ran towards the door, to see if any one were coming, but no one hastened to his assistance. He ran back again towards the spot where his wife and children were; he again took Louise in one arm, and he endeavoured to clasp the children in the other, but he could not. They were both awake, and were crying bitterly—they scarcely knew why. Determined to save one, and return for the other, he rushed out of the room with his wife and the little boy. He precipitated himself down the stairs as quickly as he could—the dense volumes of smoke nearly blinded him—and he saw with sentiments of indescribable horror, that the fire was gaining upon the room communicating with the staircase on the second floor, where he had left his child. He succeeded in reaching the street—he there deposited his wife and little boy upon the steps of the front door, and rushed once more

amidst the burning ruins to rescue his infant daughter.

With the speed of lightning did he climb the stairs to the first floor, and there he paused for an instant to recover breath, for the smoke almost suffocated him. He looked upwards—the flight of steps above his head was enveloped in flames; and burning pieces of wood were falling in all directions. He hesitated no longer—a sensation of unutterable alarm seized upon him as he took that transitory survey of the scene—and he turned to ascend the stairs. But a volume of flame opposed his passage; he attempted to force his way through it; and the heat was intolerable. The cries of his daughter at that instant met his ears; they sounded like the cries of a dying child.

“Papa! papa!” screamed the little being; and that tender appellation rang in his ears.

He again rushed forward to ascend the stairs—he was determined to dare all to save that dear, dear child who was thus imploring his succour. But, oh—horror! the staircase gave way—the burning beams fell with a tremendous crash, and no means of access to the floor were now left. Melville tore his hair with the fury of a maniac—he raved—he cursed—he foamed at the mouth! The flames drove him from the spot where he stood, down several steps; and, like a madman, did he stand upon the uppermost step that was left of the ruined stairs, shrieking amid the roar of the devouring element, “My child! my child!”

Suddenly he felt a dizziness come over him—the smoke nearly suffocated him; and, yielding to the impulse which prompts us to cling to life in all circumstances, he rushed down the steps towards the hall.

Louise hastened to meet him; she was now recovered, and had anxiously awaited his return.

“My daughter! my daughter!” she exclaimed, “where is she?”

“Oh, God!—oh, horror!” ejaculated Melville: “I am the murderer of my own child!”

(To be continued in our next.)

TEMPERANCE VERSUS INTEMPERANCE.

ARTICLE THE SECOND.

BUT the stock of wonders was not yet exhausted. Returning to the various objects which were still awaiting examination on the table, the company appeared to be particularly struck with the following. The pale, hard, shrunken liver of a drunkard; Hogarth’s “Gin Alley;” “An Infalible Receipt,” &c. To make a man divulge the secrets of his friend, let him take one glass more than his wont; to illustrate the doctrine of transmigration, let him repeat the dose, and his soul will pass into the body of some strange beast; to prove the existence of demons, let him repeat the dose again, and he will strikingly resemble the possessed swine, spoken of in Scripture, and well-nigh deserved, if not actually incur, the same fate; a humiliating spectacle; or, Socrates and Cato drunk: a picture of the first drunkard; with the quaint but striking motto, “Satan’s Triumph; or, the Second Fall of Man;” and a representation of the contents of the drunkard’s glass, as magnified by a moral microscope in the solar light of eternity, exhibiting nothing but a glass full of lucid flame, alive with knotted and writhing worms, more hateful than the imagination had ever conceived.

Two books remained to be noticed. The first proved to be a volume of the “Temperance Penny Magazine;” every page of which teemed with warnings against intemperance, and with encouragements to the opposite virtue. The other, to my great surprise, was an old book which I had just been reading, and in the margin of which I had marked many interesting paragraphs: two or three, with the permission of the company, I proceeded to read:—

“I can no better compare these cups, than to watering-pots, that water the garden of vices, which come up so thick and fast.”

The drunkard, devil-like, is a sinner, who cannot be content to be wicked alone, but he must needs tempt others to the same wickedness also.

"Drunkenness is the greatest disgrace a man can put upon himself or others. Why shall it not be reputed to be as great a dishonour to be laid by the heels by this sin, as to be put in the stocks or a prison? Suppose a company of rude and impudent servants should combine to abuse their master, a person of noble birth, and great honour; to that end they should wheedle and gull him into a pleasant humour, make him very merry, and, when they have levelled him down to a familiarity, they take his place, and play the master; they then put out one candle, and anon another, and then come the grooms and footmen, and paw upon him, and at last lay him under the table, or in a meaner place. Thus the divine reason is abused by the senses, and the inferiors being little better, or rather, in that, worse than brutes, make sport with their master.

"Again, imagine a noble person to have many graceful and useful servants under him, and if they be not true and officious to him, it is his fault and not theirs; and this noble person being out of humour, he turns one out of his place, and then another, until he have left him none to help him: would it not be a very ignoble action? Would he not, when come to himself, repent, and do so no more? Is it not like this, when the noble reason and affections are depraved by lust, do serve his senses, and the members of his body, even those that were born with him, bred with him from the very cradle, went to school with him, lay in the same bed with him, and are as dear to him, when he is himself, as his very eye, hands, and feet; but he doth cast them off by the insinuation of wine; the eyes fail, the hands shake, the legs wave like reeds; neither foot nor mind sufficient for the performance of duty. And though they are next day taken home again, yet for aught he knew, they were quite gone, never to be seen till the resurrection. It is a high offence to our glorious Creator; it perverts the end of our redemption; it unmans the man; and is a contempt of death, the grave, and hell itself. If men had any reverence for their God, Creator, Saviour, Sanctifier; if any honour for their own nature; if any sense of mortality, and of the reference this mortal life has to eternal life, they would never leave it thus, throw away their time thus. How curious are men of their own pictures, of their children's faces and shapes, of the monuments of their ancestors! how enraged at the violation of thier daughters! And will you, with your own hands, by the ungrateful abuse of plenty, deprive, defile, swill, and prostitute yourselves? What, if you were stripped, by your own servants, of your own clothes, and they should put on you their liveries or frocks, would you brook it? Yet a gentleman is a gentleman in the meanest garb; but you are not men when you undress or put off sobriety. In a word, it is a great sin; and what if the Lord call you away while committing it?"

Under the combined influence of this pointed appeal, and of the impressive circumstances which had preceded it, a series of resolutions, which the members had prepared for the occasion, were unanimously adopted, binding them forthwith to the conscientious observance of the strictest temperance, and to a strenuous endeavour to promote it in others. And as if to confirm them in these noble intentions, letters, were read, either from those, or concerning those, who, having formerly numbered among their compotators, had been invited to join them in their present reformation. One of these letters was dated from a gaol; a second from a poor-house, imploring a trifle to enable the wretched writer to gratify his thirst for the poison which had already dragged its victim to the edge of the grave; a third imported that the person expected to write was at present an inmate of a lunatic asylum; and a fourth dated from the bed of death, and signed with the palsied hand of death, contained this sentence: "A victim of intemperance, and one of your former companions, warns you—flee, flee from the fatal cup; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. My breast, at this moment, is filled with these coiled and gnawing reptiles; my heart is compressed in their writhing folds; they have bred within me the worm that dieth not. Flee, flee from the fatal cup."

When the meeting was about to break up, I took the liberty of making the following remarks:—"Gentlemen, were an account of the preternatural scenes which this room had witnessed to-night to

be reported, the relation would be considered an idle tale. But wonderful as are the sights which your eyes have seen, and the sounds which your ears have heard, could your senses have been adequately opened, you would have perceived greater things than these. The whole intelligent universe is interested in the proceedings of this evening. Angels have bent over you, a great cloud of invisible witnesses have encompassed you, God himself has approved and has recorded your vow in the book of his remembrance. But though heaven approves, expect not to escape the ridicule of earth. On this subject allow me to quote a sentence or two from the author with whom I have already made you acquainted. Drinking of healths he speaks of as a prologue invented by the great enemy to introduce the tragic scenes of intemperance which so frequently follow. 'And it is most likely to deceive and take, because it hath the face of friendship, and the good looks of love and kindness. And he that dissents from it looks like some odd peevish humourist, an unhewn piece of moroseness, that will not fall in and close in the square of society, and, therefore, is fitter to live by himself, and to keep home, than to come abroad. And if the dissent breed an argument, the consenters clearly carry it by the poll; and they that oppose it are judged to wrangle against points of honour, civility, breeding, good manners, good nature, yea, innocence, and the received custom of all sorts and qualities of men, men of great virtue and accomplishments. How ridiculous doth that odd man look that makes not one among them! as ridiculous as if he wore a high-crowned hat lined and faced with scruples, a deep ruff, and a fur gown; as if he were made up of scruples, formality, and seriousness.' This witness is true; and you must expect to prove it. So little progress have societies like yours made in England, and so little has the subject engaged the consideration even of what is called the religious world, that you will seldom be able to avow your principles without falling under the suspicions of the company. Looks of wonder will be exchanged, difficulties started, cases supposed. One will deem you an enthusiast with an hobby; another will fear that you have a crotchet in your head; and another accuse you of warring against social enjoyment. But persevere; you have a testimony within, and a record on high. Look upon yourself as divinely appointed to the task. You are moral heroes, who deserve, and will ultimately receive, the thanks of the community. The time will come when, awaking as from a long and drunken dream, the entire people will form a grand, national Temperance Society. It will be your honour to be numbered among its founders."

The assembly broke up; and the members, who had never before met without leaving their humanity behind them, now depart with humanity invested with a kind of divinity.

FATHER MATHEW.

WE again recur to Mr. HAYNE's excellent biography of this gentleman, for further extracts:—

There is another allegation against Father Mathew's movement, which charges it with a political design. Over and over again has Mr. Mathew disclaimed all connexion with politics. Let those who charge him with such designs, say when he displayed them? What political society does he belong to? When did a political allusion escape his lips? What is his political creed? For what political object is he striving? These are questions which must be answered before the accusation we are noticing can be substantiated; and, unless it is substantiated, it ought not to be made. If it were necessary, hundreds of extracts from his speeches might here be inserted, to show that politics have no power in his impulses. O'Connell has even refrained from openly joining him, lest a political character should be imparted to his motives. Where, then, is the ground—what is the pretence, that Father Mathew entertains political designs? No! he has merged the politician in the philanthropist: he aims at the regeneration of Ireland by the culture of sobriety amongst her people: he has no other policy than that of his divine Master. It is true, indeed, that a people rescued from excess—with clear heads and uninfluenced passions—will approach the legislature in an attitude of greater moral power, to ask the removal of the wrongs and the redress of the grievances which have laid Ireland low; but this increased moral and political power, though it is the consequence, is not the end or the aim of teetotalism. Is the practice of virtue to be abandoned, or denounced, because it makes people more able to be nationally great, more socially happy, and more politically powerful?

Father Mathew has not given to party what was meant

for mankind. From the political arena he stands aloof; and in religious discussions—which are seldom profitable, never edifying, and generally productive of rancour—he does not engage. The Cross is his standard: he excludes none from his ranks—because, upon the tree of ignominy, the Saviour's blood was shed for all. Mr. Mathew has had the co-operation of members of various religions: he and they have felt and laboured together as brethren, and as the servants of a common Master, inviting all to his vineyard. He said in Dublin:—"After this great moral change, no employer will inquire of what creed the man is whom he is about to engage. No landlord, who may be about to let his land, will trouble himself to find out of what sect or party a person offering to take it may be. His only question will be, 'Is he a teetotaler?' and, if so, that will be a sufficient recommendation." Again, in addressing an immense crowd at Nenagh, he thus expressed himself:—"The spectacle that presents itself this day is very edifying. It is very delightful to see persons of all religious persuasions co-operating in the one grand cause of charity." Upon another occasion he said:—"Notwithstanding political views or religious belief, there is no difference of opinion on this point: we all agree as to the benefits resulting from teetotalism—it is a green spot on the desert of life, where all can meet and co-operate for the general good of their fellow-creatures." We shall only make one more extract, and it is impossible to contemplate one which more powerfully applies to the point. Mr. Mathew, in speaking of the Cork Teetotal Society, used these striking words in his speech several months ago at Nenagh, in the hitherto disturbed, but now teetotalised and peaceful county of Tipperary:—

"It consists of upwards of 700,000 members, embracing persons of all religious denominations—Dissenters, Society of Friends, and members of the Established Church. One of the great objects of the Teetotal Temperance Society is, that there shall be no religious animosity: every man shall worship God according to his own conscience; and any one who violates this understanding, is not worthy to be a member, and shall be expelled from the society."

Here is religion, genuine and undefiled. This is not the rancour of the partizan: this is not the raving of the bigot: this is not the language of a haughty exclusionist. It is the language of love: it is the language of Him who came to breathe peace on earth and good will to men. This is the language Ireland wants: it is congenial with the generous hearts and dispositions of her people. Soon may it be heard in every valley, and ascend every hill: fixed may be its abode in every heart; and may it be cherished round every fireside, from too many of which the foul workings of religious strife have so long banished the happiness which it is the province of religion to confer.

Many of the near relatives of Mr. Mathew are members of the Church of England, and amongst his "best friends" are Presbyterians and Quakers. A circumstance occurs to us here which we cannot but mention, as showing that the teetotalers in London are as uninfluenced by religious prejudices as their brethren in Ireland. Mr. John Giles, a Quaker, was the founder, and is still a LEADER—(we use not the term invidiously)—of the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Total-abstinence Society. He zealously co-operates with them, and they with him. Men of all creeds unite for political purposes, and why should they not combine for moral objects?

The following is a strong instance of Mr. Mathew's readiness to meet the view of those who differ from him in religion. When Catholics receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, they do not, as is well known, partake of the cup. In the original pledge the exception of taking wine "for sacramental purposes" was not inserted. This was pointed out to Mr. Mathew, and he immediately added it, and it has ever since been retained. This showed at once the scrupulous exactness of the Protestant and dissenting teetotalers, and Mr. Mathew's readiness to meet them, in the broadest spirit of religious toleration.

How happy should we be if we could state that no contrast has been afforded to this truly Christian demeanour and conciliatory course which Father Mathew has pursued. Such has unhappily not been the case. In the House of Lords, a Noble Marquis (Westmeath) has denounced the Teetotal cause as a *Popish device to make Irish men sober*.—Does he mean that virtue becomes vice when practised by a Catholic? An allegation so wanton—so absurd,—and yet withal so characteristic of the Marquis, deserves no further comment.

Another notable discovery concerning Mr. Mathew, is, that he is doing "the Devil's work." This discovery has been made by a clergyman of the Established Church in Ireland, and we feel at a loss to surmise from what source of inspiration the pious conclusion was drawn. We believe, however, it is the first time his Satanic Majesty had the honour of receiving so good a character, and we cannot believe that he would have received it now, if the Parson of Cashel—who would not admit Father Mathew to Cashel's famed rock to administer the pledge—had been better acquainted with his Devilship. We do not seek to interfere with any man's opinions; but this discovery, that Satan is the great patron of sobriety, and that therefore it ought not to be encouraged, is certainly one of the most extraordinary inventions of these super-ordinary times.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE TEETOTALER."

SIR,—It is really surprising to find, after so much has been said of the injurious effects of alcohol upon the working man, that any society professing to have for its object the diffusion of *useful knowledge*, should still continue to laud the virtues of "merry brown beer," or "the more insidious punch-bowl." We, however, find, on perusing the *Monthly Supplement of the Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*, for the month of August, that the delusion is still held forth to the world as being necessary. I shall now give an extract or two from that periodical, trusting its insertion in your widely-spreading journal will be the means of assuring our Teetotal friends that *useful knowledge* is not always the result of a perusal of that work, and that to make any periodical really interesting and *useful*, it should be based on total abstinence principles.

After speaking of the mode of cutting corn in various places, and hiring labourers to perform the work, we are told that "when the season of the year is considered in which the reaping is generally performed, the weather frequently being hot and sultry, and also the posture in which the reaper's body is almost constantly placed, the back being bent to a horizontal position, when closely followed during a long day, it is as severe labour as almost ever falls to the lot of the husbandman. Hence it is that the custom generally prevails of providing the reapers with beer, of a good or middling quality, where it is not usual to supply any at other seasons. Even with those who take reaping by 'the great,' and are not in a condition to brew their harvest drink, it usually is part of the agreement that the labourer is to receive so much money per acre, with a stipulated allowance of malt liquor or cider." It would be advisable for the proprietors of that "magazine" to read the "Testimonies of Agricultural Labourers" in reference to these drinks, and then the probability is that they would pause before they introduced any thing relative to them other than a denunciation against them.

After assuring their readers that in wet seasons "the grain begins to germinate and grow," and that "sprouted barley is entirely unfit for malt," and after speaking of the feasts and holidays generally prevailing at that period, they go on to say, "But at the harvest home supper, to which all are invited who in any way may have assisted in securing the crops, besides the abundance of boiled and roasted, and plenty of merry brown beer, with the more insidious punch-bowl on many occasions, there is generally the village Orpheus with his rustic violin ready to strike up some jocund air, when the whole party join in the rural country-dance; and thus, once a year, amidst eating, drinking, dancing, and merrymaking, the hardships and toils attendant on a life of labour, as well as the difference of rank and station, are for a time laid aside, and apparently forgotten."

If the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" think it right to advocate the use of the body- and soul-destroying drinks used in this country (and why should they not, when they have for their chairman the patron of jerry shops?), the "Total Abstinence Societies," with their millions of members, think it right to advocate the non-use; and the day is not far distant when farmers and others will be made to pay for their work in the currency of the realm, and not in beer, cider, or any other alcoholic drink.

Wishing every success to the associations of our country for the suppression and extinction of intemperance, I beg to remain,

Yours truly,

J. V. H.

An honorary member of the United Temperance Association.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

We extract the following description of the dreadful malady, from Barker's "ESSAY ON INTOXICATING LIQUORS,"—a work which we have already favourably noticed:—

The disease which is characteristic of habits of intoxication, and which may almost be said to be peculiar to confirmed drunkards, is the *Delirium Tremens*, or which is more accurately designated *Delirium with tremor*. It is a disease involving the whole nervous system, and varies from the slightest form of nervous tremor with spectral illusions, and accelerated pulse, to the most alarming state of vital depression, muscular agitation, and mental alienation. It has been observed particularly to attack persons who had long addicted themselves to intoxicating liquors, and who suddenly suspended their use. On its approach it is attended with general debility; coldness and clamminess of the hands and feet; nausea and sometimes vomiting, particularly in the morning; inappetency, and even aversion from animal food; excessive perspiration from slight exertion; headache and giddiness; the spirits are much depressed; the patient sighs frequently; his countenance is anxious; he complains of oppression in the region of the heart; is anxious about his affairs; is rather restless and watchful; and his hands are somewhat tremulous. In a short time, the restlessness be-

comes incessant, and the countenance assumes a peculiar wildness and anxiety; his temper is very excitable; and he is tormented with mental illusions, which are generally of a low or melancholic kind. He sees objects where their presence is physically impossible; is continually haunted by frightful creatures, or occupied with the most extravagant ideas, and is constantly endeavouring to avoid them. He becomes altogether sleepless, and the tremor of the hands and of the tongue continues without remission; he is talkative, continually occupied with the objects of his delusions; he cannot be kept in one place; and, when opposed, is sometimes so violent and noisy as to require confinement. The disease may now terminate favourably, with yawning, drowsiness, and profound sleep; or the symptoms which have been described, may assume a more aggravated form, accompanied with more complete depression of the powers of life; the patient makes violent and excessive struggles, attended with profuse perspiration; the tremor in the hands increases, and not infrequently extends to the whole trunk; the perspiration becomes more and more cold, and, as has been remarked, exhales a peculiar smell, between a vinous and alliacious odour; the patient talks incessantly and very rapidly; the violence of the delirium increases, and continues until shortly before death, when a calm takes place; but sometimes the patient is carried off suddenly in a convulsion.

Delirium tremens may alternate with epilepsy, as has been observed by DR. COPELAND. Shortly before I had the honour of residing with that eminent physician, he was called to a man, reduced in circumstances from habits of intoxication, who had experienced two or more attacks of delirium tremens. He was seized with an epileptic fit, brought on by a fear of being run over by a carriage near his own house. He had a return of the delirium tremens upon recovery from the paroxysm.

These effects are almost invariably produced by habitual intoxication. Similar effects have, however, been recorded, which had been produced by the use of opium, belladonna, and other poisons. The impressions upon the stomach are communicated to the nervous centres; the renewed irritations of the brain and nervous system exhaust their power; the important organ, through which the intellectual faculties act, being no longer in a sound condition, the manifestations of the mind itself become altered; the memory and judgment particularly become enfeebled and unsound. During each debauch there is a temporary loss of reason; the frequent recurrence of this intellectual aberration, especially if a predisposition to insanity exist, will at length and for ever end in the annihilation of that faculty by which man is pre-eminent above all other created beings.

Delirium tremens is a disease which frequently terminates the existence of persons who have been addicted to drinking, particularly worn-out drunkards; and has been observed by some medical practitioners to lapse into scarlet and typhoid fevers, cholera-morbus, and rheumatism. The appearances which have been observed after death from this disease, have been effusion of serum in the ventricles of the brain, and between its membranes; great congestion of the vessels, particularly of one of the membranes of the brain, (*the pia mater*) which were filled with coagulated blood, (as observed by MORGAGNI); effusion of serum at the base of the brain, (by DR. STARK); and congestion of the brain and of its membranes, and of the liver, (by ARMSTRONG).

FRENCH POPULAR AIRS.

NO. II.—THE REMINISCENCES OF THE PEOPLE.

Translated from the French of De Berenger.

FRANCE shall sing Napoleon's glory

In the humble cot for ever;—

Fifty summers hence she'll never

Listen to a stranger's story.

At eve shall meet each village swain.

To hear some aged crone recite

The deeds of other days again,

And thus to while away the night.

"Well," they say, "the nation's heart

Constant clings to Bonaparte;

Him we adore!

Mother, speak of him once more,

Oh! speak once more!"

"—It was in my youthful day—

Many since that one have flown—

That the great Napoleon

Pass'd the cot in grand array.

I laboured hard to climb the hill,

For I was drest in garments gay;—

Methinks I see his cock'd hat still,

And riding coat of homely gray.

When he came, I shook with fear;

But he said, 'Good day, my dear!'

So kindly too!"

"—Mother, then he notic'd you,

He notic'd you!"

"—Scarce a year had pass'd away,

When I saw his princely train,

And Napoleon once again:

To the church he went that day.

And they were blythe and happy all,

Thro' crowds admiring moving on;

While thousands cried, 'May blessings fall

From heav'n on Gaul's fav'rite son!'

Sweet the royal champion smil'd,

For he thought upon his child,

The infant dear!"

"—Mother, 'twas a glorious year,

A glorious year!"

"—Then, when battle rag'd around,

When oppress'd by foreign foes,

Braving danger, he arose—

He to succour France was found!

One night—I never shall forget—

A knocking led me to the door;

Great God! mine eyes Napoleon's met,

Follow'd by gorgeous trains no more.

In the chair where I am seated,

Sate the Hero, and repeated

Words of despair!"

"—Mother, what! is that the chair,

Indeed the chair?"

"—He by hunger was oppress'd;—

Sorry food could I provide;

Then his dripping clothes he dried,

And obtain'd a partial rest.

At length awaking from his dreams,

He mark'd the tears of sorrow fall:

'Be calm,' he cried, 'for fortune beams

As yet upon the land of Gaul!'

Here's the goblet whence his lip

Deign'd my humble wine to sip,

Forgotten never!"

"—Mother, you will keep it ever,

Will keep it ever!"

"—Yes! Behold—regard it well!

He, whose head a Pope had bless'd,

By his foemen was oppress'd—

In a distant isle he fell!

France, tir'd of hope, believ'd at last

He ne'er could come her rights to save;

And now the ocean must be pass'd

By those who wish to mark his grave.

When the tidings met my ears,

Frequent were my bitter tears,

My grief to tell!"

"—Mother, Heaven keep thee well;

God keep thee well!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

We beg to inform L. M. D. that if we see any more silly allusions, in the journals to which he refers, either to ourselves or to the Association to which we have the honour to belong, we shall at once boldly and fearlessly publish the whole transaction about the silver forks and spoons, together with certain other little particulars which have come to our knowledge, and with which it is little supposed that we are acquainted. We do not wish to be the aggressors in any case, but we have already shown that we will be insulted no where with impunity. We again declare most positively that we will publish the whole of the pleasant little episodes in the life of a certain individual, without the slightest disguise either of name or of circumstances, if these ill-natured, spiteful, and cowardly allusions be continued.

We thank ELIZA KINSBY, of Manchester, for her communication, which however contains interest of too purely a local nature for insertion in our journal.

We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent at Ambleside: we have already noticed the Marquis of Lansdowne's letter to Father Matthew.

We sincerely thank MR. NEWCASTLE, of Newcastle, for his kind hints, by which we shall profit. We strongly recommend "THE NORTHERN TEMPERANCE RECORD" to all our readers, as a faithful and skilful organ of Teetotal doctrines. It is published every month, price one penny, at Newcastle.

A WATER DRINKER's letter is excellent. We shall endeavour to make room for it shortly.

Private answers have been returned to all letters not acknowledged above, and which have been received between the 1st and the 12th of October.

We intend to commence, in the next Number, a series of "SECTORS OF OUR ADVOCATES." The first will be a biography of MR. CRUMP, the registrar of the United Temperance Association.

With the next Number of this Journal will be given, gratis, A Beautiful Lithographic Print. Orders for the *Teetotaler* are received by all Booksellers.

We beg to state most distinctly that MR. JAMES MCCURRY, of Chelsea, is not a member of the United Temperance Association.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 17, 1840.

THE springs of a false judgment are four: or rather the causes of error are four.

The first cause of error is *rashness*, or the being determined on the conclusion, before the evidences are properly weighed. This *must* be an error; because, in matters of probability, the conclusion should depend upon the sum total of all the evidences. But suspense is painful to most minds; and therefore we are apt to determine on the conclusion, before we have weighed the evidences. Thus, there is no cause of error so prevalent amongst the opponents to Teetotalism as *rashness*.

The second cause of error is *the being determined by one argument, to the exclusion of all others*. Now, on dubious subjects and matters of mere probability, there is never one argument alone sufficient on which to ground our assent; for our assent should, after having heard and weighed all the arguments on both sides, impartially depend on the preponderation of the sum total. But the opponents of Teetotalism found all the fabric of their reasoning upon *the one single argument* of the propriety of a moderate use of intoxicating liquors.

The third cause of error is, *there being a mixture of different qualities in the same person or thing*. When reasoning about the expediency of any thing, which is likely to be in future either beneficial or prejudicial to us, we should neither determine to receive nor reject it for one argument alone. Some people, as soon as they find the fallacy of two or three arguments adduced in favour of a system, reject the whole; but this conduct is both ridiculous and wrong; because every proposition should depend upon its own merit, and not upon the propositions associated with it; for truth and falsehood frequently go together. And yet the opponents to Teetotalism lay hold of *the one fact* of an occasional relapse from total abstinence to intemperance, as an argument subversive of the whole system.

The fourth cause of error is *habitual principles*. Every one has some notions, which he had in his childhood, and cannot tell how he got them, and therefore thinks they were implanted in his breast by nature. We have also some pre-conceived opinions; those are such as we have picked up since our childhood, but which have remained with us a long while. To these we are partial; so that often no arguments in the world are able to convince us to the contrary. Some will ask whether any partiality can be so strong as to determine a man's will or assent? The answer is affirmative; because a man's assent depends upon the arguments he recollects; consequently he will always better recollect the side to which he is most partial. And if a man sit down to read a book, in order to *prove*, not settle his opinion, he attends to every thing that strikes him on this side, almost totally neglecting every thing he meets with on the other; and if a sentence will bear a double interpretation, he always renders it agreeably to the opinion he has advanced. We may thus see the influence of partiality:—If you hear the determination of two judges on a cause in a court of justice, they will give it with the greatest deliberation, caution, and seeming doubt; but ask the parties concerned in the cause, and they will tell you with the greatest confidence and assurance how it should be settled; viz., each on his own side. The causes of partiality are four,—tenacity, interest, singularity, appearance. Tenacity is the having maintained or held an opinion a long while, and for that reason supporting it. Interest clearly holds a man to be partial to his own side in a lawsuit, for instance. Singularity is the maintaining one opinion that contradicts the opinion generally in vogue, because a paradox causes the professors of it to be remarkable. Appearance is that exterior which is assumed in order to induce people to think we are what we would wish to seem; and thus all the world is only composed of appearances. Now, the opponents of Teetotalism urge an habitual principle,—viz., *the necessity of the use of intoxicating liquors for the working classes* (a proposition entirely assumed) as an argument against the new doctrine. To this *habitual principle* they cling with tenacity; because their interest prompts them to uphold a fascinating indulgence: they assert a paradox in opposition to the experience of millions of Teetotalers and to the dictates of common sense; and they assume the appearance of im-

partial and disinterested reasoners, whereas their very opposition to a right and humane principle conveys to the sensible man a conviction of the dishonesty or hypocrisy of their motives.

Where error is involuntary, it certainly is not culpable. As the will has a certain power over judgment, by defeating prejudices, so far as it is properly or improperly placed, we are culpable or responsible. In all cases where assenting or not assenting is thought to draw consequences of moment after it, and good or evil to depend on choosing the right or wrong side, the mind sets itself seriously to work, to inquire, to examine the probability: there, doubtless, it is not our choice to take which side we please, if manifest odds appear on either side. The greater probability will, in that case, determine the assent: and a man can no more avoid assenting or taking it to be true where he perceives the clearest evidence,—i. e., greater probability, than he can avoid knowing it to be true when he perceives the agreement or disagreement of any two ideas. And if this be allowed, the foundation of error will be in wrong measures of probability. Is it not, therefore, the duty of all men calmly to consider the arguments for and against Teetotalism, and not to condemn this great principle without so much as thinking of an investigation? There is one thing that keeps people more in error than all the rest put together, which is this,—*the giving their assent to common received opinions, as if the first propagation of them could not be wrong*. Thus is the idea that stimulants are necessary and useful on all occasions, a common opinion, which, in the origin, was wrong.

THE PUBLIC ACCUSER.

Extracted from "PICKWICK ABROAD."

I HAVE NOT selected the anecdote that will be developed in the progress of this tale, for the purpose of making a pedantic display of my extensive acquaintance with French history, but merely to furnish an interesting specimen of "the deeds that were done" by the principal agents of the Revolution in the Reign of Terror.

Fouquier-Tinville was seated in his private cabinet, busily employed in the examination of certain documents that lay spread out before him upon the table. His countenance wore an expression of austerity that rendered his appearance terrible in the eyes of those who sought his presence for the usually fruitless purpose of supplicating a favour on the part of some accused friend. Seldom was it that Fouquier-Tinville mingled sentiments of benevolence and mercy with the details of the *proces-verbal* it was his duty to present to the Revolutionary Tribunal. His eloquence was invariably directed against the life of him whom he indicted; and his arguments were deemed more persuasive in ensuring a fellow-creature's doom, than the memorable words of the Roman senator who concluded every paragraph of his oration with the terrible injunction—"Delenda est Carthago!"

Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Accuser, had been employed about an hour in the careful scrutiny of the various papers that lay before him, when a low knock at the door of the cabinet for a moment diverted his attention from the study in which he had been absorbed. He desired the individual, who thus disturbed him, to enter; and when Lafleur, his faithful page, presented himself, the republican said sternly, "What, Lafleur! despite of my strict orders, my privacy is thus invaded! Am I never to enjoy a moment's tranquillity?"

"May it please Citizen Fouquier-Tinville," replied the page submissively, "a young person, who refuses to deliver her name, insists upon being indulged with a private audience."

"Admit her," cried the Public Accuser, hastily cutting short Lafleur's story, and waving his hand impatiently. The command was immediately obeyed, and a lovely young female, of about eighteen, was ushered into the room. Lafleur retired as soon as this ceremony was performed, and Fouquier-Tinville desired his beautiful visitor to be seated, and explain the nature of her business. The stranger hesitated as if she were at a loss how to reply; and probably over-awed at finding herself in the presence of the dreaded functionary of

the Revolutionary Tribunal, as well as instinctively to place herself in an attitude befitting one who has a boon to solicit, she sank upon her knees at the republican's feet, and suffered her head to repose upon her breast. Her long luxuriant hair fell in graceful ringlets over shoulders and a neck of dazzling whiteness; and the position of the lovely girl enabled the licentious glance of Fouquier-Tinville to catch "short glimpses of a breast of snow." Her figure was modelled in the most faultless symmetry; her clasped hands were diminutive and fair; and her feet and ankles were small, even to girlish proportions. For some moments the Public Accuser gazed in rapture upon the beauteous creature thus bent down before him; and she, on her part, did not interrupt the silence that prevailed.

"Rise, *citoyenne*," said Fouquier-Tinville, at length feeling the embarrassment of their mutual situations; "and be not afraid to make me acquainted with the object of your visit."

The stranger obeyed this species of command, that was nevertheless delivered in a tone of voice intended to be soothing; and when she raised her head, and stood before the Public Accuser with innocence and candour depicted upon her heavenly countenance, he thought he had never before gazed on aught so lovely. Her dark black eyes were replete with all the fire and vivacity that virgin chastity and sorrow could not even entirely suppress; her red lips apart disclosed a set of the whitest teeth; the symmetry of her bust and sylph-like waist were displayed to the greatest advantage; and her appearance seemed to partake rather of celestial than terrestrial origin. The Public Accuser's heart beat quickly, as he gazed upon those ravishing beauties.

"What is thy name, *citoyenne*?" he inquired, perceiving that his fair visitor's timidity almost tied up her tongue.

"Marguerite d'Ermanville," was the reply.

"Ah!" exclaimed Fouquier-Tinville, with a start of surprise: "meseems, that name is not entirely strange to me, nor unfamiliar to my ears."

"My father is a retired merchant and well known at Nantes," said Marguerite, fancying that her words conveyed a suggestion not to be misunderstood.

"True!" cried the republican, turning to one of the papers he had been examining a few minutes before; "your father, *citoyenne*, is unhappily included amongst those two hundred and thirty prisoners whom citizen Carrier sent to Paris, some eight or ten days ago, to be tried at the tribunal appointed by the Committee of Public Safety for the purpose."

"This I know already, citizen Tinville," said the heroic girl; "and it is to procure an alleviation of the miseries now endured by my unfortunate parent, that I have ventured to intrude myself upon your notice."

"My authority extends not to a mitigation—"

"That also I am aware of," interrupted Marguerite. "The trial must take its course; but the health of my already sufficiently afflicted father need not be offered up as an additional sacrifice to the fanatic enthusiasm of my misguided countrymen."

"Maiden," said Fouquier-Tinville sternly, "those words, uttered by another mouth than thine, had been the self-accusation of an audacious fool."

"Pardon me, citizen—but sorrow has made me reckless of my life."

"What is thy request, then, *belle citoyenne*?" inquired the Public Accuser, taking her hand, which she did not attempt to withdraw.

"The two hundred and thirty *Nantois* are perishing in the prisons of the Luxembourg," said Marguerite d'Ermanville. "A dangerous epidemic disease rages amongst them—my father is sorely afflicted with the malady—we have applied in various quarters to procure his removal to the hospital of the *Hôtel Dieu*—and, having failed, were referred to you."

"You ask no more!" ejaculated the Public Accuser, astonished at the smallness of the maiden's demand.

"No more," was the answer; "and if I be successful in obtaining the grant of this boon, my heart will be relieved from a heavy load."

"It may be done—it is possible to accomplish it," said Fouquier-Tinville, musing, and revolving a hellish project in his mind. "But," he added, suddenly, "you said 'we applied in various quarters,'—to whom did you allude?"

"To my mother and myself," replied Marguerite, a tear trickling down her beautiful cheek.

"Tis well," observed Tinville; and he paused for some moments, during which he threw himself on his chair, appeared desirous of communicating his wishes to the innocent girl, and yet dared not address her in a disrespectful manner. "Call to-morrow morning, *citoyenne*—and I will decide," at length exclaimed the Public Accuser, an evanescent flush passing over his countenance—"to-morrow, at one o'clock precisely—and fail not to be punctual."

"A father's life depends upon my punctuality," cried the admirable daughter: "fear not any delay on my part."

"Stay—," said the republican, after another moment's reflection: "come not hither—I have my reasons, *citoyenne*—but meet me on the terrace that overlooks the Seine, in the Gardens of the Tuileries."

"I will be there," returned Marguerite, a gleam of joy passing over her countenance:—"depend upon my punctuality—I will be there!"—and with these words, which she repeated several times, she curtsied profoundly, and took her leave of one whom public report had represented to her as the most unbending and inaccessible of men, and whose presence she had at first sought with sentiments of horror as profound as those with which she would have approached the den of a venomous serpent or rabid animal.

Delighted with the reception she had experienced, and the prospect of alleviating the sufferings of a beloved father, however great might be the price she would be doomed to pay, Marguerite d'Ermanville issued from the hotel of the Public Accuser with a light heart and airy tread. She crossed the Pont des Arts, traversed the large parallelogram of the Louvre, and turned into the Rue Saint Honoré, down which she walked a few paces in the direction of the Halle. Presently she stopped at the gate of a house of modest appearance,—looked up to assure herself that she had not mistaken the number, and entered, the building in which the apartments occupied by herself and mother were situate. Those apartments were on the fifth floor, and thither the beautiful girl hastily mounted with the same light heart and airy tread as when she retired from the presence of Fouquier-Tinville. The door was opened by a lady, who had probably numbered forty summers, and who immediately saluted Marguerite by the appellation of "Daughter!"

"My boon will be granted, dearest mother!" cried the amiable girl, as they both hastened into the modest sitting-room which formed a portion of the suite inhabited by them. "My boon will be granted,—the Public Accuser is not so terrible as we were led to believe, and to-morrow I am to meet him on the terrace of the Tuileries."

"Oh! my dear—dear—unhappy daughter!" cried Madame d'Ermanville, hiding her face with her hands, and sobbing bitterly; for her only hope was now placed in a kind Providence.

"What, mother?" exclaimed Marguerite, rising—for she too well comprehended the cause of her parent's fears; "do you think that I will now flinch from that duty I have imposed upon myself? Do you imagine my heart to be so weak that I will not encounter any danger,—when my poor father's life is in jeopardy? Full well did I know the fatal price that will be required to release my father, and my resolves were—and are still—as inflexible as the ancient laws of the Persians and Medes! He took my hand—I did not withdraw it: he gazed upon me with an eye of desire, and I refrained from reproach! Relying on the interposition of Divine Providence, I feel assured I shall remain spotless and chaste."

"Noble-minded girl!" cried Madame d'Ermanville, whose face was wet with tears wrung from her eyes by feelings of bitterest agony: "and wouldst thou hazard all thy young hopes and golden dreams, and suffer them to be withered by the glance of a monster! O Marguerite—my dear, dear daughter!"—and the unhappy parent fell upon the neck of her only child, and poured forth the effusion of her sorrows on that devoted being's bosom.

"Mother," said the heroic girl, endeavouring to stifle her own grief, the better to soothe her parent's woes,— "mother—dear mother—this is unworthy of you: an imperious necessity urges me onward; to-morrow will decide the fate of your daughter. Who knows but that, through a gracious Providence, even the flinty heart of Fouquier-Tinville may relent, and that he will assist

the sick prisoner on account of his child's tears, and not at the price of her honour?"

"Vain hope—alas! dear Marguerite," sighed Madame d'Ermanville, sinking into a seat, and fruitlessly essaying to dry her tears. "The Public Accuser knows not the name of 'Mercy.' That word has long been banished from the political, and even the private dictionary of this unhappy land. My heart is nearly broken, Marguerite—but thine, dear child—how will it support all the horrors that are in store for thee?"

"Enough—dear mother; terrify me not by gloomy anticipation. I again assure you, as solemnly as if I were standing before my Maker, that nothing can change the determination I have adopted. So, dry those tears, dear mother—stifle those sighs—and remember that your child will render herself worthy of her parents; for she can make that sacrifice which thousands would deem the most deadly of all disgrace!"

"And Emile de Gaston," said Madame d'Ermanville.

"Ah! mention not that name!" cried Marguerite, a fearful pallor overspreading her lovely countenance: "him must I renounce for ever!"

"Poor Emile!" returned the unfortunate mother, as she contemplated the approaching wreck of all her daughter's fondest designs and wishes: "little does he think, while away—and fighting the battles of his country—little does he suspect—"

"Mother—would'st thou drive me mad?" exclaimed Marguerite, clasping her hands together in all the wildness of sorrow and despair. "Let me repel the advance of reflection—let me shun thought—let me not hear the name of one whose love I must renounce for ever!"

"O God! where is thy justice? does thine omniscience sleep?" cried Madame d'Ermanville, whose mental sufferings were almost too great for human nature to support.

"Blaspheme not," said Marguerite solemnly: "haply the Almighty has not yet abandoned us!"

It were in vain to endeavour to depict the wretchedness that filled the bosoms of those two unhappy women. Nor would it be possible to say how they passed the remainder of that day, and the ensuing night. A sleepless couch was doubtless pressed by either, and each pillow was watered with an abundance of heart-wrung tears. The morning dawned gay and jocund upon their sorrow, as it were in derision; and the sun was bright, and nature was blythe and sportive, as if to mock the anguish that gnawed at the heart's core of a miserable mother and a daughter whom Hope had nearly forsaken.

The morning's repast was scarcely touched, and hardly a word was spoken on either side. Grief with them was now dumb—their wounds were deep, but the orifice was barely perceptible. An occasional exchange of looks betokening unutterable horror—occasional sighs, and occasional tears—were all that indicated the acuteness of a woe reciprocally felt. Hour after hour passed away; and at length mid-day was proclaimed by the iron tongue of the clock at the Louvre. Marguerite started at the sound—hastily rose from her seat—and hurried to her bed-room to arrange her toilet. A quarter of an hour was thus expended—the self-devoted victim decked herself out for slaughter—not in the meretricious garb of an alluring coquette—but in the sober and modest vestments befitting a maiden who might be almost said to resemble Jephthah's daughter, the one being sacrificed by the commands of an imperious necessity,—the other by those of a father,—the one issuing forth to save a father, the other condemned by a father—but both sufferers on account of those fathers!

Not a tear stood in Marguerite's eye as she bade adieu to her heart-broken mother. An unnatural calmness pervaded her countenance—a placidity, that was in itself terrible to gaze upon, usurped the seat of a more expressive agony.

"Oh! no—thou shalt not go—thou must not leave me—stay—Oh! stay—quit not the mother who bore you!" cried the distracted parent, as she folded her votive daughter in an agonizing embrace. "Stay—Marguerite—rush not upon destruction—death, for us all, will be preferable to your dishonour—Oh! stay—stay!"

"Mother!" said Marguerite in a tone scarcely audible, and rendered hoarse with inward emotion: "again I say that my resolves are inflexible; a father's existence depends upon my courage—filial duty has charged me with an important mission—and that vicarious task shall not be neglected."

"You go, then, Marguerite—you go—and I am to mourn the loss of my daughter's honour! Oh! Marguerite—my child—my child!"

Mademoiselle d'Ermanville imprinted one more kiss on the lips of her disconsolate mother—the clock at the Louvre struck the half hour—she summoned their only domestic to take charge of her parent—and, with a firm step, hastened out of the room. During her short walk to the appointed place of rendez-vous, she did not once waver in her intentions—her mind was nerved to rescue a father whom she adored!

Arrived on the terrace, Marguerite sank almost exhausted upon a seat; and scarcely had she time to collect her scattered ideas, reinforce her courage by all the arguments her imagination and filial piety could suggest, and prepare herself to receive the addresses of the Public Accuser, when Fouquier-Tinville made his appearance at her side.

"C'est bien, belle Marguerite," said the republican functionary, as he took the hand of the trembling girl, who was astonished—even in the intense agony of the moment—to observe that his hand also trembled. "I was afraid—that is, I thought—" and for the first time in his life, Fouquier-Tinville was at a loss to find words to express his ideas.

"You were afraid that I should not keep my appointment," said Marguerite, a ray of hope darting across her mind, when she again remarked the agitation of the Public Accuser.

"That, in fact, was the subject of my alarm, *belle citoyenne*," muttered Fouquier-Tinville; "but I find that—"

"That your fears were unfounded, citizen," added Marguerite; then, in a tone of extreme bitterness, she said, "Knowest thou not that the life of a father is so precious to his daughter that she will make any sacrifice that will eventually contribute to a parent's welfare?"

"My ears are unused to lessons of morality, *jeune demoiselle*," said the republican, relinquishing the fair hand he held in his, and rising from the stone bench on which he had been seated: "let us make the best of the present moment. I propose that we shall proceed to the Café —, and there partake of a slight repast."

"I am ready to obey your orders," rejoined Marguerite, also rising, and accepting the proffered arm of Fouquier-Tinville, who led her towards that extremity of the terrace, whence a flight of steps enabled them to descend upon the quay.

"Wherefore take this path?" inquired Marguerite, clinging to the arm of the Public Accuser as if destruction were at her heels.

"Oh! I had forgotten," cried the fierce republican, with a species of ironical smile; "but, no matter—since we have come so far, it would be ridiculous to turn back!"—and with these words the heartless ruffian dragged the almost fainting girl across that fatal spot on which the guillotine was erected, and which is to-day known as the Place Louis Seize.

There was the fatal instrument—the bright knife glittering in the rays of the meridian sun—the cords gently waving backward and forward to the breeze—the plank raised perpendicularly, as if in preparation for some victim about to be lashed to the moveable board—the narrow platform raised three feet above the level of the ground—and the heap of sand beneath the exact spot where the hatchet fell on the neck of the condemned.

This horrible spectacle—the bloody *paraphernalia* of death—struck terror to the heart of Marguerite d'Ermanville. But Fouquier-Tinville trembled not—neither did he pretend to notice the pain his cruelty caused the unhappy girl whose charms he intended to immolate to his lusts. They passed by the frowning poles of the guillotine—they continued their way over the magnificent Place Louis XVI., where a monarch had lately suffered, and where hundreds daily perished—they proceeded in the direction of the Palace of the Minister of the Marine, and pursued their course up the Rue Royale. The Public Accuser cast a scrutinizing glance around him—seemed satisfied that none of his acquaintances was nigh—and, having thus apparently tranquillized himself on that head, he led his companion to a private cabinet in the Café —. A copious breakfast—*dejeuner à la fourchette*—or, to suit the appellation given to that meal in the English language, luncheon—was speedily served up, to which he himself did unequivocal honour, while Marguerite suffered the highly-seasoned meats to remain untouched on her plate, and the generous wines unsavouried in her glass.

"You do not justice to the fare I have pro-

vided for you, *belle citoyenne*," said Fouquier-Tinville, during an interval occasioned by the removal of a course and the preparation of another. "May I desire to be informed if—if—" "My resolves are still unchanged," returned Marguerite, a slight blush animating her countenance which sorrow and alarm rendered deadly pale.

"Pledge me in a glass, sweet maid," cried the republican, as he tossed off a bumper of Champagne, and cast a familiar glance at his intended victim. "What! you refuse, Marguerite? Dost thou know that—" "But Fouquier-Tinville hesitated as before: an indescribable emotion—a sentiment of awe— invariably checked him when he was about to utter any thing indelicate or offensive. Marguerite was in appearance, as well as in face, chastity itself: her very purity restrained the republican within certain bounds, and operated like a magic charm upon him. He was unaccustomed to such society that halo of innocence—that perfume of chastity inspired him with a certain dread—an uneasiness he could not account for—a discomfort that increased every moment. He dared no longer gaze for any length of time upon that virgin countenance—he could not brook the tranquil but imploring look of her whose reputation he wished to destroy. His compliments were with difficulty conveyed in an intelligible manner—his tongue refused to give utterance to the words that his passion would have dictated—he, who expected to have been a conqueror, was himself conquered. His lion-heart, always thirsting after blood, sank in the presence of virgin innocence—his brain became confused—he repented of his cruelty—he could have fallen at the feet of the injured girl near him—he could have licked the dust on which she walked, to demonstrate his contrition. The usually haughty, uncompromising, remorseless republican was reduced to the submissiveness of a lamb by the majesty of beauty combined with purity and virtue!"

"No!" said Fouquier-Tinville, starting from his chair, and striking the table forcibly with his clenched fist—"no, Marguerite! you shall depart from this place as chaste as when you entered it—and in the course of future years, there may be found at least one being who will have learnt to bless the Public Accuser!" "Citizen Tinville, what mean you?" cried Mademoiselle d'Ermanville, unable to believe her own ears. "I mean, *jeune demoiselle*," returned the republican, "that I will conduct you back to the terrace where we met—and that I will now hand you the document I intended to have given you when my desires should have been gratified;"—and with these words Fouquier-Tinville gave Marguerite a sealed paper. The trembling girl opened the welcome envelope, and hastily glanced her eyes over the contents. "Gracious heavens!" she exclaimed, falling upon her knees at the feet of the Public Accuser—"my father then is pardoned!" "Yes," rejoined the republican functionary: "my interest with the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal was sufficient to ensure that single act of mercy."

"My benefactor—my best friend!" exclaimed the over-joyed maiden, grasping the hands of the individual at whose feet she knelt, while he himself wept plentifully, and for the first time; for it was the most delicious moment of his stormy life.

"Rise, Marguerite—rise!" cried Fouquier-Tinville, "and let us retrace our steps. My time is precious—and you, Mademoiselle, will be glad to communicate the pleasing intelligence of your father's release to the mother of whom you before spoke. Rise—for in an hour your parents shall reward your filial love; and, in future, think not that I shall be indifferent to your welfare. No—the Public Accuser will ever be happy to hear any good tidings concerning one who perhaps has some reason to be grateful to him."

"Some reason!" exclaimed the delighted Marguerite. "Oh! so long as I live shall your kindness be remembered, nor will I ever fail to bless a gracious Providence."

The waiter was then summoned and paid, and Fouquier-Tinville reconducted Marguerite to the terrace where he had met her, and where he now bade her adieu. She essayed a repetition of all the expressions of gratitude her generous imagination could dictate; but he stayed not to hear them, and waved his hand to her as he speedily withdrew from her presence.

What more have I now to relate? Marguerite returned to her mother, whose tears she speedily dried—and in the course of the evening Monsieur d'Ermanville was restored to the bosom of his family. Precisely three months after, Emile de Gaston espoused the beautiful and heroic girl; and the principal character that figured in the gay drawing-room of the ancient merchant's spacious abode at Nantes, was the Public Accuser!

TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

NEWPORT PAGNELL.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Aylesbury Temperance Union, and the annual meeting of the Newport Pagnell Branch, were held here on Monday 5th ult. In the morning, the delegates from the various auxiliaries met for the transaction of business. Dinner was afterwards provided for the friends in a very large tent erected for the purpose. In the middle of the day, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, large parties arrived from Buckingham, Northampton, Bedford, Ampthill, Fenny Stratford, and other places. At half-past three the procession was formed, and this was the signal for commencing some of the most disgraceful proceedings ever witnessed. The procession consisted of a large number of Rechabites and Teetotalers, attended by various flags and banners, and a brass band of Teetotalers from Dunstable. While parading the town, the members were attacked in a most brutal and ferocious manner; one of the flags was torn to atoms, and a Teetotaler from Ampthill was knocked down, and so seriously injured, that he was at first believed to have been killed; he was carried home insensible.

On the party assembling in the tent for tea, the disturbance was again renewed. Every species of annoyance was resorted to: Mr. G. LUCAS, a magistrate was on the spot; but his presence produced no effect; the constables being wholly unable, and but little disposed to attempt to quell the riot. The members in going into the tent were insulted, abused, and assaulted: women even were not free from the brutal usage of the drunken mob; and a lady was knocked down in attempting to enter the tent. Notwithstanding, the forbearance and good feeling manifested by the Teetotalers was admirable.

Immediately opposite to the tent is a public-house, "The Flowing Tankard," kept by a fellow of the name of WOODLEY; and here flowing tankards were freely served to stimulate and enrage the ruffians, who, whenever their energies flagged, repaired thither to obtain fresh supplies of beer, and returned to their work of disturbance like so many demons let loose from hell! It has since been discovered that the disturbance was plotted previous to the festival, and that meetings had been held at the "Flowing Tankard," for the regular organization of the drunken beasts. Tea was commenced amidst a din of tin kettles, &c. on the outside of the tent. When tea was over, Mr. WILLIS of Dunstable was called to the chair; and the business of the evening proceeded.

BIRMINGHAM.

Wednesday the 7th inst., the annual meeting of the Birmingham Temperance Society was held at the Town Hall, and was numerously attended. Amongst those present were Mr. JOSEPH STURGE, Mr. F. ROOM, the REV. MR. GEDGE, the REV. MR. SIRREE, the REV. MR. HOLT, MR. CANNERY, DR. LLOYD, MR. BENBOW, surgeon, and other influential gentlemen of the town. At a quarter past seven o'clock the REV. THOMAS MOSELEY, rector of St. Martin's, took the chair.

Thursday the 8th, MR. MINGAY SYDER delivered two interesting lectures in connection with the Temperance question. The body of the hall was filled by working men, who appeared to take a deep interest in the subject. The lecturer had arranged, in front of the organ gallery, a large number of chemical apparatus and drawings of the human frame to illustrate his subject.

WAKEFIELD.

In consequence of a false report which has been industriously circulated by certain "abstainers" from truth, that the Wakefield Youths' Temperance Society were only acting on what is termed the "short," or least rigid pledge, a meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday evening last, in order to give a public and unequivocal denial to the statement; and also to present to Mr. Ward, of the Temperance Hotel, who has also been made the subject of similar slanderous reports, a silver medal, as a token of the high esteem in which his character and services are held by the Society.

SAMUEL HOLDSWORTH, Esq., occupied the chair.

NEWCASTLE.

Little has appeared for some time in the *Record* respecting the proceedings of the Newcastle Society, and we have only space now briefly to advert to them. Suffice it to say, that the spirit of primitive Teetotalism has arisen again amongst us, and many have been stirred up to the energetic exertions of their first love, and our cause is actively proceeding amongst us. The weekly meeting has been numerously attended, and steps are in progress to open a second. The Gateshead Society has also again commenced weekly meetings. Much spirited out-door effort has been made. On Sunday last, September 27, nine open-air meetings were held, and large and attentive audiences listened to the glowing truths of Teetotalism—religiously enforced. In addition to these, Mr. BORMOND has been called out as an additional agent in the district, and there is no good reason why we ought not to have two more.—*Northern Temperance Record*.

KILLARNEY.

A Temperance Hall is to be immediately erected in this place. The EARL OF KENMURE has subscribed the liberal sum of one hundred pounds towards the accomplishment of this aim. The cause of Teetotalism is progressing well in Killarney, as in every other part of Ireland, with the exception of Cork, where intemperance has for the moment obtained the victory over the new doctrine.

LIMERICK.

MR. O'CONNELL, M. P., at a public dinner given at Limerick, on Wednesday, October 7, said that, during the Clare election, some time ago, the anticipators of FATHER MATHEW's doctrine had abstained from the use of all exciting liquors in the name of their common country. But it was only for one week. It was, however, the abstinence of that week which beat down Wellington and Peel;—it was the water-drinkers of Clare that carried emancipation; it was the moral dignity of those men who could triumph over their habits and conquer their passions—who could overcome every passion save their love for their country—that enabled so great a measure to be carried.

MAURICE O'CONNELL, M. P., signed the pledge to FATHER MATHEW about a fortnight ago.

TOWN NEWS.

QUEEN'S BENCH PRISON.

A meeting was held in the Queen's Bench Prison, on Wednesday, September 30, at No. 1, of 3 Staircase, for the purpose of forming a Youths' Branch to the South London Youths' Association for the Suppression of Intemperance, to be called the Queen's Bench Youths' Branch; Mr. G. C. SMITH in the chair.

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

This admirable association is doing wonders. It will hold its fourth public general meeting on Friday evening, October 16, at Castle-street Chapel, at eight o'clock precisely.

ISLINGTON YOUTHS' SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

A grand meeting of this association will be held on Monday, October 19, at the Wesleyan Chapel, Adelaide Square, Shepperton-street, New North Road, Islington. The chair will be taken by Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, at eight o'clock precisely, that gentleman having been honoured with an invitation to preside on the occasion. It is expected that several well-known advocates will address the meeting.

LONDON TRADES' HALL.

We have received a very clever letter from Mr. W. FARREN, Junior, the Hon. Sec. to this excellent institution, calling our attention to its advantages, and showing that it is "fundamentally identified with temperance." The use of a Trades' Hall would be to take the artisans and mechanics away from the public-house, and, by providing them with means of recreation, at this institution, raise them to that eminence in society which, by their utility to the commonwealth, they ought to occupy. Mr. FARREN concludes his letter in the following effective manner:—"Will the Teetotalers of London then come forward at once and make common cause with us? What are prejudice, privilege, and society against a work so noble, so commanding, so good? The *Trades' Hall Pledge* is 'to promote the moral and social improvement of the working classes, and to secure the erection of a Hall where the meetings of trades may be better and more economically accommodated than at public-houses.'"

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Head Quarters.

MR. JAMES MAX will deliver a series of Lectures for the Working Classes, at the Aldersgate-street Chapel,

on Fridays, the 16th and 23d of October, on Astronomy, and on Friday, the 30th of October, on Geography and History. These Lectures will be illustrated by globes, diagrams, and a zodiac.

The meetings on Wednesday, the 7th, and Saturday, the 10th instant, at the Chapel, were, as usual, well attended. The Wednesday evening meeting at this place is by far the best held by any association or institution of Teetotalers in London.

Kensington and Bayswater Branch.

We have for some time had it in contemplation to give an analysis of a very clever Lecture delivered by MR. BENSTEAD, at the Camden Chapel, Kensington Gravel Pits, on the 21st of Sept. instant.

MR. BENSTEAD began by noticing the difficulties of bringing a "Lecture upon the Influence of Intoxicating Liquors upon the Human Understanding" before a mixed audience. He expressed his determination of avoiding all scientific inquiry and metaphysical subtleties; and he declared that, if questioned as to the nature of the human mind, he should not be able to give a very satisfactory account of it, the question being almost a sealed book to humanity. The mind is, however, God's distinguishing and special gift to man; and MR. BENSTEAD's object was to show the folly, absurdity, and wickedness of deranging the functions of the body, which react upon the mind, by any evil indulgence. MR. BENSTEAD, in obedience to the Cartesian doctrines and the system of Locke, explained the means by which the mind obtained its ideas through the medium of the sensations; and by proving that the brain is the seat of the mind, he skilfully demonstrated the dreadful effects of intoxicating liquors upon that brain. The brain is guarded by the Deity against external injuries; but it is not made proof against the poison which man may imbibe into his system, and which thus affects the region of the medullary substances. MR. BENSTEAD concluded his lecture with a powerful essay upon the advantages of health, and the means of preserving it, and produced a powerful influence upon his audience. His reasoning was logical, and yet simple, throughout; and, while he took a high ground in reference to his subject, he nevertheless so arranged his paths that the most simple-minded could traverse them by his side.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY.

Want of space has hitherto prevented us from noticing the disgraceful conduct of some of the members of the Chelsea Auxiliary to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, on the occasion of the grand meeting held at the Bath Gardens Theatre, by the Chelsea Auxiliary to the United Temperance Association. MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS (the chairman), MR. MEE, and the REV. MR. ADENRY, had addressed the audience with considerable effect, when some of the accessories of the rival society endeavoured to create a disturbance. After a little trouble, the rioters were reduced to silence, and MR. REYNOLDS proceeded to inform the audience that all this malignity and spite were to be traced to a man of the name of BALFOUR, a rag-merchant, in Chelsea. MR. H. W. WESTON, the secretary to the United Temperance Association, then assured the meeting that a person of the name of JABEZ BURNS was also more or less concerned in the attempt at disturbance; and the audience expressed its indignation against Balfour and Burns with loud hisses and groans. The announcement that the United Temperance Association had succeeded in forming a powerful auxiliary in Chelsea, was received with deafening shouts; and the committee of this new Auxiliary had every reason to be gratified with the result of the praiseworthy exertions used by all its members to accomplish this important aim.

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

No. V.

IT is a curious fact, that though the British provinces in America, now composing the United States were born as it were but yesterday, and in full daylight, and though every incident connected with their progress is in print, there are few countries whose early history it is more difficult to write, from the want of accessible materials. MR. GRAHAME, whose volumes* testify to his research, complains bitterly of this dearth, and declares that could he have foreseen the expense he was forced to incur, he doubts if he could have encountered it. In the Advocate's Library, at Edinburgh, there was absolutely nothing; the British Museum, though possessing many rare works, is "exceedingly defective;" and he was finally obliged to take a journey to Gottingen, "where he found an ampler collection of North America literature than any, or indeed, all the libraries of Britain could supply." This is strange enough, but it is far more so that there does not, as we are informed, exist an entire collection of works on the subject even in the United States; and as incredible as strange, that an extensive and nearly complete one containing the richest materials for

the history of both Americas, cannot find a public or private purchaser in either of them.*

Having alluded to this difficulty of finding original authorities for the early colonial history of the United States, we proceed with the best materials we can get to sketch the rise and progress of Virginia, meaning to dwell with some minuteness on the first few years of its existence.

It was on the 26th of April, 1607, that three small vessels, under the command of Newport, an enterprising officer, dispatched by the company to which Raleigh assigned his patent, after sending a whole night under bare poles, discovered the American coast, and made for a headland, which, in honour of the Prince of Wales, was called Cape Henry. The original destination of the fleet was to the unfortunate settlement of Roanoke; but it was with pleasure the emigrants found themselves driven into a spacious bay, bordered by a country, "rich with fair meadows, and goodly tall trees; and such fresh waters running through the woods" as, says the Hon. Mr. Percy, "I was almost ravished with the sight thereof." After exploring the bay for several days, they discovered the mouth of the Pamhatan, which they ascended until they found an eligible spot upon its left bank. In honour of their king they gave it the name of James River, as they did that of James Town to their embryo settlement. Here they pitched their tents, and set actively to work in felling trees, and other operations which their position required. Thus, after five months of absence from their native land, the little knot of adventurers found a home in the western world, and English arts and civilization were once again brought face to face with the forest and the savage, destined after many a rude assault to triumph over both. The region, too, into which chance had conducted them, spoke cheerily to their hopes; for if in some parts dense and boundless woods rose up like a sullen buttress to oppose them, in others there was many a soft and gentle spot to woo and welcome their approach; for they were in a country "neither mountainous nor yet low, with such pleasant plain hills and fertile valleys, one prettily crossing another, and watered so conveniently with their sweet brooks and crystal springs, as if art itself had devised them."

By the instructions appended to the royal charter obtained from James I. the company of adventurers was empowered to name the first colonial council, to be composed of not more than thirteen residents; to which was confided the right of electing a president from its own body, and displacing its members at the will of the majority. There was also committed to it the full exercise of all legislation and executive power, with this restriction, that its laws should be conformable to the laws of England, and should only hold good until altered or made void by the king, or his council for Virginia. It was authorised to imprison or transmit to England any persons endeavouring to tempt the people from their allegiance; to punish with death all persons found guilty of sedition, mutiny, murder, rape, incest, and adultery, by a jury; and to inflict upon minor offenders, after a single hearing before it, corporeal punishment, imprisonment, or fines. It was commanded to encourage the practice and advancement of religion, and especially to diffuse it among the natives, towards whom the most just and upright treatment was prescribed; any deviation from which was prohibited under the severest pains and penalties, to be inflicted at the discretion of the president and council. Finally the king reserved to himself and his successors, the privilege of issuing future orders or instructions to the several resident councils, "under the seal of the king's council for Virginia." "Such are the important features of these instructions, which, if they do not evince, as has been alleged, much regard for the constitutional liberty of the subject, seem at least to have conferred as much as the present condition of the colony required. What is honourable in them is the marked and solemnly enjoined equity and good faith which was to guide the colonists in their traffic with the aborigines; a consideration under the circumstances of vastly greater moment than any distribution of political rights.

(To be continued.)

* We allude to Mr. Warden's unique and well-known collection.

† This was contrary to the law of England. GRAHAME, in his enumerations of crimes punishable by death, omits this one—which appears singular, when we afterwards find him noticing, and accounting favourably for its being made a capital offence by the first colonist of Massachusetts. The strong sectarian bias of this writer greatly impairs the value of his work.

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20	2 18 9	2 11 0	2 4 6	2 0 0
21	3 1 9	2 12 9	2 5 6	2 1 0
22	3 3 9	2 14 6	2 7 0	2 2 0
23	3 6 3	2 16 6	2 8 6	2 3 0
24	3 9 4	2 18 9	2 10 3	2 4 0
25	3 12 4	3 1 0	2 12 4	2 5 9
26	3 15 9	3 3 9	2 14 0	2 6 0
27	3 19 7	3 6 3	2 16 0	2 7 0
28	4 3 8	3 8 8	2 18 2	2 8 6
29	4 8 3	3 12 0	3 0 3	2 10 0
30	4 13 0	3 15 3	3 2 9	2 11 6
31	4 18 5	3 18 9	3 5 2	2 13 0
32	5 4 0	4 2 6	3 7 9	2 15 0
33	5 10 9	4 6 6	3 10 6	2 17 0
34	5 18 3	4 11 0	3 13 9	2 19 0
35	6 6 3	4 15 0	3 17 4	3 1 0
36	—	5 0 0	4 0 9	3 3 6
37	—	5 7 3	4 4 5	3 6 0
38	—	5 14 0	4 9 0	3 9 0
39	—	6 1 0	4 13 9	3 12 0
40	—	6 9 0	4 18 9	3 15 0
41	—	—	5 4 6	3 18 0
42	—	—	5 10 9	4 1 0
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THE TEEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER VI.

THE POT-HOUSE ORATOR.

"My child! my child!" echoed Louise, catching up the death-note uttered by her husband, and experiencing in that moment of unutterable alarm, all the anguish of a bereaved mother.

She dared not ask her husband any more: she read upon his countenance—she saw in his manner—she heard in his words, all the history of that dear infant, swallowed up, amidst its cries and its prattling, in the ruins of the house. And how must that poor child have suffered in the embrace of the terrible element!—Oh! she dared not think of its agony; but she pressed the boy that was left to her, in an agony of woe, to her arms.

The fire gained upon the building with fearful rapidity; and, in spite of the exertions of the fire-men, the entire house was consumed. It was with the greatest difficulty that the adjacent dwellings were saved from the contagious fury of the element; but all Melville's beautiful furniture was swallowed up in the ruins. His plate and jewels were preserved; and amidst the latter were the ornaments worn by Louise's deceased mother, and which Captain Dorvalliers had left to his adopted daughter. But the jewel most valued—the brightest ornament of the domestic circle—one of the dearest treasures, was lost in the conflagration,—never to be restored; and that was the sweet girl, with the blue eyes like its mother's eyes, the innocent smile, the curling flaxen hair, and the soft winning and affectionate ways!

We must not pause to depict the grief of the unhappy parents on account of this loss. Melville was some time before he was aroused from a state of lethargy to a sense of the necessity of taking his family to some temporary residence; and then he seemed as if his intellects had nearly forsaken him. He asked for wine; and when some one in the crowd was foolish enough to comply with the request, he drank deeply of the liquor that was offered to him.

He proceeded with Louise, his remaining child, and his servants to an adjacent hotel; and on the following morning, he sat down to look into the state of his affairs. He saw that he was on the eve of absolute ruin, unless he at once adopted arrangements and plans of economy for the future; and he proposed to his deeply afflicted wife to move a short distance into the country.

Louise was almost heart-broken at the terrible loss which she had sustained; but she still felt that she had a duty to perform to the child that lived. She accordingly exerted herself to think upon the plans proposed by her husband; and she ventured to suggest that a return to her own native land would probably be the best means for the moment of recovering from the shock which they had sustained by the loss of their property, and the horrible fate of their daughter. Melville however represented to his wife that his literary interests required his residence in England; and it was accordingly determined upon to take a

small house in the neighbourhood of London. Louise ventured to exact a promise from her husband that he would not see Mr. Tibbatts again; and the readiness with which he solemnly gave it, re-assured the afflicted wife.

A cottage was hired in the vicinity of the metropolis; and for some weeks Melville seemed to have totally abjured all desire to enter into society, or to resume the gay life he had lately led. He was deeply impressed with the idea that he had indirectly caused the death of his child; and the last cries of that innocent being constantly rang in his ears.

But, in process of time, Melville found his way to a public-house in the neighbourhood of his new dwelling; and he, who so lately had been the ornament of ball-rooms and salons, now became the great man in a tavern parlour. He there found people who were ready to treat him with the utmost deference and respect, because he treated them to liquor; and he soon began to think that he had discovered a very pleasant means, not only of passing away his time, but also of drowning his cares. Louise ventured again to remonstrate with him upon his recurrence to the fatal habit of intemperance; but he heeded not her earnest prayers—he preferred the society of the tavern to the domestic peace of his own house,—and he thus plunged a step lower in the downward path he was taking towards the realms of irretrievable ruin.

One evening he was sitting in his accustomed corner in the tavern parlour, smoking a long clay pipe, and drinking hot brandy-and-water, with about a dozen other individuals of all appearances and avocations; and the discussion upon politics was on that occasion somewhat warm.

"Well," exclaimed a man, who was out at the elbows, and who spoke very much as if he were also out of his senses, "all I can say is, that England is the freest country in the world; and so here goes for old England!"

And as he uttered these words, he flourished a quart-pot in his hand, and then imbibed a considerable portion of its contents by way of drinking the health of the "freest nation of the world."

"Well, you know nothing at all about it now, Ben," cried another gentleman without a coat, and who wore an old straw hat upon his head: "we're all a parcel o' slaves—o' savidges, if you like it better.—and there ain't no more liberty in this here country than there is among the Vest Indee niggers."

"Yes, there be, though," cried the first speaker: "wot can't you do in this here blessed country? Can't you get as drunk as an owl for about a shilling or eighteen pence? and ain't that liberty?"

"An' the beak fines you five bob for it on the following mornin'," said the other: "that's your liberty, is it?"

"Ax that there gentleman there," said Ben, "what he thinks on it?"

"Who—I?" exclaimed Melville: "why—my opinion is that England is the land of liberty."

He could not proceed any further at that moment, for a violent clapping of hands, shouting, and hurraing, welcomed this observation, to the

entire discomfiture of the man in the straw hat who, by the way, was the only person that entertained a correct opinion upon the subject amongst the whole company.

"Yes," said Melville, rising with all the grandeur of the parlour-orator of a public-house,—*"Yes, gentlemen, I think that I may safely congratulate you upon being inhabitants of the freest country in the world. Here, gentlemen, the laws are equally distributed—here property is respected—here personal freedom is safe,—and here no one can be arrested without the judgment of his peers, according to the glorious provisions of that bulwark of English liberty, the Magna Charta."*

A tremendous shout of applause welcomed this speech; and Melville was enjoying the welcome odour of flattery, when the door was gently opened, and in walked a very singular-looking person, with a long green coat on his back, an immense stick in his hand, a pair of dirty-white pantaloons, a broad-brimmed hat, and a flashing silk waistcoat.

He was followed at a little distance by a man who carried a larger club-stick still, who wore a dirtier pair of trousers still, who looked more singular still, and who had the most hang-dog countenance that ever was seen.

"Is Mr. Melville here?" inquired the first man, looking inquiringly round the room.

"That is my name," said our hero.

"Oh! it be—eh?" cried the other. "Oh! wery well:—Bill, keep the door, will 'ee?"

This observation was addressed to the second stranger, who immediately closed the door, and planted his back against it.

"The fact o' the matter is," said the first of these queer-looking people, "I've got a writ agin you. My name is Nabem—that there is my man Bill Holdemorl—this here is the copy o' the writ—and that there is the 'riginal."

"A writ!" cried Melville: "what do you mean? Impossible."

"Oh! yes—I des say it be impossible," ejaculated Mr. Nabem;—"don't you think it be, Bill?"

"Not knowing, can't say," answered Mr. William Holdemorl, with a facetious wink at the company, by whom this scene was surveyed with the deepest interest.

"Yes—it's all black and white, howsomever," said Mr. Nabem. "Here you air, you see—fifteen hundred pounds. I'll tell 'ee wot it's for too. Do you know a feller o' the name o' Tibbatts?"

"Tibbatts! Tibbatts!" ejaculated Melville. "That man is destined to be my ruin."

"Well, then, it's for a bill o' his'n," said the sheriff's officer; "isn't it, Bill?"

"Wouldn't take a davy on it," was the jocular reply, "cos it may be forged."

"Now, then, look sharp," said Mr. Nabem: "Wery sorry, sir, to take you away from sich excellent company,"—and here Mr. Nabem bowed to a coal-heaver, seated in one corner—"but can't be helped,—can it, Bill?"

"Can't, indeed," returned the man, shaking his head with a grim smile, as he responded to this fresh apostrophe on the part of his master.

"How shall we go to town—jarvey, or tramp it?" cried Mr. Nabem.

"What! must I accompany you then?" demanded Melville, totally unaware of what line of conduct to pursue.

"Must you?" shouted Mr. Nabem, surveying our hero with an air of the most ineffable contempt; "must you? In course you must,—musn't he, Bill?"

"In course," was the reply.

"We've got a long way to go—an' so we'll have somert short fust," observed Mr. Nabem. "Won't we Bill?"

"Don't care if I do," returned Mr. Holdemori.

Two drams were brought according to order, and the sheriff's officer pretended to be looking at a picture while the landlord waited to be paid for them. Melville accordingly took the hint, and liquidated the amount.

"I say," said the man with the straw hat on, "this is reither a queer specimen o' your blessed liberty in this here country, according to the Great Charta. The Great Humbug I calls it; eos here you air arrêsted on a man's mouth, an' without any judgment o' your peers."

"I am ready to follow you," said Melville impatiently. "I see that pot-house oratory is not always truth. Good evening, gentlemen: you will often meet here, and amuse yourselves, while I am languishing in a debtor's prison! But how," he added, forgetting that he was speaking before strangers, and in a tone of the deepest agony,—*"oh! how can I break this to poor Louise?"*

And as he uttered these words, Melville followed Mr. Nabem out of the tavern-parlour, while Holdemori brought up the rear.

(To be continued in our next.)

SKETCHES OF OUR ADVOCATES.

NUMBER 1.—MR. CRUMP.

THIS able Advocate of the cause of Teetotalism was born at Portsea. His father held an important situation in Portsmouth Dock-yard: but when the subject of this memoir was only seven years of age, Mr. Crump, senior, gave up his occupation in that establishment, and proceeded with his son to London. He did not however find any immediate employment in the English metropolis; and, after a lapse of ten years, was compelled to accept of a place in the London-docks. During all this period, the subject of the present biography was suffered to dispose of his time according to his own choice; and the only means of education which were open to him, was the Pell-street Sunday-School.

Wearied of an idle life, and being naturally inclined to industry, the hero of this sketch obtained employment, when ten years of age, at a Gun-Maker's factory in the Tower, with a salary of three shillings and sixpence per week. When he informed his father of the step he had taken, he was only laughed at; but at the expiration of a few weeks his wages were doubled, and this circumstance induced his father to form a better opinion of his son than he previously had done. At the age of fourteen young Crump left his employer through the following circumstance: There were upwards of fifty boys in the factory; and on the fifth of November they were in the habit of indulging in the annual sport of making a Guy Fawkes for public exhibition. They used to procure a quantity of the burnt wick of candles, and place them in a large handful of hemp or tow. The pieces of wick, when on fire, were concealed in the boys' pockets, in the midst of the tow, until they accomplished the short distance between the factory and Tower-hill, where they made their bon-fire, and let off their rockets, squibs, &c. It appears that it was young Crump's turn to take out the light, and that he had put the burning wick and hemp in the drawer, just before the bell rang as a signal for leaving work, in order that it might be ready to

carry out to Tower-hill. He was however called away for a few moments; and, as he had neglected to close the drawer, the draught fanned the fire in the midst of the hemp into a flame. The Superintendent, to whom the circumstance was reported, instantly discharged the youth, under the supposition that he had absolutely *"endeavoured to set fire to the Tower of London!"*

Young Crump however soon obtained another situation; and so well did he acquit himself in this new place, that an eminent manufacturer in the same line of business offered to take him as an apprentice without a premium. This patron of our hero was dreadfully addicted to drinking—a custom in which he was ably seconded by his wife; and there was it that young Crump was initiated into, and imbibed, the fatal predilection to dram-drinking. This circumstance led to a quarrel between him and his master, and he resolved to proceed to sea. It was then in the heat of the war; and he had no difficulty in being admitted on board of a fine government troop-ship, then lying at Portsmouth.

For a period of two years he remained on board of this ship; but, at the expiration of that time, he was induced to engage in the Pontoon Brigade in the Portuguese Legion, which he joined at Albrantes. He remained for some time in this corps, and saw plenty of skirmishing, in which severe blows were exchanged. He was however in his element, being naturally of a bold and daring disposition. There was shortly after his enlistment in the Brigade, a considerable number of prisoners to be removed to Lisbon, for the purpose of embarkation for England. Crump was sent with the detachment of escort to the Portuguese capital. He there fell in with some of his old ship-mates, who induced him to proceed on board of ship with them,—and there he became so reckless of all consequences, through the effects of ardent spirits, that he resolved to return with his old companions to England. On his arrival in this country once more, after a most perilous passage, he soon found himself absolutely penniless, and compelled to enlist as a soldier. He was shortly after sent out with a detachment to join the English army in Spain, where he remained for upwards of two years. In an action in the Pyrenees, near Saint Sebastian, he had the misfortune to lose his right leg; and was then sent home in a hospital-ship to pass the board at Chelsea. He arrived in England in the beginning of May, 1813, and was allowed a premium of nine-pence *per diem*.

He hastened to London, proceeded to Tower-hill, and took his seat on the wooden railing that then surrounded Tower-ditch, in order to survey the scenes endeared to him by the reminiscences of childhood. The wounded soldier had returned to the land of his forefathers, and, as he contemplated the factory in which he had served his noviciate, he could not help comparing his present situation with that of former years. He was poor, with his constitution shattered, one leg literally in the grave! He hastened to call upon his father, whom he also found very poor, but whom he was enabled to assist with a few pounds. He shortly afterwards married a very worthy woman, who has borne him thirteen children, of which large family eight are now alive.

Mr. Crump has lately signed the pledge-book of Teetotalism, and is now one of the most enthusiastic advocates in its cause. He belongs to the United Temperance Association, of the Executive and General Committee of which he is a member. Thanks to the habits of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and to the consequent sedulous attention to his business as a scale-beam maker, he is now well off in a pecuniary point of view, and does not hesitate to declare that his present prosperity has arisen from the circumstance of his recla-

mation from the most deplorable habits of intemperance. His wife and children are all staunch Teetotalers; and the subject of this concise Memoir never hesitates to travel any distance to attend a meeting at which his services are calculated to be beneficial. As a speaker, he is characterized by a degree of simplicity and candour, which are eminently calculated to interest the working classes in what he says; and while he does not aim at any flowers of rhetoric or studied phraseology, he appeals directly to the common sense and the feelings of an audience with considerable effect. His services in the good cause have been recognised by his fellow-members of the United Temperance Association, of which society he holds the post of Registrar.

RAILROADS.

It is not easy to define the precise time when railroads were first introduced into Great Britain. It is, however, probable that the adoption of these artificial ways originally took place when goods of a certain description had always to be conveyed from one point to another, and when the quantity was also large. For instance, at the coal-pits in the vicinity of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the expense incurred by the conveyance of coals from the mines to the places where the colliers lie would be very great. Down to the year 1600, the only mode of conveyance appears to have been by carts on the ordinary roads, or else by means of panniers carried by beasts of burthen; and it was about that period that railways were introduced as a substitute for the ordinary roads. The manner of conveyance was then continued by laying rails of timber, from the coal-pits to the banks of the river, exactly straight and parallel; and immense carts were made with four rollers which fitted the rails. The vehicles were thereby rendered so easy to draw, that one horse would drag four or five chaldron of coals at a time.

It was about the year 1738 that cast-iron rails were first substituted for wooden ones; but owing to the old heavy waggons continuing to be employed, they did not succeed at the first attempt. In 1768 a simple contrivance was suggested and put into practice. This was to make a number of smaller waggons, and link them together; so that, by diffusing the weight of one waggon amongst a large number of waggons, the principal cause of failure in the first instance was removed, the weight being more divided upon the iron. In 1797, a Mr. Carr introduced considerable improvements into the system of iron railways, and very modestly claimed the merit of the first invention!

In the year 1800, an engineer, of the name of Benjamin Outram, introduced stone props instead of timber, for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. In 1789 a form of rail, called the *edge-rail*, was brought into use by a Mr. Jessop. The upper surface was of an elliptical figure: the wheels had flanges to guide them upon the tracks of the road.

Malleable iron-rails were first introduced, in the year 1815, at the coal-pits belonging to Lord Carlisle in Cumberland, on Tindale Fell. In 1828, Mr. Birkinshaw improved upon these new rails, and obtained a patent for his discoveries. His rails were made in the form of prisms, and were fabricated by passing bar-iron, when red-hot, through rollers with indentations or grooves in their peripheries, corresponding to the intended shape of the rails. The rails, thus formed, present the same surface to the bearing of the wheels, and, their depths being regulated according to the distance from the points of bearing, they also present the strongest form of section with the least material. The mode of rolling these bars or rails, and giving them the gradual swell towards the middle, not only in the horizontal section, but also a lateral swell commencing at each support, gradually increasing to the centre, and then again tapering away towards the point of support, are very judicious. They are generally formed in lengths of twelve or fifteen feet, and subdivided into bearing lengths of three feet each; but the patentee (Mr. Birkinshaw) declares that the respective rails may be made of considerable length (perhaps eighteen feet), a measure which will reduce the inconvenience of numerous joints: and consequently the shocks or jolts, to which carriages are subject from passing over the joints (very much to the injury of the machinery) are diminished. In order still farther to remedy the evil arising from the joints of the rail-road, Mr. Birkinshaw proposed to weld the ends of the bars together as they were laid down, so as to form a considerable length of rail in one piece.

The wheels of the vehicles used upon railways were for a considerable length of time formed of wood, composed either of one entire piece, or of two or three pieces fastened together. The axles were made of wrought iron, and were fastened firmly into the wheels; so that the axles themselves turned upon the bearing along with the wheels. It was about the year 1754 that iron wheels were first introduced; but a prejudice existed against them for a considerable length of time.

and they did not very readily supersede the clumsy wooden ones, which were considered less liable to break. The cast-iron wheels now used, are of one entire piece. They are thicker in the middle, in order to retain the axle with the greater security, and about two or three inches broad on the rim, around the outside of which there is a projecting ledge to retain the wheel upon the rail.

Gravity, horse-power, and steam-power have been used on railroads. Where the road is sufficiently and uniformly descending in one direction, gravity may be relied upon as a motive power in that direction; but, on rail-roads generally, some other power must be resorted to in each direction. At the time of the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, much discussion took place as to the expediency of using stationary or locomotive steam-engines. The result of the deliberations was that if locomotives could be constructed within certain conditions as to weight and speed they would be preferable. The directors accordingly offered a premium for the construction of such a locomotive as should perform according to the conditions prescribed. At the celebrated trial on that road, in October, 1829, a steam-engine of which the general form resembles that of the engine now in use on rail-roads, was found well-fitted for the use of the road; and the directors accordingly determined that that species of prime mover should be employed.

The Chevalier Brades has proposed to unite the Danube and the Rhine by a rail-road: the project of uniting these two rivers by a canal, was first proposed by Charlemagne; and the scheme has lately been revived in Germany.

The distance from Greenwich to London is reduced, by the railway, from five miles and a half to three miles and three quarters.

The fatal accident, on the Manchester and Liverpool railway, which robbed England of a great statesman, is well-known. On the 15th of September, 1830, the works being completed, the railway was opened. The Duke of Wellington and other distinguished guests were present. There was a train of twenty-eight carriages, which could have contained eight hundred persons; and these were drawn by eight locomotive engines. The engines proceeded at a moderate rate towards Wavertree-lane, when increased power having been added, they went forward with extraordinary swiftness. At Parkfield, seventeen miles from Liverpool, they stopped to take in a fresh supply of fuel. Here several gentlemen descended from the different carriages; and Mr. Huskisson unfortunately fell a victim to the new experiment, by being run over by the train.

Railways may be justly considered a triumph of art leading to the most important commercial results.

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE.

No. V.

THERE is still unfortunately a numerous class of men, women, and children, who will not be stopped from the enjoyment of their beloved beverage by any means whatever, except by force, or absolute deprivation of the article: no moral influence is likely to weigh with them.

In one dram-shop in a large town in England, the proprietor carefully counted his customers for several days consecutively, and found that the relative proportion of the two sexes to be five women to two men.

In London public-houses of the lower kind, gambling, music, and pugilism, are severally used as the enticements to these abodes of vice.

Louis XIV. of France had the sagacity to perceive the link between the complimentary use of strong drink, and national inclination; for he banished health drinking from his court. The present temperate state of France is probably the reward of his foresight.

It is notorious that the drinking habits and customs, and the general manners of nations, have an intimate connexion.

Twenty years ago few women were so barefaced as to admit having been drunk on any occasion; at present it is quite common for respectably dressed females to excuse their conduct on trial, by pleading that they happened to be rather in liquor at the time the delinquency took place.

A lady declared some time since that, in dining out, although she scarcely touched the glass with her lips, yet the lifting of it up to her mouth invariably flushed her face a great deal before dinner was ended; and another has mentioned that she was asked, at one dinner-party, to take wine by gentlemen no less than twelve times.

The body or mere organization of man, independently of the necessary adjuncts, is a triple system: it consists of an absorbent, a cardiac, and a cerebral system. Now, if the organs of supply be untouched by the alcohol—if he be a man of that vigorous cardiac system that he secretes abundantly, then the lining membrane of the intestine is so sheathed by mucus while he pours in this liquid fire, that its fine, villous surface is protected, and the absorption is more rapid.

A man lives by this law—he must live on other substances, or else live upon his own body.

Spirits are called a poison because they destroy life; but if they be spoken of in the medical sense of poisoning, they kill, not by a poisonous property, but by the destruction of the balance of circulation, by excitement or subsequent collapse, or the disorganization resulting on the reaction therefrom.

THE PUBLICAN.

WITHOUT any figure of speech, this character may well be denominated "a sinner." He is not only a sinner himself, but he also teaches others to be sinners. He is of necessity a hypocrite, a flatterer, a liar, and a cheat. He affects to be friendly in the morning with those whom he expels from his house, when drunk and penniless, in the evening: he preaches in favour of the liberality and generosity of the person who can drink most, or who will treat the rest;—he declares that he sells nothing but genuine articles, and would scorn the "low practice of adulteration;" and yet he is well-versed in the art of converting two butts of beer into three, and of making a profit upon gin sold at a rate below even the amount of the duty paid by the distiller.

Thus is the publican necessarily a compound of all evil characteristics. He is inhospitable, uncharitable, morose to the needy, and brutal towards his family and servants. This comes from the fact, that habitual intemperance deadens all the fine feelings of the soul, and extinguishes all kind sympathies. And the publican is compelled to taste his liquors with his customers; and this habit of compulsion produces a natural predilection in their favour. Thus is it that the publican is himself an exceedingly intemperate man; and his example is equally as bad as his conduct.

No one ever saw a publican give a poor man a farthing. Even those, who have ruined themselves at his house, are ordered to quit the premises when they enter them to begin instead of to buy. The publican subscribes to charities from motives of ostentation, and places his name upon lists of subscriptions for certain poor individuals to oblige a customer; but he never gives without a motive. He is always friendly, cringing, and flattering to the working man, whom he teaches to believe that he is "a free Briton," and "a pillar of the state," and "a liberal fellow;"—but all this engaging behaviour and exciting talk are coeval only with the duration of the working man's money: as soon as that is gone, the publican orders him in a surly and insolent tone "to get out of his house, and not stay making a noise there, annoying the customers;" and then the man, who in the morning was "a pillar of the state," is scarcely considered worthy of being kicked into a gutter.

The publican always affects to sympathize with the wives of his male customers, when the former fetch their beer for dinner, and complain of the late hours kept by their husbands. The publican declares "that he is very sorry for it—that he does all he can to persuade them that they should stay more at home—but, then, that the liquor is good, and won't hurt them; and that his is a very respectable house, and so on." The publican always gives the child of the deceived wife a cake, and declares that the infant which she carries on her arms is "the handsomest baby he ever saw." Thus is it that the wife, who went to the house to complain, goes home to her husband, and says, "What a nice man Mr. So-and-so, the landlord, is!"

Many of the publicans are in league with the police-officers, and report all that they can over-hear in their parlours and tap-rooms. Thus is it that thieves are detected; and the publican receives his reward in private. Or else, the publican himself is in connexion with the thieves; and then he looks to them for his "regulars." It not infrequently happens, that he maintains a correspondence with both; and that when he has received his "regulars" from the thieves, he betrays them into the hands of the police-officers; from whom he extracts a further remuneration.

The publican universally foment a quarrel between a workman and his master. If a labouring man, a mechanic, or an artisan, enter a public-house, and begin complaining of his employer, the publican will instantly take his part, and induce him to drink deeply to drown his care.

The publicans are very clever transmuters of liquors, and equally skilful hands at adulterating the same. They can even fabricate them at a pinch. They can make "excellent Cape-wine" out of the drainings of the cocks of all the wine-casks in their cellars; they change Sherry into Madeira, and Gooseberry wine into Champagne, with facility; and they restore bad wines to an "excellent flavour" in a few hours. They can give Port wine (which they make in their own cellars, and which is only a few weeks old) the appearance of great age; and they can compound the "superior cordial gin" with a very little of the genuine spirit, and a very great deal of oil of vitriol and juniper berries. They make Port wine in this way.—They take four gallons of water, two quarts of juice of the red beet-root, two quarts of brandy, four ounces of logwood, and half a pound of rhatany-root: they first infuse the logwood and rhatany-root in brandy and a gallon of water for one week, they then strain off

the liquor, and mix the other ingredients; they keep the whole in a cask for a month, and then it is considered fit to bottle. Saturated solution of cream of tartar, coloured with cochineal, produces the crust, and the lower part of the cork is then stained with the same mixture. You therefore see, reader, that the proprietors of *Wine-Vaults* possess the faculty of making "fine old crusted Port" in the space of six weeks! If their Sherry be of too high a colour, they rectify the fault with lamb's blood; and to colour their Port-wine, they use syrup made with sloes. Sugar of lead is mixed with sharp-tasted wines in order to connect the acidity; and sugar of lead is a rank poison. Arsenic is also frequently used in compounding wines.

The publicans apply the same skilful principles of adulteration to their beer, which they elaborately deluge with water first, and to which they afterwards restore some species of the appearance of malt liquor by means of narcotic poisons, mineral substances, and all kinds of deleterious drugs,—such as *colchicum-indicum*, Bohemian rosemary, henbane, opium, mucilage of flax, tobacco-juice, oil of vitriol, copperas, alum, &c. Indeed, there are about thirty ingredients used in the publican's cellar to make a liquor usually supposed to consist of merely malt, hops, and water!

The oil of vitriol is the cause of the publicans' gin making the eyes water, an effect never produced by the pure spirit even at its highest strength. An eighth of a pint of oil of turpentine is used in the adulteration of one hundred gallons of gin; besides half a pint of sulphuric ether, which is used to conceal the oil of vitriol.

The publican is, then, a very clever fellow; but, at the same time, we prove him to be a very great rogue. He is one of the moral murderers licensed by an unprincipled government to prey upon the vitals of the working classes. And yet all the infamy and villany of the publican seldom avail him or his family. No people are more frequently bankrupts than publicans; and the fortunes of no fathers are more generally dissipated by prodigal sons, than those of the publicans. This latter effect springs from an immoral example. The sons of publicans frequently become waiters or tapsters, or hangers-on, at the very places formerly tenanted by their sires; and the daughters of publicans equally often walk the very streets in which the abodes of their parents once were. If a publican have a pretty wife or daughter, she is almost certain to be seduced away from the paths of virtue by some frequenter of the house; and, if he have a good-looking young man as his son, this youth will most probably yield to the effects of the adulation of boon-companions, and be eventually transported for forgery, housebreaking, or robbing on the highway. Nearly all crimes, directly or indirectly, emanate from the public-house; and for all these has the publican to answer!

FRENCH POPULAR AIRS.

No. III.

[This "National Song" has lately been sung at all the theatres in Paris, and in many of the provincial ones; such a circumstance portends both war abroad and revolution at home.]

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Sons of heroes, fam'd in story,
Onward march to death or glory:
For see, the formen's standard waves
O'er fields that soon must be their graves!
Hear ye the clatter of their arms,
Their shouts portending dire alarms?
Faster for slaughter, on they press
To make your children fatherless!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

Wherefore to our peaceful coasts
Rush those sanguinary hosts?
For whom have they prepar'd the chains
That now they drag o'er verdant plains—
Children of France! to us they come—
Those chains are tor'd to fix our doom!
Just hear! that such disgrace should fall
Upon the free born sons of Gaul!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

What! shall we, afraid of war,
Take from tyrant hands the law?
What! shall a foreign cohort's pride
Intimidate our warriors' tried?
Great God! our necks can never be
Subject to despots' tyranny;
Nor shall th' invaders of the state
Decide upon its people's fate!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

Tremble, chiefs perfidious all—
On your heads our curses fall!
Tremble! your projects, soon made vain,
Their merited return will gain;
For France has arm'd her serr'd bands,
And plac'd her safety in their hands;
So that if hundreds fall to-day,
To-morrow thousands join th' array.
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

In the darkling battle's strife,
Soldier! spare your victim's life,
When, arm'd against you in the field,
Feeble and weak, he cries—"I yield!"
Hun may'st thou spare! But, in the grave
Shall thou pursue the chief who gave
Such dire example to the rest
That tear for food their mother's breast!
Then let each warrior grasp his vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

Sacred fervour—patriot flame,
Urge us on to deeds of fame!
Freedom! assist the deadly blow
That we direct against the foe!
Conquest! may we to war be led,
Thy banners amply o'er us spread;
And may the tyrant host retreat,
Or beg for mercy at our feet!
Then let each hero grasp the vengeful brand,
And shed th' invader's blood to fertilize the land!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be delighted to receive communications from Mr. JOHN WHIBLEY, the Honorary Secretary to the Wakefield Youth's Society.

The "SERMON ON MALT" has already been published.

A LAYMAN AND TEETOTALER is thanked for his communication: at the same time, we do not see anything in its contents to induce us to change our opinion relative to the subject in question.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF KNOWLEDGE" is declined, with thanks.

Private answers have been returned to H. K. D., M., F.—S., and WALTER.

A Correspondent informs us that there is a public-house near the London Hospital, denominated the "BLIND PRODIGE," and comments upon the fitness of the appellation.

WILLIAM G.— is again informed that the EDITOR of this Journal feels himself insulted by the idea that the "DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS," or any part of that tale forms a portion of his own biography.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the first Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Six Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1840.

WE cannot too often impress upon the minds of our readers the danger of listening to the arguments of those who advocate the moderate use of intoxicating liquors. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, the youth, who may then be said to be entering upon life, would scorn the idea of becoming a drunkard, and would be one of the first to vituperate the conduct of him who indulged in strong drinks to excess. But this same youth does not refuse to partake of that quantity which habitual error has induced him to consider "good for him," or perhaps "necessary;" and thus is an appetite, over which he has but little controul, daily tempted with a fascinating beverage. As he grows older, he increases the quantity of his potations; and in process of time, he passes from the moderate drinker to the habitual drunkard.

There is every danger in the doctrine that the moderate use of beer, wine, or spirituous liquors may be reasonably defended. We may test the frailty of our capacities of volition in respect to our appetites, by remembering that we invariably partake more heartily of a favourite dish than of one to which we are indifferent. We should probably feast to excess off a fine haunch of venison, or a fragrant tureen of turtle, did not Nature itself supply a check to our greedy tastes in respect to eating; but were not such check supplied, and were we not compelled to abstain from perseverance in the glutony of one meal, by the remonstrance of a surfeit, we should doubtless frequently carry our indulgence in highly seasoned meats to a fearful excess. Unfortunately, Nature does not exercise a similar power in respect to drinking, and compel us to abstain at a certain point. It is true she prompts us by a variety of signs which are not to be mistaken, when we are pouring out deep libations at the shrine of Bacchus; but she does not force us to desist from further indulgence, as in the former case. Man must therefore devise a plan to correct this deficiency in Nature; and Teetotalism seems to have offered its opportune intervention, by recommending a total abstinence from the source of temptation.

We have before shown, in the columns of this journal, that strong drinks are not only unnecessary, but also essentially hurtful to the human frame. Any person, who is accustomed to travelling at night, will admit that, in the depths of winter, the most effectual means of producing warmth, is a glass of cold water, which diffuses a genial glow throughout the whole body. In very warm weather, it is clear that alcoholic liquors, even if well diluted with water, must add to the heat of the body, by causing an internal heat in addition to the external one produced by the temperature; and

as stimulants to labour hard, or endure fatigue, all malt and spirituous liquors, or wines, must evidently fail, because they produce an excitement which, when it has passed away, leaves a certain lassitude, weakness, and depression of spirits behind it, as the unavoidable consequence of a reaction.

It is really distressing to think that any person in his sound senses can pretend to oppose truths like these. The arguments of the Teetotalers annihilate all the apologies for the use of alcoholic liquors, and teach the true object of stimulants, at the same time that they point out in what such stimulants should consist; and thus are the opponents to this system of morality and philanthropy reduced to the necessity of defending an evil indulgence only. If dancing produced a certain dislocation of a limb, would any one be found foolish enough to advocate the art of Terpsichore? if cricket were sure to be accompanied with the loss of an eye or a tooth, would the game continue in vogue? and, in a word, if any of the really harmless recreations of life were replete with danger, would rational individuals persist in their indulgence? We do not hesitate to assert that all those diversions would be at once abandoned; and yet the same persons who would be the first to abstain from pursuits which would menace their limbs or their features with injury, wantonly and wilfully persist in an indulgence which ruins their powers of digestion—disposes them to various maladies and physical evils—impairs their intellects—brutalizes their passions—destroys their fine sympathies—degrades their characters—demoralizes their minds—and unfits them for the duties and occupations of life. How strange is this inconsistency! Does man require to see the workings of some direful cause of injury in order to be convinced of its malignity? does he only shun those perils which are immediate in their effects? and does he imagine his life to be so long, that he can well suffer a few years of it to be curtailed through the medium of intemperance? Let the rational individual ask himself this question—"Is it better to live, healthy and strong, to a good old age,—or to rush to a premature grave, after a life of malady and disease?"

SOME time has now elapsed since we noticed the case of the Coal-Whippers of Wapping. We have not however been idle. The UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION has pledged itself to agitate in favour of those poor degraded beings, who are compelled to pursue the paths of intemperance in consequence of the infernal and inhuman monopoly of the right of employing labourers at the colliers, now vested in the hands of the ruffianly publicans of Wapping; and a Committee has been appointed to adopt measures for the release of the Coal-Whippers from such a dreadful state of bondage. The Coal-Whipper, who would wish to embrace the doctrines of Teetotalism, cannot do so with justice to his family, because he can only obtain work upon the terrible condition of expending at least one-third of his hard earnings at the house of that publican in whom is vested the power of supplying the labourers for any particular ship. The publicans of the district of Wapping deserve the execrations and reproach of all upright men: they are a set of extortioners of the worst kind—because they feed upon the life-blood of the poor! They are the foes to good morals, and the patrons of prostitutes, crimps, and thieves. They add every fresh horror to their already degrading condition of public-house keepers; and, without any figure of speech, are they indeed a disgrace to humanity.

We have however the pleasure of announcing that SIR CULLING EARMLEY SMITH, Bart., has kindly promised to take the chair at an early meeting of the Members of the United Temperance Association at Exeter Hall, for the pur-

pose of bringing the case of the unfortunate Coal-Whippers still more effectually before the public. Does SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, the great brewer, know, while he is agitating the cause of negro slavery with such zeal and enthusiasm,—does he know how many myriads of slaves, of an equally degraded species, he himself has made by means of the infernal poisons which he denominates ale, stout, and porter? This wealthy brewer does not hesitate to blame those who hold their hereditary estates in the West Indies, and who have not entirely emancipated their negroes; but does he think of blaming himself for keeping open the establishment which is the cause of misery, crime, penury, and disease?

THE BLEEDING HAND.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE PALMER'S LAST LESSON," &c.

MANY years ago, there was a young student in the college of Anatomy, at Leipsic, Ulric Gellert, for such was his name, who was the inheritor of an ardour in the pursuit of professional knowledge, so enthusiastic, as to enable him to surmount dangers and difficulties that would have disheartened a less resolute spirit. He was not a native of the city, and little more was known of him than that he was reputed to be of ignoble parentage, and that his pecuniary circumstances were so closely allied to poverty as to render the practice of that profession, which was to him a passion, an absolute essential. That he was a gentleman by education, his highly accomplished mind and polished bearing amply testified: though precluded by necessity from acquiring a footing in that society whence his supposed low birth excluded him, but to which, nevertheless, he would have been an ornament.

In his slight intercourse with his brother students, and with the few patients in the higher circles, to whom his skill had been the means of introducing him, he had the good fortune and merit of rendering himself esteemed and beloved.

He had been several years at Leipsic, when his recognised ability gained him the situation of assistant-practitioner in that college, where he had so long been a student; and it was shortly after the assumption of his new office, that accident made him acquainted with one of the richest, the proudest, and the most disagreeable men in the city. The Baron de Rosenthal was disliked by all who knew him; he had, indeed, but one merit, and that was his wealth, which was unbounded, and gold, the old man's sword was to him the watch-word, that rallied around him a crowd of factitious friends, for but one real friend possessed he in all the world, and of that one he was unworthy, for to her, to Alethea, his only child, he was a harsh and cruel parent.

Alethea de Rosenthal was one of nature's fairest creations, not less amiable in disposition than talented in intellect, and beautiful in person. Her susceptible heart, so long a stranger to the enchantment of a courteous and gentle manner, soon learnt to prize, too tenderly for its own peace, the man whose scientific skill had rescued her father from a painful death. Ulric Gellert's heart might have been compared to a fountain, whose source had been choked up by neglect and disuse, but which cleared of the rubbish that checked its current, resumes its original flow of strength and freshness. Circumstances of a singularly somber complexion had arisen to check and to quell the natural tenderness and sensibility of his spirit, but the time was come when their course was no longer to be arrested, and the long-suppressed feelings of his soul now gushed forth, in all the beautiful vigour of their original freshness, to do homage to one object, and that object was the daughter of De Rosenthal.

They loved! This pair, between whom rank and custom had planted such barriers, loved, as if to love was all that the world had for them to do, and their brief dream of delight was only terminated by the discovery that each was dearer to other than life itself; nor was the discovery fated to rest with them. We have described De Rosenthal as unamiable, proud, avaricious; the selfishness of his nature had caused him for a time to forget that his able medical attendant was the almost constant companion of his child; he felt a sort of liking for him, as his preserver from a lingering and painful disorder, and as his professional skill was still necessary, he treated him with unwonted courtesy; but had the idea crossed him of the probable existence of an attachment between his child and Ulric Gellert, he would, with his own hand, have slain them at once, rather than that the high rank of De Rosenthal should suffer contamination from a connexion so ignoble. His rage therefore was the more violent, since he perceived that it came too late.

Alethea was resting on the bosom of her lover, and listening with an entranced spirit to such words as but too often pave the way to a world of wretchedness, when the Baron burst in upon them like a raving

lunatic. Ulric received a blow! He was a tall muscular youth, who could have easily whirled to the other end of the apartment the feeble, abusive, old man, who had assailed him; but that abusive old man was the father of her whom he loved. He did nothing, then, but defend himself from farther manual assault by wresting from the enraged Baron the instrument with which he repeatedly attacked him. He could not, however, protect his ears from being wounded by the volley of coarse opprobrium, which was levelled against him: he heard himself stigmatised as ungrateful, a villain, a bastard, till these words tingled through his brain like a flood of poison, and it was then, for the first time, that the relative positions in which he and the being whom he adored stood, rushed in upon his mind with a violence that rooted him in almost guilt-like consciousness to the ground; a pang of the bitterest self-accusation darted through his breast, as, casting one impassioned look of love and agony on the insensible form of Alethea, he fled from the house.

For a week Ulric Gellert lay upon his bed in a strong fever. His senses had wandered, and it was not until the tenth day after the scene, which has just been detailed, took place, that he recovered to a recollection of the past. He found himself attended by two friends, who, to his queries regarding himself, merely replied that he had been under strong delirium for a week, and his life despaired of. He dared not ask for the Rosenthals,—they were indeed unknown to his friends, and his mental misery was augmented by this utter ignorance of what had befallen her whom he loved so madly, so hopelessly! A few days saw him up again, but Gellert was an altered man; a deep gloom was spread over his fine features: his avocations, his studies, his apparel, were neglected, and the sudden change in his conduct and appearance inspired his comrades and acquaintances with astonishment and curiosity. Daily, however, he regained his strength, and he began once more to enter upon his duties, and to revisit the Anatomical Hall; but the life, the ardour, with which he had been wont to pursue his tasks, were no longer observable, and more than once, when appealed to on professional topics, his answers were remarked as vague, and singularly at variance with his usual clear and shrewd mode of argument.

He was one evening sitting in his little apartment, consulting a new work on surgery, and, as he listlessly turned over the pages, a casual observer might have deemed from the slowness with which he lingered over each little leaf, that his whole thoughts were employed upon it. There was a flush upon his cheek, and, occasionally, his eyes were lit up with some what of their former fire; but his lately-favourite study soon ceased to interest him, and closing the tome, he turned once more to the gloomy volume within his mind, and occupied his thoughts in maturing a scheme by which he might gain intelligence of Alethea: at that moment the door was opened, and the lecturer of the week entered.

"Up, Gellert," he cried, "do not give way to these melancholy humours, which are either the result of your sudden illness, or of some private sorrow, the nature of which you have not chosen to impart to your friends, but which, as your own good sense will tell you, is not to be removed by pondering over it. What, Ulric, would become of the cockatrice's egg, if the sullen toad refused to brood over it? why, it would addle harmlessly, nor hatch fresh mischief. You shall spend the evening with me; there will be none of the convivia—there will be only Kramen, with his face full of glee, and his heart full of good-fellowship; and Werner, with his quiet, kind philosophy. Besides, we are promised a—now listen, Ulric!—a most interesting structure!" balancing his words as he saw he began to arrest the attention of his auditor. "Ah! now you prick up your ears with some of your old enthusiasm: tomorrow by break of day, you must be in my private dissection room, under your dormitory, you know. The subject is the body of a young damsel—sudden death—strange case,—and all that! Probably one of Jan Speer's sweethearts, for that man would sell his mother's carcass; after all, Jan Speer, with one eye, one leg, and no heart, is the only man in Leipzig who can nab the dead with any spirit. Come along!"

And Ulric accompanied the lecturer to his apartment. The party only consisted of those he had named; they were Gellert's favourite associates, and he was welcomed by them with a cordiality that made his heart thrill, while the delicacy which refrained from all allusion to his latest transgression was a kindness the most touching and soothing to a mind like his. Noisy merriment, frivolous talk, and ribald carousal would have startled and disgusted him, but here there was none of these. The night waned, but it still found them over the wine flask; Ulric's despondency had long given place to tranquil enjoyment,—tranquillity became cheerfulness, and cheerfulness waxed anon into mirth. When the party broke up it was with the determination of meeting in a few hours, at day-break, in the dissection room. Ulric's head throbed feverishly,—his steps were unsteady, and, for the first time in his life, his intellects were under the influence of the rosy god!

Ulric fell asleep the instant he got into bed; but an incubus sat upon his breast, and wild, terrific dreams distracted his slumbers; suddenly he thought that he

found himself in the private dissection room of the lecturer, beside the "interesting subject," which had been the last topic of discourse, ere he parted with Kramen, Werner, and their entertainer, a few hours before. He thought that he was quite alone, and inspired by a desire to commence the anatomy of the body before the arrival of his friends, he collected the necessary apparatus, and advanced to the table on which it lay prepared for dissection.

Withdrawing the sheet that covered it, he was astonished to perceive the emaciated body of an old man, instead of that which he had been led to expect; there was no other subject in the chamber, and, advancing closely to the body, he started to behold that it was the Baron de Rosenthal that lay, dead and ghastly, before him! As he gazed upon it, he imagined that he perceived a demoniac and contemptuous sneer distort the countenance of the deceased. The recollection of the bitter taunts which had been levelled at him by the Baron, inspired him with a momentary feeling of hatred, and he plunged the amputating knife into the side of the body. Suddenly, he thought, a shriek rang through the apartments,—the livid corpse heaved convulsively, and, stretching forth its withered hand, it clutched him by the hair as he bent his head over it! With the wrench of maddened terror, the dreamer imagined that he released himself from the grasp of the dead, and seizing the hand which had held him, with one blow of his knife, he severed it from the wrist of the corpse, and rushed with it from the chamber. Stumbling over gravestones and coffins, each of which held a grinning resemblance of the Baron. He thought that he at length reached his own room; and, panting with his exertions, his body still bedewed with the sweat of terror, Ulric awoke!

The lamp was still flickering beside his couch, and the grey dawn, that began to break through his casement, shed a ghastly light over the room. He started up, and blushing deeply with a feeling of shame, to which he had been hitherto a stranger, at finding that he had retired to his couch without having divested himself of any other part of his dress than his watch, he put his hand under the pillow where he usually placed it, in search of it. A cold and clammy substance met his grasp; his heart, he knew not why, thrilled as he drew back his arm! Good God! his fingers were covered with blood!

With a singular sensation of horror, apprehension, and disgust, he flung aside the pillow, and beheld—a HUMAN HAND! the small delicate, exquisitely beautiful hand of a woman, severed at the wrist, and dripping with gore!

He screamed aloud such a scream as man seldom utters, unless he be a maniac, but he was no maniac; there was but one hand on earth like that,—he knew it instantly! he sprang from the spot,—he flew to the dissection room; the pass-key which he had consigned to his pocket the preceding night was in the lock—had he been there? He entered the apartment—it was tenantless of the living, but there was an uncovered body on the table. It was the corpse of Alethea de Rosenthal!

Pure, white, beautiful, cold as marble, she lay like a sleeping saint whom sin had never tainted,—sorrow never more could pain. Beside her was an amputating knife, and one of her small, delicate hands was missing!

Ulric Gellert was found lying senseless on the floor of his own bed-room, with the BLEEDING HAND beside him. On his recovery from an illness of many months, he left Leipzig, where he was never again heard of. There is no doubt of his having proceeded in his sleep to the dissection room, where he must have severed from the body of her whom he loved, that hand which had so recently been clasped in his own, living, warm, and caressing! Of Alethea's death little need be said; an illness, chiefly occasioned by the severe treatment of her father, and neglected until too late, released her pure spirit from the endurance of earthly sorrows, and the sorrows of earthly love.

LETTERS TO THE WORKING CLASSES. No. I.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.—It has so long been the custom of your rulers to deceive you with the most gross misrepresentations of your real political condition, and to delude you with the idea that you possess political rights to an extent enjoyed by the working classes of no other nation, that these misrepresentations have absolutely become identified with your own opinions, and you have learnt to echo the wilful falsehoods originally propagated amongst you by designing men. These same rulers, in order to support the tyrannical institutions which surround the throne, have long used their most strenuous exertions to keep you in a state of moral degradation and abasement, through the medium of your predilection in favour of alcoholic liquors; and every facility to obtain those poisons at a cheap rate has been afforded you by the government, for the purpose of destroying your intellectual powers by means of intemperance. This infamous and inhuman calculation on the part of the government has been more terrible in its effects upon you, than was the infernal policy of the Turkish councillor, Khabul Tschendrell, who first proposed the organisation of the

Janizaries. The result of that calculation has been to concentrate all your thoughts in the one fatal indulgence so easily and carefully provided for you, and thus to avert your attention from the misdeeds of your rulers. So long as you pass your time in public-houses, and there partake of those deleterious drinks which impair, and ultimately ruin the intellect, the iniquities of your sovereigns and their ministers or creatures remain unnoticed.

The government, while it has thus supplied you so plentifully with the intoxicating liquors which prevent you from entertaining a just sense of your own long-abused rights and privileges, has also taken care to inculcate a belief amongst you that you are "the freest people upon the face of the earth." Fellow-countrymen,—this is a wicked, an infamous, a shameful falsehood! In what are you free? Are those laws based upon political freedom, which provide one sense of their application to the rich, and another to the poor? are those statutes free which afford every facility to the rich man to escape or procrastinate punishment, when a desperate assault is committed, as in the case of the aristocratic miscreant Lord Waldegrave,—and which would visit upon you, working men, a similar offence with terrible rigour? Are you free, so long as you are compelled to tolerate the hereditary succession of a parcel of aristocratic despots like the generality of the members of the House of Lords,—so long as you are compelled to pay enormous sums for the support of pompous and illiberal priests, by whom you are despised and trampled upon—and so long as your sovereigns have the power to confer the highest titles of the land upon any German paupers whom they may select as their matrimonial partners? Oh! no, you are not free, fellow-countrymen, while you tolerate these abuses! The Belgian, in a country where agriculture is not taxed,—the Frenchman, in a land where monarchical power is but a name, and where the authority of the middle classes is well understood and recognised,—the inhabitant of the United States of America, where that republican system, which your rulers pronounce to be an impossibility, exists in all its purity and efficiency,—all these are more free than you!

And why are you more enslaved, then, than the working classes of those nations which are upon an equal footing of civilization with yourselves? The answer is ready,—because you have sold yourselves to the demon of intemperance; because you have made a compact, far more terrible than the fabled bond entered into by Faust of Germany with the enemy of mankind, to sell your souls to the Satan of alcoholic hell; because you give way to a degrading habit, instead of keeping your intellects free and unimpaired to watch over your political interests with vigilance and effect; because you pass your time in the public-house instead of improving your minds and adapting them to the rational enjoyment of that liberty which you have a right to demand; because you encourage your rulers in all their iniquities, by the immoral example which you yourselves set the world; and because you would not dare take upon your shoulders the government of an empire before you have properly understood how to govern your own passions!

An opportunity is now offered you, working-men, to throw off the yoke of intemperance, and enter upon a new life. Thousands, nay, millions of your fellow-countrymen have already set you the grand example; and I feel sure that you will not manifest less powers of self-denial than they! So long as you remain intemperate, you will be slaves; the government does not dread you, so long as your intellectual eyes are blinded by strong drinks. As rational men, then,—as patriots,—as fathers of families, come forward, resign the intoxicating draught, remove the source of temptation altogether, suffer not the light of your intelligences to be concealed beneath the bushel of the public-house, throw off the shackles of an evil genius, and assert your right to be heard, through the means of universal suffrage, with the confidence of men who know that, in demanding that privilege, they do not require the enjoyment of a liberty of which they would not know how to make use! Awake from the long night of mental darkness in which ye have been plunged, buckle on the armour of temperance, reform yourselves first, and the reformation of the state will soon follow, and render tyrannical institutions unnecessary, by showing your legislators that they have no longer to deal with savage brutes, but with rational and thinking men. Let the Genius of Britain, seated on her island throne, extend her hand to welcome the arrival of the Goddess of Temperance,—that goddess who, far less fabulous than the ancient deities of the heathen mythology, may indeed be said to have descended from the empyrean heights of a better world!

GRACCHUS.

POTATOES IN PRUSSIA.—The Prussians appear to excel even the Irish in their fondness for potatoes, as well as in the various modes of preparing them for use. A recent traveller states that he has frequently on one occasion seen them served up in six different forms,—the bread made from them, the soup thickened with them, fried potatoes, potatoe salad, and potatoe dumplings; and, lastly, potatoe cheese, which besides being extremely palatable, will keep some years.

REVIEWS.

The Entomological Cabinet: being a Natural History of British Insects. Nos. 1. and 2. Illustrated with Plates. By GEORGE SAMOYLIK, A. L. S., Author of the "Entomologist's Useful Compendium." London: George Henderson. 1840.

With the work before us as a companion, we could stray with delight in the pathless forest, the mountain glen, or the more homely fields and meadows, yea, even along the hedges and ditches of our native land, and find "society where none intrudes" in the sweet companionship of the most lovely, beautiful, and instructive creations that are to be found in animated nature:—we mean Insects.

It has been objected to the systematic study of natural history, and particularly to the study of insects, that it tends to withdraw the mind from subjects of higher moment; that it cramps and narrows the range of thought; and that it destroys, or at least weakens, the finer creations of imagination and fancy. Now, we should allow this objection in its fullest extent, and would even be disposed to carry it farther than is usually done, if the mere collecting of specimens, or, as the French expressively call them, chips (*échantillons*), be denominated study. But the mere collector is not, and cannot be justly considered as a naturalist; and in the enlarged sense of this term we can adduce some distinguished instances in opposition to the objection. Rousseau, for example, was passionately fond of the Linnean Botany, even to the driest minutiae of its technicalities, and yet it does not appear to have cramped his mind nor impoverished his imagination. If Rousseau, however, be objected to as an eccentric character, from whose pursuits no fair inference can be drawn, we give the examples of Charles James Fox, and our distinguished poets, Goldsmith, Thomson, Gray, and Darwin, who were all enthusiastic naturalists; and yet the study appears not, as the objection would imply, to have fettered, but rather to have enlarged, their fancy. We may, perhaps, be permitted to allude to King Solomon, who is recorded to have studied the most minute as well as the largest of nature's productions, and the richness of his imagery in his song, is sufficient evidence of his powers of fancy; but we wish particularly to insist upon the example of Gray, because he was very partial to entomology, the subject more immediately before us. It may be new to most of our readers, who are familiar with the Elegy in a Country Church Yard, and the Odes of Gray, to be told that he was at the pains to turn the characteristics of the Linnean orders of insects into Latin hexameters, the MS. of which is still preserved in his interleaved copy of the "Systema Naturæ," from which we shall give, as a literary curiosity, the following specimen.—

HYMENOPTERA.

*At citreus alas, juncunque, Hymenoptera caule
Furcata data tela grægi mirabique negata.
Telum abdit spirale Cygnus,* morsuque minatur.
Maxillas Trutheio† movet, serramque bivalvem.
Juncunem‡, gracili triplex abdomine telum:
Et valde aurato resplendet corpore Chrysus§.
Haurit Apis lingua incurva, quod vindicat ense.
Sphæx¶ alam expandit lævem, gladiumque recondit.
Aix ruga uolat Vespa, caudaque venenum.
Squamula Formica¶¶ tergi, telumque pedestrem,
Dum minor alata volitat cum conjuge conjux,
Mascula impennis, sed canda spicula vicat.*

It would, indeed, be vain to expect in these hexameters any of Gray's finer poetic touches, such as he has so richly sprinkled over his other Latin verses, and which are so universally known in his exquisite English pieces; but these very lines serve to show most the fallacy of the objection which we are combating.

With respect to insects, it has been well said by our most eminent entomologists, that they appear to have been nature's favorite productions, in which, to manifest her power and skill, she had combined and concentrated almost all that is either beautiful and graceful, interesting and alluring, or curious and singular, in every other class and order of her children, and even to the minutest has given the most delicate touch and highest finish of her pencil. Some she has armed with glittering mail, possessing all the lustre of burnished metals: in others she lights up the luminous radiance of polished gems. She has bedecked a few with what looks like liquid drops or plates of gold and silver, or with scales which mimic the colour and emit the ray of the same precious metals. Like stones in their native state, some insects exhibit a rough unpolished exterior, whilst others represent their smooth and shining face after they have been submitted to the tool of the polisher. Others again, by the rugged and various elevations and depressions of their tuberculated crust, present to the eye of the beholder no unapt imitation of the unequal surface of the earth—now studded with mis-shapen rocks, ridges, and precipices, at one time swelling into hills and mountains, and at another sinking into valleys, glens, and caves, while not a few are covered with branching spines, which, with a little

stretch of fancy, as M. Reaumur observes, may represent a forest of trees.

If we extend the comparison to the vegetable kingdom, we shall find that insects vie with its finest productions; some in the delicacy and variety of their colours—colours, however, not like those of flowers, evanescent and fugitive, but fixed and durable, outliving the insect which they adorn, and appearing as fresh and brilliant as when it was alive. Others are no less remarkable in the texture and veining of their wings, or in the rich cottony down, or rather feathers, that clothe them. Nature, indeed, has in many insects carried her mimetic art to so great a degree of nicety, that some of them appear to have robbed the trees of their leaves to form for themselves artificial wings, so exactly do they resemble them in form, substance, and vascular structure—some representing green and others dry withered leaves. Sometimes this mimicry, if we may call it so, is so exquisite, that a whole insect might be mistaken for a portion of the branching spray of a tree, or for a dead lifeless twig—appearances which seem to be intended to deceive their natural enemies. The rich and velvet tints of the plumage of birds are not superior to what the curious observer may discover in a variety of moths and those iridescent eyes which deck so gloriously the peacock's tail, are successfully imitated in the wings of one of our most common butterflies, *Vanessa Io*.

In variety, indeed, insects certainly exceed every other class of animals. Nature, in her sportive mood, when painting them, sometimes imitates the clouds of heaven, at others the meandering course of the rivers of the earth, or the undulation of their waters. Many are veined like beautiful marbles; and others have the semblance of a robe of the finest net-work thrown over them; and whether we contemplate their wonderful metamorphoses—their ever varying economy—their extraordinary and frequently grotesque structure—their prodigious numbers—or the anatomical dimensions of some of them, the mind is equally lost in admiration of the infinite power displayed by the CREATOR, and gratified by the reflection, that His supreme beneficence has willed to call them into existence for the use and advantage of mankind.

Who, therefore, that meditates upon these things, and upon the parental kindness of the "FIRST GREAT CAUSE" towards these and all His other creatures, is not urged frequently to exclaim with Stillingfleet:—

"—ALMIGHTY BEING,

Cause and support of all things, can I view
These objects of my wonder: can I feel
These fine sensations, and not think of thee."

Such of our readers as have taken little notice of our native insects, may look upon some of our expressions as exaggerated, hyperbolic, and altogether unsupported by fact; but though we cannot boast of British examples to bear us out in all that we have just said, we are, notwithstanding, profusely rich in many of the tribes—to an extent, indeed, which the uninitiated might, with some colour of justice, refuse to credit. Since we began the study, indeed, several years ago, we have been utterly astonished that we had before so long overlooked the countless variety and beauty of our native insects. What art can equal the brilliant silvery blue of the beautiful and lovely *Polyommatus Adonis* (the Clifden blue butterfly); the iridescent purple splendour of the *Lycæna Chryseis* (the Purple-edged copper butterfly); the fiery and almost dazzling cupreous wings of *Lycæna dispar* and *virgaurea* (the Large and the Scarce copper butterflies); the gorgeous silver spots, streaks, and fasciae of the *Argynni* (the Fritillary butterflies); or the elegant metallic cilia and markings of various groups of *Tineidæ*? whose wings may be truly said to be

"With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold."

—Again, the fine and gaudy colouring of the tiger moths as they are commonly called, and the singularly delicate pencilling on the under surface of the wings of *Cynthia cardui* (the Painted lady butterfly), and *Vanessa Atalanta* (the Admirable butterfly); and on the upper surface of those of many *Geometridæ*, are, equally with the more glittering colours, beyond the utmost reach of the pictorial art.

To come to minute description, we may mention, that among the Beetles, the Genus *Brachinus* are endowed with a remarkable and singular property as a defence against the attacks of their enemies. At the posterior extremity of the abdomen a little sack or bladder is placed, which is furnished with the means of producing a highly volatile fluid, which the animal has the power of suddenly ejecting: this fluid is apparently of an acid nature, and is of so pungent a quality as to irritate considerably any part of the body on which it falls; and if any should get into the eyes, the pain for a time is excessive, and if permitted to be discharged upon the skin, it becomes coated with a kind of dusky tinge. Now, from the very rapid volatilization of this fluid when emitted from the body of the animal, a curious effect is produced, accompanied with a considerable explosion, especially in the larger continental species, as related by foreigners, and a bluish kind of vapour ascends, which is found to be most beneficially employed by the animal for its own preservation. In common with the other *Geodephaga* (ground beetles), this insect is obnoxious to the at-

tacks of the larger species; and it has been observed that when one of the latter makes an assault upon it, that it lies down in the path of its adversary, who advances with expanded jaws, ready to devour it, and immediately discharges its artillery, as it has not unaptly been termed, which causes the enemy to draw back in confusion, when the *Brachinus* conceals itself in some neighbouring crevice, or flies off: the latter method is seldom resorted to. From this military kind of procedure, the *Brachini* have been called bombardiers; and it is stated by Rowlander, that they are capable of effecting eighteen or twenty discharges at a time, though, notorious as this fact is, a practical English collector asserts that the account is little better than a fable, and an amusing tale; but we presume that this author must have laboured under some delusion, or has not paid that attention to the subject which appears requisite, before attempting to controvert a well-established fact. So far as our experience leads me, we have invariably found that the insects are ready to discharge their ammunition at all times, especially if roughly handled; and we have ourselves seen one at Cobham, in the beginning of last spring, perform the operation no less than thirteen times in rapid succession.

One of the largest of our British insects, the death's-head hawk-moth, (*Acherontia atropas*), has several points of interest in its history. It commits such extensive depredations on the honey of bee-hives, that it has been by some denominated the bee-tiger. The marking on the back of its thorax, which has considerable resemblance to a cranium or death's-head, combined with the feeble cry of the insect, which closely resembles the noise caused by the creaking of a cork when pierced with a cork-screw, more than the plaintive squeaking of a mouse, to which it has been compared, has caused the insect to be looked upon by superstitious persons as the "harbinger of death, disease, and famine;" and the sudden appearance of a brood of this insect in Bretagne, as M. Latreille tells us, during the prevalence of an epidemic disease, tended to give "confirmation strong" of the notions of the superstitious, the disease being universally attributed to the insects.

Considerable diversity of opinion prevails amongst naturalists respecting the organ which enables the insect to make the noise above alluded to; and common as the insect is, the point remains undecided. Reaumur and Roësel attribute it to the friction of its maxillæ (jaws) against its palpi (feelers), an opinion which has been followed by many, and apparently with justice, as the structure of the latter organ seems calculated for the purpose; but Engrameille informs us that M. de Jobet plucked out the maxillæ, and cut off the palpi, of one of these insects, and yet the noise was produced when the wings were agitated; he, consequently, imagined that the instrument causing the noise was connected with these latter appendages; and, upon an examination of them, he detected two concave scales (the netagium, common to all *Lepidoptera*) at their base, which he infers were the objects in question; for by depriving a second specimen thereof the insect became mute; according to M. de Jobet, therefore, the noise is occasioned by the air being suddenly propelled against these scales by the action of the wings. Again, M. Lorrey states that it arises from the air escaping rapidly from peculiar cavities communicating with the spiracles, and furnished with a fine tuft of hairs, on the sides of the abdomen. In the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, &c., is a note by M. Dupouchet, relative to the observations of M. Passerini on this subject. After alluding to the opinions of Messrs. Reaumur, Roësel, and Lorrey, M. Dupouchet tells us, that he (M. D.) controverts them, by stating that the noise is produced from the interior of the head, in which is a cavity in communication with the trunk or maxillæ, and between which are placed the requisite muscles for its elevation and depression: he also notes, that having cut off the abdomen, the noise continued, as was also the case when the tongue was extirpated; and although it ceased when the muscle or bone mentioned was paralyzed, it was reproduced upon passing a strong pin, sharply and vertically, into the head. He further remarks, with reference to the opinion of M. Lorrey, that although both sexes utter the cry in question, one of them alone is furnished with the apparatus mentioned by him—an apparatus likewise found in other crepuscularia, especially *MacroGLOSSA*, which are mute.

Should our readers be disposed to charge M. Passerini with cruelty, in piercing with pins the head of the poor insect, we refer them to the ingenious arguments adduced to prove that insects feel little or no pain, in "Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology."

In conclusion, we cannot speak in too high terms of the execution of this work, which we observe is to be completed in twenty numbers at one shilling each. The coloured figures are in the highest style of the art, both exquisitely finished and accurately coloured; and the descriptions are very full and minute, a large portion of them having been described from specimens under the author's eye, in his own rich, and in many respects, unique cabinet.

* Gall-fly. † Saw-fly. ‡ Cuckoo-fly. § Golden-wasp.
¶ Sand-wasp.

The Monthly Magazine. Number for October. Edited by J. A. HERAUD, Esq. London: Sherwood and Co. 1840.

This veteran in periodical literature has just followed the example of its senior, *The Monthly Review*, and has devoted upwards of a dozen closely printed pages to the discussion of the grand question of Teetotalism. An article by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, upon this subject, gives an account of the rise and progress of the cause, and affords to the uninitiated reader a correct idea of the present condition of the three great London Societies; viz.—The British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance,—The United Temperance Association,—and the New British and Foreign Temperance Society. The other contents of this number of the *Monthly Magazine* are varied and interesting. "The Paris Reminiscences" are replete with the deepest attractive powers.

The Temperance Messenger and Tract Magazine. Number for October. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This valuable organ of the South Midland Temperance Association contains several articles of great utility to the cause of Teetotalism. "The Reply to Beta" is clever; and "Sam Sly's Second Epistle" is shrewd and caustic. The department of this periodical which is devoted to information, contains some cheering intelligence relative to the progress of the cause in Warwick, Wellinborough, Coventry, Hinckley, Barrowden, Leicester, &c.

Short Hand made Shorter. By J. C. CURTIS. New Edition. London: Cleave.

This very useful work may well aspire to the title of Stenography Simplified. The author has been for twenty-four years Reporter and Short-Hand Writer at the Old Bailey and other Metropolitan Sessions, and is therefore well adapted for the task he has undertaken. He has produced a very valuable system of Stenography, and one which is peculiarly commendable in consequence of its simplicity.

STIMULANTS.

We extract the following from Mr. EDWARD JOHNSON'S excellent work entitled "LIFE, HEALTH, AND DISEASE":—

A great deal of mischief has arisen from the misapplication of the term "*strength*" to the intoxicating power of "*strong drinks*," as they are called. Potions are said to be "*strong*;" and thence, I have no doubt, first arose the silly notion that they possess the power of *strengthening* the body—of communicating some portion of their own strength, I suppose, to the body of the drinker. People seem to suppose that by swallowing strong drink they actually swallow *strength*: as though strength were some tangible substance, which can be chewed, swallowed, and assimilated, like a potatoe. We say that onions have a "*strong smell*;" and we might as well expect to derive strength from *smelling onions*, as to do so by drinking fluids which have a strong flavour. We call them *strong*, because they affect us *strongly*, and this, of itself, is another proof of their mischievous tendency;—for whatever affects us *strongly*, cannot be "*chip-in-porridge*;" and if it be not good and necessary, it must, of necessity, be not only simply injurious, but very highly so.

But, after all, mankind in general know how to live, as well as I can tell them. They do not err from ignorance. They are spell-bound by passion—seduced by pleasure, and hood-winked;—but they are hood-winked willingly. They know that spirit, wine, ale, &c., are unnecessary, and even hurtful. All writers, in every age, have written in favour and praise of temperance, both in eating and drinking. Universal experience proves its necessity, if we would possess the "*mens sana in corpore sano*." Individual experience proves it equally:—the horrible sensations felt in the morning after a debauch—the frequent necessity which most men have been under of desisting wholly from intoxicating drinks in order to recover their lost health—the utter loathing with which he who is not habitually a toper regards, next day, the beverage which intoxicated him—and fifty thousand other tokens, too clearly evident to be mistaken. The very word "*intoxicated*" signifies "to shoot with poisoned arrows." If men really thought that daily doses of wine, and spirit, and ale, were necessary to improve their health and strength, those who could afford it would give them to their favourite hunting horses and their pet dogs. Yet they do not this. The training jockey does not mix wine or brandy with the daily allowance of water to the horses he has under training for the course. All men know that luxurious feeding is injurious to health, and rigid temperance beneficial. But the fact is, the rogues like it, and will have it, right or wrong; or, if they be blind, they are, at all events, determined not to be cured of their blindness. They had rather not see the evils they incur, than sacrifice the pleasure of incurring them. What they really want, is some rule which shall enable them to continue to enjoy the table and the bottle, and yet escape the consequent evils. They want a sort of impenetrable armour—a

kind of philosopher's stone—some magic elixir, which shall confer on them a talismanic immunity from the evils of intemperance. They would fain discover some Styx, wherein to baptize themselves, and become invulnerable to disease. If a thousand men were to read this Letter, there probably would not be one but would see, and feel, and acknowledge, that its doctrines are true; but it is no less probable that every man of them would close it when he had done, and call for his brandy-and-water with as much composure as though he were doing the most sensible thing in the world. Or perhaps they would each remark: "Well! I have drunk brandy-and-water for these twenty years, and I do not see that it has done me any harm; so I shall e'en go on as heretofore."

"I have drunk a gallon of beer every day," once boasted a certain hostler, "for the last thirty years, and I was never in better health than I am at this moment." The next day, a fit of apoplexy laid him dead in a ditch.

It is the SENSIBILITY of our organs which establishes the necessary relations between ourselves and the objects which surround us. From this it follows directly, that it is upon SENSIBILITY that all our pleasures and all our pains depend; for there is no pleasure and no pain which is not derived to us from impressions made by external objects upon our *feeling*—of which feeling, SENSIBILITY is the soul. I mean, the *feeling* as well of the mind as the body.

Now, the SENSIBILITY of a perfectly healthy man is so regulated, as to afford him the greatest possible degree of pleasure with the least possible degree of pain; that is, consistently with his terrestrial existence. Indeed, our pleasures are the voluntary and bountiful gift of nature. For our pains, we have nobody to thank but our foolish selves. So good has the great Governor of the Universe been to us, that we *could* not, if we *would*, escape the pleasure; but, in almost every instance, we can avoid pain, if we *will*: for pain is only a warning voice, intimating to us that we have got into a false position—that we are doing something which we ought not to do, or leaving something undone which we ought to do;—in a word, that the proper relation between ourselves and surrounding objects has been, for the time, destroyed. Man, if he would but be content to be what nature made him, need scarcely know what pain is.

HUNGER AND THIRST.

HUNGER may be defined to be the want of solid aliment, characterized by a peculiar uneasy sensation in the region of the stomach, and by a general feebleness more or less marked. This feeling is generally renewed after the stomach has been for some time empty; it is variable in its intensity and in its nature in different individuals, and even in the same person. Its violence in some is excessive;—others scarcely feel it, and eat only because the hour of repast has arrived. Many individuals suffer from a drawing pain—a pressure more or less uncomfortable in the epigastric region, accompanied by yawnings, and a particular rumbling noise created by the gases contained in the stomach, which becomes contracted. When this want is not immediately satisfied it increases, and sometimes becomes a severe pain;—the same occurs with the sensation of weakness and general fatigue which is felt, and may even increase to a most dangerous extent. To the general phenomena of hunger is ascribed a weakness and diminution of the action of all the vital organs; the circulation and respiration become slow—the bodily heat decreases—the secretions diminish—the whole of the functions are exerted with more difficulty. Absorption only is said to become more active, but nothing is strictly demonstrated in this respect.

The desire for drinking is called *thirst*. It varies in different individuals, and is but seldom uniform in the same person. The symptoms of thirst consist of a dryness, heat, and constriction, which reigns in the posterior part of the mouth, the pharynx, oesophagus, and occasionally the stomach. Although thirst continues but for a short period, these parts swell, become red, and the mucous secretions cease almost entirely; that of the follicles changes, becoming thick and tenacious; the flowing of the saliva diminishes, and its viscosity is sensibly augmented. These phenomena are accompanied by a vague inquietude, and by a general heat; the eyes become red; the mind is troubled; the circulation of the blood is accelerated; the respiration becomes laborious; the mouth is frequently opened wide, in order to bring the external air into contact with the irritated parts, and thus afford a transient alleviation. For the most part, the inclination to drink is developed, when by some cause (as for example, heat and dryness of the atmosphere,) the body has lost a great deal of fluid; but it appears under a great many different circumstances, such as having spoken long, having eaten certain sorts of food, or swallowed a substance which remains in the oesophagus, &c. The vicious habit of frequently drinking, and the desire of tasting some liquids, such as brandy, wine, &c., create a development of a feeling bearing a great analogy to thirst. There are many persons who state that they never felt thirst, and who drink from a species of sympathy, but who could live for a long time without thinking of it, or without

suffering from want of it; there are others in whom thirst is frequently renewed that it becomes so powerful as to cause them to drink, according to the statement of Magendie, from forty to sixty pints of liquid in the twenty-four hours; in this respect great individual differences are remarked. In concluding these remarks, we may observe that *thirst* is an internal sensation, an instinctive feeling; it appertains essentially to the organization, habits, &c., of the individual, and admits of no other explanations; at least physiologists are unable to assign any other.

VARIETIES.

GIBBON.—Whenever Gibbon was going to say a good thing, it was observed he announced it by a complacent tap on his snuff-box. Life might have been a gloomier thing even than it was to Dr. Johnson, if he had not enlivened his views of it with the occasional stimulus of a pinch. Napoleon, in his flight from Moscow, was observed one day, after putting a log on to a fire, impatiently seeking for a last chance of a consoling thought, and he found it in the corner of his snuff-box. It was his last pinch; and most imperatively he pinched it, digging it, and fetching it out from its entrenchment.

BOURDEAUX.—The vineyards near Bordeaux yield annually a million of hogheads of wine, of which 100,000 are converted into Brandy. The red sorts sell on the spot from 3000 to 300 francs per ton of four hogheads; the white sorts sell from 1200 to 1500 francs per ton of four hogheads. 80,000 tierces of brandy and spirits of wine are exported from Bordeaux. Cognac is on the Charente, and exports largely.

THE SAGACITY OF A DOG.—In 1778 died at Aberdeen a gentleman of the name of Irving, whose life had, a few years before, been saved by the sagacity of a dog. This gentleman was passing across on the ice, when the river was frozen over; the ice giving way in the middle, he fell in, but saved himself from sinking by grasping his gun, which had fallen across the opening. The dog, after many fruitless attempts to save his master, ran to a neighbouring house, and laid hold of the coat of the first man he met with. The man was alarmed, and would have disengaged himself, but the dog regarded him with a look so kind and so significant, and endeavoured to pull him along with so gentle a violence, that he began to think there might be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who led him to his master in time to save him. This anecdote is noticed by Dr. Beattie in his philosophical writings.

PUBLIC HOUSE IN THE MOON.—A rustic having gone to the Calton Hill Observatory to get a sight of the Moon, and, after having got a glance of it, drew away his head to wipe his eyes, and in the interval the end of the telescope noiselessly fell down, so as, instead of pointing to the heavens, to point down to the earth. The rustic's surprise was unutterable when he again looked through, and beheld the sign of a public-house at a short distance, with the customary declarations,—"*Edinburgh Ale*," &c. With a look more easily conceived than described, he started back and exclaimed, "*Edinburgh ale in the moon! Gude preserve us! that beats a'!*"

EUSTACHE DE NOBLE.—The following brief sketch of a late popular French author may not prove uninteresting to the reader. Eustache de Noble was the scion of a rich and eminent family, which he however did not hesitate to disgrace in the most flagrant manner. How a gentleman well-born—holding the rank of attorney-general to the parliament at Metz—and highly connected, could have degraded himself to such an extent as to forge legal documents, we cannot imagine. But such was the consequence of his misconduct! Dragged to the prisons of the Chatelet in Paris, and condemned to a heavy fine and banishment, Le Noble appealed against his sentence. He was then transferred to the Conciergerie, and there became acquainted with a female of the name of Gabrielle Perrau, who was incarcerated for licentious conduct. This woman, who was known as the "*Beautiful Grocer*," induced him to make his escape with her—a feat which he accomplished with a little trouble. This worthy couple then proceeded to an obscure part of the city, where they resided together under a fictitious name. Le Noble was however re-captured, tried once more, and banished! He subsequently obtained permission to return to France, on condition that he should not exercise any judicial or official functions in the country. He continued his disorderly style of life, died in rags, and was buried through public charity. During the perusal of his numerous works, it is impossible not to be struck with the vividness of the imagination, and the extent of the talents possessed by this rotary of crime and dissipation. He was profoundly acquainted with every branch of *les belles lettres*;—history, politics, ethics, theology, the art of translation into prose or verse, romance, comedy, tragedy, poetry,—in a word, all kinds of literary studies furnished food for his prolific pen. Novels were the least portion of his writings. His publisher obtained a profit of not less than twelve

thousand pounds through his various publications; and he himself nevertheless died in the most abject misery.

THE USE AND EXCELLENCE OF REASON.—Although reason since the fall is greatly depraved, and therefore insufficient of itself to guide us to God, and although it is often erroneous in temporal affairs yet it is still a noble faculty, and very useful in the following particulars:—first, to judge of the general principles of natural religion, as the being and natural perfections of God, his providence, and the necessity of worshipping him, together with the propriety of virtue, and the probability of a future state of rewards and punishments. Secondly, to judge of the evidences of revealed religion and the contents of it, so far as within its reach; thus, for instance, reason not only points out the expediency of a revelation, but can examine that which professes to come from God, whether it bears the marks of credibility or not, and if it should find it true, so far then reason can determine whether the general contents of it are agreeable to natural religion, and how far it is superior, with respect to promoting the piety and happiness of mankind. Thirdly, it is of great use in all the arts and sciences, and mental improvements in general. Lastly, it is of manifest advantage in all the common concerns of life, to guard us against injuries, errors, and prejudices, and to direct us (in subservience to revelation) in all our conduct, both private and public. In all these respects, and perhaps in many more, reason is highly beneficial, and especially so when accompanied with grace.—*Wilmot.*

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.—A Bavarian scientific and experimental chemist has invented a system by means of which telegraphic despatches can be forwarded both during the day and during the night, whether the atmosphere be serene or cloudy, whether the weather be clear or rainy. He has employed the electric fluid, and it appears that the experiments which have been made of his plan have met with success in his country. An English gentleman has proposed to government to establish such a system in England, but as he had not yet formed a system of signs by which the despatches could be both transmitted and interpreted, nothing yet had been decided.

ESSAY ON DANCING.—A party of ladies and gentlemen (who elsewhere pass for intelligent beings) assemble in a ball-room. Soon they array themselves in opposing lines; presently a young lady jumps up from the floor, shakes one foot, and comes down again,—again she springs up, and the other foot quivers,—then she turns round in her place, springs up, and shakes both feet. Her intelligent partner opposite performs the same operation. Then both rush forward, and seize each other's hands, and jump up again, shake their feet, turn round, return to their places, jump up again, then shake their feet, and stand still.

The next lady and gentleman, very rationally and soberly, follow the example just set them, by jumping, shaking, and turning, and so on to the end; and all for no other purpose that I can perceive, than because black Cuffie sits in the corner yonder, drawing a horse-hair across a cat-gut.—*American Paper.*

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

The Teetotallers of this town have established an Anti-Tobacco Society with very considerable success. The members pledge themselves to abstain from tobacco, snuff, cigars, and opium, and to discountenance the use of them in every way. The correspondent, who favours us with this information, expresses his surprise that the pages of *The Teetotaler* are silent relative to so crying an evil as the use of tobacco, the attempt to discountenance which is of paramount importance to the cause of Teetotalism. In many cases drunkenness is only one of the effects arising from the consumption of the above-mentioned weed. While so filthy a practice is allowed to rage undisturbed, the adherence of many individuals to the Teetotal pledge is materially threatened.

WATFORD.

About two months since Mr. WALKDEN, of Pinner Park, visited Watford for the purpose of hiring a place where the cause of total-abstinence might be advocated on the Sabbath-day. He has since frequently attended that place of meeting. The efforts of this gentleman and his supporters have been attended with the utmost success. We cannot bestow too much praise upon such laudable exertions to turn the leisure of the working classes on the Sabbath-day to so excellent an account.

BATH.

The Bath Juvenile Temperance Society was established on the 30th of April, 1838, and now numbers upwards of six hundred youths, from the age of eight to that of twenty-one. It is a source of infinite pleasure to all interested in the progress of Teetotalism, to understand, that, in spite of frequent and urgent temptation, these

youths have all remained faithful to the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. This society held a tea-meeting on Monday, September 10th, and a large public assembly on October 5th. The weekly meeting is held every Friday evening. Great praise is due to the exertions of the Committee in printing and circulating tracts, and to the strenuous efforts of the Secretary, Mr. J. B. COAR, to promote the welfare of the association. The "Second Annual Report of the Bath Juvenile Temperance Society" has just been published. From it we gather the following information:—"Your Committee have much pleasure in stating, that a Branch Juvenile Society has been formed in the Village of Twerton, to which there are attached about 40 members, most of whom are engaged in the Cloth Manufactory, and who have, by their example and consistency, produced good impressions on the minds not only of their fellow-youths, but of those who have attained to maturer years."

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TOWN NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTemperance.

LECTURES are delivered every Friday evening, by Mr. WARDEN, at the Hall of Science, City Road, Finsbury. The subject is the all-absorbing one of Teetotalism; and the basis of the Lectures is MR. GRINDROB's excellent work, "Bacchus." MR. WARDEN sent a challenge to the Anti-Teetotal Lecturer, MR. T. MACCONNELL; and the discussion took place on Wednesday evening, October 21st. We shall report its issue in our next. The Teetotal world need not however remain in suspense relative to that issue; truth must prevail; and the defeat of MR. MACCONNELL is as certain as has been that of every opponent to Teetotalism.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE Meeting at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, on Wednesday evening, October 14th, was well attended.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, upon taking the chair, called the attention of the audience to the fact that several noblemen had lately manifested decided favour towards the progress of Teetotalism, and observed that, if the principles progressed for the next seven years, as they had done during the first seven years of their existence, the greater portion of the population of the United Kingdom would be total abstainers. The opponents to Teetotalism were daily becoming less numerous in strength, and more feeble in argument; and every symptom of success seemed to welcome the exertions of Temperance Associations.

MR. BUNSTED observed that there were several reasons purely of a selfish nature, wherefore the working classes should embrace the doctrines of total abstinence. The first was the saving of money which followed the relinquishing the evil and expensive habit of drinking; and the second was the improved state of health enjoyed by those who resigned that same fascinating habit.

MR. BOWLER (of Chelsea) spoke generally upon the good effects of Teetotalism.

MR. GREEN (of Westminster) addressed the audience in a most eloquent speech upon the effects of alcoholic liquors on the human frame. He demonstrated the pernicious consequences arising from the use of wine, and malt or spirituous liquors, and produced some valuable statistical information tending to show the decrease of crime attendant upon the circulation of the doctrines of total abstinence.

MR. CRUMP (the Registrar of the United Temperance Association) addressed the audience in a speech calculated to make a deep impression upon the working classes. He called attention to himself as one of the individuals who had been so largely benefitted by the principles of total abstinence.

The meeting at Aldersgate Street Chapel on Saturday evening, Oct. 17th, was also well attended.

MR. MEE gave his first astronomical lecture at this Chapel on Friday, Oct. 16th. The lecture was well attended, and the subject ably dealt with by Mr. Mee.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MR. JEREMY, one of the Solons at the Union Hall police office, the business of which has long been conducted in a manner highly discreditable to the magistrates of the district, discharged, without punishment, a few days ago, three ruffians who were brought before him, charged with a most infamous assault upon a Mr. Matthews, who resided with his family in a cottage in rather an unfrequented part of the Lower Road, Deptford. The three assailants, whose names were Charles Evans, James Baker, and James Webb, had been drinking, and, under the influence of liquor, proceeded to attack the residence of Mr. Matthews "by way of a lark." Thus the peace of individuals is to be violated, a whole family placed in jeopardy, and the wilful violators of order and tranquillity are permitted, by an ignorant and weak magistrate, to escape all punishment, upon "making compensation to the complainant for the damage they had done to his property!"

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH of last Sunday contains a notice to correspondents, from which we extract the following paragraphs:—"Agricultural Labourers:—A poor fellow called on us last week, and begged that we would

put him in the way of obtaining a gratuitous passage to New Zealand. He was a fine hearty man, apparently capable of enduring great fatigue. He assured us that he understood the management of sheep, and could, besides, perform all manner of agricultural labour, and that he never 'finched from work,' nor got drunk." There are thousands and thousands of such labourers now out of work; and their dreadful penury is to be traced to the evil state of the laws and the present badly-constituted condition of society. While a queen receives nearly six hundred thousand a year, for doing nothing, and a German pauper thirty thousand a year for helping her, the lower classes are in a state of the most awful destitution.

"MAIDSTONE.—A subscriber informs that a regular crusade against the licensed victuallers is going on at Maidstone. A little knot of persons busy themselves on the sabbath, going round the town: and woe be to him who is detected in selling a drop of beer, except in lawful hours, for he is sure of being lugged before the magistrates." We are glad to hear of this praise-worthy conduct of the Maidstone people, and sincerely hope that the persons alluded to are disciples of the pledge of total abstinence. It is disgraceful that public-houses should be allowed to remain open during any part of Sunday, while those shops which sell wholesome or necessary provisions are closed.

THE AUTHORITIES of all classes and ranks, in this country, invariably give every possible encouragement to publicans. We are grieved to learn that the magistrates of the Dunmow Sessions have decided that persons coming from a distance for the purpose of attending divine service at a place of worship of which they are regular members, are "travellers" within the meaning of the Act, and may be accommodated with refreshment at a beer-shop or public-house during the hours of divine service in a parish church.

ORTHODOX ALE.—A few weeks ago, a circumstance occurred on a sabbath-day in a congregation a few miles from Crieff which has since caused great amusement in this country side. It would appear that a country woman was in the habit of calling, during the interval of public worship on Sundays, at a certain public-house, for what she termed a bottle of orthodox ale, which she always drank during the interval of worship, accompanied by a good piece of bread and cheese. She called one sabbath-day lately for her bottle of ale before the forenoon worship, and having put it into her pocket, she went off direct to church. She had not remained above three-quarters of an hour there when the orthodox ale began whizzing in her pocket, to the no small annoyance of all around her. In a few minutes the bottle burst with a report like a musket-shot, the woman bawling out, "Oh me! I suppose my side's riven!" She was immediately taken to the door, when she was found to have sustained no injury excepting the loss of her bottle and its orthodox contents.—*Perth Courier.*

DETERMINED SUICIDE IN THE CITY ROAD.—A few days since a man named John Lupton, the keeper of a shop in the general line, in Cross street, City-road, resolved upon self-destruction, in order to effect which he swallowed an ounce of arsenic! after which he went to the Brown and Sceptre, in the neighbourhood, where he drank half a pint of beer, and then returned home. The stomach-pump was then suggested by his friends and neighbours, at which he evinced most outrageous conduct, declaring positively that he would shoot the first person who should dare to bring relief to his assistance, and he, therefore, (agreeably, it would seem, to his wish), expired on Sunday evening, without evincing so much pain as might have been expected, in a case which threw him into convulsive fits the day after his bodily receipt of the arsenic and beer. An inquest was held on Wednesday, on the body, at the Westmoreland Arms, when a verdict of "Temporary Insanity," through failure in business, was returned. The deceased had recently been addicted to hard drinking.

MR. HENDERSON, the publisher of No. 2, Old Bailey, has just issued a new and cheap edition of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds's "Modern Literature of France." This work, complete, in two octavo volumes, may now be procured for the small sum of five shillings. Any one who is anxious to obtain an insight into French literature, will be able to gratify his wishes by a perusal of these volumes, which contain critical notices upon the writings of the most celebrated French poets and novelists of the present day, with elaborate extracts from their best works. These volumes are therefore calculated to amuse while they instruct.

WE are delighted to perceive that MR. DARWIN, an author whose case at the Mansion-House some weeks ago excited universal compassion, has at length some prospect of benefitting himself. He has a work to be shortly published, entitled "The Lion's Den." It is advertised by B. Steil, Paternoster Row, and is to be issued in monthly parts, price 2d. The first part is ready this day.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 19.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER VI.

THE LOCK-UP HOUSE.

It seems to be a strange method of making a man pay his debts, by shutting him up in prison; or rather, it is a cruel and unnecessary punishment of an individual, for no possible good. There is not one man out of a hundred who is forced by incarceration to liquidate his debts; and laws should not be made for the minority, but for the mass. Where this system compels one to disgorge the money which he may have secreted by years of iniquity, it reduces thousands to beggary. Most people are under the necessity of obtaining their livelihood by their trade or profession; and imprisonment curtails all the resources of those occupations. The author alone can exercise his calling in a prison; but his spirit is generally broken by the iniquity of the treatment permitted by the system. But to our tale.

Melville implored Messrs. Nabem and Holdemori to allow him to proceed first to his little cottage and break the dread news to his wife, before he accompanied them to the lock-up house in London. This request was backed by the donation of a few shillings; and a reluctant consent was at length accorded. We shall not attempt to describe the grief of the young lady at the terrible announcement. She clasped her little boy to her arms, and already seemed to look upon him as if he were an orphan. She then clung wildly to her husband, and declared that nothing should separate her from him, or prevent her from following him to jail!

Suddenly a thought struck her.

"For how much is the debt?" she demanded, a ray of hope animating her beautiful countenance.

"Oh! it is for Tibbatts' bill—only a hundred and fifty pounds," he replied.

"A hundred and fifty pounds!" ejaculated the young wife, with an exclamation of joy; "my mother's ornaments will produce nearly that sum; and those jewels—the only ones which I have left—together with the money now in the house, will make up the amount required."

This dialogue took place in the French language; and Louise was about to put her plan into execution, when Melville said to the officer, "If you wait for an hour or so, the hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to you. I shall not sleep in a goal to-night!"

"Hundred and fifty pounds!" cried Mr. Nabem, with a look of the most sovereign contempt at our hero: "what gentleman ever thought of going to quod for such a sum as that there? But this one, for vich you are to be laid up in lavender, is fifteen hundred pounds. Ain't it, Bill?"

Mr. Holdemori nodded an affirmative, as he twisted a battered gossamer about in his hands; and Louise fell almost senseless upon a chair as these words fell upon her ears. A flood of tears at length relieved her; and, with a sorrowful heart, she put on her bonnet and shawl,

for the purpose of accompanying her husband to his sad destination. Mr. Holdemori was now despatched to fetch a hackney-coach; and in a short time the whole party was on the way towards the residence of Mr. Nabem, Chancery-lane.

During the ride, Melville observed a sullen silence. When the officer had intimated the amount for which he was arrested, he made no comment,—not a word escaped his lips, because he instantly comprehended the cheat that had been practised on him by Tibbatts. He saw that he was trampled under foot—ruined—undone;—he knew that he had a young and lovely wife, and a little child whom he had brought to distress;—and he felt that his own dissolute and degraded habits were the cause of all that misery. His spirit was almost broken within him; and he did not even feel a sufficiency of courage in his soul to thank the affectionate wife who would not desert him in the hour of his tribulation and despair!

At the expiration of about an hour and a half, the vehicle stopped at the door of the lock-up house in Chancery-lane. Mr. Nabem alighted first, and Melville was desired to follow him. Holdemori descended next; and Louise was left to follow as she could, with the boy in her arms. As the clock of Saint Dunstan's in Fleet-street struck the hour of midnight, the unfortunate young man ascended the flight of narrow stone steps leading to the door of Mr. Nabem's establishment, which stands at the corner of a carriage gate-way, and commands a pleasing view of a butcher's shop on the other side of the street.

Melville was conducted to a bed-room on the second floor, and his family were allowed to remain with him, at the express solicitation of Mr. Holdemori, who appealed to his superior to grant that favour upon payment of two sovereigns on the spot. The same laws that provide prisons and temporary places of incarceration for debtors, have forgotten to legislate against the extortions and preposterous amounts of fees which make the debtor poorer than he was before, and place the chance of payment at a greater distance than ever: the process of arrest frequently costs an unfortunate man, in the long run, much more than the sum for which his body was captured!

The room, to which Melville and his wife, with their little boy, were shown, was tolerably well furnished, but excessively dirty. The dust was an inch thick upon the massive gilt frames of some pictures representing naval engagements; and the mantel-ornaments were enveloped in a similar hazy cloud. The carpet was stained and soiled with grease; and the table-cloth was singed in various parts. The wood-work round the fire-place was perforated with a hot poker every here and there; and the poker itself was worn away at the end by the repetition of times it had been heated in the fire. These trivial circumstances spoke volumes concerning those who had inhabited that room in that spunging-house. The mind, harassed by a thousand evils, and tormented by the anticipation of more, finds no amusement in books, and wastes away the time in the most childish pursuits. Hearts are broken in those

walls—ay, irrecoverably robbed of peace, of happiness, and even of hope! The handsome furniture of the rooms enveloped in dust, are emblems of the noble heart surrounded by the cob-webs of despair. Some may imagine, but none can describe, the acuteness—the bitterness—the agony of woe that has often been experienced in that chamber!

The bed in that room was pressed only by the form of the little child on the night of Melville's arrest. The unhappy father paced the room, bemoaning his fate; and the heart-broken wife remained seated upon a chair at the barred window, gazing listlessly upon the lamp opposite. The morning dawned—cold—cheerless—and raining; and, although many hours had passed away since his arrival at the lock-up house, Melville was as yet undecided how to act.

"A prison!" he exclaimed, as he walked up and down the room; "a prison! and to take my wife, and my child to a prison!"

And this was all that he said to himself; but he repeated these words very—very often. They seemed to express the only idea that retained any degree of consistency in his mind.

Wearily passed away the time; and at length a dirty servant-girl entered the room to light the fire. She seemed astonished at finding the occupants of the room already dressed; and then her surprise was increased, when she perceived, by a glance towards the couch, that they had not retired to rest at all. She did not however make any observation, but proceeded to light the fire.

At eight o'clock this same dirty servant girl brought up a breakfast-tray, and spread the table for the morning's meal. The little boy ate heartily, and laughed, and prattled and expressed his surprise that "papa had changed his house;"—for, alas! the poor little fellow knew not that the parents, who were kind to him, were the victims of an accursed law! He knew not that the thrones of all monarchs are raised upon the miseries of the people; and that the imprisonment of his father had its origin in that evil state of society which has been formed by monarchical government and aristocratic institutions!

But the morning's meal was untasted by either Melville or his wife; and from time to time those two disconsolate beings exchanged looks of sorrow, and a few words of a vain consolation.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Tibbatts entered the room.

"Ah! booked at last!" cried that gentleman, who was attired in the very height of fashion, and about whose person there was enough jewellery to have paid a fifth of Melville's debt.

"Through you I am imprisoned, villain!" ejaculated Melville, eyeing with furious indignation the man who so coolly seated himself in that abode of sorrow.

"Through me—how?" demanded Mr. Tibbatts, affecting a tone of astonishment. "It is your acceptance to the bill, is it not?"

"Alas! too well have I reason to curse the hour of my acquaintance with you!" cried Melville. "Wretch—you cheated me out of that bill—you falsified the amount—you have be-

trayed my confidence in you, like a villain, as you are!"

"Calm yourself, my dear Melville," said Tibbatts, very coolly: "I can pardon a little excitement, under the circumstances. Marius might have felt himself annoyed, when sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage; and Victor Melville may certainly entertain the same feeling in a spunging-house. But—after all—it is your own fault; you should have paid the bill."

"I never received the value for it," cried Melville.

"Oh! I forget all about the transaction," said Mr. Tibbatts, playing with a beautiful watch-chain; "but my object in calling upon you is to see what you intend to do. You know my name is at the back of the bill; and I shall be sued unless something be done. Now, I tell you what I can do——"

"What—what?" ejaculated Louise: "speak—sir,—can you liberate my husband? Oh! if you can—I will forget all the past—I will call you our friend, our benefactor——"

"Silence, Louise!" cried Melville. "The miscreant cannot liberate me! He has encompassed me round about with his infernal machinations—he has ensnared me in his toils—and I have no hope but a debtor's gaol, and a debtor's straw!"

"Nonsense!" cried Tibbatts, affecting a laugh; "come—pay a thousand pounds, and you shall have your discharge."

"A thousand pounds!" exclaimed Melville, contemptuously: "all my fortune is swallowed up!"

"Well—seven hundred and fifty then?"

"No—no—I cannot!"

"Say five hundred, and there's an end of the whole affair. We will dine together at the Piazza in the evening, and forget all these little unpleasant matters," said Tibbatts coaxingly.

"Not one shilling will I pay, were I worth millions!" ejaculated Melville, dashing his clenched fist violently upon the table. "I have been ruined as much by you as by my own vices—I have been deceived, cheated, swindled by you,—and I will not enrich you more at my expense! No—I will go to the prison that awaits me, and relieve myself from this debt by the law that frees the honest debtor from imprisonment, after a few weeks' delay."

"Such is your intention?" cried Tibbatts.

"Neither hell nor heaven shall induce me to change my mind!" said Melville. "And now, villain—depart—leave this room,—irritate me no longer with your presence! If you stay, I am capable of doing you an injury, for I feel that I am not the master of my own passions!"

"Very well," cried Tibbatts, somewhat alarmed by the frantic manner of the young man; "you will soon grow tired of your sojourn in the King's Bench—Spike Island, we call it! Good bye, my dear fellow: when you want to get out, just write me a line—Captain Tibbatts, Stephen's Hotel, Bond-street—and I'll still do all I can to serve you. Mind you don't forget the Captain—that is my rank for the moment!"

And having delivered himself of this speech, Mr. Tibbatts turned upon his heel, and walked gently out of the room. Louise was about to hasten after him, to implore him to assist her husband in his present embarrassment; but Melville, who divined her intentions, held her back, saying, "Say not a word in my behalf, Louise—I conjure, I command you! I would sooner die in a gaol than lay myself under the slightest obligation to that miscreant!"

(To be continued.)

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

LONDON is one of the largest cities in the world; it is also one of the most important; and recently it has aspired to be one among the magnificent. And there is a real magnificence in its profusion of splendid lamps, its convenient foot-pavements, the wealth displayed in its shop-windows, its carriages, and its well-ordered public servants,—in its vast extent, its vast resources,

and its still vaster commerce. But in architecture—the tangible and apparent beauty and grandeur of great cities—it is grievously deficient, and it does not make the most of what it has. St. Paul's, for instance, though not so fine a building as the occasion demanded, is a fine building. But its dignity is rather to be guessed at, or deduced by logic, than seen by the eyes. Its dome may be seen in the distance, forming a half-length view of the building—its foot may be seen in the church-yard, an imperfect glimpse of the full length, with the wing's hidden, may be caught on Ludgate-Hill; but a fair view of the whole mass is only to be obtained by means of pictures in little, drawn by the rules of perspective from some station inaccessible to the actual spectator.

The Abbey is rather more exposed; but it stands leering down Tothill-street, while one may whiten one's shoulders in vain against the courts of law, in coquetting for a look at the venerable beauties of Henry VII.'s chapel; and St. Margaret's comes to help it still better to conceal itself from the lawyers as they pass into the Hall. St. Margaret's looks like a stunted and useless campanile, for the Minster has two towers already!

The New Post Office is in a wide street, but still it is a street; and the angle, at which it must be viewed, is consequently, one of the most obtuse. Hoare's Bank, the handsomest house in London, is in a narrow street. On the other hand, one gets a tolerable view of Nash's Needle, and the circumjacent beauties of Regent-street.

It is obvious, however, that a really fine building can rarely be placed in view just at the end of a street, even if that site would suffice to display it. It must stand in an open space, like Buckingham Palace—only that is not a fine building. The College of Surgeons, which has a handsome front, is half hidden by the shrubs before it. Besides, though that building does stand in a square, there is no choice in the point of view; it must either be close or distant. Now, such an open space as we require, we do not possess in all London.

London has squares, or "shrubberies" rather; but it has not got a piazza or place, such as the cities of the continent can boast. Lacking this, it lacks one of the finest features of a great city.

And it is not merely as an area for the display of architecture that such a place is wanted;—it is a noble sight in itself. The traveller from the open squares of Madrid or Paris—from the classic mouldering Eternal City, shrunken within its walls, with the majestic ruins standing in the gap—from the cheerful breadth of Santa Maria Maggiore, with its yellow gravel, in Florence the Fair, finds himself in London perpetually moving straight forward in a bounded line, and longs in vain for some open space to rest his eyes on. The nearest approach we have to such a place is in Gray's Inn New Square; but there is a moral monotony of the driest kind in knowing that it is surrounded by nothing but lawyers, and the unornate uniformity of their dwellings. The same remarks refer to the open space in the Temple. The space in front of Westminster Hall is uneven, neglected, and choked up with cabs and coaches, and more like a bit of waste ground.

Now there is Trafalgar-Square, not yet enclosed. It is in a central part, and communicates with many streets; and what could be better than to make it supply the chief defect remaining in the elements of a great city? There is to be a fountain. Good: a fountain is a handsome object. But let it be a good design, and copious in its streams,—not like the miserable little squirting things occasionally found in the obscure recesses of London. Let it be a noble building of moving waters, fit to stand in such a place, and subserve to the commemoration of one of Britain's greatest heroes. But above all, let the place be kept open: a shrubbery in front would kill the miserable National Gallery outright and would injure the church, the best part of which is its portico. The buildings round about are not of the finest; but they are not the worst, and altogether form a more tolerable collection than any other open space in London.

Two objections have been urged:—one that nursery-maids would be apt to perambulate the space, unrestricted by square-keys; and little boys would play at marbles and hoop. We can perceive nothing very frightful to the paternal authorities in this result. The other is that it would afford a ready area for public riots. The French revolution of 1830 however proved that narrow streets are the best fortresses for unorganized crowds.

Thus we might have a proper piazza in London, and learn to call the arcades in Covent Garden by their proper name. The Londoner would then become familiar with one of the finest and most cheerful sights in the world—a large open space set round with fine houses, and traversed by human beings, singly and in groups, lounging, walking, running, crossing each other's paths, in all different dresses,—seen too at different distances, on horseback, in carriages, or on foot.

But in the immediate vicinity of Trafalgar-Square, what a mockery is there,—the equestrian statue of George the Third! The unhappy spiller of the blood of nations, whose infirmities alone claimed a reverence due to human nature, and not to the post from which

he was properly though tardily withdrawn, and who, on that very account, can hardly be held responsible for the results of his actions, seems put to do penance in the rain, with his hat in his hand, "a perpetual bore," on a horse anxious to make a bolt for the stable. The exhibition of the effigy of that bad and blood-thirsty old King is an exposure, not a triumph; and the more considerate will be pleased when it is discontinued; for it is a melancholy sight!

In a space like Trafalgar-Square, ornaments may be multiplied without confusion, and it will be found that the old destructive tendency of the London population is only to be entirely subdued by making them familiar with works of art. There is a glorious opportunity in Trafalgar-Square to improve the appearance of London and the taste of its inhabitants.

NATIONAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

MRS. JAMESON has written a very clever work denominated "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada;" and in some portions of these volumes we find a striking illustration of the great national effects of Intemperance. Drunkenness is the prevailing vice of Upper Canada: there seems to be no check there upon the open or future sale of spirits; and the hapless Indians, though dreadful sufferers from European "fire-water," are not more wretched and degraded, by habitual intoxication, than the greater portion of the white population. The results of such a dreadful habit are a poverty and deficiency of education which produce a universal moral depression throughout Canada. In a country where, as Mrs. Jameson says "a small population is spread over a wide extent of fruitful land, where there is not a village, or a hamlet, for twenty, or thirty, or forty miles together—where there are no manufactories—where there is almost entire equality of condition—where the means of subsistence are abundant—where there is no landed aristocracy, no poor-laws, nor poor-rates, to grind the souls and the substance of the people between them, till nothing remains but chaff—to what shall we attribute the gross vices, the profligacy, the stupidity, and basely vulgar habits of a great part of the people, who know not even how to enjoy, or to turn to profit, the inestimable advantages around them?" Alas! the reply is easy;—for all these miseries can be readily traced to the prevailing habit of intemperance.

MR. GRINDRON, in his excellent work entitled "Bacchus," informs us that "Louis XII of France was the monarch who first allowed spirits to be manufactured in that Kingdom on a large scale. The consequences to the nation were so terrible that, in twenty-two years afterwards, Francis, his successor, was necessitated, for the safety of his subjects, to enact severe laws for the suppression of drunkenness. Sweden presents another instance of this kind. Previously to the year 1783, that nation had been comparatively free from the evils arising from the use of strong drink. In that year, however, their King Gustavus, to increase the revenue, not only permitted the manufacture of ardent spirits, but actively encouraged the establishment of houses for its sale, in all the villages and towns of his kingdom. The object he had in view was attained; but the consequences soon became frightful in the extreme. Crime, poverty, disease, and mortality, so fearfully increased, that the same king was obliged to pass severe enactments to restrain the use of what previously he had been so active in promoting. Had these measures not been put into operation, the Kingdom of Sweden was in imminent danger not only of universal demoralization, but actually of becoming extinct from among the nations of the earth."

The editor of *The Teetotaler*, in his new work, denominated "The Anatomy of Intemperance," has shown that the effects of intemperance were equally visible in the ruin of the Moorish empire in Spain, and the decline of the Ottoman power. So long as the Moors and the Ottomans adhered to the doctrine of the Koran, which forbids the use of intoxicating liquor, they were a great, a moral, and a successful people; but, the moment the dangerous innovation took place, the instant the indulgence in wine became habitual, then did the Moors rapidly lose kingdom and province; and, in the east, the Ottomans as speedily degenerated from the glories of their early being as a nation, to the most abject state of impotence, in which that power is now languishing!

Is it necessary to direct the attention of the reader to Ireland? The Irish, that lately were the most degraded nation upon the face of the earth, are now rapidly assuming that aspect of civilisation and that moral rectitude which result from the introduction of the doctrines of Teetotalism into that country. As yet but little improvement has been effected by the same beneficent principle in Scotland, where the vice of intemperance still prevails to an appalling extent. "The second rate proprietors and merchants, and the clergy in Scotland," said Mr. DUNLOP, in his examination before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1834, "are slaves to drinking, including the females of this as well as all the classes below it." Masters encourage drinking amongst their men to a great degree in Scotland; and apprentices are initiated in the baneful habit at an early age. "Although it

was understood," said Mr. Dunlop, "that drinking led to predisposition to cholera, amongst all ranks in Scotland, and also that contact with the disease was highly dangerous,—yet instances might be advanced of men, women, and children sitting upon a cholera-coffin, with a corpse inside, in a small close room, drinking themselves speechless." Dr. GRAY, of Edinburgh, in a pamphlet published some time ago, says that "from eighty-four to ninety-one persons are brought weekly to the City police Office in a beastly state of intoxication, for mere protection, making an annual total of such cases of about four thousand five hundred and fifty! The cases brought up for punishment are nearly equally numerous." Who will not, then, admit that Scotland is in great want of Teetotalism?

The effects of intemperance upon our soldiers in the East and West Indies have been shown to be dreadful in the extreme. The heat of the climate, to which they are not habituated, instead of being modified by abstemiousness, is materially assisted in its deadly ravages by the additional heat produced by strong drinks.

Pinkerton's "Collection of Voyages and Travels" informs us that the natives of Sierra Leone, which is the worst climate upon earth, live as long as men in climates of an opposite description, merely by means of their temperate habits. The same work says that "at the first arrival of the Europeans in America, it was not uncommon to find Indians who were above a hundred years old. They lived frugally and drank pure water. But since the Christians have taught them to drink these liquors, and the Indians have found them but too palatable—those who cannot resist their appetites hardly reach half the age of their parents."

It is almost unnecessary to remind the reader that dissipation, of which the use of strong drinks forms the principal ingredient, destroyed the greatest empires of antiquity, amongst which may be enumerated Greece and Rome. Dissipation has in the same way undermined the prosperity and glory of modern kingdoms; and terrible would have been the ultimate havoc, had not the progressive march of Intemperance suddenly found a barrier raised against its inroads by the disciples of Teetotalism.

THE THREE CRIMES;

AN EASTERN TALE.

HAMET ABDALLAH was an inhabitant of a grotto on one of the slopes of Mount Olympus. When he stood at the entrance of his humble dwelling, he could embrace with one glance all the territory originally possessed by Osman, the founder of the Ottoman empire; and, as he five times a day offered up his prayers to Alla, he invoked blessings upon the head of Solymán the Magnificent, the reigning Sultan in whose time he lived. Indeed, Abdallah was renowned for his sanctity; and the inhabitants of the vicinity of his dwelling treated him with the most marked respect. He was not however entitled to this excessive veneration by his age; for he had scarcely attained his fortieth year when the incident of this tale took place. His venerable father, who was himself a dervise of great sanctity, and whose years amounted to four-score, resided with him in the same grotto; and fortunate was deemed the individual who, on his way along the slopes of Olympus, was allowed to join in the prayers of the two dervises, kneeling upon the ground at the entrance of the cave, and turning their countenances towards the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

Hamet Abdallah was one morning roving amidst the groves and woods which extended up the mountain, far above his grotto, and pondering upon the passage in the Koran which he had been perusing but a short time previously, when his foot suddenly struck against something hard upon the ground. He looked downward, and saw an iron ring fastened to a small brass plate, which was let into a square of stone-work, and seemed to cover a hollow place or well. Obeying a sudden impulse of curiosity, Hamet applied his hand to the ring, and pulled it with all his force. After many vain exertions, the brass plate yielded to his strength, and he fell backwards with the sudden shock. Before he had time to rise and examine the aperture thus laid bare, a dense volume of smoke issued from the hole, and ascended in the air to the height of several thousand feet. Hamet gazed with astonishment upon this strange apparition; but how much more was his wonder excited when he saw the smoke gradually become more and more palpable and shapely, and at length assume the form of an immense giant, with a long flowing white beard, and a tremendous pine-tree in his right hand. Hamet fell upon his knees, and was about to put up a prayer to heaven, when the terrible apparition addressed him in a voice of thunder. "Nay—mention not the name of the deity, or I will cut thee into ten thousand pieces."—"Who art thou?" demanded Hamet, rising from his suppliant posture.—"I am Kara, an evil Genie, whom a victorious power shut up in that cursed hole, where I have languished for two thousand years. It is an evil day for thee that brought thee hither."—"And wherefore, proud Genie?" demanded Hamet.—"Because I am about to kill thee, in order to avenge myself upon some one for this long captivity," replied the giant.

At these words Hamet trembled very much, and besought the Genie to spare his life. For a long time the Genie was inexorable, and ordered him to prepare for immediate death; but at length he suffered himself to be moved by the prayers and entreaties of the virtuous dervise. "Hark ye," said the Genie. "I am willing to spare your life upon one condition."—"Name it," cried Hamet, his heart leaping with joy.—"I will grant your request, I say," proceeded the Genie, "on condition that you perpetrate some crime which may diminish your overweening pride of conscious virtue. Do not interrupt me, or I will kill you upon the spot; but listen. I give you your choice of the three most heinous crimes which I can imagine. You shall either violate the law of the Prophet and drink your fill of good wine;—or you shall murder your venerable old father;—or you shall curse the name of that deity whom you worship. Choose between these three crimes."

Then Hamet was very sorrowful, and he endeavoured to melt the heart of the evil Genie; but all his prayers and entreaties were unavailing. He accordingly began to reason within himself:—"If," said he, "I assassinate my father, no contrition can wipe away my crime, and moreover the law will overtake me with its vengeance. If I curse the name of the great Alla, I may sigh in vain for future happiness in the gardens of Paradise. But if I become inebriated with the juice of the grape, I can expiate that fault by severe mortification, penitence, and renewed prayer." Then, turning his countenance upwards towards the Genie, he said, "O fountain of all evil! I have made my choice, since thou art determined upon this injury."—"Name the object of that choice," said the Genie.—"I will get drunken with wine, as the least of the crimes which you propose," answered the dervise.—"Be it so," cried the Genie; "this evening, after the hour of prayer, thou wilt find a jar of Cyprus-wine upon thy table, when thy father has retired to rest in his own cell. Then mayest thou fulfil thy promise then: but, woe unto thee if thou deceivest me!"

The Genie gradually became less palpable as he spoke these words; and, by the time the concluding menace issued from his lips, he had vanished altogether. Hamet retraced his steps towards the grotto with a sorrowful heart; but he would not confide his anticipated disgrace to the affectionate parent who welcomed his return.

The day passed rapidly away; and in the evening, Hamet and his sire knelt down as usual at the door of the grotto, with their faces towards the south, to raise their voices in prayer. When their respers were concluded, the old man embraced his son tenderly, and retired to the inner part of the grotto. As soon as Hamet knew that his father slept, he lighted a lamp; and, as the Genie had told him, he saw a large measure of wine standing upon the table. The unhappy dervise raised it to his lips, and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught. A glow of fire seemed to electrify his frame, and he laughed as he set the vessel down upon the table. Again he drank; and he felt reckless and careless of the consequences. He drank a third time; and, when he had emptied the measure, he ran out to the door of the grotto, and threw it down the slope of the mountain; then, as he heard it bounding along, he laughed with indescribable mirth. As he turned to enter the grotto, he saw his father standing behind him.

"Son," said the old man, "the noise of revelry awoke me from my slumbers, and I rise to find my well-beloved Hamet drunken with wine! Alas—is this merely one of many nights' orgies; and have I now awakened to the dread truth of thine impiety, for the first time? Alas! thou hast cast ashes upon the grey head of thy father!"

Hamet could not brook this accusation, and the implied suspicion that he was accustomed to indulge in wine whilst his father slept. He felt suddenly indignant at the language of his sire, and cried, "Return to your couch, old dotard! Thou knowest not what thou sayest!" And, as he uttered these words, he pushed his father violently into the grotto. The old man resisted, and again remonstrated with Hamet. The brain of the son was confused with liquor; and a sudden dread of exposure to the world entered his mind. With the rage of a demon he rushed upon his hoary-headed sire, and dashed him furiously against the stone walls of the grotto. The old man fell with his temple against a sharp flint—one groan emanated from his bosom—and his spirit fled for ever.

Suddenly conscious of the horrid crime of which he had been guilty, Hamet tore his hair, beat his breast, and raved like a maniac. And, in the midst of his ravings, he lifted up his voice against the majesty of heaven, and cursed the deity whom he had so long and fervently worshipped!

At that instant a terrible din echoed round about—the thunder rolled—the tall trees shook with an earthquake—and, amidst the roar of the conflicting elements, were heard shouts of infernal laughter. All hell seemed to rejoice at the fall of a good man, whom no other vice had ever tempted away from the paths of virtue, until drunkenness presented itself. The rage of the storm increased—the trees were torn up by their roots—and fragments of the rocky parts of Olympus rolled down the hill with the fury of an Al-

pine avalanche. The wretched Hamet, whom the war of nature recalled to his senses, crouched up in one corner of the grotto, and deplored his hard fate in bitter, bitter sorrow. But the storm broke above his head—the walls of his frail dwelling crumbled around him—the roof gave way—and he was horribly mangled in the ruins. Amidst the tortures of mind and body, did he surrender up his breath; and, as his lips quivered in death, the terrible and well-known voice of the Genie fell upon his ears, crying, "You chose that which you deemed to be the lightest crime; but, through it, you committed the other two!"

FRENCH POPULAR SONGS.

No. 4 LA PARISIENNE.

Translated from the French of
Cassimer Delavigne.

Gallant nation! now before you
Freedom, beck'ning onward, stands;
Let no tyrant's sway be o'er you—
Wrest the sceptre from his hands!
Paris gave the general cry,
Glory, Fame, and Liberty!

Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed,
Pierc'd by the leaden ball, or crush'd by thundering steed;
Conquest waits—your foemen die!

Keep your serried ranks in order;
Sons of France, your country calls!
Gory battle-grounds accord her—
Well she merits each who falls!

Happy day! the general cry
Echoed nought but liberty
Speed, warriors, speed,
Tho' thousands bleed.

Pierc'd by the leaden ball, or crush'd by thundering steed;
Conquest waits—your foemen die!

Vain the shot may sweep along you,
Ranks of warriors now display'd!
Youthful generals are among you,
By the great occasion made!

Happy day! &c. &c.
Foremost who the Carlist lances
With the banner-staff has met!
Freedom's votary advances,
Venerable Lafayette!

Happy day! &c. &c.
Triple dres again combine,
See the squadrons onward go.
In the country's heaven shining,
Mark the various coloured bow!

Happy day! &c. &c.
Heroes of that banner gleaming,
Ye, who bore it in the fray!
Orleans' troops' your blood was streaming
Freely on that fatal day!

From the page of history
We have learnt the general cry:
Speed, warriors, speed, &c. &c.
Muffled drum! thy music lonely
Answers to the mourner's sighs;

Laurels, for the valiant only,
Ornament their obsequies!
Sacred fane of Liberty,
Let their memories never die!

Hear to his grave
Each warrior brave,
Who fell in Freedom's cause, his country's rights to save,
Crown'd with fame and victory!

ALCHEMY.

THIS ancient and highly poetical forerunner of chemistry has much that is interesting in its early history and progress. The golden age of alchemy most ominously commenced with the conquests of Arabian fanaticism in Asia and Africa, the destruction of the Alexandrian library, and the subjection of Europe to the basest superstition and the most profound ignorance. The rage for making gold spread through the whole Mussulman world; and in the splendid courts of Almanzor, Hamoun Al Raschid, and Abdallah Abammon, the professors of the Hermetic art found patronage, disciples, and emolument. From the tenth to the thirteenth century little is known concerning the state of Alchemical studies: the descendants of the Arabian warriors had begun to acquire a taste for science when their thrones were shaken by the crusades, and finally destroyed by the desolating deluge of the Turkish barbarians. The arts, again retiring from Egypt and Syria, rested for a moment at Constantinople, and then withdrew to the western provinces of Europe. In the thirteenth century, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Raymond Lully appeared as the great revivers of alchemy and chemistry.

The most celebrated history of the transmutation of metals is given by Helvetius, in his paper entitled "The Golden Calf." The following is the epitomized version of this tale:—"On the 27th day of December, 1666, in the afternoon came a stranger to my house at the Hague, in a plebeian habit, of honest gravity and serious authority, of a mean stature, and a little long face, black hair, not at all curled, a beardless chin, and about forty-four years (as I guess) of age, and born in North Holland. After salutation he besought me, with great reverence, to pardon his rude access, for he was a lover of the pyrotechnical art, and having read my treatise against the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby, and observed my doubt about the philosophic mystery, induced him to ask me if I really was a disbeliever as to the existence of an universal medicine which would cure all diseases, unless the principal parts were perished, or the predestined time of death come. I replied, 'I never met with an adept, or saw such a medicine, though I had fervently prayed for it.' Then I said, 'Surely you are a brass founder, and a lover of chemistry.' He then took from his bosom-pouch a very neat ivory box, and out of it three ponderous lumps of stone, each about the bigness of a walnut. I greedily saw and handled for a

quarter of an hour this most noble substance, the value of which might be somewhere about twenty tons of gold; and having drawn from the owner many rare secrets of its admirable effects, I returned him this treasure of treasures with a sorrowful mind, humbly beseeching him to bestow a fragment upon me in perpetual memory of him, though but the size of a conard-seed. He refused very positively, and asked me to show him a piece of my gold. I did so; and he then opened his doublet, and showed me five pieces of that precious metal which he wore upon a green riband, and which very much excelled mine in flexibility and colour, each being the size of a small trencher. I now earnestly again craved a crumb of the stone; and, at last, out of his philosophical commiseration, he gave me a morsel as large as a rape-seed. But I remonstrated with him that this scanty portion would scarcely transmute four grains of lead. He accordingly asked me to give it him back, which I did, in hopes of a greater parcel; but he, cutting off half with his nail, said, 'Even this is sufficient for thee.' So I gave him great thanks, and said I would try it, and reveal the secret to no one. He then took his leave, and said he would call again upon me on the ensuing morning. On his return, I confessed to him that while the mass of his medicine was in my hands, the day before, I had scraped off a bit with my nail, which I projected on lead, but that it caused no transmutation, as the whole flew away in fumes. 'Friend,' said he, 'thou art more dexterous in committing theft than in applying medicine: hadst thou wrapt up thy stolen prey in yellow wax, it would have penetrated and transmuted the lead into gold.' I then asked if the philosophic work cost much, or required long time; for philosophers say, that nine or ten months are required for it? He answered, 'Their writings are only to be understood by the adepts, without whom no student can prepare this mastery. Fling not away, therefore, thy money and goods in hunting out this art, for thou shalt never find it.' To this I replied, 'As thy master showed thee, so mayest thou perchance discover something thereof to me who know the rudiments; and therefore it may be better to add to a foundation than begin anew.'—'In this art,' said he, 'it is quite otherwise; for, unless thou knowest the thing from head to heel, thou canst not break open the glassy seal of Hermes. But enough: to-morrow, at the ninth hour, I will tell you the manner of preparation.' But Elias never came back; so my wife, who was curious in the art whereof the worthy man had discoursed, teased me to make the experiment with the little spark of bounty the artist had left me. So I melted down half an ounce of lead, upon which my wife put in the said medicine: it hissed and bubbled, and in a quarter of an hour the mass of lead was transmuted into fine gold, at which we were exceedingly amazed. I took it to the goldsmith, who judged it most excellent, and willingly offered fifty florins for each ounce."

A hundred and forty years before Christ, in the reign of the Emperor Wootie, the Chinese were engaged in pursuing the same object. During the twelfth year of this monarch's reign, Lanta, the priest, declared that, "having frequently put to sea, he had seen the spirit Ganta, who had instructed him how to make gold, and how to obtain the elixir which tends to immortality." Lanta in consequence received an important appointment, and a princess was given him in marriage. His deceptive arts were however discovered, and he was beheaded.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SKETCHES OF OUR ADVOCATES," No. 11, is our best.

Private answers have been returned to all letters received between the 20th and 26th of October, and which required such replies.

To E. D. we reply in the affirmative.

Will SENEZ favour us with an interview?

To our Southampton Correspondent, we beg to remark that the member of any Order of total abstinence can belong to the United Temperance Association.

We request the secretaries of provincial societies to forward us the reports of their meetings.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the second Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Six Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1840.

MR. ROWBOTHAM REFUTED.

THE line of argument adopted by this gentleman, in his Anti-Teetotal Lectures is decidedly ingenious, and calculated to mislead those who are not well versed in the details of vegetable and physiological chemistry. We shall however proceed to show our readers that the

whole system of MR. ROWBOTHAM'S theory, although based upon chemical truths, does not enable him to arrive at the wished-for demonstration, namely—"that water is not the natural drink of man, and that such artificial liquors, as wine, beer, and ale, contain elements which are calculated to prolong life."

MR. ROWBOTHAM starts with one proposition, which may be thus described. He says that "death is, in animals, the hardening, or ossification, of the whole system, by which the functions of life are terminated. Every animal and man commences life in a fluid state, the bones in infancy having little solidity; and, as age advances, so does the substance of the bone become more compact. The whole system of muscle and fibre progressively assumes a more osseous character. This general ossification leads to the natural death, called death from old age. Hence arises the question, *What is the cause of this ossification?* The introduction of earthy particles, or matters—such as carbonates, phosphates, and finates—into the blood, is the cause. Hence it follows that the food which contains the greatest quantity of the earthy matters will promote ossification, and thereby shorten life the more rapidly; and those foods, that contain the least amount of earthy particles, are therefore the most wholesome, and the best calculated to extend life."

Now, so far, MR. ROWBOTHAM is quite right, and the truth of his system is admitted. But how does he work out his argument that "temperance is better than teetotalism?" He says that "wheat and water contain much of the ossifying principle (earthy matter); and that a man drinking only spring water for forty years, would in that time take into his system enough of earthy matter to form a marble statue as large as himself."

Let us answer this argument before we proceed one step farther. MR. ROWBOTHAM argues against the use of bread and water because they contain earthy matter. Now, both Teetotalers and Anti-Teetotalers eat bread, and therefore the mere fact of eating bread cannot be used as an argument against Teetotalism. But, even if bread were poison, this could be no argument against Teetotalism, because the advocates of this principle did not invent bread as a substitute for alcoholic liquors. Whether all the world continue to eat bread, or abandon its use entirely, is a subject totally irrelevant to the doctrines of Teetotalism. MR. ROWBOTHAM might as well say that Teetotalism is a wrong principle, because high-seasoned dishes, or cocoanuts, or chestnuts, or cucumbers are unwholesome.

Now, with respect to water. The Teetotalers do recommend water as an universal beverage, and do assert that it is our natural drink. If there be certain unwholesome principles in water—such as earthy, neutral, or metallic salts,—the question is, *Can you produce any liquid without these earthy particles?* We boldly answer, No; because, if MR. ROWBOTHAM would substitute his ale, porter, and wine instead of spring water, we will tell him that they are made of water with earthy particles in it; and that the malt of which beer is made, and the fruit of which wine is made, also contain earthy particles. Thus, it is evident, that earthy particles must be taken into the human frame in one way or another; and it now only remains for the rational man to decide whether he will drink an intoxicating beverage with earthy particles in it, or an unintoxicating beverage with earthy particles in it? Since earthy particles must be drunk in either case, shall we prefer the beverage that refreshes us and produces no thirst—or the one that refreshes only for an instant, and produces renewed thirst almost immediately? Shall we choose water, which does not lead on to intoxicating habits, with all their dread escort of

crime, disease, poverty, and accident?—or shall we choose alcoholic drink which does lead to all those horrors? If, as before urged, it be proved that ale, porter, and wine contain earthy particles as well as water, because they are only water disguised, adulterated, and mixed with narcotic drugs or mineral substances,—shall we choose that beverage which contains only one unwholesome ingredient—namely, earthy matter,—or that beverage which contains the same unwholesome ingredient, and hundreds of others superadded thereto?

Let us now go a step farther. We have shown that beer contains earthy particles, both in consequence of the water with which it is mixed, and on account of the vegetables of which it is made. Barley, wheat, rye, and oats, when incinerated, are found to yield much earthy matter. Now, the brewers, not content with the quantity of earthy matter which their beer thus necessarily acquires from the water, the malt, and hops of which it is made, actually add earthy matters to their liquid during the process of brewing. Lime, potash, salt, alum, copperas, and the alkalies of oyster-shells, are all used in the manufacture of beer. What, in the name of common sense, then, can induce a man to uphold a drink, in which earthy matters are superadded to those which pre-existed in it? Take two pints of water:—each contains an equal quantity of earthy matter, at first: to one you add a great deal more earthy matter; and then which do you prefer? MR. ROWBOTHAM helps the cause of Teetotalism by proving that drinks containing earthy matters are unwholesome; and yet he advocates the use of a drink which absolutely contains much more earthy matter than water.

Everything in nature contains earthy matter; and all fruits, plants, and vegetables derive their earthy matter from the sulphur, air, and water with which the plants are supplied. Either the vital principle, which controls chemical affinity, and directs this power in the production of new compounds from elementary bodies, may likewise convert one element into another; or else some of the substances supposed by chemists to be simple, such as oxygen and hydrogen, are compounds, not of two, but of a variety, of different principles. Whatever be the cause, there is no doubt but that earthy matter is found in all substances; and, with this conviction in view, let us choose that drink where man has not increased the quantity of earthy matter formed in it by nature.

MR. ROWBOTHAM'S argument is thus disposed of, in respect to water; and we have now shown that, upon a correct basis, he has raised a most faulty fabric. He set out with a chemical truth, and then absolutely converted his own reasoning into a weapon against himself. "Do not drink liquids with earthy matter in them," says MR. ROWBOTHAM; and he immediately recommends liquors which contain the greatest quantity of that earthy matter, and which quantity has also been increased by the hand of man!

We shall now proceed to refute a few of the assertions which occur in MR. ROWBOTHAM'S usual lectures. In order to find an apology for the use of beer, he recommends it on the score that beer is made of soft water, which contains much less earthy matter than the spring water drunk as a beverage by itself. To this assertion we have two answers ready. The first is that, if beer be made of soft water, the earthy particles derived from the malt and hops, and from the alkalies, &c., used by the brewers, increase the quantity of earthy matter far beyond the amount which naturally exists in an equal quantity of spring water. In the second place, we deny that beer is generally made with soft water. Hard water is in most cases found favourable to the manufacture of beer. The Barnstaple and Liverpool ales, which are consi-

dered amongst the best in quality, are brewed with hard water. The Derby malt, which is much used in Lancashire, is found to make better beer in that county than in Derbyshire; and the reason is, that the Lancashire hard water occasions the difference. *Hard water contains much carbonate and sulphate of lime; and that is the cause of its value to the brewers.* The river Trent produces the water that makes the Burton and Nottingham ales; and these liquors are celebrated all over England, because the water of the Trent is peculiarly hard from running over calcareous strata in its course. The same brewer cannot, with the same malt, produce an equal beer in any other part of the kingdom. The carbonates of lime, magnesia, and potash are used in beer as correctives of acidity; and these are found in hard waters much more than in soft. The water with which the Burton ale is made flows from a rock of gypsum, and is almost saturated with the salt. Thus have we proved that brewers prefer hard water for their beer, and that the water containing the most earthy particles is deemed the best for the manufacture of malt liquor.

We have now refuted Mr. ROWBOTHAM'S principal arguments in favour of his theory. Let us proceed a step farther still, and show that water is a "natural beverage." It is an essential constituent in the organization of all living bodies; and, as it is continually expended during the process of life, that waste must be also continually supplied; and this supply is of such importance that it is not left to reason or to chance, but forms the object of an imperious appetite. When taken into the stomach, water acts by its temperature, its bulk, and the quantity absorbed by the lacteals. It dilutes the contents of the stomach and intestines, and thus diminishes their acrimony. It also dilutes the chyle and the blood, and gives a healthy increase of fluidity to those liquids.

And now let us show that the earthy particles in water are not so unwholesome as asserted by Mr. ROWBOTHAM, but are, on the contrary, mixed with that fluid, in various proportions, for a wise and good purpose. Alkali in water produces a wholesome tonic effect on the stomach, particularly in cases of morbid acidity. Sulphur in water is good for cutaneous and glandular diseases. Neutral salts in water give a healthy impulse to the circulation, act as gentle laxatives, and are excellent in cases of debility, cachexia, chlorosis, fluor albus, amenorrhoea, and all nervous diseases. Thus, although we admit that in one sense these earthy particles existing in water are somewhat calculated to diminish life by the process of ossification, we also prove that they are far more eminently calculated to preserve it by their peculiar properties; and it should be the most exalted pleasure of the chemist, as well as the naturalist, to trace and admire those endless proofs of design and omniscience in the frame of the creation which the general laws of nature so universally demonstrate.

There is another assertion made by Mr. ROWBOTHAM, on the occasions of his public lectures, which we must here notice. He quotes many instances of long life on the part of hard-drinkers, and says that the ancient Britons, who lived upon fruits, and not on bread, were also remarkable for longevity. Now, was not the general drink of the aboriginal Britons, who dwelt in trees and caves, water—the spring water of nature's fountains? And do not medical testimony and the observations of travellers to distant islands, prove that the use of alcoholic drinks shortens life? The American Indians, the natives of Sierra Leone, the inhabitants of Shetland, the Kaffres, and numerous tribes of savages, have demonstrated the appalling fact that the introduction of strong drinks amongst them abbreviated their lives to a fearful extent. The Teetotalers can

quote hundreds of instances of longevity in the cases of water-drinkers, and can adduce a host of medical authorities to record their testimony in favour of water. The appetite which is not vitiated by the use of strong drinks, also delights in fruits; and this taste is not, as Mr. ROWBOTHAM imagines, confined to children. From the age of sixteen until a few months ago (an interval of ten years) the Editor of this journal never ate fruit tarts nor sweets of any kind, because his taste was vitiated by wine and strong drink; but since he has been a total abstainer therefrom, he has enjoyed those comestibles with the same relish as in his boyhood. The same fact has been recorded by hundreds of Teetotalers.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FOUNT OF TYPE.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

URBANE READER!

Be not unnecessarily alarmed if I commence this most true narrative, by assuring you that I am the devil. But I am not what, perhaps, you may suppose me to be—the King of the Nether-lands; I am a mere mortal like yourself. Let me say with Bottom, the weaver, "If you think I were here as a lion (devil) it were pity of my life;—no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are."

To elucidate this mystery, I am the sole devil appetizing and belonging to a small printing establishment in the Seven Dials, and I have about as extraordinary an occurrence to make known to you as was ever offered to public notice. I must take leave, however, to deprecate any suspicion of its truth. It is genuine, authentic, veritable, and I hope, when I shall have made a few further remarks, it will be held to be credible also. "The Adventures of a Guinea," are undoubtedly no fiction; "The Adventures of an Atom," have been immortalized long ago; "Pompey the Little," has found a historian who may be relied upon for his exact regard to truth; and the moral Hawkerworth has condescended to present us with the vicissitudes of a small verminous being, whose name is not to be mentioned in these fastidious days to ears polite; but whose identity may be indicated by stating that three skips of it are equivalent to the regard which one man sometimes expresses for another; and that it is what you may expect to catch if you see a beggar.

I have tendered these examples, furnishing, as they do, a strong claim upon the confidence which it is my desire that you should place in my narrative, and which I now proceed, without further preface, to set before you.

One evening I was about to leave the printing office, after a hard day's work, when a somewhat unusual noise attracted my attention. It appeared to proceed from the cast before me; and on a more minute scrutiny, I perceived an agitation amongst the type, which was to me, and would have been to any one else, perfectly unaccountable. I was alone—the day was drawing in—a twilight gloom overspread the office, and an unearthly sensation of fear began to come over me. Suddenly, six letters erected themselves out of the case, before me in a line thus: A. E. I. O. U. Y.

"Mr. Devil," said the first of these locomotive letters, "we have been deputed by our brethren to wait upon you, and we request your attention for a few minutes. You will excuse so small a deputation, but we feared that if we came en masse we might disarrange your nervous system. We did ask two notes of admiration to accompany us, but the notes of interrogation inquired whether that would not look awful? It was no use the notes coming, since they can't join in conversation, and you are accustomed to better liquids than we can supply."

Here the six little literal rogues burst into a shrill fit of laughter, and began to reel about at the imminent hazard of losing their equilibrium.

"Bring," cried O, "a brace of parentheses to keep us together."

"No occasion for them, at all," resumed A, who had by this time recovered his gravity; "be a little more orderly, and I dare say Mr. Devil will listen to us patiently."

"You must know, Sir," he continued, turning to me, "jocose as we appear just now we are come to you on no laughing errand. You see that we are all of us the worse for wear, and that we cannot possibly hold out much longer. Now our business with you is to request you to hear the vicissitudes of our career, and to ask you to communicate, through the medium of some of our own species, our history to the world. This you will probably find no difficult task; for a sort of type-us fever has been raging for a long time past, and every thing, worse luck for us, finds its way into print now-a-days."

I granted a courteous assent to this application, and the loquacious A began, after a short pause, as follows:—

We first became conscious of our existence in the office of Mr. B.—of Fleet street, whither, as we afterwards understood, we had been taken a few days previously. Mr. B.—took up several of us at once, and after minutely inspecting us, bestowed high praise upon the thin gracefulness of our figures, and remarked that we should just do for Mr. Winesacre's projected work. A month elapsed, when, one morning, Mr. B.—accompanied by a tall, stout gentleman, redolent of Virginia and breathing Barclay and Perkins, entered the office: the stout gentleman was Mr. Sampson Winesacre.

"Take my word for it," said he, "my new edition of Shakespeare must inevitably supersede all others now extant. Why, Sir, they none of them know any thing about him. They didn't understand him—couldn't fathom him B.—couldn't fathom him."

"Well but, my dear Sir," suggested Mr. B.—, "there are so many editions of our immortal bard."

"So many!" cried Winesacre, "yes, as Byron says, 'too many, yet how few,'—that are worth a doit, I mean."

"That may be very true," returned the printer, "but every broken-down author writes about Shakespeare now-a-days. They turn to him as naturally as a bankrupt to the coal and wine trade."

"Come, come, that won't do, you're too hard upon the poor devil," said Winesacre, with a spurious laugh, reddening at the same time. "I'll tell you this much, Mr. B.—, Addison and Pope were a pair of asses—at Shakespeare, I mean: Rowe was a very poor creature—Warburton was wide of the mark—Sir Thomas Harmer a blockhead—Dr. Farmer, O Lord!—Malone and Stevens pert dunces, and as for Dr. Johnson—"

"You're not going to say a word, I hope," exclaimed B.—, "against Dr. Johnson, the leviathan of literature."

"Leviathan of literature!" echoed Winesacre, with much protrusion of the nether lip, as he tumbled his head contemptuously; "mark me B.—, I am not going to say a word against Sam Johnson, early Sam; he was a leviathan of literature—a mammoth of morals, no question about that; but (between us) an insect, a very insect as a commentator."

"Well, then, you are going to do something better, I suppose," said B.—

"Aye, to be sure I am," answered the other: "here, just read this," and he produced a letter from his pocket, "so, I'll read it to you myself—his lordship writes such a d— queer hand. From Lord Noddleton," he added with emphasis as he fixed his eyes upon B.—, and read slowly and significantly, "Here it is."

Ninnville, Tuesday Morning.

My dear Winesacre,

I return you the specimens you have been so kind as to submit to me, of your projected edition of Shakespeare, which I have perused with much pleasure, and I must add with great profit. I quite agree with you that the world has been hitherto altogether mistaken respecting the character of Iago. When I reflect upon the general frailty of human nature, I should say he was not a bad man. Macbeth was weak, no more. How strong a passion is ambition, and the supernatural machinery that brought about his destruction; poetical justice should have been dealt out upon the witches. They were really the delinquents. I go with you in your strictures upon Hamlet: his conduct to Ophelia cannot be justified, nor his cold-blooded murder of her aged and unoffending father, Polonius. But here again supernatural influence is introduced. Was not the ghost culpable? You are quite right; Prospero was a quipper. Caliban had clearly a priority of claim to the Island. With best wishes for your success, believe me, &c.

NOODLETON."

This letter evidently made a deep impression upon B.—

"His lordship," he remarked, "is an excellent judge of dramatic literature, I believe."

"First-rate," said Winesacre with solemn earnestness.

The two walked to the other end of the shop, and conferred together for several minutes.

"Well, I'll send some of the copy tomorrow morning the first thing," exclaimed the commentator, shaking B.— heartily by the hand.

"Do so, we shall get on with it at once," said the other, turning to his foreman, to whom he gave several minute directions, whilst Winesacre descended the stairs in a high state of exhilaration.

In a few weeks we were all set up, not a little delighted at the kindness of fortune in prescribing for us so exalted a destiny. Two thousand copies of us were struck off, and were carried away to the publishers. There was a talk of stereotyping us, but that plan was dropped, and I'll tell you why.

We had remained in our sedentary and passive state about six months, when Mr. B.— one day rushed into the office, in a ferment of violent agitation, and requested that his foreman, Markham, should be summoned to him. "Here's a precious business, Markham," said he as the man approached.

"What's the matter, Sir?" said Markham.

"Have you seen the papers and magazines lately?"

"No, Sir, I have no time to read them."

"Why, they're unanimous in their opinion," cried

B—, "that Wiseacre's the most infernal fool that ever disgraced literature, and that his notes to Shakspeare are the veriest rubbish that was ever spun out of the brain of an idiot."

Here was an announcement for us, Mr. Devil! who knew nothing of the matter, the notes having been committed to a smaller type, with which, of course, we had no connexion or acquaintance whatever.

"I went to the publisher," continued B—; "the book will never sell, he told me, and referred me to Wiseacre, who is now in the Fleet."

"God bless my soul!" cried Markham.

"And God bless my soul!" said B—, "I visited him there—No. 11, on the third gallery. The fellow received me with open arms, as drunk as an owl, you may be sure—compelled me to be seated—told me he had filed his petition—expected to be at large again in a few weeks, and wanted to know whether I would undertake to print, when he came out, a new edition of Fox's Martyr's *with Notes*."

Here the printer's face underwent much metamorphosis, whilst Markham held up his hand and groaned.

"What's to be done?" said B—, after a pause.

"Can't say, Sir, possibly."

"We must distribute the type, Markham," cried the printer, scratching his ear. "I've kept the press standing for the fellow these three months, under the assurance that Lord Noddleton was going to write a review in one of the magazines, which would compel all the world to buy the book. D— that Wiseacre, I always thought he intended to take me in."

With these words he withdrew; and in the afternoon of the following day we were disbanded.

We now lay dormant for a considerable time, and had almost discarded all hopes of further employment, when Dr. Wigsby Twaddle was pleased to select us as a type best calculated for his elaborate lucubrations. "You have been recommended to me," said the doctor, addressing B— with ponderous emphasis, "by my excellent and worthy friend Mr. Barnaby Burge, who tells me that you are an individual whose civility, despatch, and judgment may be equally relied on."

The printer bowed.

"The volumes I am now about to commit to print," pursued the doctor, as he lifted from his immense rearward pouch a vast quantity of manuscript, "consist of sermons—not evangelical, for they perhaps might meet with a restricted sale, but moral sermons calculated for universal perusal—for the public at large."

The eyes of Dr. Wigsby Twaddle rested with amiable fondness upon the precious deposit for some moments. "Here, for instance," he resumed, drawing one from amongst its fellows, "here is a sermon against drunkenness. No common sensation did this discourse produce. Mr. Soaker a most excellent and respected gentleman with whom I dined on the very day that discourse was delivered, was so affected on referring to it, as he took leave of me in the passage, that he absolutely fell to the ground, and was carried to his own apartment by the servants."

"Bless me," said Mr. B—, "it must be a most powerful discourse."

"You see, Sir," cried the doctor, casting a sidelong glance at the other, "these are no common performances that are entrusted to you. Here is another," and he unfolded it with grateful triumph—"my sermon on suicide. It is a very extraordinary circumstance—inconceivable, really, that Moody the vestry clerk should have made away with himself so soon after listening to this terrible, this harrowing composition."

"He destroyed himself after hearing the sermon?" said B—, with much interest.

"He did so—was found suspended in the kitchen on the next morning by the servant of all work, who has been able to do nothing since. The widow was consequently compelled to give the girl warning."

So saying, the doctor placed his manuscript in the hands of the printer.

"I perceive you are an intelligent man Mr. B—," said he, as he put on his hat; "I need hardly therefore recommend you to read the sermons, as they pass through the press, and to read them with attention, not once, but many times. They are occasionally so profound—the argument is so elaborately worked out—the moral so ingeniously arrived at—that people have sometimes misunderstood, nay, mistaken, do you understand? For instance, lend me the papers again for a moment, will you? Here is a charity sermon I delivered a few months since. The latter portion of this appeal inculcates that more refined, that more sublime charity which is done in secret—that does not lay itself out for the applause of men—that is unostentatious—that is strictly private. Would you believe it, Sir? the congregation so utterly misunderstood or forgot the tenor of the former part of the sermon, that they walked out of the church entirely unconscious of, or indifferent to, the appealing churchwardens at the entrance, who pushed their pewter plates into their respective ribs without avail. So cautious ought we to be, Sir, of letting our feelings get the better of our judgment. Good morning!" And the doctor departed with dignity.

Perhaps a more dreary typical existence cannot be imagined than that of being locked up in the sermons of so profound a divine as Dr. Wigsby Twaddle. But

our deliverance came at last. The doctor called upon Mr. B— about eight months after the completion of his volumes, and paid his bill, with many solemn and mournful comments on the blindness and indifference of the world, and gave directions that the remaining six hundred and eighty copies of the sermons should be sent to his house, remarking that one day or the other their value would be discovered, and that when that event did take place, he should take care to supply the public with them at an advanced price.

We were next engaged upon a choice selection from the most celebrated French authors, made by a gentleman of that nation, whose name I cannot now recollect. If our former existence in the sermons was dreary, this, in the selection, was inexplicable. There we stood, side by side, perfectly unable to ascertain our own meaning, and in the course of a short time, hardly conscious of our own identity. Many of us became delirious in consequence, and in future works, would stand upon our heads in spite of the compositor. The W's had an easy life of it during this cruel business, and when we were once more released, bantered us without mercy on our recent mysterious labours.

We were some time after this called upon to be the medium of conveying to the world the productions of a young man of genius, whose effusions, it was his individual belief, would go far to restore a taste for poetry, which has been for many years on the decline. We were rejoiced at the destination provided for us; for a magnificent forehead, a sallow complexion, and no neckcloth, contribute towards encouraging a belief in the poetical powers of the owner. But the hopes we had begun to entertain were speedily dissipated by the first few pages of "Dandolo, or the Venetian Bride," the title of the principal poem, which we overheard one of the compositors reciting *ore retando* to the infinite entertainment of his companions. To describe the confusion into which this specimen of Parnassian inspiration threw us, would be impossible. Suffice it to say, the O's endeavoured to abscond with all expedition, and nearly all the notes of admiration—the S's, except a few that had grown callous in the sermons, were discovered to be missing. We were, however, ruthlessly brought into subjection; but we had afterwards the satisfaction of learning that, in spite of the "splendid," "brilliant," and "sparkling," which the reviewers liberally bestowed upon the performance, in imitation of the publicans who put off their real small beer with the same phrases, the poem fell still-born from the press, and was buried in the butter-shops.

Shortly subsequent to this, Mr. B— furnished another instance of alliteration and became a bankrupt. We were purchased at the sale of that gentleman's effects by three gentlemen, co-proprietors of a daily newspaper which was about to start in the radical interest, and were forthwith transferred to the office of "The Universal Suffrage." During the space of fifteen months we enjoyed a life of infinite and pleasing variety. For instance, one day we were eloquent in Mr. Humd's speech on the budget, and in the next were particularly minute in the admeasured circumference of an enormous cabbage, which had quite astonished by its size the oldest inhabitant. Some of us, on one side of the paper, were deeply concerned to hear that the Honourable Mr. Reckless had broken his neck in a steeple-chase; whilst others over leaf were delighted at the installation of Dr. Borem to a bishoprick. One morning we wanted to sell a large stock of wine, and tomorrow we wanted a butler to take care of it.

This you must acknowledge was a sufficiently animated existence, but, alas! it was not destined to last. The sale of "The Universal Suffrage" did not fall off; it could hardly do that; but it did not rise—it remained in a state of provoking *status-quoism*. The truth is, that portion of the public possessing the franchise did not care to read it, and those who had it not either could not or would not. A cabinet council was accordingly held.

"I'll tell you what," said one of the proprietors to the other, "that Whiffle has been our ruin. He has been the death of two newspapers already, and now he's doing for us. Doing for us? why, he has done for us."

Whiffle sipped his brandy and water, and turned off his leaders for about a fortnight after this conversation, when some strangers entered the premises with shocking abruptness, and swept us clean off without asking with your leave or by your leave. They came from the Stamp Office, the landlord, and the stationer, individually, collectively, and simultaneously!

The communicative A having made an end of his story, motioned to his five companions, and turned away, as though about to be gone. He however recollected himself.

"By the bye," said he, "Mr. Devil, you may as well mention what we are about now. Do tell the curious reader, that we are now the property of Mr. Catnach, the seller of ballads, and that he may see a faint likeness of us any day, by purchasing sixteen yards of songs, which may be had at the reasonable price of one penny. As a last favour, we have to beg of you that you will put us six into 'The Light of other Days.' 'Rory O'More' is too lively for our present state of spirits, and we have been turned about and wheeled about too much already to endure 'Jim Crow.' Farewell!"

LETTERS TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

No. II.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN.—The education which you received in your early youth, or the admonitory lessons you heard from the lips of your parents, most probably taught you to venerate the present systems of society, morals, and government, on the score of their antiquity. Thus an habitual veneration for those institutions which were conceived by your ancestors, has been generated in your minds; and this prejudice you often mistake for a species of innate conviction that those institutions are really good. The human mind is essentially biased by the lessons it receives in youth,—hence all national predilections and aversions. This scheme of adhering to generally admired ideas, as if those who originally propagated them could not have been in the wrong, has proved the most fatal obstacle to the progressive march of civilization and reform that man could possibly have raised up as an embankment against the flow of his own intellectual tide.

Teetotalism is a war against ancient opinions, in the same way as republicanism is a new principle opposed to the ancient one of monarchy. Teetotalism is rendered necessary by the alarming progress made by intemperate habits, in the same way as the liberal institutions of democratic government are alone suitable to the present wants and interests of the age. The demon of intemperance must be hurled from his throne in the same way as the tyrannical institutions of monarchical government must be annihilated; and the hearts and minds of men must be purged of all predilections in favour of demoralizing indulgences, in the same way as the country itself must be freed from the hereditary rulers who oppress its inhabitants.

You were taught in your youth to imitate the ways of your forefathers, and to persevere in the paths which they had chalked out for you. But, fellow-countrymen, this system of education was a defective one, and is evidently opposed to all measures of reformation and improvement. The laws of retaliation might have suited the ancient inhabitants of the world; but they could not be applied to the present state of morals. There were also times when nations were so deeply plunged in barbarism and ignorance that the despotic system of an oligarchy would alone have succeeded as a form of government. But those times are now past. Gradually has your right of franchise been extended,—gradually has the scope of your liberties increased,—gradually have the tyrannical privileges of the throne been curtailed, one by one,—and gradually has the voice of Freedom increased its tone, until, having commenced with the low murmur of a little stream, it now thunders its demands and reclamations with the din of a torrent. As your interests have assumed a more important aspect, as your minds have become more expansive, and as the map of your understanding has been enlarged with new discoveries, so has your freedom increased, and the despotism of the government been restrained. The codes of laws have become milder, the insolence of an overweening aristocracy has abated, and the policy of England's kings has lost much of its infernal tyranny. Hence it is plain that new interests require new social, moral, and political systems,—and that an increase of liberty must necessarily keep pace with an increasing civilization.

The present condition of society presents one of those phases which demand a vast and important change, that change admitting several varieties. You must not oppose yourselves to the new system of Teetotalism, because it militates against the customs of your forefathers, one atom more than you should arrest the progress of that moral movement which is now agitating society, and which tends to extend the circumference of your liberties. Your fathers were not right when they advocated drinking usages, any more than when they propagated the doctrine that the earth was flat and that the sun moved round it. Your ancestors were not right when they supposed that the earthquakes and the storms were omens of ill-fortune, expressive of the wrath of an offended deity, any more than when they attached implicit faith to the doctrine of the divine rights of kings. The good sense of the present age shows that those drinking customs have led to the most inveterate intemperance—one of the greatest scourges ever sent to afflict humanity; and that same improved state of intellect also convinces us that kings and queens are the most effectual sources of misery, in consequence of war—poverty, as the result of taxation—and injustice, which is the invariable emanation of the exclusive privileges of royalty.

I have therefore shown you, fellow-countrymen, that you must not attach any importance to the opinions of your ancestors in respect to social or political systems. You should learn to think and to act for yourselves. You should take every idea connected with systems of government or morals, and examine it separately for yourselves. You should take nothing for granted, where you see room for doubt. Few things are axioms; and you should question the truth of all you hear, in order to elicit demonstration, where such is possible. If you abstain from all intoxicating liquors, you will become ornaments to your country, and the artificers of your future good fortunes; but if you continue in the ways of intemperance, you will exist as a living monument of human degradation and shame. Reform

your habits, and you will soon see with other eyes, hear with other ears, and speak with other voices: the tones of reason will not be drowned in the impetuous ebullition of your passions, nor will the whisperings of your conscience be lost amidst the din of drunken revelry; but you will think with coolness, plan with judgment, and execute with decision. The great Deity who rules us all, has given you talents the merits of which may be evoked as well as those of the educated and the rich; but you must not conceal them in the public-house, nor there learn to pervert them to an evil purpose. Fellow-countrymen, this is the age of intellectual, moral, and political improvement,—this is the epoch of vast change for the amelioration of man,—this is the period when vice and tyranny must be overthrown together,—and this is the era to which history shall learn to point with an eternal finger, and the annals of which shall proclaim the glorious dawn of brighter destinies upon the hitherto clouded existence of the working classes. This monument of pride shall be raised, fellow-countrymen, by yourselves, for by your exertions shall the enlightened and enlightening principles of Teetotalism henceforth progress, never to relapse.

GRACCHUS.

REVIEWS.

Anti-Bacchus: An Essay on the Crimes, Diseases, and other Evils connected with the Use of Intoxicating Drinks. By the Rev. B. PARSONS. 8vo. pp. 136. London: J. Snow.

WITHOUT troubling either ourselves or the reader relative to the cause of the publication of this work, and leaving others to determine whether its appearance in print at all, were proper in respect to the successful essay by the talented Mr. GRINDRON, we have placed "Anti-Bacchus" now before us, for the purpose of fulfilling our duty as impartial reviewers, and bestowing an opinion upon one of the leading works as yet published in the sphere of Teetotal literature. Mr. PARSONS has taken an elaborate and important view of the subject which forms the basis of his book, and has handled that subject with skill. The essay certainly produces startling facts to show that "in our day intemperance has assumed a most destructive character," and that "it has become the parent of most of the crimes which scourge the land." In fact we cannot entertain so dreadful an opinion of humanity as to suppose that such fearful crimes, as daily come within our cognisance, could be perpetrated, were not their authors labouring at the time under some unnatural excitement; and we find, by a reference to the annals of crime, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those malefactors who have ever suffered death, transportation, or other punishment for outrages against society, have been guilty of their crimes when under the influence of the unnatural excitement produced by strong drink. Well may the Rev. Mr. PARSONS exclaim, "Savage as the barbarian may be, intoxicating drinks will increase his rage a thousand-fold, and on that account ought to be withheld." Even in the year 1764, the Irish House of Commons asserted that "many murders which of late have been committed, are to be attributed to the excessive consumption of spirits."

Let us cull a few very interesting statistical accounts from "Anti-Bacchus." The annual cost of malt and spirituous liquors in the United Kingdom is about one hundred millions of money. In the fermented liquors made during the course of one year in Great Britain and Ireland there are sixty-three million seven hundred and eighty thousand and ninety-five gallons of spirits; and in the distilled spirits there are twenty-nine million five hundred and twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine gallons of alcohol, "making a total of upwards of ninety-three millions of gallons of intoxicating spirit, and showing an excess of alcohol in fermented above distilled liquors to the amount of upwards of thirty-four millions of gallons." There are forty-eight thousand two hundred and eleven brewers in the country; and nearly one hundred thousand retailers of beer, or cider and perry. The number of manufacturers, dealers, and retailers in spirit, amounts to nearly fifty-five thousand, whose rent and taxes exceed two millions of money annually. "The justice department of government costs upwards of a million annually, and the preventive service half a million more; and yet these sums are not a quarter of what is paid for trials, police-fines, &c. by the country." How ridiculous is it, then, for the government to make crime for the mere purpose of having to pay for the punishment of it!

Mr. PARSONS, in a very entertaining chapter upon the nature of alcohol and alcoholic drinks, proves to demonstration that alcohol does not exist in nature, in a native state, but that it is the product of fermentation, which is itself a result of decomposition or decay in vegetable bodies. Fermentation amalgamates the different principles in fruits or vegetables, which principles were all separated and apart during the period of the vitality of those fruits or vegetables. Thus, alcohol never could be elicited from any productions of nature in their living state, but is merely obtained from their diseased or putrid condition. In a word, alcohol is the production of the rottenness of nature. The

spirit is the same in principle, whether in wine, malt, or spirituous liquors. Gin, rum, brandy, whiskey, &c. are nothing but alcohol and water, coloured and modified with burnt sugar, or adulterated to suit certain purposes. There is no nourishment in these, because all the substance is distilled into spirit, and alcohol itself cannot be reduced to a substance by any process existing: therefore as substances alone are nourishing, or liquors in proportion to the substance to which they can be reduced, it is evident that there is not a particle of nutrition in spirituous liquors. Distillation succeeds fermentation, for the purpose of extracting the alcohol produced by the latter.

With regard to wines we may observe that bitter almonds are used to give them a nutty flavour,—sweet-brier and elder-flowers form the bouquet of high-flavoured wines,—alum renders meagre wine bright; and the crust of port wine is very easily made with cream of tartar. Many wine-sellers know that there is death in their wine; and many medical men have destroyed their patients by recommending them to drink spirits.

Mr. PARSONS labours hard to prove that the custom of drinking alcoholic wine was not known to the ancients. We think that the Massican and "mighty Falerian" will not be included in the category of non-alcoholic wines. With reference to the miracle of the transmutation of the water into wine, we think that both Mr. GRINDRON in his "Bacchus" and Mr. PARSONS in "Anti-Bacchus" satisfactorily set at rest any idea that the use of alcoholic liquor could ever have possibly obtained the divine sanction.

On the whole, "Anti-Bacchus" is a most valuable work, and reflects the greatest credit upon its author.

The Student: A French and English Periodical. Number I. 8vo. pp. 16. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

THE design of this publication is good; but we are afraid that the editor is not competent to work it out. He is not thoroughly acquainted with French idioms: the literal translation of the English presents itself frequently. For instance, in the opening tale, he has the following sentence:—"Le costume en lequel je vous vois," &c. Now no Frenchman would make use of such an expression. It is not absolutely wrong; but a native would not use it. He would say, "Le costume que vous portez." Again, we have this sentence, "L'heure venue, et vous serez servi;" the conjunction *et* should be here omitted. In his lesson of the pronunciation of the French language, the editor of *The Student* says that *poudait* must be pronounced as *ponday*: the *g* must not even be breathed; he should have written the English pronunciation *poneday*. Then, again, he writes the pronunciation of *enf* thus—*oof*, whereas it should be *uf*. *Cessa* should be *sessah*, instead of *saisah*; *deur* should be *derz* in that sentence; *mais* should there be *maz* instead of *maz*; and *mieur* should be pronounced as nearly *mew* as possible, instead of *muyey*. If a little more attention be devoted to this work, it will become an useful publication, and a favourite.

AN ALLEGORY.

A certain city became infested with a dangerous species of insect, numbers of which, mingling with particles of different kinds of nourishment, were thus by the inhabitants unconsciously swallowed. The first symptoms of its presence in the human system were giddiness, preternatural lustre of eye, torpidity of the muscles employed in articulation, a hicough, flushed countenance, temporary but general paralysis, lunacy of short duration, and sudden change in the disposition, continuing until the fit ceased, which change varied in the respective subjects of it. Some showed unusual mirth, others flew into the extreme of bad passions, and committed violence upon things animate and inanimate. Drowsiness ordinarily supervened, and frequently death-like stupefaction. The patient after a little while, slowly regained his faculties, although the convulsion left, as its successors, a trembling of the nerves shocked by the preceding paralysis, headache, excessive thirst, and dreadful sense of depression on the spirits. Repeated attacks caused more durable evidences of the fatal operations of the insidious venom, imbibed from this apparently trifling source. Preternatural lustre of eye yielded to fixed and lasting inflammation of its delicate blood-vessels, bloatedness of dropsy deforming every limb and feature, and the whole exterior assuming a diseased aspect. Fearful were its internal ravages—corroded liver, stomach weakened into irritability, rejecting wholesome food, or failing to perform with fidelity its digestive duties. Intervals between the paralytic shocks harassed the sufferer with mental horrors, which the afflicted have so feelingly compared to a realization of torments of the condemned in regions of eternal punishment. The moral state of the unhappy victim, during the paroxysm, was often debased, indeed. Affection, tendency to obey the laws, religion, humanity and all refinement, fled from the mind. Hate, rancour, discontent, cruelty and coarse sensuality usurped the throne of virtuous sentiment. The arm which should have shielded innocence, ensanguined its hue with the gore of a devoted heart. The alarming evil of this accession to the plagues of life, this baneful little creature awakened the attention and quick-

ened the active hostility against its existence, of the most skilful physicians, and attracted to the cause the efforts of almost every citizen and resident of the neighbourhood. Specifics were resorted to in vain. The obstinate and penetrating assailant escaped every weapon, and triumphantly dealt its blow, in spite of medical science and ingenuity sharpened by the urgency of such an occasion. It insinuated itself into the purest beverage, lurked in the closet, crept into the drawer, found its way into cup and chink, and cursed almost every happy hearth with its obnoxious visitings. It qualified the jocund merry-making with its offensive intrusion, exalted obscenity as the odious substitute of sparkling wit, and foul fumes, whence only should emanate the pleasant odours of a feast. The unrelenting persecutor pursued the flying martyr, and overtook the object of its vengeance in the solitude of the desert. Its deadly shafts were levelled with unerring aim at the worshipper beside the altar; like a serpent, it darted its sting from among blossoms in the bowers of pleasure, cradled its brood within the sanctuary of the bridal chamber, stole into the guileless bosom of loveliness and unheeding youth, bowed with anguish the hoary head, and nestled amid scenes were music and beauty, fragrance and festivity, blessed mortality with foretaste of heaven. Oh! why this direful doom—what enormity is this awful judgment to expiate, requiring the sacrifice of the blooming charms of the sweetest damsel, the noblest powers of manly greatness? Canst thou prayer avert aught of the terrible denunciation? May not mercy withhold the bitterest of the loathsome draught? Must the goblet be drained to the very dregs? Will no favouring spirit, from on high, wing its way hither, to stay the sweeping desolation of this pestilence? Must the tear trickle for ever over blighted hopes? Is the futurity of fond desire in the mental prospect of mothers never again to smile in the verdure of a fertile vale, but ever to frown from the blasted soil of a burning waste? These were the cries of agony which ascended in every quarter, wrung from despairing wretches! Ah! the echoing groans are dying away in the distance, wailings of woe wax fainter and fainter, anon are scarcely heard, now cease. What means this quiet—is it a pausing of over wearied assiduity in complaint, to be succeeded by a renewal of sighs and entreaties, increased in fervour and loudness, or are the supplications granted and the danger removed? Alas! that venerable form, wallowing in the filthy pool, which stagnates amid confined vapours and tributary ooings of offal juices, witness for the lingering of the hated corruption which degraded excellence and wisdom into such a heart-rending spectacle. Proclamation of those bloody murders done upon sleeping confidence, writes in lurid characters, blinding and glaring with hellish hideousness upon the astounded vision, that the promoter of wolfish propensity is still pouring its polluting streams into the energies of intellect. Those bacchanalian shouts and tumultuous noises, which frighten away the stillness of hours hallowed to dreams, forgetfulness and refreshing slumber, harrow up the soul of virtue with gloomy forebodings of attendant wretchedness, the shadow of present delusive hilarity and unnatural excitement. Why, then, is the voice of lamentation no more wafted by sympathizing airs to celestial guardians of human weal? A surpassing wonder explains the enigma. Imagine the cunning witchery, the mighty magic of a spell which could infuse its illusions into a consuming frame to the conviction of its owner, that the vitals which crisp and curl among the flames, are glowing with renewed life and increasing vigour. Such is the potent enchantment, the complete hallucination which sways the understanding under the influence of this mysterious infection. The demon of mischief is not absent, but reason overwhelmed. The monster is courted, and periodical exacerbations of the disorder are eagerly sought as oblivion to care. The animal-culm do not sicken fast enough. Their bodies are crushed, the essence of pestiferous virulence extracted, and its malignant qualities concentrated into a sufficiently deleterious liquid which is quaffed, until fever rages in the pulse, and madness seizes the brain. The cherished bane is instilled into a thousand diabs, and honoured by the guest and host as the choicest offering of hospitality. Magistrates are infected with the mania, and license venders of this doubly-distilled noxiousness, shops are opened to retail rills of the crime-disposing fluid, and violence and racking pains, misery and ferocious wickedness, are made accessible to the humblest. The calamitous state of the inhabitants was known far and wide, and there came from a remote territory, a benevolent and learned leech, deeply affected by accounts he received of these deplorable events, and determined to apply his experience and research to the exigency. He had compassed the globe to examine the healing resources of every clime, ascended highest mountains to pluck from their pinna-cles contributions to the stores of his art, descended into deepest caves and mines for balmy treasures, hidden under glittering precious ore, and dived down to ocean recesses of pearly magnificence, to draw thence ingredients for invigorating restoratives. Laden with the gathered ministering to ailing, the visitor perambulated the streets and entered upon the task. Nameless were the expedients suggested, and numerous were the cures. Proselytes accelerated the coming,

and disciples multiplied the means of good. Law-givers began to know returning glimmerings of sanity, and perceive advantage to disseminating the newly-found remedies. From partial relinquishment of the vitiating mixture, progress was made to total abstinence. By enactments, facilities for getting poisoned were abolished, manufactories of the potion broken up, and a chemical test, detecting the least taint of it in article of food or drink universally applied. Wherever it was discovered, the compound was destroyed, and uncontaminated viands furnished salutary aliment. Fragrant and exhilarating offerings of oriental shores and Arabian plains, unadulterated with the proscribed constituent, cheered melancholy, animated languor, and met the icy touch of winter along the purple current of the veins with counteracting glow of its benign impulse. No longer were summer heats, scorching the brow, rendered more intolerable by fiery drops which the lip eagerly caught in mistaken endeavour to moisten the parched tongue, but purity of succulent gratefulness quenched burning longings of the palate. Sound sleep was enjoyed in the noiseless night, and all the functions regularly performed their allotments. Bright glances beamed once more upon just proportions of figure, voices resumed distinctness and melody, steadiness of intended motion confirmed every sinew, the step fell firm and sprung elastic as before. Propriety in thought displayed itself in correct action, the graces invited back, re-illumed mutual intercourse, delightful anticipations dawned again, and satisfaction returned to the fireside. In the genial sunshine of kindness of temper basked the lamb-like qualities of gentleness and reciprocal good-will. Regenerated breathings of the social atmosphere revived the clinging tendrils of entwining courtesies. Encouraged to nobler flights, soared on eagle pinions kindred aspirations of exalted worth, beckoned by a smiling destiny to lovelier skies. The fortunate reformer of so many evils, gratified with praise and rejoicings which he heard everywhere, withdrew into his own country, and passed his declining years in peaceful retrospect of his useful course.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS. COUNTRY NEWS.

ROSCOMMON.

ON October 16th, this town presented a scene of bustle and excitement, as it was reported that the REV. THEOBALD MATHEW would arrive and make his appearance during the day. A beautiful triumphal arch, decorated with green, had been made across the street; and, at an early hour, large numbers of Teetotalers were upon the move, with their white rods; but a report was industriously circulated to the effect that a man of the name of PIRACK, an officious and meddling county inspector, would not allow them to walk in procession. A large flag, with various devices painted on it, was hung outside the Temperance Hotel. At six o'clock the apostle of Temperance arrived at Flynn's Hotel, and shortly afterwards proceeded on foot up the street, followed by an immense concourse of persons, and a band playing "St. Patrick's Day," "See the Conquering Hero comes," &c. FATHER MATHEW proceeded to the house of the REV. J. MADDEN; and a cry then ran through the town,—"Illuminate! illuminate!" In a short time, every house exhibited a glare of light,—barrels were lighted at each end of the town,—and the whole scene was one of the most lively appearance. On the morning of the 17th, the REV. MR. MATHEW left Roscommon, at about eight o'clock, and proceeded to Gort. An immense multitude attended him a considerable distance upon the road.

BIRMINGHAM.

THE publicans are like a phalanx closely united and are up at the least appearance of danger: hence the terrible agitation raised by these gentry in defence of one of their order whose licence was recently withheld. "The Licensed Victualler's Society" have a good supply of munition, and are not slack to employ it. A barrister was engaged to bring the case above adverted to before the magistrates, who so far listened to the appeal as to appoint a Special Session to re-hear the matter and consider their judgment. The result is, that the former decision has been confirmed. The legal advocate very pathetically alluded to the loss, nay, ruin that the publican could sustain by the suppression of his licence; but are there no other considerations to be regarded? Is the habit made yearly by the super-abundance of ale and spirit-shops a trifling affair? By no means. And since the publicans have their advocates, let the friends, the real friends of the working man throw their protecting shield around him.

TOWN NEWS.

ISLINGTON YOUTH'S SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTemperance.

A crowded meeting of this association was held at the Wesleyan Chapel, Adelaide-street, Shepperton-street, New North Road, Islington. MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS had promised to take the chair upon the occasion; but as urgent business prevented this gentleman's attendance, and a suitable apology being sent by him to

the Secretary, the chair was taken by MR. CRUMP, the Registrar of the United Temperance Association.

MR. CRUMP addressed some wholesome advice to the youths of the district, relative to the important doctrines and duties of Teetotalism.

MASTER BROOKS made a most interesting speech, evincing a profound acquaintance with the beneficial tendency of Teetotalism in abolishing the drinking usages of society.

MASTER BASTING addressed the audience in a somewhat humorous speech; but the peroration was of a peculiarly affecting nature, and consisted of a powerful appeal to those present in favour of the society to which he belonged.

MASTER CHALMERS spoke for the first time, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all present.

MR. BAYLIS made one of his powerful appeals to parents, to implore them to rear their children in the doctrine of total abstinence, as the only condition of their future happiness.

MASTER TOWERS illustrated the evil effects of intemperance by referring to the biographies of many eminent men, who were the victims of that vice.

MR. BIDDLE produced a powerful effect upon the audience by means of an eloquent oration in favour of the great moral cause of total abstinence.

MR. MALLARD closed the meeting with a good speech.

OPENING OF THE SAINT PANCRAS TEMPERANCE HALL.

ON Monday evening, October 19th, this Hall was publicly opened for the first time. A grand tea-meeting commenced the proceedings, and this was very numerous and respectfully attended. The Hall presented a very cheerful appearance, being tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. The standard of the society, with the grand Banner of the United Temperance Association, which had been lent for the occasion, were appended to the walls. During the evening several Temperance Hymns, written by MR. BELMER for the occasion, were sung by the company. At 7 o'clock precisely the public meeting commenced, the chair being taken and ably filled by MR. HEWITT, who made an able speech, in which he especially alluded to the necessity of applying the extreme measure of Teetotalism to the extremely depraved state of society.

MR. HIGGINS, Junior, the Secretary, read the Report of the Committee, and stated the reasons which had led to the erection of the hall. It appears that application for the use of a school-room attached to a neighbouring chapel, had been made in vain, on the ground (O monstrous assertion!) that "the cause of Teetotalism was unscriptural." Under these circumstances, the Committee resolved to exert itself to effect the desired aim of having, in the Saint Pancras district, a public hall for teetotal lectures, in spite of the opposition of the professors of the Christian Church (!!!) attached to the aforesaid chapel; and the erection of the hall was the result of those efforts.

The meeting was then addressed by MR. JACKSON, the REV. J. S. CUNNE, MR. DENTON, and MR. GAT, each of whom delivered a most effective address in favour of Teetotalism.

MR. H. W. WESTON, Secretary to the United Temperance Association, concluded the business of the evening with a most encouraging address to the audience. He expatiated upon the advantages of the doctrine of total abstinence, and exposed the infamous system of adulteration practised by wine-merchants, publicans, and distillers. He recommended the Saint Pancras Society to establish a library in connexion with the new Hall, and promised to make them a present of some books as a foundation.

The Secretary gave notice that the meetings of the Society would be held, every Tuesday evening, at Northampton-street Chapel, King's Cross; and at the new Temperance Hall, 39, Wilstead-street, Somers Town, every Thursday evening. The meeting then separated, a powerful effect having been produced upon all present by the proceedings and arrangements of the evening. The presence of the grand Banner of the United Temperance Association, in the new Hall, on this occasion, seems to intimate that the principles of union are duly appreciated in that district.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Head Quarters.

THE meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel (the most important place of Teetotal-assemblage in London) was well attended on Wednesday evening, October 21st.

MR. CRUMP (the Registrar) took the chair, and commented upon the inconsistent conduct of clergymen who opposed the doctrines of Teetotalism. He observed that the clergy preached against crime, and yet they did not unite with those who were engaged in an active crusade against the cause of that crime.

MR. BENSTAN said that the advantages of Teetotalism are much less understood than they ought to be. He then particularly addressed himself to the female portion of the audience, and implored wives, and daughters, and mothers, to abandon the use of alcoholic drinks for the sake of their husbands, their fathers, and their sons. He said that the habit of intemperance never assumed so thoroughly degraded an aspect as in woman; and that alcohol converted all that nature had made chaste, fair, and comely, into the vilest of characters. He spoke of

the influence exercised over the male by the female sex, and demonstrated the necessity of a good example being set by the latter to the former. He then apologised for this personal appeal to the ladies present, but felt convinced that his observations would be taken in good part.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS said he had that day read an account of MR. ROWBOTHAM's late anti-teetotal lecture, in the *Morning Herald*, and he should proceed to refute the arguments adduced by that gentleman. MR. REYNOLDS's speech forms the Leading Article of this number of *The Teetotaler*. (See Leading Article.)

MR. BIDDLE drew a comparison between the home of a drunkard and that of a Teetotaler. He then made some observations upon the necessity of union amongst the Teetotalers, and recommended those present, who were not total abstainers, to embrace the pledge.

MR. SHEPPARD gave his testimony in favour of the doctrine of total abstinence. He is a preacher in the neighbourhood in which he resides, and said that he had exercised the duties of his calling much better since he had abjured the use of intoxicating liquors.

Auxiliaries and Branches.

THE Bethnal-Green, Mary-le-bone, and Kensington and Bayswater Branches to the United Temperance Association, and the Chelsea Auxiliary to the same parent society, pursue their philanthropic labours with success. They daily receive fresh encouragement to persevere in their endeavours to propagate the doctrines of total abstinence; and their committees conduct the business of the respective associations with energy and zeal. Success must necessarily attend upon such exertions.

SAILOR'S READING ROOM AND PAINT LIBRARY.

WE are glad to be enabled to announce the foundation of an establishment, bearing the above title, at No 19, Wellclose-Square. The object of this establishment, as set out in the prospectus, "is to secure sailors from the demoralizing sensualities and intemperance of the Port of London, and to produce some moral and mental enjoyment in connexion with Temperance Reformation, for the benefit of themselves and families, and of merchants and ship-owners, &c." This Temperance Depository will contain "a great variety of weekly publications and all the important works upon the present extraordinary progress of the Temperance moral reform in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, with other interesting publications for the general improvement of sea-faring families." Each person will be allowed to read in the Depository during the day, by contributing one penny to the library-box, and will be permitted to take books and papers home with him upon leaving a deposit. This excellent establishment, which will be found productive of incalculable benefit, will be under the superintendence of directors, presided by MR. SMITH, the minister of the Mariner's Church, Wellclose-Square.

LECTURE-ROOM, THEOBALD'S ROAD.

THE readers of *The Teetotaler* will remember that we announced a short time back, that a challenge had been given by MR. WARDEN to MR. MACCONNELL, the anti-teetotal lecturer. The disputants met at the lecture room, Theobald's Road, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21st. On the following morning, we received a letter from MR. MACCONNELL, complaining bitterly of the manner in which he was treated by the audience. We shall not, at present, make any comment upon the letter; we shall however be happy to receive an explanation of that which certainly as yet seems singular conduct, from other quarters. Will MR. WARDEN oblige us with his version of the story? We will then return to the subject next week.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT A MEMBER'S GENERAL MEETING FOR SPECIAL BUSINESS, WILL BE HELD AT THE CHAPEL, ALDERSGATE STREET, ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER THE SIXTH INSTANT, AT HALF-PAST SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

SIGNED.

H. W. WESTON, SECRETARY.

134, ALDERSGATE STREET.

LAMBETH-STREET POLICE-OFFICE.—Amongst the charges brought before MR. HARVEY yesterday, there were at least thirty persons who were found lying in the streets in so excessive a state of intoxication as to be scarcely able to move.

ROBERT MACAIRE.—A new novel, by G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Esq., entitled "Robert Macaire in England," has been received and most probably will be reviewed in our next number. The work is illustrated with eighteen admirable steel engravings by Phiz, and belongs to the Jack Sheppard class of tales. Robert Macaire is himself a species of superior Jack Sheppard, whom he certainly rivals in his numerous daring escapes from prison. Those who may feel curious to make themselves acquainted with the adventures of Robert Macaire and his friend Bertrand should apply to their circulating libraries for the hire of the work.

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LONDON.—J. G. HENDERSON, Printer, 18, Budge Row.

THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLEET.

It was about five o'clock in the evening that Melville arrived at the Fleet-prison, in the custody of the little white-headed tipstaff, in seedy black, who has so long fulfilled the pleasant office of escort to the Farringdon Hotel. Louise had returned to the cottage, to dispose of the property, and realize as much money as the wrecks of their former magnificence would produce; and, as Melville did not expect to "get settled" in his new abode that evening, it was arranged that his wife and child should remain at their own house for that last night of their possession of a home!

Melville was admitted into a species of lobby, between two doors; a part of which said lobby was enclosed by a wooden partition breast-high, and served as a kind of office. Two somewhat stout men were engaged in keeping the doors: one had very black hair, and the other gray hair; and both took a good long stare at Melville as he entered the place. They however surveyed him with a considerable more respect, when they espied the heavy portmanteau which a ticket-porter had brought from Chancery-lane, on his shoulder.

The turnkey with the gray hair abandoned his seat upon a stool behind the door communicating with one of the prison yards, which is denominated the "painted ground," and proceeded to register Melville's name in a large book, the leaves of which had been well-thumbed and dogs-eared. The entrance fees were then solicited; and a very shabby gentleman, with excessively porous shoes, a coat well ventilated at the elbows, no crown to his hat, and probably not half a one in his pocket, undertook to conduct Melville to the crier, who had "a splendid room to dispose of."

Melville followed his guide into the main-building of the prison, at the entrance to which two or three gentlemen were leaning against the arch, smoking cigars; and presently the crier was fished out of a baronet's chamber, where he was drinking half-and-half with the baronet himself, and some of the baronet's friends. It was some time before the crier could quite collect his ideas in such a way as to be able to transact any business at all; and, when he did, he accompanied all he said with so many rhetorical flourishes, that Melville could not help thinking that he was considerably addicted to "enormous lying."

A bargain was struck with a decayed linen-draper, who occupied a room in the uppermost gallery of all, and who consented to resign it upon payment of one guinea per week. The crier then exacted six shillings for the hebdomadal hire of furniture for the aforesaid room; and Melville was safely installed in his new abode by seven o'clock in the evening.

"Where can I get some dinner?" enquired Melville. "Is there any place——"

"Is there?" repeated the crier, in deep indignation that the accommodation of the prison should have been even suspected for a moment:

"in course there be! Come along, and I'll introduce you to the coffee-house."

Melville was about to follow the crier, when the latter turned abruptly round, and said, "But mind and always lock your door, and don't go leavin' the key in the lock, or droppin' it out o' your pocket, or no sich games as that there, cos there's a lord as lives in the next room to you, and, if he caught your room-door open, he'd prig every bit of coal in your cupboard."

"A lord!" ejaculated Melville.

"Yes—a lord, to be sure," returned the crier.

"A lord steal coals!" cried Melville, unable to divest himself of the surprise into which this communication plunged him.

"Steal coals!" said the crier; "why, in course he would—and anything else too as wos worth cribbing. 'Twas but the other day—this day week, I think—that he found a feller's door open, and walked off with a leg o' mutton, taters, and all! Yes—that I'm blowed if he didn't!"—and, having uttered these words, the crier led the way to the coffee-house, which was only two rooms turned into one, and fitted up with benches and tables. At the end of this apartment, there was a small enclosure, with a green-baize-covered table in it; and this was the wine-room.

"Ain't this a place?" continued the crier, as he surveyed the dark and dirty nook with infinite admiration: "blest, if I don't think that vith sich comforts as this here, a man's better off in quod than he is out."

Melville bestowed a remuneration upon the crier, and then ordered something to be got ready for his dinner. While this command was being complied with, he desired a bottle of wine to be brought; and then, as no one was there besides himself at that moment, he amused himself with the liquor, which enabled him to forget in an artificial and injurious excitement all the wretchedness of his real condition.

While he was sipping his wine with that taste and relish which unfortunately attend upon the use of the fascinating liquor, the door of the wine-room was suddenly opened, and, three individuals entered and seated themselves at the farther end of the table.

"Well—what shall we have?" said one, who was a young gentleman, with a white hat, fustian shooting-jacket, and corduroy unmentionables.

"I don't care what it is," said the second, who was a very stout man, of the middle age, and who was attired in a very shabby suit of black.

"Sherry, I say," cried the third; and this speaker was a tall, thin man, without a coat, but with a buff waistcoat and Oxford-mixed trousers.

"Well—let it be sherry," coincided the first speaker; and the landlord of the coffee-house executed the order as soon as he saw the amount thereof placed upon the table beforehand.

The three individuals drank each a glass of wine, saying, "Well, here's to us," as they did so; and then they all had a good stare at Melville; and as this stare was simultaneous on

their part, and somewhat long—covering the space probably of three minutes—our hero felt somewhat abashed.

"New-comer, I presume, sir?" said the stout gentleman, in seedy black.

Melville replied in the affirmative.

"Ah! prison's a rum place," observed the stout man, shaking his head mysteriously, and casting an appealing glance towards his companions; "but it's a blessin' it's no wuss."

"So it is!" cried the gentleman without a coat. "Hope you won't be here for long, sir?"

"I hope not too," said Melville, with a sigh; "but no one can say."

"Nor more they can," coincided the stout gentleman, filling his own glass and that of his companions.

At this moment Melville's dinner made its appearance; and the conversation languished while he partook of it. As soon as the things were cleared away, the discourse was resumed.

"Pr'aps you'll jine us in a little negus, sir," said the gentleman in the fustian coat, as soon as all the wine was disposed of.

"I should prefer punch," returned Melville.

"Can't be had here—'gainst regulations," said the stout gentleman mysteriously; "but I can take you to a crib where we can get as decent a glass of lush as any where in the whole place."

These words were uttered in a low tone of voice; and Melville was about to refuse the invitation. But the first good impulse was superseded by the idea of the loneliness of his condition within those walls; and he accordingly accepted the proposal. The three friends, who were all prisoners as well as himself, then rose, and led the way to a room in the same gallery, and which was fitted up with some regard to comfort.

"Well, Bill," said the stout gentleman to a little, thin, shrivelled old man, who seemed to be the tenant of this chamber; "we've come to give your whistling-shop a turn to-night."

"Yes—but if you're come to give me such a turn as you did Tom Phillips the other night—drinking sixteen bob's worth o' grog, an' boltin' without payin' a brown,—I shan't thank 'ee," was the reply.

"You old fool," cried the stout gentleman, with a terrible imprecation against the "sanguinary eyes" of the old man,—"we know what we're about."

He then desired Melville to sit down, and make himself quite at home; and, by way of setting an example, he coolly knocked off the old man's hat, which this individual had kept on. The old man did not dare grumble aloud; he however muttered something between his teeth, at which the stout person seemed quite indifferent. Indeed, there was so much Newgate freedom and Billingsgate ease of manner with the three gentlemen, that Melville began to feel himself quite upon familiar terms with them.

The stout gentleman undertook to brew a mighty jorum of rum-punch in a hand-bason used in that room on such occasions; and, when the liquor was poured out and handed round, it was pronounced to be excellent. The old man was then sent for some cigars; and

when he returned, his guests made themselves as comfortable as they chose.

When the first bason, or bowl of punch was discussed, a second was proposed; and, as Melville's brain now began to feel the effects of the liquor, his companions doubtless thought it a fine opportunity to suggest a game of cards. The stout gentleman, "by a very extraordinary coincidence," as he declared, *happened* to have a pack in his pocket; and the party commenced a rubber of whist. But although whist was the name of the game, noise was the order of the evening.

"How shall we play?" said the stout gentleman.

"Oh! half-crown points," said the fustian-coat-clad individual, in a careless kind of manner.

"Just as you like," said the gentleman without a coat; "I don't care a fig about money, for my part!"

It was very lucky that he did not, seeing that his empty pockets might have otherwise been inconvenient.

"I say crown points," observed the stout gentleman; and, as no one objected to this arrangement, the proposal was adopted. Melville's partner was the gentleman without a coat; and never was there a more unlucky partner in the world. He suffered every favourable opportunity to escape his notice; and was frequently seized with a fit of winking one eye, to the great delight of the adversaries of his own side, as—by another coincidence, we suppose—those telegraphic signs conveyed a pretty tolerable idea of the real state of the game.

"How very unlucky I am," said the gentleman without a coat.

"Never mind," cried Melville, emboldened by the punch, of which he partook most plentifully; "we will do better this time."

But that time, as well as every other time, our hero and his partner lost the rubber; and Melville's money passed rapidly over to his adversaries, to whom the gentleman without a coat as often exclaimed, "Well, that makes so much that I owe you!" It struck our hero that those gentlemen must be upon very intimate terms thus to play upon credit; but the punch prevented him from devoting much attention to those little pecuniary arrangements, which would have opened the eyes of a sober person. At length Melville lost all the money, which amounted to several pounds, that he had in his pocket; and, then, he throw down the cards, declaring that "he had had enough of it."

Amidst the vapours of the punch, there penetrated to the mind of the young man, at that moment, a ray of proper feeling, which awakened a remorse in his bosom for having thus dissipated the money he could so ill afford to lose. But he hastened to ply himself with more punch, in order to chase away the gloomy thought; and, in the course of the evening, he found himself slapping the stout gentleman on the back, and declaring that he would stick to the one without a coat to the end of his life.

"I tell you what," he said, "I'll introduce you all to my wife to-morrow: she's a very nice woman, and will be delighted to form your acquaintance. You shall all dine with me to-morrow—and not only to-morrow but every day in the week besides. I like good fellows, and none of your ceremonious, distant, reserved sort of chaps!"

Thus was the young man, who by birth, education, and position in society, had been fitted to move in a high sphere, and become the ornament of intellectual society and genteel company,—thus was he making the low dissipated swindlers of the Fleet-prison his associates, and stammering forth all the fulsome rubbish invariably uttered in those affectionate humours which seize upon men when under the

influence of deep potations. Strong drink is the leveller of all noble sentiments—refined ideas—proper feelings—and social distinctions; it is an enemy to good fellowship, because it leads to that familiarity which breeds contempt; and it puts words into the mouths of its victims, at which they blush in their sober moments!

Melville could not recollect, when he awoke on the following morning, and found himself in bed, how he reached his room. He, however, had a faint idea of the termination of the orgies of the previous evening. Some more gentlemen had strolled into the whistling shop, and a row had ensued between them and the three persons with whom Melville had formed an acquaintance. The table was overturned—the candles put out—the remnants of the third bowl of punch were thrown over the old man—and the entertainment concluded with a general fight in the dark. Just as our hero turned all these incidents over in his mind, a slight inconvenience about the left cheek-bone caused a strange suspicion to enter his head. He accordingly jumped out of bed—hastened to a looking-glass, three-quarters of a foot high, and half a foot wide, which hung against the wall,—and he found, by the process of self-contemplation, that he had as pleasant a black eye as he could wish to gaze upon. Disgusted with himself, and feeling the most unmitigated abhorrence of his companions of the previous evening, and whom he now ceased to regard as "the best fellows in the world," he lamented in vain the excess of which he had been guilty, and the loss of money at gambling to which that excess had led. He could almost have wept for rage, as he anathematized his folly; and, with his black eye, and his denuded pocket, he was ashamed to meet that wife whom he was so rapidly reducing to ruin.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WINES OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE custom of drinking the juice of the grape, or any other saccharine body, altered by fermentation, has led to the most extraordinary schemes, both in ancient and modern times, to suit the vitiated and depraved tastes of those who indulged in the inebriating liquor. Indeed, in the management of wines there are so many essential and curious points of opposition, that we can hardly conceive that the potations of antiquity could have been at all endurable to taste. Sea-water was considered to be a great improver of wine; and, whatever was the origin of the opinion, a proportion of salt-water was certainly employed. Columella praises the mixture when in the proportion of about one pint of salt-water, evaporated to a third part, for six gallons of wine, and adds that he should not hesitate to recommend the common practice of doubling, or even trebling, the saline prescription, if the wine should be strong enough to bear it without betraying a salt taste, of which there was no small risk. What course of feeding could have reconciled the human palate to such a compound, it would now be vain to enquire.

But we have practical evidence of another favourite quackery of the ancient Greeks. They were fond of largely impregnating their wines with resin, the preservation of which practice has had the effect of making many of the modern Greek wines absolutely undrinkable by any but the natives. It was not unusual to sprinkle a quantity of powdered resin or pitch in the wine during the first fermentation; and, after this was completed, to infuse the flowers of the vine, cypress-leaves, bruised myrtle-berries, the shavings of cedar and southern wood, bitter almonds, and numberless other articles of an aromatic nature. But a more common mode of proceeding seems to have been to mix all these ingredients in the first instance, to boil the whole to a thick consistence, and then to add the confection to the new wine. It is almost incredible in what quantities (according to Columella) this admixture of resin and pitch (or liquid tar) was used.

Many of the usages of the ancients in their drinking deserve notice. One of these would appear at first sight strange—the excessive dilution of their wines. To drink them unmixed was held to be disreputable, and those among the Greeks who were guilty of such excess were declared to act like Scythians. But, in truth, before we feel surprised at this prevailing taste for their potations, it should be recollected what their wines really were. Rendered thick by the continued action of heat and smoke from the drying-kiln, over which they were kept for years, sometimes even evaporated to a concrete mass, and often impregnated with foreign matter, they were in many cases reduced

to a state of syrup or extract, and so strongly seasoned with harsh aromatic bitterness, or even less tolerable flavours, that it was perhaps scarcely possible to drink them without dilution. Thus the Maronean wine of the Homeric times was mixed with twenty measures of water; and when this wine, like man, had degenerated from the strength of the heroic age, Pliny declares that it still required eight portions of water. The common proportions in the more polished days of Greece were three or four parts of water to one of wine. These mixtures, one would imagine, could be only mild diluent drinks, with little properties of exhilaration, and with nothing but very indifferent flavours to recommend them.

There was an elegance in the Grecian mind which seldom sank into the grovelling dabbachery which sullied the grosser manners of Rome, especially under the Emperors. In Rome, as in modern capitals, it was the rage to place the highest value on whatever was rarest; and enormous sums were often given for wines which were literally not drinkable from age. Such seems to have been the case with the famous vintage of the year U. C. 633, when Opimius Nepos was consul, and in which, from the great warmth of the summer, all the productions of the earth attained an uncommon degree of perfection. The taste of the Romans for mixed potations, such as wine flavoured with honey or aromatic substances, was transmitted to the conquerors of their descendants. It became later a favourite practice also to correct the harshness and acidity common to the wines of the period by spicing them. When thus compounded, the liquor passed under the general name of piment, probably because compared by the *pimentarii* or apothecaries, or rather, we should opine, because the spices were sold by those persons; for it was customary to serve the wine and spices separately, that the guests might mix them at will.

Of the principal Roman wines, the names, at least, are familiar with every reader. The Campagna Felice boasted the most celebrated growths; and however minute questions of locality may be determined, the Falernian, Massican, Setine, and Surrentine wines were all the produce of that region. The three first of these have been immortalized by Horace, who has expatiated on their qualities with all the fervour of the mistle *amateur*. The Cerealian is described by Galen as a generous wine, ripening only after a long term of years. The Massican closely resembled the Falernian, if it indeed were not of the same stock. Of "mighty Falernian" itself, little more is known than that it was highly prized, was kept for thirty, forty, or even fifty years, and was naturally so strong and rough that it could only be drunk when mellowed by age. The Setine was a light delicate wine, the favourite, according to Pliny, of Augustus, who gave the preference to it as being of all kinds the least apt to injure the stomach. These are the only wines of ancient Italy which have attained any renown, unless the poetic eulogies of Horace and Juvenal be thought of weight enough to rescue the Albanian from the degradation which Pliny has assigned it amongst third-rate wines.

There was a peculiar system of refined luxury attendant upon the orgies of the Greeks; and their entertainments were certainly graced with many voluptuous appurtenances. When they adopted the enervating eastern custom of reclining at their meals, invention was racked to fashion the couches in the most convenient manner. Those, with their tables and side-boards, were inlaid with ivory, tortoise-shell, and the precious metals, and carved into all the fanciful varieties of decoration. Of their artists it may be with truth affirmed that they embellished every thing which they touched. To the commonest utensils they gave the stamp of beauty; and it is from their cups and vases that the moderns have borrowed the happiest models for the furniture of their dinner-tables. The same luxurious refinement of taste which formed their drinking vessels, crowned the intoxicating cup with wreaths of flowers; and it was the same sentiment which bound their brows with the myrtle, and mingled in that chaplet the gayer colours of the rose with the perfume of the violet. Some of these customs might have been derived from the Asiatics, and were communicated to the Romans; but their true accord was with the Grecian mind. The extravagancies of fashion are confined to no age nor clime.

The convivial ceremonies of the ancients were interesting, because many modern observances may be traced up to them. In the management of their banquets, and the composition of their courses, &c., this coincidence, especially with modern French manners, is very striking. The finer wines which were circulated between the removes, are now preserved in the *ris d'extremets*; and the *coup de milieu*—*quod fluentem nasum coerceat*—is but a substitution of liqueur for the sweet wine, which, for the same object, the female cupbearer of the Grecian banquet handed round in massive silver in the middle of the repast.

From the foregoing observations and concise explanatory remarks, the reader will perceive that in all ages, and in all countries, has the custom of drinking wine been attended with the most enervating and abasing habits. The fine disposition and noble temperament of man are rendered effeminate, weak, and voluptuous, by the fascinating habit of indulgence in wine. A certain languor constantly hangs about the

frame; and the intellect doses while the body remains indolent and inactive. Many a mighty genius, many a powerful arm, and many a vivid imagination, have been gradually weakened, and eventually incapacitated altogether by the luxuries of wine.

JUPITER AND DANAE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

ACRISIUS, King of Argos, having discussed his breakfast, and several topics of a judicial nature with his prime ministers, who stood uncovered during the repast, his august majesty, with that delicacy and precision for which he was so remarkable, thrust the naked soles of his royal feet into his embroidered slippers, and, enveloping himself in his morning gown of damask-silk, guarded with minivers, prepared for a ramble in the spacious gardens of the palace.

"I hope your majesty is perfectly satisfied with the provisions?" said the prime minister, pointing to the draft of a new act which he held in his hand.

"Perfectly," replied the king, as he regarded with a smile the egg-shells and other wrecks and fragments displayed upon his breakfast table. "And now I shall take a walk."

The garden was certainly what Sir John Moore thought of the preliminary to the battle of Corunna—a "delightful retreat." The feathered choir warbled in the trees, the funny tribe swam in the artificial streams of real water, the gentle breezes kissed the pearly tears of dew from the coy and fluttering leaves, and nature smiled, like a fond mother, on the sportive gambols of her children. The susceptible heart of the good king was moved by the beauties that surrounded him; and he exclaimed, "Such a scene as this is enough to make a fool poetical!" Then, by way of illustration, he commenced a song.

As the king turned into a shady avenue, he was startled by the appearance of a female. Now the king was a devoted admirer of the fair sex, but the specimen so unexpectedly presented to his eyes was by no means a favourable one. Her lank body was ragged as the stem of an old vine, and not less crooked; her visage was yellow and shrivelled as a stale pipkin; and her gray eyes, like the embers of a wood fire, only showed a spark when stirred.

The pleasant thoughts of Acrisius were scattered like a flight of sparrows at the appearance of a gun and cockney.

"Son of the great Abas," cried the sybil; "listen!"

"Well," said her startled auditor.

"Thou hast a daughter," continued the sybil.

"Pr'ythee tell me something I do not know," exclaimed Acrisius.

"That daughter will have a son," said the sybil.

"And that son will have a father, I suppose," observed Acrisius. "Go on."

"Yes—and that son will slay his grandfather!"

"Nonsense!" cried the king.

"Well, I have given you warning!" observed the sybil.

"And here are your wages," replied Acrisius, offering the old hag some money. "And so be off as quickly as you please."

Casting the proffered bounty on the ground, the sybil vanished from his sight, while Acrisius became melancholy and thoughtful. "I don't like that limb of the old one," said he. "Prevention, however, is better than cure: it may be true. Therefore, Miss Danae, I'll not wait till you have a son, but will have you confined immediately."

Although the exchequer of Acrisius was but indifferently stocked with the precious metals, he possessed an uncommon quantity of brass. He therefore ordered five hundred of his chief artificers to erect a tower of that bright material. The consequence was an awful dissolution of the warming pans and candlesticks of the kingdom. The spot chosen for this novel construction was the centre of a thick forest, where there were no rangers; and the prudent Acrisius took especial care there should be none; for he placed a strong guard over every penetrable avenue. The edifice was soon completed; and thither the king speedily conveyed his beautiful daughter in the very bloom of her life.

"What a magnificent tower!" exclaimed Danae.

"I thought I should surprise you," said the king: "and what do you think of the site?"

"Oh! it certainly is a sight worth seeing."

"I mean its situation, my love."

"As far as I can see there is no one to disturb its peacefulness," answered Danae.

"Nor will you, I trust; for I intend you to occupy it," returned Acrisius.

Danae remonstrated in vain. Acrisius delivered her into the custody of an old woman, the only companion of her solitary retreat; and left the sprightly maiden to bewail her melancholy destiny.

Pleasantly situate in the suburbs of the city, and not above ten minutes' walk from the palace of the renowned Acrisius, stood a small tenement, in the occupation of the learned Chiron. From his earliest infancy, he had indicated a thirst for learning, and he had drunk deeply, but without intoxication, at all the little fountains that then threw up their small but sparkling streams for the entertainment of the toil-worn seekers after knowledge; and although they only resembled

so many silvery threads, his industry soon made them into a skein, which he found of sufficient strength to depend on for the rest of his days. The worthy pedagogue has been represented, or rather misrepresented, by the poets, as a Centaur; but the fact is that Chiron was of a sedentary habit, which superinduced an attack of the gout, his legs were generally swathed in flannel, and this gave each the appearance of two; so it was fancifully described that the lower half of the Professor was quadrupedal.

Apollo, who was one of his most forward scholars, and an early riser, peeped in at his window, and aroused the old man from his slumbers.

"Let me in," said Apollo.

"I'll undo the door," cried Chiron.

"Why, I see you serve your door as I do my breakfast," said Apollo.

"How is that?" enquired Chiron.

"Why, bolt it," was the answer.

Scarcely had Apollo uttered these words, when about a dozen of Chiron's grown-up pupils, from the age of eighteen to forty, began to assemble. Among those who afterwards made a figure in the world (though neither studied arithmetic) were the celebrated Dr. Æsculapius, to whom he taught physic, and the lively Mr. Mercury, whom he instructed in astronomy.

"Did you deliver my message?" demanded Æsculapius of Mercury.

"I did," was the ready answer.

This question and answer are merely recorded to prove the curious fact that Æsculapius, the physician, employed Mercury three thousand six hundred years ago.

The pupils were soon all engaged in their respective tasks; and Chiron was learnedly describing to Mercury the revolution of the sun round the earth, in accordance with his system of astronomy, when Jupiter entered the school-room. The busy hum of the industrious hive was hushed in a moment. Apollo rose, and modestly approaching, dropped on one knee, and asked his father's benediction. Jupiter patted his golden locks, and condescendingly said, "How's your mother?"

"With the exception of a slight touch of the rheumatism," said the son of Latona, "pretty well I thank you."

"I hope he gets on well, Chiron?"

"He's a rising scholar," was the answer. "This morning he was here before I was up."

"You must give Mercury a half-holiday to-day," said Jupiter, "I want him to go on an errand."

"Why, really," remonstrated Chiron, "he's a forward boy, and—"

"So much the better!" cried Jupiter. "You can better spare him from his studies than a backward one."

"Well, well," said Chiron, "take him."

Jupiter beckoned Mercury to follow him; and they went out together.

"My dear Mercury," said Jupiter, "I am about to employ you in a delicate enquiry. I know I may confide in your discretion, for you never do any thing by halves,"—and he slipped half a crown into his palm.

"Then pray don't set me a bad example," said Mercury, twiddling the coin in his fingers.

"What mean you?"

"Make it a crown," replied Mercury. Jupiter smiled at the conceit, and did as required.

"You must know that Acrisius has a beautiful daughter," began Jupiter; "and that, when I looked upon her, she gave me encouragement."

"Then did she give you that, which, under favour, you did not want?"

"No matter," replied Jupiter. "Danae is no longer at her father's court. He has clandestinely carried her away, and concealed her—confined her most probably against her inclination."

"Say certainly," said Mercury, "for I am confident there was no maiden more inclined to be free than Miss Danae. But to the point,—you have not found her at home, and you wish me to find her out."

"Exactly!" cried Jupiter.

"Say no more," said Mercury. "It shall be done."

"Give her this tender billet, and meet me here to-morrow at dawn," returned Jupiter.

At night, while Danae was sitting very melancholy in her apartment in the brazen tower, and the old woman was slumbering in another room, a voice was heard at the foot of the edifice.

"Lovely Danae," said the voice, "look down upon Love's messenger."

"By whom sent?" demanded the trembling maid.

"By Jupiter."

"By Jupiter, 'tis well!" cried Danae.

"From him I bear a long letter," cried Mercury.

Danae threw an equally long yarn out of the window, and Mercury fastened the note to it, exclaiming, "truly this line from your hands, fair lady, answers most admirably. What message shall I bear back to Jupiter?"

"I am not free to answer," said Danae, "but if he will make free—"

"There is no fear of that!" said Mercury.

"If he will make free the poor prisoner," continued Danae, "I shall hold myself his eternal debtor."

"I understand," said Mercury. "And I'll tell him

that, although you were above speaking, you spoke encouragingly. Farewell!"

The old woman was awake in the morning, by a fearful noise on the top of the tower. She ran into Miss Danae's room, exclaiming, "What a storm! I verily believe it will turn all the beer sour! How it rattles against the tower! Save us—it has split the roof!" she added, dropping upon her knees. And sure enough it had; and down poured such a shower of fine gold through the chasm as nearly overwhelmed the old woman. Danae's fears were however soon put to flight by the appearance of Jupiter, who lowered himself through the aperture into the apartment.

"My sweet love!" said he, embracing the nymph.

"My deliverer!" cried Danae.

"Gadzooks! here's a pretty kettle of fish!" ejaculated the old woman. "I protest that it rains men!"

"Peace, old fool!" cried Jupiter.

"Old fool! Let me tell you that this lady is my charge!"

"Well, whatever your charge may be, I think there is gold enough to settle it," returned Jupiter.

"Oh! that alters the whole affair," exclaimed the old crone. "My lady, your lover is so sweet a gentleman—and I am so interested in the business—I would not for the world betray you. By my troth, he's a lad of mettle; and it is really impossible to deny a youth any thing, when he comes down so handsomely!"

This is the true version of the history of Danae and the golden shower, and will serve to elucidate all the mystery with which it is enveloped in "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary."

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE.

No. VI.

There is a process going forward which is constantly reducing individuals below their proper grade in life. A gentleman, who is in the habit of drinking, neglects his affairs, his expenditure becomes extravagant, and he becomes involved in difficulties. Ruin at length seizes upon him; and he is compelled to accept of menial occupation at a desk or elsewhere. The tradesman, who drinks, neglects his business, and becomes reduced in circumstances and condition. Thus the lower orders have all the odium of this conduct thrown upon them, because so many drunkards amongst them have descended from higher spheres.

The general practice of all English social and domestic habits encourages drunkenness. If men meet upon business, they introduce strong drink; and if they want to reward labour, they frequently reward it with strong drink.

Nineteen out of twenty of the inmates of work-houses get there from either habits of drunkenness or their own or their connexions: it is wonderful, if we come to make a minute enquiry, to see what a frequent source of supplying inmates is drunkenness.

The great advantage of Teetotalism is the exposure which its advocates make of the causes and ruinous effects of drunkenness.

"The time is now come when preventive measures against crime are strongly called for. The crowded state of the prisons, the increase of offences as they respect the spoliation of property, the apparent inefficiency of secondary punishments to lessen them, with the immense debt thrown upon the country by prosecutions, are subjects which press for consideration."—Such were the words used by the Recorder in his address to the Grand Jury at Liverpool, seven or eight years ago: Teetotalism has since realized some of his wishes.

Malt liquors may be considered as a fatal and bewitching poison, which has actually debauched the minds and enervated the bodies of the common people to a very deplorable degree; but the effects of Geneva have been incomparably worse.

There is no female who takes spirits, that is not anxious to conceal the odour of them; and the various modes of attempting to suppress the smell, by taking caraway seeds and various other things, to disguise the breath, are in themselves a system of duplicity and falsehood very injurious to the female character. And the demoralization that is thus produced, does not here stop.

One of the chief effects of intemperance is that it destroys the advantages of high wages in the working population, making that an injury and an evil which would otherwise be a blessing.

It has been found that to pay wages on a Friday evening has a very good tendency; it has prevented a great many people from going to the public-house who used to do so.

In Turkey, in Persia, in Bokhara, and Samarcand, which have snow and ice during a large part of the year, and a climate more severe in many parts, during the winter, even than our own, the people use generally no stronger drinks than water, sherbet, and milk, without the least admixture of fermented or spirituous ingredients; and, in health, strength, and beauty, they rank first among the nations of the world. The pellavans, or athletes of Persia, as well as the wrestlers and quoit-players of Upper Hindoostan; are probably the most muscular and powerful men existing: stronger than the European would quail; and these drink stronger than water.

Five hundred and eighty nine medical men of the

first eminence, in the principal towns of the kingdom, signed a document, in 1834, to the effect, that "ardent spirits cannot be regarded as a necessary, suitable, or nourishing article of diet, that they have not the property of preventing the accession of any complaints, but may be considered as the principal cause of the poverty, crime, and misery, which abound in this country; and that the entire disuse of them, except under medical direction, would materially tend to improve the health, amend the morals, and augment the comfort of the community."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LEAF-FALL OF THE YEAR.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

AUTHOR OF "DON GIOVANNI," "TOM AND JERRY," &c.

I never lov'd the falling,
I still shrink from the dead;
I woud the birthe and vernal,
From the stern and sad I fled.
But the young and gay have left me,
To mate with the worn and sere;
And 'tis this that makes me welcome
The leaf-fall of the year!
Hail! hail! declining autumn!
Take thine my pleasures die;
My summer hues have vanished,
My winter-time draws nigh.
I wander with heart blighted,
Akin to all that's drear;
And 'tis this that makes me welcome
The leaf-fall of the year!
Love's sweet spring time hath fled—
Home's promise-hours have flown;
My every joy has vanished,
And left despair alone.
I've lived to mourn their falsehood,
The treasure and the dear,
And 'tis this that makes me welcome
The leaf-fall of the year!

TO INEZ.

BY CRAVEN, EDITOR OF THE "SPORTING REVIEW."

I would not, if I might, recal the days
Ere I had learnt the magic of thine eyes:
I know the fascination of their rays,—
I feel the penalty, and still I gaze!—
I am not wise,
Soothly thou thinkest;—yet would I be near.
Where'er thou art, to linger round the spot;—
Better were death than absence, lady dear!
A brief wild hour of anguish'd rapture here—
Than see thee not!
Like eastern sunsets, fugitive as bright,
The burning moments flee when thou art nigh:
Spirit of loveliness, and joy, and light,
And the fierce transport of thy dazzling sight,
Thus let me die!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. K. K's lines are declined with thanks. This journal assumes no political aspect farther than the rights and privileges of the working-classes are concerned.

Reviews of "Sketches of Public Characters," "The Lion's Den," and "The Northern Temperance and Reckless Abstinence," in our next.

We recommend "The Felon's Cell and Drunkard's Hell," a broad sheet written by G. E. Smith, to all our Teetotal readers. "The Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness" will be inserted as soon as possible.

M. C. H. Newson is thanked for his communication.

T. W. of Shrewsbury's hints shall be attended to.

Number II of "Sketches of our Advocates" is unavoidably postponed until next week.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the third Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1840.

THERE are periods in the history of every people in which old and new opinions conflict, and a concussion becomes unavoidable.

This truth has been several times manifested in the annals of our own country; and especially does its evidence appear in that epoch when the royal tyrant CHARLES I. endeavoured to maintain a portion of prerogative that had become incompatible with any theory of civil and religious liberty. CHARLES occupied the throne at a time when the development of the people's craving after liberty necessarily encountered the claims of royal prerogative; and the disinclination of this monarch to succumb to the sovereign will of the people laid the foundation for grand political events. CHARLES was executed at Whitehall; and OLIVER CROMWELL at once rose into power as a statesman and a general. With the Bible in one hand and the

sword in the other, did Cromwell raise and rule the stormy elements of political and religious fanaticism. Thus did the concussion of opposite opinions at that epoch prepare the path of CHARLES to the scaffold, and make CROMWELL the lord of these kingdoms, the mightiest potentate in Europe, and the greatest man in an age of great men!

CROMWELL was a Puritan and a Republican. The Puritans obtained their power by adopting principles of self-denial and abstemiousness; they forswore all improper indulgence in wines and intoxicating liquors,—they were frugal and simple in their fare,—they avoided all places of amusement that were calculated to encourage evil passions or to give an impulse to immoral practices,—and they based all these new principles upon the salutary doctrines of Holy Writ. Thus was it that the Puritans became associated together in one grand fraternity; and as this mighty mass was all inspired, as it were, by one common soul, so did it rise as one man in the day when a nation's rights and liberties were to be vindicated and established. Like all other moral reformations, the doctrines of the Puritans emanated from the working classes; and the period of political revolution, by breaking down all the monopolies of the great, opened numerous avenues of honour and success to the footsteps of the bold, the talented, and the upright.

A similar concussion of opinions to that which deposed CHARLES and elevated the working classes, exists at the present epoch. The homely virtues taught by the Puritans, have long been absorbed in the grand vortex of luxury and dissipation, which, for upwards of two centuries, have menaced the country with the most irretrievable ruin; and those virtues are now again evoked by the good genius of Teetotalism. Identity of principles now links the Teetotalers together in one grand bond of fraternity, as it did the Puritans; and the votaries of this glorious doctrine of total abstinence, although they differ in details may still, be likened on a broad basis to the champions of liberty who fought beneath the banners of a HAMPTDEN and a CROMWELL.

The struggle against the government which was set on foot by the Puritans, was to establish the representative system on a firm basis; the demand now made upon the government by the Teetotalers is to adopt an immediate and a strenuous measure to abolish the encouragement it gives to intemperance. Very culpable are those legislators who do not exert heart and soul to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors; but when that sale is encouraged upon plea that much of the kingdom's revenue depends upon it, this pretext is so utterly diabolical that a fool may understand how near is the financial ruin of that nation which adopts such a means of self-enrichment. The legislature should enact that those poisons which bear the name of intoxicating liquors, should become *contraband articles* altogether; and the government, which adopted this measure, would indeed manifest a parental solicitude on behalf of the people.

But the English government will not be easily persuaded that if it abandon so vast a source of revenue on the one hand, the saving of expenditure by the diminution of crime will be a commensurate indemnification on the other. The rulers of nearly all nations adhere to habitual principles with a tenacity which manifests their dread of all practical change; and it is only when they are forced to concessions, that any really salutary reforms are established. The Teetotalers must therefore agitate—unwearingly, unceasingly agitate in favour of their great principle; for arduous and difficult will be their task, so long as they have to contend against the immoral and disgraceful opposition which the government directly throws in their way by encouraging the manufacture, import, or sale of intoxicating liquors. The Teetotalers,

by being linked in one band by one common interest, and by speaking with one voice, can make their demand upon the government in such a tone, that its very echoes shall resound throughout the lordly mansions of the senators, and the regal halls of the sovereign; and no power would be rash enough to resist this effort in favour of the morality, the health, and the happiness of the nation.

Let it be remembered that *The Teetotaler* journal is the friend to the working-classes: it is the staunch advocate of the new doctrine which will regenerate the mechanic, the artisan, and the labourer; it will feel proud to assert their privileges and defend their interests; and it will not hesitate to express with boldness those opinions which tend to establish the prosperity of that grade in society which has so long been degraded by evil habits, and trampled upon by the rich. The cause of the working-classes must not be espoused in a luke-warm manner, nor must idle courtesies or presumed conventions with respect to sovereigns, or peers, or nobles, prevent the truth from being openly published. The government is no friend to the working-classes, whom it seeks to degrade and debase by placing within their reach the diabolical poisons which ruin them bodily and mentally; and, therefore, no considerations of idle ceremony should induce those journals, which defend the interests of the poor, to conceal the truth from the ears of the rich. And, oh! those ears shall yet tingle at the tales which shall be told to them by a suffering and impoverished population; and those who have been the oppressors, shall learn to dread the oppressed. The words of the Bible, against the authority of which either in morals or in political systems none should set his face, will be found to be correct, when they declare that the only system of conduct which nations are to expect at the hand of Kings, is bondage; and, if the Bible be true, and if its dictates should serve as guides for our conduct, we shall learn to respect that divine authority which, when the Israelites thirsted after the pomp of regal rulers, so plainly manifested its abhorrence of such institutions.

If the vices of men rendered harsh rulers and severe laws necessary evils, the more rapidly Teetotalism extirpates the source of those vices, the better. The great majority of the nation is thus clearly interested in the rapid extension of Teetotal doctrines; and, on this account, as well as on the score of domestic peace, health, and example, do we earnestly call upon our fellow-countrymen to come forward to enlist themselves beneath the banners of Teetotalism! Fathers, this new doctrine will make your families happy! Mothers, your daughters will avoid the grand chance of female degradation, by taking due example from your sobriety! Sons, you should learn to avoid the rock on which your sires have split! Daughters, the vices of those who gave you birth should prove as warnings to guide you into the right path! And, friends, endeavour to propagate the sound and wholesome doctrines of Teetotalism amongst each other!

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

No. VI.

IN conformity with the provisions, the company, having selected six persons to compose the council, sealed up their names, together with various regulations and orders, in a box, which was delivered to Newport, with orders to open it in twenty-four hours after his arrival in Virginia. It was hoped in this way to avoid the jealousies likely to arise during a long voyage between persons clothed with only a prospective authority and those who were to be submitted to their controul. But a detention of six weeks on the coast of England by adverse winds was enough to sour far sweeter spirits than were crowded into the little fleet; a malicious spirit of dissension was the result, which, as it did not spare the chaplain of the expedition, whose sacred office worthily discharged was calculated to command respect, would hardly have been rebuked by empty titles unsupported by actual power. But the violence

of its rancour was directed against Captain John Smith who with a reputation for adventurous enterprise bordering in some instances on romance, a vigorous understanding, great resolution, and stern integrity, soon became an object of alarm to his companions, who dreaded not more the ascendancy of his talents than of his worth. At the suggestion of Wingfield, he was arrested on a trumped-up charge of intending to murder the council, usurp the government, and make himself king of Virginia; a ridiculous accusation which evinces their deep sense and apprehension of his imposing qualities. According to his orders, Newport had, on the first night of his arrival, opened the mysterious box, and published the list of six persons nominated to the council. Five of them immediately met, were sworn, elected Wingfield president, and formally excluded the sixth, who was their prisoner, Captain Smith. Within two months from this time, the bay had been explored, the Patowmac discovered, the foundations of Jamestown laid, the ships laden with timber and ready to sail. As the period had arrived, when Newport was obliged by his instructions to return, Smith's enemies, under a hypocritical pretence of giving him a fairer trial than he could get in the colony, proposed sending him to meet their accusation before the council in England. Conscious of his innocence and perceiving in this mock humanity a mere trick to remove him, he boldly insisted on his immediate trial, disproved the charge, and turned the tide of resentment against his accusers. Not only was he admitted to the council, but he had the satisfaction of placing at the disposal of the colony two hundred pounds, the amount of a penalty levied on the president for his illegal and unjust proceedings. This calm and noble reparation for a wrong, shows that these men, however rough and boisterous, had in them that firm sense of justice, which springs from an early and habitual reverence for order and law.

With the departure of Newport, the hardships of the colonists began. The ship's stores, more abundant than the colony's, had hitherto afforded, by barter with the sailors, an important resource: but from that time each man was restricted to half a pint of wheat and as much barley, which, "having fried some six and twenty weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many worms as grains." Meanwhile, Wingfield, the president, having no desire to be an anchorite, shamelessly embezzled the common stores, "engrossing to his private use, oatmeal, sack, aqua-vitæ, beef, eggs, or what not," every thing in short but "the common petal," which he most religiously eschewed. Bad diet, exposure to the night air, incessant toil under a burning sun, speedily generated malignant diseases which between May and December carried off more than fifty of the colonists; amongst others, the enterprising Gurnold, the original projector of the expedition. To increase the general gloom, the contemptible president was detected in attempting to seize the pinnace and escape. He was in consequence deposed, and Ratcliffe chosen in his place. Hitherto a supply of sturgeon and sea-crab had kept off famine, but as this began sensibly to diminish, and no other prospect of relief appeared, the most dreadful extremities seemed inevitable; when by a sudden and most unaccountable impulse, the natives generously assisted them with an ample contribution of provisions and fruits. This seasonable aid was the more unexpected, in as much as, after a short period of friendly intercourse, they had committed a treacherous aggression, and were supposed to be still harbouring schemes of mischief.

(To be concluded in Number 21.)

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TEETOTALER."

Glasgow, 27th October.

SIR,—Having deeply felt the importance of the principles which "The Teetotaler" advocates, and being no less deeply sensible of the terrible devastation wrought by intemperance not only as respects the means to procure the necessities of life, but health and morals, I offer you the enclosed story, in the hope that it may be thought not altogether unworthy of your Journal, which is conducted with an ability and earnestness that may well recommend it extensively in Scotland. Perhaps I may communicate a little variety to your paper, should I be capable of picturing with some degree of accuracy and distinctness the forms which drunkenness takes in my native country, and its characteristic consequences. You will judge of my capacity from the accompanying sample, which I declare to you is essentially according to facts, although fictitious names and slighter dressings have been introduced.

Your's Obediently
DUNCAN MACFARVISH.

WALTER TORRANCE.

OF Walter Torrance's birth and early life I never had any accurate information; but about his twentieth year he distinguished himself in the west of Scotland, among tradesmen and the like, as one of the friends of the people, at the memorable era of the French Revolution. At that time he followed the calling of a pedlar; but his fluent and arousing style of declamation on the common topics of the discontents of the day, gained

him more notoriety; for he was chosen as a delegate, and found his profit as well as his reputation, in belagging hither and thither as other popular demagogues were. The strong arm of the government at length, however, scattered the faction; and then he withdrew for a season from the field of his fame, to avoid apprehension and punishment.

The spirit of a young man is not easily quenched, especially after having once tasted the luxury of its own extravagant ardour. Torrance accordingly, about his twenty-third year, entered himself at Glasgow College, and, no longer afraid of a state prosecution, devoted himself to a learned profession. In the earlier stages of his academical career, in cultivating an acquaintance with the classics of Greece and Rome, he excited no particular notice. Yet, had it been known through what disadvantages he then made his way—being a respectable scholar—his course would have been marked in a very distinguished manner. But, when he advanced to the philosophical classes, he had no equal among all his fellows. They were, in truth, but children compared with manhood, when brought to compete with him, as regarded original talent, as well as acquired knowledge. He had read much, and digested with wonderful success the materials spread before him.

On one occasion he was required, in the ordinary course of the duties of the ethical class, to read his essay, the theme being, "the Liberty of the Human Will;" and no doubt the professor was eager to hear this metaphysical giant on the knotty point. Torrance, however, was unprovided with a written essay, but entertained that for once he might be permitted to give his views in an extempore and oral discourse. This being granted, he, in a strain of cogent, philosophic, and eloquent reasoning, that neither halted nor failed, made what the professor declared to be one of the most brilliant efforts he had ever known in support of the Necessarian's creed; adding, that for the future, it was clearly of little moment whether he was called on to lecture or to listen.

But however much Torrance might be admired for his talents, few respected or loved him. In the first place, his outward man was forbidding: his dress being slovenly, and his person disgusting. As to his face, while he remained mute, it was a mass of heavy folds of flesh; his eyes were small and rheumy, and his lips large and discoloured. Then the trunk of his frame was most uncouth; his arms, legs, hands, and fingers unshapely. But no sooner did he essay to speak, than the same lineaments and frame were brought into striking contrast with their former state; and the stranger that before might have been shrinking from him with loathing, would stand as if fixed by sudden power. The deep intonations of his voice, the flow of his manly speech, were capable of entrancing the listener; whilst the majesty of his mind, which cared not to persuade, but to carry captive, set all external things aside as perfect trifles; or rather, made them convenient foils to the might of his genius.

But while a student, his morals were also exceptionable. It was known that he was a hard drinker, and other charges of an impure nature were also preferred against him. One thing at least was notorious: his favourite associates were the low, the worthless, the broken-down men of the city. Some of those who witnessed the efforts of his genius, ventured at times to counsel him kindly regarding his life. But he would answer them with a scorn, that proved his principles to be as bad as his practices. "Strong drink," he would say, "befriends men of mind: and as to associates, I despise him that looks to the shell, and considers not the kernel; for I find persons as good and as talented in the lowest grades, as among the high-headed. After all it is to me matter of indifference where I am, if so be that my entire nature have its sway; for whatever I do, I would do it with all my might."

The profession which Torrance chose was that of the holy ministry. And now he made a great parade of religious austerities. When he afterwards became a preacher, he attached himself to a party that dissented from the national church; not from convictions of its greater purity, it may be presumed, but because he was impatient, and doubtful of preferment or employment in any other way. At this period, patronage put forward Mr. Foster in the parish of —, to be the minister of the establishment, in opposition to the general will of the inhabitants; and though he was a pious and learned man, he was neither showy nor well known; while he was still the nominee of an unpopular power. Therefore the outcry against him was great: a class fell off from the flock, and built a chapel, giving Torrance a call to be their pastor. He was accordingly, without delay, there settled; which happened to be in the very same district of the country where some twelve years before he had been a leading democrat.

Behold Walter Torrance's great parts now strained for renown as a preacher, and on the acquisition of a large congregation. Nor did he fail of draining the parish church dry after day, not merely of pining old maids and wives, but of persons of staid years and tried prudence. And surely, if there be any homage due by man to man, it must be to him who triumphs over the minds of his fellows; who sets hearts on fire, and carries them whither he lists, to regions far above this earthly world; giving, as it seems, a foretaste of heaven's

enlargement and ecstasies. No wonder, then, that Torrance, who enraptured people's souls as none ever had done in that quarter, should become the most celebrated man of his order. His church was uniformly crowded to overflowing. Tardy goers, who could not gain access by the doors, would eagerly climb to the windows, to gather but the fragments of sentences; believing themselves really bettered by the mere dying sound of his voice, as they escaped through the various outlets of the building.

Some idea of the popularity, and of the thronging of the people after him, may be gained from a letter written by himself, which also gives a powerful picture of a dreadful scene. The letter—addressed to a neighbouring minister—runs thus:—

"My people, as usual, were assembled; the church was in every part crowded before I ascended the pulpit. But ere a half hour had elapsed I helped to stretch eighteen dead bodies, of those who had peaceably met, and composedly sat to worship within, on the green graves without. It was as I announced the psalm to be sung, on beginning the afternoon service, that something like the splitting and the crashing of wood startled us. A simultaneous yell arose, and a furious rush was made towards passages, stairs, and doors, by many hundreds. It was soon plain to me, however, that, but for the frenzy of the people, there was no danger. Yet, no wonder, that they did madly, after they had once taken alarm. The scene was itself maddening. There was the mortal violence of people labouring for escape from death, and fighting for life; there was a large assembly rushing, and fluctuating, and wailing, like a raging sea. Nay, there was something still more terrific to the mind than all this. It was when during a short pause and silence, as if made by concert, I contemplated the most fearful scene. Not only was the pause a recruiting for a more deadly struggle, a more desperate tug, but the moanings that were stifled, the breathings that were inaudible, like the murmur of a thousand new filled graves, which the imagination may dream of, wrought a more direful sublimity than all the cries of agony, and all the riot of desperation had yet done. It was at this moment that my heart seemed to burst—that I was about to leap among the throng—that methought I saw the roof above me open and close repeatedly, through which the expanse of the blue and lovely sky seemed at one time plain, then again murky, and tumbling, and shooting terrible lightnings.

"But the pause and the silence were to be broken by a more determined struggle; by the choking and yelling of many whose lives were soon to be trodden out. The smooth tide of the inundation was disturbed by staircases giving way, when volumes of human beings burst forth in horrible disorder, rolling in heaps upon heaps. Infuriated and agile men ran on the tops of the compact masses, and leaped in their delirium as if with barbarous intent. I saw one jump from the gallery upon a throng below, and another into an empty area; but after standing for a second stone-still, this last dropped down dead. Many strove and flung themselves from the highest windows, to their own destruction, or great damage. But I am afraid to think more at present of that woful day's history; 'twas a terrible day of the Lord. I shall merely add, that though the dead consisted chiefly of aged or tender persons, I yet remarked one robust body which was apparently unhurt. He was a young and healthy looking man; his hands were still warm—the sweat was upon his forehead undried since his last terrible toil—his muscles were as if ready to start into motion—but his blood had ceased to flow; he was quite dead."

Walter Torrance, who thus described the dreadful catastrophe, occasioned by a false apprehension on the part of the multitude who thronged after him, rose afterwards into still higher popularity. It served to lend him a more than earthly attraction, and an almost miraculous authority as an ambassador from heaven to men. There came to be none but Mr. Torrance; he did as it seemed to him good; nor dared any one whisper an impeachment against him, without encountering, from a host of tongues, the charge of being a heretic. But things began to be said to his prejudice in a corner. The whisper gathered strength. It hardly could be denied that he was a glutton. The defence however set up, was at first more than a match for the charge; viz. that the great man was not to be tried by rules that measured ordinary beings. But he had been seen drunk; and that not once or twice; nay, on Sabbath nights he had been known to indulge to excess. Next, he was savage to his amiable wife; nor could this be unlikely, for it came out, that when a young man he had beaten severely his aged and frail-minded father. Last of all, the cloud gathered greater density that was to burst upon his devoted head, for it was openly and strongly asserted that he had reduced Flora, his servant, a young and beautiful woman.

One evening at a late hour, when my mother (who had, in spite of the great powers of Mr. Torrance, all along pretty justly estimated his character), was reading to me a lesson from his case—for we belonged to the parish in which he figured—the screams at it of some distracted person suddenly alarmed us, and next moment the wife of the man we had been speaking of stood before us in a desperate plight,—her mouth filled with such horrid accusations against him, as smote all who

heard her with great consternation. Her first words were—"Let me in; death and destruction are nigh us; lamentation and woe is in our land, even in our houses!" "What ails you, my dear Mrs. Torrance?" my mother asked. The answer was—"Flora is dead, killed by drugs, given to her by Torrance. At one time I could not bide to hear her name, nor to behold her face, but now it is the name and the face of the monster that misled and murdered her, that are hateful to me." "Who misled and murdered Flora?" was the next inquiry; and the reply was—"Walter Torrance! Walter Torrance! he did all! all!—he who has been holding up his face to preach the gospel of peace and purity. O! I loathe myself for the favour he once had with me."

With a forced and alarming composure, she ran over these further particulars: "When we got Highland Flora for our servant, she was the bonniest quean I had ever set my eyes on; and she was as sweet as she was bonny, and wonderfully simple and confiding. By and by she began to gather finer dresses than suited her station; but just like herself, she confessed that she wished to be drawn, and to buy new claes; so guileless was the creature. O! but she was ignorant though: she neither could write nor read, and had nothing to guide her but a sort of simple modesty of disposition and sweetness of temper; and her last master was at no pains to make up for this; even forbidding me to do it, saying, he would look to that matter himself. But the lesson he gave her was to work on her ignorance and superstitious fears, for his own diabolical purposes."

After many pausings and wallings, Mrs. Torrance again proceeded. "Two hours have not yet elapsed since I heard Flora speak; in her great sorrow and agony I heard her say to him, when I was in an adjoining apartment (for I durst not go to her), 'It was cruel, sir, to mislead me, and break your wife's heart. What for did ye gie me you drug that is killing me? And what am I to do for anither world? Ye should ken and should tell me now. Have you no pity for Flora? If ye have, why do ye keep your wife from me? I wish to tell her something—I wish to have her pardon afore I lose my reason! Ah! man, ye are a cruel man, though a minister. But ye'll never be happy after this: I leave my death on you. Ye'll never sleep soun' any more—ye'll dream of your killing me. Your folks will hate you—ye'll grow mad and die mad, and gang to be judged.'"

Mrs. Torrance had again to pause, after repenting these disjointed sayings of the poor dying Flora. When a little recruited, she continued—"I did my best to force my way to the murdered lass, in spite of the monstrous man that watched her; but he flung me back violently, and Flora soon after ceased to speak and to breathe. Alas! she is dead—her work is over. She has gone to her account, and so must her destroyer—and so must we all." But again the distracted woman had to yield to tumultuous emotions, and her further disclosures at that time were unintelligible. She found shelter, with us however, from a husband loaded with hideous guilt, and from the fearful neighbourhood of unnatural death.

It was a distressing thlog to witness poor Flora's funeral. None of her kindred could in due time be apprized of it, and her late guilt-struck master was unable to take any charge of the business. Her body indeed might have lain in neglect, or been cast out as carrion for him. But Mr. Foster, and some other worthy persons, undertook the necessary steps to have her decently interred. Long before the corpse was removed, however, from where she breathed her last, there were crowds of persons surrounding the house, who were neither slack nor silent in bewailing the untimely fate of her whose once comely person was now disfigured, cold, and decaying, and whose soul had been hurried away unprepared before a dread tribunal. These wild mourners blended their wallings, with unmeasured curses, execrating the man who wrought the havoc made on fair and young life.

In the meantime Torrance, deserted, and stupified by strong drink, was staggering from one part of his house to another, under a sort of obtuse agony. But if ever a contrast was strongly drawn between two men, it was between him and the amiable Mr. Foster on that day; especially at the funeral service, when the latter, in praying for a blessing on the refreshments before them, poured out his soul in behalf of one he called his bereft brother. He spoke, if not with Torrance's powers, yet with a still small voice, of the richest mind being poor and debased when without heaven's grace. And when he referred, with his wonted piety and tenderness, to the lessons taught by the decease of her whose dust was about to mingle with dust—of the frailty of beauty, health, and youthful vivacity—those who listened to his ardent breathings and entreaties, said that they thought them so moving as not to doubt their efficacy.

But Flora's body rests far from her kindred, abused by so gaudy monument, so tawdry device, no lying inscription. The clay and the green turf are her sepulchre; and the passer-by pointeth with his finger and saith, "Yonder is Highland Flora's grave!"

Ere Flora's body was laid into that grave, however, the infatuated Torrance was in the hands of justice, on a charge of murder; but after a short time, he was again set at liberty, there being a great deficiency of proof against him; his wife, who might have disclosed much perhaps, declining after the first burst of her distraction to utter a word on the subject. With equal prudence,

she also took measures that he should never look upon her more. His flock nearly as speedily drove him from them for ever. He was therefore set adrift, poor and unfriended, under an unalleviated load of guilt, and with ever-increasing evil habits. He now repaired to the neighbouring burgh, and commenced bookseller, or rather, a vender of tracts and pamphlets, chiefly of those written by himself at starts; at moments, as it seemed, of great mental suffering, and when he was filled with a sense of guilt.

Sometimes Torrance lavished his vast powers in these effusions with a fearful and minute description of the stings which disturb the drunkard's awakenings from insensibility, or of the phantoms that rise before the murderer's conscience. In one passage are these words:—"I know a man that was bound down with worse than chains of stubborn iron to the service of Satan; one that was brimful of guilt and of woe; that had not a solace in possession or in prospect; not even the transient delusions of infidelity, or the full delirium of madness, to deaden his conscience. O! the way of transgressors is hard. His natural and acquired parts were great; but he was just so much the more mercilessly lashed. At length he came to be bereft of all on earth—of friends, of kinsfolk, and of wealth—of conscious enjoyment from ardent labours, of buoyant hopes, of self-esteem. Nor did he ever awake, or look abroad, but to a clear view of irretrievable ruin in time and eternity. Was he not in torment before the time? Did the worm that never dieth not writhe within him already? Yes! and his pains and his remorse passed into fiendish despair; his unceasing wish is now, that there was no God."

But with all his mastery of self-delineation, he could not master himself; for immediately after expatiating thus, he would hurry to the bottle, and he again steeped in insensibility, to the exclusion of every gleam of reason. He came to be therefore in general little better than a dull brute. It is not then to be wondered at, that the smallest portion of worldly means failed him, as well as his mental vigour. And now the dreadful forebodings, uttered by Flora at her death, that he should die mad, haunted his disjointed mind. Here was a new horror. He had so long enjoyed the splendours of a first-rate genius, that anything like a final obscuration of its light was, to his apprehension, more woful than present excruciating pain.

"And is my soul indeed to be imprisoned ere I die, and shorn of its power? Shall I wander about a spectacle of insanity and idiocy? O! if I may choose of the diseases of the mind, let mine be the lunatic's hallucinations, or the gorgeous dreamings of a raving brain." Such were his ejaculations.

The most woful symptom of that disorder which he dreaded, was the fancy of carrying the Bible in his bosom, as a charm against past guilt and coming judgment. But horrible to conceive, he would swallow largely the poison of the cup that was unbinging so effectually his energies, at the very moment that he hugged the sacred volume. He would now, many times a day, imagine that fiends were after him; and then he fought against them with a terrible frenzy; using at the time the most solemn declarations of the Bible, as the weapon of defence.

But by this period his career was near a close. Extreme poverty plucked him. For an entire week he was without shelter from the inclemency of the weather, day and night. He was, during the whole of this period, as unsettled as a prowling wolf. At last, as if under a sort of retributive infatuation, he made his way one evening to the neighbourhood of his former dwelling, when he was in the height of his popularity, near to which, never since his expulsion, had he been known to approach. This last visit was on a Saturday in the month of November, just before it was quite dark. In spite, however, of the disheartening season and hour, he was seen for a time running through hedges and over the roughest ground; and was heard, to the great consternation and terror of some cottagers, as he, after a while, turned his course to make for the summit of the neighbouring high hills, exclaiming, "I bid thy spirit stay, Flora! I shall not die mad, Flora! I will overtake thee, Flora, at the Giant-Leap!" Alas! no one pursued, to save him.

Next day, foot-prints were traced in the snow that sprinkled the high grounds to which he had been seen to hurry, of one, as if in full chase, to the very brink of the promontory, that is ominously designated the Giant-Leap, and which overhangs the ocean's surge when the tide is full. But Walter Torrance was never more seen; for doubtless he had gone over the dizzying steep, and been pitched on the jagged sea-lashed rocks below, where the angry rolling waters would, in their reflux, sweep him down to their abysses.

LETTERS TO THE WORKING CLASSES. No. 3.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—You must not suffer yourselves to be deceived by the optimist journals relative to the real position of the country. Never, since England was a nation, has the aspect of its affairs been so gloomy. The Bank is tottering, and is only supported by the forbearance of the fund-holders; but this forbearance will not last for ever. A sudden panic would destroy the "Old lady of Threadneedle-

street," as Cobbett denominated the monopolizing establishment, and the most fearful consequences would ensue. The working classes generally are in great distress; and the poorer orders are in the most appalling state of destitution. People are literally dying of starvation; and fathers of families are committing suicide in order to avoid the dread contemplation of their children's misery. The prices of food are increasing in amount, and the wages for labour are proportionately diminishing. War appears to be imminent; and there seems no chance of the hardships of the approaching winter being relieved or softened down by a reduction in the price of bread. Poverty will assume all its most hideous shapes during the following six months; and, so far from there being the slightest hope of any alteration in the accursed poor-law bill, when Parliament meets, several changes for the worse may be anticipated.

This, fellow-countrymen, is a pleasing prospect; but the picture is by no means exaggerated. While the Queen, her consort, and all the stipendary dependants of the court or cabinet, are receiving enormous incomes, the poor are left to die of the lingering horrors of starvation, or to submit to the infernal regulations of a Union Workhouse. How disproportionate is the lot of individuals in this vitiated condition of society! But will the working-classes calmly and tamely submit to a duration of such abuses? Will not a sense of their country's wrongs excite them to adopt all proper and eligible methods to obtain a radical reform from the throne to the workhouse?

Yes—fellow-countrymen, you must now determine upon agitating in favour of your rights and privileges. But you must not assemble in public-houses, where drunken revelries supersede the calm deliberation which the urgency of your condition requires; nor must you allow your intellectual capacities to be undermined by the insinuating influence of strong drinks. You have long been enslaved by the evil custom of intemperance; and that moral condition of vassalage has enabled you to contemplate your political vassalage with a calmness approaching to the most culpable indifference. All your debates, your meetings, and your agitation, in favour of political reformation, have been rendered abortive by the habit of drinking with which they were associated. When the Reform-Bill passed, you celebrated the event with public dinners all over the kingdom; and the deep libations that were poured forth to toast the extension of your liberties, testified at the same time how little able you were to appreciate them. Not only upon that occasion, but on all others, where political matters have been the subject of meeting and debate, has it been thought necessary to associate an important business with a degrading custom. Thus have you invariably failed to act with due decision, and to deliberate with proper calmness; and the government laughs at your political meetings, because those in power know full well that the assembly will disperse, and its members will proceed to the public-houses where they will bury in the oblivion of their cups all their patriotic determinations to obtain justice, liberty, and reform.

There is another reason wherefore the drinking customs of the country are calculated, in their associations, to unfit you for devoting impartial and deliberate attention to your true condition. I allude to the habit of singing bacchanalian songs at the places where your orgies are carried on. Those bacchanalian songs invariably teem with expressions of a most ridiculous loyalty towards the sovereign; they inculcate a blind obedience to Bacchus and to your rulers; and their authors, by cleverly intermingling ideas of worshipping the "jolly god," with those of fighting all the enemies of the King, &c., fill you with a false heroism in favour of the very tyrants who trample upon you. Nearly all drinking-songs contain a great deal of nonsense about "good old times," "a health to the King," and "the pillars of the throne;" and, thus, while you imbibe the delusive liquor which impairs your intellect, that attenuated imagination is prepared to receive the equally delusive sentiments of loyalty conveyed in the songs alluded to. Under the influence of the liquor and the song, the poor working-man issues from the public-house, "pot-valiant" in every sense of the word, and ready to die for the monarch whom he supposes to have provided him with "such excellent liquor!"

You have long been taught to look upon the denizens of other nations as barbarians in comparison with yourselves. Believe me, you are wrong. In your notions of political liberty you are a hundred years behind those whom you consider barbarians. The Portuguese are thirsting for republican government, and will very soon compel their queen to abdicate. The Spaniards have already laid the foundation for republican institutions, and have got rid of royalty. The French only wait for a favourable opportunity to overturn the throne of the Citizen King, and establish a purely republican system of government in the place of monarchy. In Belgium, notwithstanding the tranquil and pacific dispositions of the inhabitants; there is a strong ferment and a decided tendency towards republican institutions. Italy is panting for the arrival of the moment when she shall be enabled to throw off the yoke of a number of petty tyrants, and establish one general parent republican government. The ab-

dication of the King of Holland has struck a fatal blow to monarchy in that kingdom; and the Dutch would not hesitate to imitate the general example. In Hanover, and many other parts of Germany, the people are wearied of their crowned despots, and would instantly follow any popular movement, the impulse of which might originate from France. Sweden and Norway will become a republic at the death of the present King; for the democratic spirit is strong in those countries, although its voice be not now loud, nor its manifestations violent. Greece seems to have caught a spark of that noble patriotism which formerly characterized it, and to be meditating an immediate escape from the tyranny of Otho. The spirit of liberty has even transferred itself amongst the Ottoman States: Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bosnia would all become independent republics, were not the vicinity of Russia, and the example of Poland, constantly before them; their inhabitants however partake of the generally pervasive feeling in favour of democracy. Then, when the knell of Ottoman grandeur shall have rung, all those mighty pachalicks of Anatolia, Diarbekir, Karamania, and Irak Arabi, will be transformed into separate states (as they were after the ruin of the Seljuk empire, and before they were collected under the government of the Sultans of the Turks) on principles which will savour more or less of liberty.

Fellow-countrymen, these are powerful facts; and no one can controvert them. They prove that the majority of Europe is in favour of republican institutions; and surely we must abide by the decision of a majority? You therefore see that the very nations, whom you are taught to consider barbarians, or something like barbarians, are possessed of more enlightened ideas of liberty than yourselves. And why? Because intemperance has not been so generally and decidedly the bane of those nations, as it has of yours. We know that all the nations of the civilized world consume large quantities of intoxicating liquor; but no nation consumes near so much, in proportion, as England. There is not so much habitual and inveterate intemperance in any country in Europe as there is in England: Hence are the intellects of foreigners far less impaired, and their morals far less debased by the evil habit of drinking, than those of the English. Look at the French, for example. They are a temperate nation, and they stand at the head of all others in respect to their ideas of political freedom. Twice, within half a century, have they risen in a mass against their tyrants; and they are now nearly prepared to rise again,—and this time, their exertions will be definitive! The French, I repeat, are a temperate nation: and, therefore, a reading and a thinking nation. The lowest and meanest artisan in France reads the daily papers, and converses upon the politics of the age with precision and judgment. The provincial press of France is immense; and the circulation of upwards of five-and-twenty daily political papers, published in Paris, is almost incredible. The daily sale of the *Siccle* is thirty thousand; the average circulation of the best papers varies from six to fifteen thousand a day; and the circulation of the English daily papers (the *Times* excepted) would not be deemed a large one in France.

Thus you see that foreigners are far before you in their appreciation of political rights and privileges, and that they pass their leisure time in reading and self-instruction, in preference to wasting it in the public-houses. Throw aside the influence of the evil habit of intemperance, my friends, and you will soon understand the way in which your condition is to be ameliorated. You will learn to act according to your own judgment, and not invariably follow the opinions of your rulers. Your very elections of representatives (who do not, with few exceptions, represent you when elected) prove the extent to which you are the slaves of liquor. Do you not, on those occasions, sell your suffrage for strong drink? Oh! my fellow-countrymen, turn away from these evil habits, and you will bless the day that you signed the pledge of Teetotalism. Do not, in your pride, scorn to imitate other nations in the great example which they set you in agitating in favour of their true rights; but place yourselves even in advance of them, by at once resigning entirely the pernicious use of intoxicating liquors.

GRACCHUS.

VARIETIES.

FRUITS, FLOWERS, &c.—Italy was supplied with the fig from Syria, the citron from Medea, the peach and nectarine from Persia, the pomegranate from Epirus, the apple, pear, and plum from America, and the cherry from Pontus. Roses came to us from Persia, and were transported into Persia from India; they abound in the countries round the Caspian. The potato was indigenous to Chili. The Saracens introduced the sugar-cane into the islands of the Mediterranean.

VISION.—Neither our eye-balls nor their optic nerves look out of themselves, nor does the mind see abroad. The eyes are but telescopic instruments which cause the sense-exciting pressure on the retina to promote in the mind the idea of form according to the shape of the body to which the eyes are presented. By means of

the eyes our mind knows nothing but colour, which, from being a sensation, informs us that bodies are not coloured; and as we do not see uncoloured bodies, it is manifest externals are not objects of vision, sight, or perception, but are wholly invisible. Vision is not promoted by rays of lights, although the refraction of such by and within the eyes is said to make the eyes see outward things. Refraction by the eyes would make nothing on the retina but a circular solar spectrum; and an image of an external body on the retina, for information to the mind, would still be perceiving the image only leaving the external body invisible. Vision promoted by a quiescent medium, which of necessity must connect the retina with the remotest star of which we have sense-excited knowledge, for the retina to be affected immediately by the star; hence the visually sense-existing cause can be no other than the medium of space, the changes of pressure by which on the retina promote the different sensations, named colours, each of which we erroneously imagine is the colour of this or that outward body looked at and seen by our eyes. The visual medium or medium of space is the sense-exciting cause generally: it is continuous from without through the nerves of each of the senses to the brain, and constitutes what has hitherto been termed the nervous fluid: the senses being different in themselves, there is no reason for that which puts them into action being other than of the same kind. Light is but a sensation, there is no material light in nature.

AUTHORS AND BREWERS.—In answer to the question why brewers succeed so much better than authors, it was answered that brewers cater for the stomach and authors for the head; and that stomachs are to heads in the proportion of twenty to one!

AMERICAN SIMILES.—The Rev. Henry Colman, in a late sermon, in America, said, "the best bank ever yet known, is a bank of earth; it never refuses discount to honest labour, and the best share is the plough-share, on which dividends are always liberal!"

THE THREE PLANTS.—Three plants at this moment connect three different quarters of the world, which for ages would have known but little of each other without them. China is connected with England by scarcely any other link than her tea; for three hundred years tobacco was the sole link between England and the western world; and Arabia is, to this hour, scarcely bound to us but by her coffee. Such are the slender, but powerful sources of national connexion! The discovery of coffee was not made until the latter part of the thirteenth century; and, like many another great discovery, it was the result of chance, adopted by necessity. An Arab, the Sheikh Omar, fell under a persecution, in his own country; he and his disciples fled to a mountain in the province of Yemen, where, in the desert, all the usual food failed him. A coffee-berry there grew wild; and the distressed refugee, as it was too hard for him to masticate, tried its effect in boiling. He drank the liquor, found himself revived, and made it immortal.

REVIEWS.

Robert Macaire. A Novel in Three Volumes. By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS. Author of "Pickwick Abroad," &c. Illustrated with Eighteen Steel-Engravings by PHIZ. London: Thomas Tegg. Who has not heard of the redoubtable Robert Macaire—the hero of a hundred and one French caricatures? and who has not seen him and his friend Bertrand figuring upon the boards of the theatre? Robert Macaire is an imaginary character, invented by the French as the representative of every species of swindler, rogue, and villain, who plunder the credulous public under the guise of speculators, concoctors of bubble-companies, &c. &c. And upon this basis has Mr. Reynolds founded a novel, which is entirely original save in respect to the conception of the characters of Macaire and Bertrand. These individuals arrive in London, and obtain admission, under false names and appearances, into the house of a merchant of Old Broad Street. Macaire seduces this gentleman's niece, and plunders the unsuspecting uncle. The bye-plot, which involves the destinies of a young man of the name of Charles Stanmore, and a beautiful French girl called Blanche de Longueville, becomes intimately blended with the fortunes of Macaire, in the progressive development of the tale. In Paris, Macaire visits a club of thieves and swindlers, who are regularly organised into a well-appointed fraternity; and there the reader is introduced to Fieschi, Nion Lassave his mistress, and Alibaud. The moving panorama of this novel displays marvellous escapes from prison, midnight assassination, and scenes of deep interest. The trial of Macaire in Paris would seem to have been founded upon that of Madame Laffarge at Tulle, had not these volumes been printed long previous to this late event. The cause of the delay in their appearance has been brought about by the circumstance of the work being illustrated with eighteen spirited steel-engravings by Phiz.

We shall select a few extracts to serve as specimens of the style of the work. Our first shall be a description of London, seen at night, from Waterloo Bridge:—

"Bertrand stepped upon the bench, and leant over the parapet to gaze upon the vast city, which spread its almost endless wings on either side of the river, like an eagle crouching on the ground, and the mighty dome of St. Paul's might almost seem the erected head of the noble bird, proudly lifting itself towards the sky. The ceaseless hum of the large city, which has known no moment of rest for a thousand years, fell upon the ear of him who stood in the centre of the mighty arm which man has cast across the placid stream to connect the portions of the great metropolis of England. That busy hum reminded Bertrand of the unceasing activity which fills every corner of this mighty city, and which is not altogether suspended during the hours of night. As the gushing currents of human blood flow through every vein and pore of the compact frame, so does the stream of multitudes circulate amidst the vast avenues and channels afforded by the streets and thoroughfares of London; and even there the similitude does not end; for as the human frame becomes disorganized, and the passage of the vital fluid is suddenly chilled in the veins, so will the day come when this mighty assemblage of edifices shall be destroyed, and the progress of its living ocean of people be arrested for ever. The din of the multitudes that move through the streets of London, mingles its morals with the low murmurs of the river; and the ever-flowing springs of human existence are checked, though never for a moment overcome, by the scarcely more mysterious and irresistible action of the natural and far more ancient tide."

By way of contrast, we will now lay before the reader a sketch of one of the worst districts of Paris, seen at the same time of night as the above:—

"In a short time he struck into that assemblage of narrow and dark streets which form the interval between the vicinity of the Pantheon and the river. Few people are in those streets at night: they are chiefly occupied by the poor, who are glad to retire early to their beds, in order that they may rise early in the morning. But every now and then a light was seen dancing about in the middle of the streets, generally moving, like a Will-o'-the-wisp, near the ground, occasionally remaining stationary for some moments—then proceeding onwards—taking an uneven and zigzag motion about—and then stopping for a short interval again. Those lights were shed by the flickering lamps of the *chiffonniers*, or rag-pickers, who pursue their avocations chiefly at those hours when their fellow-men are wrapt up in slumber. As a passenger in the street proceeds along, these wretches crouch into corners, or hide themselves in gate-ways; and then they resume their employment of raking amidst the filth and ordures of the neighbourhood when they fancy themselves unobserved once more. From time to time the individual, who traverses the streets of Paris by night, will also meet—besides the *chiffonnier*—a person dressed in dark clothes, who seems to walk about without an object, who addresses himself to none, is spoken to by none, and yet who is dreaded by those who are acquainted with his avocation. This individual is a *woucheur*, or spy belonging to the police: and he and the *chiffonnier* are the only faithful observers of their nocturnal rounds throughout a certain number of the streets of Paris. For the rest, that part of the city which we left Macaire in the act of traversing, is silent and tranquil—badly lighted—and dirty, and; like the Marais, which we have before described, and which occupies the corresponding part of Paris on the northern side of the water, quite at variance with those gay quarters which make the metropolis of France the sumptuous and pleasurable city all who have visited it must acknowledge it to be."

The following description of the Haymarket may not prove uninteresting to our readers:—

"What a busy scene is the Haymarket at ten o'clock at night! Young fashionables, who have just finished their dinners at the Café de l'Europe, at the Colonnade Hotel, or at Dubourg's—and others, who have had no dinners either to begin or to finish—lounge up or down the street, some smoking cigars, and others their companions. Numbers of unfortunate women, plying their miserable trade, obstruct the thoroughfares, and accost those of the male sex who appear likely to attend to their lures or intercessions. Every now and then a cab or a hackney-coach moves out of the long line which stands in the middle of the street; and 'Please remember the waterman,' echoes more and more frequently as each quarter of an hour glides away at this portion of the evening. A bright gas-light illuminates the shell-fish at the shop on the right-hand side of the street, turning from Piccadilly; and the green and red waters in the chemist's pharmacy on the opposite side of the way, give a hideous aspect to the countenances of those who pass by. Young gentlemen in rough coats, and with large sticks in their hands, lounge along the Haymarket latest upon what they are pleased to term 'a lark;' and the parlour of the Waterford Arms is crowded with individuals of a similar stamp, who either amuse themselves by giving poor starving wretches a quantity of gin to kill them, or by getting up a fight between any two persons who up to that moment have probably been the best friends in the world. The amusements of English young gentlemen of fashion are as varied as they are peculiar. Breaking lamps, wrenching off knockers,

fighting with the police, and making the tour of the gambling houses, are the principal elements of those diversions; and if any individual of the fashionable party refuse to mingle in such sport, he is immediately (to use the language of the aspicnt Dogberry) 'written down an ass.'

Woman's love forms the subject of much panegyric in every novel. We quote a paragraph upon that subject, and with it we close our review:—

"The love of woman is eternal: it cannot be destroyed like fragile glass; its image may not be effaced from the memory like a passing dream. Her love is the soul itself; it enjoys an invisible existence; it cures itself with its own calm; it fortifies itself by its own energies; it does not recommence—for it never ceases. At one period it is ardent and passionate—at another, languishing and docile; now heated and feverish—then calm and reflective; now jealous and unjust—then forgiving and blind to a fault; now like the bursting volcano—then smooth as the placid lake; at one moment selfish and cruel—at another, generous and kind. The principles of true love belong not to time, but to eternity: they possess a faculty of regeneration, and an impossibility of total decay—youthfulness of passion blooming simultaneously with all the most beautiful flowers, like the rose-trees of Pæstum which blossom twice in one year.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

CORNWALL.

WE gladly avail ourselves of the *Cornwall Teetotal Journal*, to lay the following information before our readers:—

"ST. MINVER.—We are happy to say that the sun of Temperance has arisen in glorious splendour upon this place. The prospect of a good teetotal harvest is before us, and our members are unanimously agreed to use every endeavour to banish the demon intemperance from the land.

"PADSTOW.—Teetotalism works well here; amidst the opposition of the *professor of Christianity*, the moralist, and the profligate, we are making unusual strides. We at present number above 700 staunch Teetotalers, near one half of the town. A great change is seen here, many of our once strongest opponents are not only led to admire our system but to practice it.

"REBAUTH.—Though we have not been able to vie with our neighbours in the cause of Teetotalism, we are happy to be enabled to state that we are making progress, and that we have a cheering prospect of a brighter day being about to dawn upon us. The chief cause that has hitherto kept us comparatively in the back ground, is a want of public speakers.

"ST. COLUMB.—The cause of Teetotalism is going on conquering and to conquer in this town and neighbourhood. We have lately had a considerable increase to our numbers, amongst whom are two itinerant ministers belonging to this circuit.

"PENANCE.—The cause of Teetotalism still wears a good aspect here, and those who once esteemed the principles of the society merely as ideal, are looking at the matter in a very changed light, and consider it as one entitled to their sanction and support."

DOWNPATRICK.

IN spite of the opposition of some of the Conservative journals of Ireland, the cause of Teetotalism is making rapid progress, under the auspices of FATHER MATHEW and the other noble supporters of the new doctrine. From the *Downpatrick Recorder*, of Oct. 24th, we gladly extract the following paragraph:—

"On Monday evening the Downpatrick Teetotalers held a Solree at their rooms, in Bridge-street, for the purpose of promoting the Temperance cause. Upwards of two hundred sat down to tea. Of the clergy, there were present, the REV. JAMES FORDE and the REV. FREDERICK MCCULLAGH; and apologies were received from REV. WM. WHITE, REV. JOHN REID, REV. ROBERT GAULT, (Killyleagh) REV. MR. MORROW, and REV. MR. FOOT, all of whom would have attended, to give the cause their countenance and support, but for other previous engagements. As is usual in social meetings, thus rationally conducted, harmony, cheerfulness, pleasure and enthusiasm universally prevailed, in the absence of any intoxicating beverage. A number of teetotalers from Crossgar and Ardglass—the latter of whom were provided with their band—were in attendance. After tea was over, and a good many strangers were admitted, considerable difficulty presented itself, in making arrangements for the convenience of the assembly during the delivery of the speeches. Frequent bursts of applause interrupted and followed the addresses. At the conclusion of the proceedings, MR. PILSON having vacated the chair, and DR. KILLIN having been called thereto, the thanks of the meeting were returned to the Chairman, for his very proper conduct in the chair, and also for his warm encouragement and patronage of the good cause of teetotalism. The assembly broke up about one o'clock, and even at that late hour were slow to depart, so delighted and captivated were they with the whole animated proceedings."

LAUNCESTON.

AN anti-teetotal lecture was delivered a short time since, at the Launceston Temperance Institution, by the REV. G. B. GIBBONS. The lecturer descended upon the success which had attended the operations of the Society, and complained that such an immense fraternity of persons might assume a political aspect which would be dangerous to the state. He then attempted to prove that the wines of the ancients, and that transmuted by the SAVIOUR at Cana, were all alcoholic; but, in respect to the latter, he manifested an ignorance which would have been dissipated by a previous perusal of GRINDROD'S "Bacchus," PARSON'S "Anti-Bacchus," or BEARDSALL'S "Wine Question." The lecturer then observed that he had heard that many Teetotalers had become Socialists; but the worthy and reverend gentleman argued worse than an idiot, to maintain that a doctrine of total abstinence could convert a man to Socialism. Such a system of reasoning is both wicked and absurd. He was however refuted by the chairman, MR. W. PEARSE, and by MESSRS C. PEARSE, LOCK, and GILL; and the reverend gentleman looked particularly crest-fallen at the facile defeat which he experienced.

TOWN NEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.

MR. BEAUMONT, the well known philanthropist, has lately erected a spacious hall, bearing the above denomination, in Beaumont-square, Mile-end Road. The edifice is a magnificent one; and the enormous sum of twelve thousand pounds was laid out in building and endowing the Institution. The endowment fund produces four hundred *per annum*; and thus is a private gentleman setting one of the noblest examples of philanthropy to the wealthy portion of society. The hall of this new edifice is to be opened as a literary institution for those who may wish to avail themselves of the advantages its ample supply of periodicals and books will offer; and the moderate sum of six shillings quarterly, or a guinea *per annum*, will ensure admission to respectable persons. No individual of intemperate habits will be allowed to subscribe to this Institution, the founder's motive being to encourage sobriety, and its consequent intellectual pursuits, amongst the working classes. We hear that on Tuesday evenings the Institution will be opened for concerts. On Thursday evening, the 29th instant, the Hall was opened by a Teetotal meeting, EARL STANHOPE presiding on the occasion. This nobleman, and several advocates of the doctrine of total abstinence, delivered highly edifying discourses to a crowded audience.

The Hall is beautifully fitted up; and the arrangements have been evidently conducted on a plan of extreme liberality. The organ is a fine one; and its gallery forms a convenient place from which to address a meeting. On the whole, the greatest credit and praise are due to MR. BEAUMONT for his generous conduct in thus catering for the happiness and welfare of the inhabitants of the district of Beaumont-square. Nor must the laudable interest experienced by his sons in this good work, pass without notice.

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Head Quarters.

THE usual meeting on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th, at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, was well attended, in spite of the rainy weather. MR. H. W. WESTON took the chair; and the audience was addressed by this gentleman, and by MESSRS. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, BENSTEAD, BAYLIS, CRUMP, and CUDNERY.

Chelsea Auxiliary.

ON Tuesday evening, Oct. 27th, a grand tea-meeting of this powerful and thriving Auxiliary, took place at the new Assembly-room, opened by the members for the first time on this occasion. The tea-meeting was well and most respectfully attended; and, after the repast, the public were admitted for the purpose of listening to the doctrines of Teetotalism from the mouths of some of the most talented advocates of the parent association and this auxiliary.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

LORD CARDIGAN.—The dispute between this illiberal and unprincipled aristocrat and his fellow-officers, originated at the mess-table, relative to a black bottle. The evils of the drinking customs of the country are thus manifested in remote and indirect ways, as well as in immediate and direct ones. This LORD CARDIGAN is a disgrace to the army and to civilised life. He seduced and ran away with the wife of MAJOR JOHNSON of the 67th regiment, and upon that occasion displayed the white feather. We are however pleased to observe that he has been reprovved most severely by the Adjutant-General; and so cutting was this authority's observation, that the unprincipled Earl burst into tears amidst the officers who were assembled to witness his disgrace. This statement, which has not appeared in any journal, we have received from a source, the authenticity of which we cannot doubt. The conduct of LORD HILL, throughout the whole business, has been of the most infamous description; and the sentence upon CAPTAIN REYNOLDS, who is cashiered, reflects an indelible stigma upon every member of the court-martial. And now, by virtue of the unjust laws of the realm—those laws which provide one system for the rich and another for

the poor—this same nobleman is not to be tried, for a felonious offence, at the central criminal court, where the humble artisan, or gentleman would be arraigned, but is to be judged by his peers, a body of men who are all interested in maintaining the monstrous privileges of their order. How long will the people of England submit to these despotic enactments? A poor man who owes a few shillings, may linger for a year in a debtor's gaol; but any one who happens to be born a peer, may owe thousands with perfect safety in reference to his person. The line of demarcation between the plebeian and patrician classes should be immediately removed; and something like equality in the laws might then be anticipated.

CURIOUS CASE OF SUDDEN DEATH.—A very protracted enquiry took place on Thursday night, October 22nd, at the Exeter Arms, Burleigh Street, Strand, concerning the death of a young woman, named Fanny Ederson, aged 16. Having felt ill on the Tuesday morning, it appears, her master caused a glass of hot gin and water to be administered to her. She shortly after complained of severe thirst, and soon expired. Doubtless the gin and water was the direct cause of this poor girl's death. The gin was most probably very bad, and shamefully adulterated by the murderous publican who had sold it; and a fatal effect was produced upon a stomach already out of order. Numbers of sudden deaths, which are constantly happening, and for which the sapient juries find a cause in the "visitation of God," may be traced to the unprincipled adulteration of spirits, malt liquors, &c. Sometimes the effect of such adulteration may, with certain individuals, be immediate; at all events, it is perpetually operating slowly, and imperceptibly, but very surely.

AVERAGE LIFE OF MAN.—If we allow seventy years for the usual age of man, and sixty pulsations in a minute for the common measure of pulses of a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life, would amount to 2,207,520,000. If, by intemperance, he force his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give seventy-five pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be complete in fifty-six years. His life would by this means be reduced fourteen years!—Grindrod's "Bacchus."

MURDER OF A WOMAN IN SAINT GILES'S.—Mary Nichols, a woman aged 26, of No. 2, Hampshire-hogyard, Saint Giles's, was murdered on Sunday, Oct. 18th, by James Littleton, alias Shamus. The prisoner had been drinking freely, before he went home; and, under the influence of the liquor, he perpetrated the terrible deed for which his life will be probably forfeited.

A CLERGYMAN OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—A clerical man of the name of Urquhart, who is the incumbent of Chapel town church-yard, lately ordered a grave to be opened, and a stone to be taken up from over the coffin, on which it had been placed, because the relatives of the deceased had not paid him his fee of one guinea! This man belongs to the fraternity, who (with a few honourable exceptions) are so decidedly hostile to the great doctrines of total abstinence.

At Rhode Island the beer is brewed so strong that it requires three men to blow off the head of a pot of porter—and they must be tolerably long winded.

If a leach will not bite, bid him apprentice to a broker for a week, and his teeth will become so sharp that he will bite through the bottom of a brass kettle.

The height of charity is unlacing a young lady's stays to enable her to sneeze; and a work of necessity is unbuttoning a gentleman's waistcoat to enable him to pick up his cane.

The *Boston Post* says that the reason why cream is so sour, is that milk has risen so high, the cream can't reach the top.

The editor of the *Nashville Gazette* is said to be so handsome, that when he walks abroad, he is compelled to carry a club to keep the ladies off.

The following extract is from the *Chicago*, an American newspaper:—"Highly important!!! By a foot-passenger from the south, just arrived in our city, we learn the highly satisfactory intelligence that the long-looked for mail may be expected in the course of next week."

Amongst the wonders of the western world, is a man who is so tall that he is compelled to get up a ladder to shave himself.

An American has just discovered a plan for making ships of India-rubber; but Congress discountenances the scheme, because they are afraid that such ships, in crossing the line, would rub it out.

A Mrs. Boots having run away from her husband, an American papers observes that it supposes "they are now right and left."

There is a man in Nashville so tar-nation 'cute, that when he gets up in the morning, he puts his hand out of the window to feel if it's light.

A letter from New York says that the times are so bad, the watches are stopped. "We are surprised at that," says an American journal, "because they can go upon tick till the end of time."

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 21.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER IX.

THE EXCURSION.

IN hours of prosperity and happiness, the mind of woman is strangely versatile; and her disposition is frequently characterised by the most unaccountable caprices. All her actions appear to be rather the effects of sudden impulses or whims, for the origin of which she herself cannot account; and, by a peculiar species of idiosyncrasy, she not unfrequently imagines sources of annoyance and vexation. In such moments as those, she inflicts upon him she loves all those little nameless torments—those indescribable instances of a difficulty in being pleased, which, petty though they be, manifest the incessant activity, restlessness, and jealousy of the female bosom. But, in the hour of misfortune—when the gloomy frowns of an unsympathizing world look darkly upon man,—and when his once sedulous and faithful friends have departed from his vicinity, as the fickle butterflies flock from flower to flower, courting the fresh blooming rose, and leaving the faded one in its chilling solitude,—oh! in such hours as those, does the mind of woman expand, from the circumscribed range of frivolity and fickleness, into the elaborate scope of noble sentiments, generous feelings, and magnanimous views!

Animated by the courage which was imparted to her soul by the conviction that many important duties now devolved upon herself, Louise returned from the lock-up house to the cottage, as before mentioned, and prepared to dispose of all the little property which remained to herself and husband. She agreed with a broker for the price of the goods, and slept, with her innocent boy, in the bed which she was to sell on the morrow. She quenched the tears that a sense of her afflictions wrung from her eyes,—she pressed her child in her arms,—and she felt that she had that dear boy and his father still to bind her to life. Though wealth and prosperity had fled, the ties of love still remained to attach her to existence; and although the heart of that poor young woman had been deeply seared by the hot iron of misfortune, the attachment she felt for her husband and child was a balm to that wound. There was however one idea on which she could never dwell, save in the utmost bitterness of her spirit,—and that was the dread death of her only daughter in the burning ruin of the mansion which had witnessed the several phases of their prosperity, their decline, and their fall!

She rose early on the following morning, and packed up the few things which she intended to reserve from the almost general sale of her effects, and amongst the articles thus retained were the jewels which had belonged to her mother. The unfortunate wife had maintained an unnatural composure until the moment when these things met her eyes; and then nature asserted her empire over the magnanimity of resolution, and she burst into an agonising excess of grief,—the torrents of her tears however relieved her; and she even welcomed the arrival of the broker with a smile.

The goods were conveyed to the cart which the broker had procured to carry them away, and he had just counted the purchase-money into the hands of Louise, when a post-chaise drove up to the door, and Mr. Tibbatts alighted from the vehicle. Louise almost hailed this man's visit as a good omen—for she thought that he had probably sought her for the purpose of proposing some terms in reference to her husband—and she accordingly hastened to receive him with more courtesy than he had ever experienced at her hands.

"Well, my dear Madam," said he, with an air of jaunty impudence, as he seated himself upon one of the trunks in the front parlour which was denuded of all other furniture,— "so your husband is in the Fleet after all!"

"Alas!" ejaculated Louise mournfully, "he had no other resource!"

"But he had a friend, Madam!" cried Tibbatts,— "he had a friend, who would have stuck to him like Damon to Pythias,—or, in other words, like bricks and mortar!"

"A friend!" said Louise enquiringly.

"Yes—a friend in me, Titus Tibbatts, Esquire," was the answer.

"Oh! sir—again I conjure you, release my husband from his horrible prison, and I will owe you a debt of eternal gratitude!" said Louise, appealing in the most heart-rending manner to the cause of all Melville's miseries.

"That's exactly what I wish to do," uttered Tibbatts, playing with his watch-chain, and surveying his well-clad exterior with an air of peculiar satisfaction; "but, as the mountain wouldn't go to Mahomet, Mahomet was compelled to go to the mountain."

Louise made no reply, and Tibbatts saw that she had not comprehended his meaning.

"Well," in other words," he continued, "the creditor won't come to you—that is very certain; and so you must go to the creditor."

"But I thought that you were the arbiter of my husband's captivity or freedom?" said Louise, timidly.

"No, lovely lady," answered Tibbatts, eyeing Louise with a libertine glance which caused her to hang down her head and blush deeply; "I passed away the bill to a third party, and this third party is your husband's detaining creditor. He is not a very hard man to deal with; and when he sees that you take some trouble in the business—"

"Oh! now you have encouraged a hope in my mind, which it will be cruel to disappoint!" exclaimed Louise, a ray of joy animating her countenance and enhancing the natural effect of her dazzling beauty. "Tell me where I can find the individual who has the power of restoring my husband to liberty, and I will hasten to him without a moment's delay!"

"Why—as for the delay," said Tibbatts, "it certainly would be as well to lose no time;—but, the man lives some way off;—and—"

"Were he hundreds of miles distant," interrupted Louise, "I would seek him, even if I were compelled to walk bare-foot upon a road of sharp flints!"

"All that is certainly very beautiful—and highly pathetic, sentimental, and so forth,"

cried Mr. Tibbatts; "but I think that a devilish good post-chaise, and two slap-up horses would be much better than the mode of travelling that you allude to."

"Every guinea is an object at such a period," said Louise, rising to commence her journey.

"Well—I shan't ask you for your share of the chaise-hire," returned Tibbatts, affecting an air of indifference; "and—as the creditor can't assent to an arrangement without me—I think it would be as well if I went with you."

"Oh! that indeed would confer an additional favour upon me!" ejaculated Louise, animated only by the all-absorbing idea of obtaining the speedy release of her husband.

"Let us set off, then—without loss of time," said Tibbatts, now manifesting an impatience to be gone. "You can leave these traps here behind you—and the child will sit very quietly upon that trunk till we come back, if we only give him a cake."

"Oh! no," cried Louise, "I shall take little Victor with me. He could not bear to be separated from me."

"Well—well, just as you like!" said Tibbatts pettishly; and he led the way to the post-chaise.

Louise locked the front door of the house, and hastened, with her little boy in her arms, into the vehicle, which immediately drove off at a rapid rate.

For some time both Louise and her companion maintained a profound silence; but, at length, the young lady awoke from a deep reverie, and enquired whether they were near the place of their destination, as they were proceeding with speed farther into the country, and leaving the metropolis far away behind them.

"Oh! we shall soon be there now," said Tibbatts, with a species of triumph in his tone, as he cast a peculiar glance upon Louise, who again quailed beneath it. She did not, however, anticipate any treachery on the part of her companion; and her whole thoughts were engrossed by the hope of returning to London with an order for Victor's discharge in her possession.

While she was pondering upon the joy with which he would hail the glad tidings, the vehicle, which had some time previously turned into a bye-path, suddenly stopped at the door of an old house, which stood in a most solitary and lonely part. No other human habitation was near; and the miserable appearance of the dwelling created some surprise in the mind of the young lady, that a creditor for a large sum of money should reside in such a hovel. For a moment, a strange misgiving seized upon her mind; and she turned to cast an imploring and enquiring look upon her companion. The expression of his countenance was, however, calm and unruffled; and, blushing for the suspicion which she had permitted herself to entertain, she once more resigned her soul to all the joyousness of the most sanguine hope.

Mr. Tibbatts hastened to alight from the vehicle, as soon as an old woman, with a most forbidding aspect and cross look, made her appearance at the door of the miserable dwelling. He then assisted Louise to descend the steps

of the chaise, and the old woman conducted her into a wretched room on the ground floor, while Tibbatts remained behind to give some directions to the postilion. In a few moments, the chaise drove off; and Tibbatts entered the room where Louise was seated.

The little boy surveyed the strange apartment for some time with a look of fear and alarm; and then suddenly burst into tears. This conduct on his part instantly raised the suspicions of his mother; and she now for the first time perceived the imprudence of the step she had taken. The old woman had retired from the room, and she was alone with Tibbatts, who had seated himself upon the window-sill, and was surveying her with an expression of countenance which only augmented her fears. Yielding to the sudden impulse of her alarm, she started from the chair on which she had been sitting, and exclaimed in a tremulous voice, "For heaven's sake, Mr. Tibbatts, where are we?"

"Where are we?" repeated that individual, somewhat at a loss for a reply;—"why—at a very pleasant retired spot, about eight miles from town—and where I hope to pass a few happy days."

"And Melville's creditor?" demanded Louise.

"Creditor, indeed!" cried Tibbatts, bursting out into a loud laugh: "I hope you don't think that, after I have given myself all this trouble to get your husband safely locked up in prison, I am now going to be the means of his release! Your husband is a wretch who is unworthy of your love,—a drunkard—a spendthrift—a man without principle——"

"Silence, sir!" cried Louise, with a dignity and emphasis, which for a moment astounded the villain; "dare not use this language in connexion with the name of my husband."

"My dear girl," began Tibbatts—

"Oh! now I comprehend all your villany—all your baseness!" cried Louise, a deadly pallor overspreading her countenance. "But your baseness shall not go unpunished. I demand my immediate release from this place!"

And she took her child in her arms, and was proceeding towards the door, when Mr. Tibbatts placed his back against it, saying, "Gently—gently, fair lady! Faint heart never won such a stubborn beauty as you; and Titus Tibbatts, Esquire, is not the man to take all this trouble for nothing!"

"Villain! you dare not detain me!" ejaculated Louise.

"No harsh words," cried Tibbatts; "you will cool in time!"

"I will scream—I will call for assistance—I will not suffer this outrage with impunity," persisted Louise, her heart almost sinking within her.

"You may scream—but I doubt whether even an echo will answer you," was the cool reply.

"Release me, villain!" cried Louise, struggling to obtain egress from the room.

"Nay—no nonsense," said Tibbatts; and, with the ease of a giant controlling the movements of a child, did he lead the unhappy young woman back to the chair, on which she sank almost insensibly.

"Do not cry, Mamma," said the little boy, looking anxiously up into his mother's face.

Louise pressed him in her arms, and gave vent to her grief in a flood of tears, while the violence of the sobs which agitated her bosom, bore sad testimony to the acuteness of her grief.

(To be continued in our next.)

INTEMPERANCE AND ITS REMEDY.

UNREMITTED labour and unceasing vigilance, are the lowest price at which man, in this world, can obtain happiness and safety. The primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," includes within its scope not only the bodily, but the mental and moral

powers of man. And reason and philosophy, not less than revelation, clearly demonstrate, that all nature, both within us and without us, is so formed and constituted as to enforce this destiny.

Not only does the uncultivated earth bring forth thorns and thistles rather than fruit, but its tempting fruits, unless discriminated, may poison us. And the air we breathe, the fire that warms us, and the innumerable other objects which are essential to our existence or enjoyment, must be, for the most part, laboriously sought, and must all be cautiously distinguished, appropriated, and used, if we would secure the benefits and escape the mischiefs, which in some form each has the power to occasion.

And if we seek for happiness in the exercise of the mental and moral powers, the same toil and dangers await us. The temple of science stands at the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Moral rectitude is a critical medium, the two extremes from which are vices. And even the path to heaven, as we are instructed from the sacred desk, is narrow and difficult, with a broad road leading from it to perdition; so that earth and heaven are legibly inscribed by the finger of the Creator with the sublimary doom of man—*toil and watchfulness*.

And yet, such is the intrinsic constitution of human nature, that this apparently severe destiny is the efficient cause of its highest dignity and happiness. Perils and impediments in our path, prompt us to vigilant and energetic action. Our chief happiness consists in successful effort—in acquiring the desirable objects around us, not in their supine enjoyment—in eluding, or grappling with and overcoming danger, not in a quiet, lifeless exemption from it. And every human faculty put forth and exerted for these purposes, is expanded, invigorated, and improved by the exercise.

The inebriating fluid, destructive as it has proved, differs in only one or two particulars from a thousand other dangers which beset humanity, and which are easily and usually avoided or overcome. One particular is, that its first entrance into the human system communicates a plausible falsehood; for by its temporary stimulation it would persuade us, that our physical and mental strength and the flow of our social feelings are each improved by the draught; when in truth they are only anticipated, squandered, and finally depressed farther below, than they were at first elevated above, a healthy standard. This is one peculiarity, and that which opens and smooths the broad way to temperate drinking. Another is, that as the victim arrives at and passes the verge of intoxication, and reason and conscience are required to utter their monitory voice, both reason and conscience are deranged and prostrated by its influence; and the subject of intoxication alone, among all around him, is utterly ignorant of his condition and his danger. Thus the inebriating cup first seduces his reason, then steals away his heart and his brains, and finally destroys all that remains of him at its leisure. Were its inevitable effects but reversed in their order, the danger would be obviated. For if woe, and sorrow, and contentions, and babbling, and wounds without a cause, and redness of the eyes, and disgrace, and loathsomeness, and delirium tremens, were the immediate, as some or all of them are certain to be the ultimate, consequences of the habitual drinking of ardent spirit, man would sooner herd with tigers, or couch with the rattlesnake, or season his food with arsenic, than swallow this concentration of curses.

It is chiefly for the reasons which have been alluded to, that the vice of intemperance is no respecter of persons; and that throughout all past time the pious and the profane, the wise and the foolish, the valiant and the weak, individuals and nations, have alike been drawn into the vortex of this indiscriminating destruction.

The records of history afford proofs that the mixed wine and strong drink of the ancients, were quite sufficiently destructive. But in an evil hour in the dark ages, an Arabian alchemist, by the discovery of the art of distillation, fearfully aggravated the mischief. It was the art of rejecting everything useful, by separating everything pernicious, from the fermented juice of the grape and other vegetable substances, and presenting the result in the form of an unqualified poison. He was seeking for the philosopher's stone—the art of transmuting the baser metals into gold and discovered the more wonderful art of transmuting millions of men yet to be born, into brutes and wretches, with their own voluntary consent!

It would be interesting, and not unimportant, did space allow us, to trace the successful warfare which alcohol, aided by diseased appetite and misguided public opinion, has, since that period, waged against law, religion, and human happiness. But it is sufficient for our present purpose to review, for a moment, the fearful condition in which it has, through a long period of increasing intemperance, involved our country.

The evil has become one of appalling magnitude. Everything honourable, and lovely, and pure, and of good report, is threatened by the giant vice of national intemperance. The fire-tortured products of the vineyards and cane plantations of other lands, are sending their deadly exhalations condensed, into our devoted country, in a broad, swift, and increasing current. Here are ten thousand still-worms, condensing the pestilent vapours of the still-house, and oozing them out in ten thousand streams, to augment the tide of ruin which is fast deluging our land. Intemperance, not

that merely which paralyzes the limbs and the utterance, but that earlier stage which subverts the heart and the conscience, has become, like gout or rheumatism, the chronic disorder of the body politic; in which there is scarcely a member or limb which does not suffer, either by direct disease or inevitable sympathy. The loathsome symptoms of the malady, are among the first objects that meet the eye of the passing stranger in the cities and villages of our country.

How often may be seen the young man of respectable connexions, outrage the solemn decency of the funeral ceremony, and insult the departed spirit of a pious parent, by staggering, and breathing the pestiferous breath of a drunkard around her.

The drunkard, in his most sober moments, will remorselessly convert his last day's earnings in the means of intoxication, with the full consciousness upon him, that he has, at his poverty-stricken home, a meek and suffering wife, who—

—'dealt her scanty store
To friendless babes, and wept to give no more.'

We have seen a lovely young female, who had been reared in the arms of parental tenderness, her heart swelling with the delusive hopes of inexperience, led forward into connubial life, with prospects as bright and promising as the unclouded morning sun. Again we have marked the fitful melancholy, the fading cheek, and the anxious look, which told that agonizing suspicions as to him in whom centered all her hopes and affections, were busy at her heart; until the fatal truth burst upon her, as she found herself fettered to pollution, and clasped in the arms of living death, embodied in a drunken husband. And she struggled against cruel disappointment, and degradation, and anguish, until a kindly consumption gently led her from earthly suffering into a premature grave. And her encircling kindred and friends poured forth the copious tears of mitigated grief, as they beheld this innocent victim of another's guilt, released at length from the pangs of tortured affection, and consigned to that narrow resting-place, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

We have seen the young man, born under the smiles of fortune and patronage, endowed with genius, and education, and moral sensibility, and lively self-respect, with the crowning virtue of piety superadded, rise up by our side, and brace himself for the career of emulation, with prospects the most enviable; and parted with him as he went away to lead to the altar a lovely bride; and heard that that union had been blessed with interesting children. Again we saw him, when he had been cast out of his domestic paradise, for partaking of the forbidden cup—fallen, sunk, degraded to the low level of the drunkard's abasement! And there he lay upon the earth, a blasted thing—the living sepulchre of a thousand hopes!

And shall we be required to keep terms with, and to speak in measured epithets and courteous phrases of this great parent cause, which has engendered all this desolation? All this, did we say! that wide-spread, incalculable ruin, of which these, and a thousand fold more, are but isolated specimens!

Such is the character and such the alarming prevalence of this vice, anterior to the temperance reformation. The law denounces penalties against drunkenness, but unsupported by public opinion it is a dead letter. The sacred desk raises its warning voice, but it is unheeded: for although the clergy preach much upon this subject, do they not also sometimes drink? The judge on the bench, as he is called to pronounce sentence on some wretched criminal, who, under the moral blindness or phrensy of intemperance, had imbrued his hands in the blood of his own wife, or his child, or his father, or his mother! seized the impressive occasion to warn the horror-struck audience of the danger and guilt of intoxication. And that audience, and even that judge, saw nothing in all this which should prevent them, as they returned home and rehearsed the dreadful story, from circulating the social glass, as formerly! The temperate drinker, perhaps with the odour of brandy upon his lips, went to expostulate with his next door neighbour, the intemperate man; and wondered that his admonitions against drinking, contradicted as it was by his own example, proved unavailing.

Patriotism and philanthropy long cried out, "Can nothing be done to arrest this tremendous evil?" and a thousand honest voices answered, "Nothing! The government licences the vending of the poison. Intemperance is a vice which has cleaved to humanity throughout all time. And what can you do against the innumerable array of importers, manufacturers, and traffickers, in ardent spirit, who are leagued together by interest to perpetuate the evil?"

But a remedy now is discovered, by the wisdom and benevolence of individuals, so simple that a child may comprehend, teach, and practise its principles; and yet so efficient and wonderful in its results. It was directed to the prevention of the great first cause of drunkenness, temperate drinking. It was founded upon the manifest fact, that if none drank temperately, none would become drunkards. It was comprised in the simple, social resolution, "I will wholly avoid strong drink, and exert my influence to induce all others to do so too." And the written pledge to total abstinence, and the voluntary associations to concentrate and give effect to public opinion, and the whole mass of means, which, for the last few years, have

wrought such miracles for the cause of temperance throughout the world, have been merely adapted to carry out this simple principle. Such is the Teetotal reformation; unpretending in its inception; now expanding into universal action, and bursting the rivets of venerable vice, to deliver mankind from this fatal bondage.

And where, among the multiplied discoveries of this or of any age, is there one which has wrought and which promises such benefits to the human family? Where has the church-militant discovered an instrumentality capable of removing such judicial blindness as that of the drunkard? Where, in the administration of the criminal law, has there been found a corrective for so much crime and misery? Where, in the science of medicine, has there been discovered so perfect a remedy for a disease so extensive, loathsome, and deadly? And where has the political economist devised a means of preserving so much of the wealth of nations from an appropriation so much worse than utter waste?

THE FATHER.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A NOBLEMAN.

It was about twenty years ago, ere I succeeded to my present title, that I was returning one evening to my father's house from that of a friend with whom I had been dining. Oh! the fatal evening! I remember it but too well! 'twas in the winter time—thick clouds enveloped the planets of the night, while their sombre hue threatened the earth with deluging rain. A low wind scarcely disturbed them in the boundless regions of space; but fruitlessly the moon essayed to pierce their density and cast her rays upon the world. Yet the lamps were bright in Bond-street, and I hardly regretted not having ordered a carriage to call for me; but I walked hastily onward, till something glittering on the pavement attracted my attention. I stooped and picked it up; 'twas a beautiful ring, with a black stone, and on that stone was a name. Five yards before me two individuals were anxiously looking about for an object they had apparently lost. I accosted them; and by the glare of the lamp, discovered the features of the most lovely girl in the world. She was leaning on the arm of an old gentleman, sixty years of age at least, who afterwards proved to be her father. The ring I had found was the cause of their search; and as I tendered it to the young lady, she smiled on me with so much sweetness, that she ravished my soul—although at the same moment a large tear stole down her cheek; for the lamp cast its rays direct on her bewitching countenance.

"A thousand thanks, Sir," she said, in a melting tone of voice. "That ring was my poor mother's: she is no more,—but her memory is dearly cherished by me. In pulling off my glove, I inadvertently dropped that precious relic. We thought we might have lost it at the theatre whence we are come."

The father cut short his daughter's explanation by thanking me again, with uncommon civility, and having wished me "a good night," he moved rapidly on. I, however, heard him chide his daughter for having kept "the stranger in the cold." Those were his words.

That night no sleep visited my pillow: the transitory view I had had of so lovely a creature's face chased away slumber, and dwelt perpetually in my mind. I then discovered that, if there be not love at first sight, there is frequently a deep impression made on the heart, which may often essentially controul our actions in after years.

A fortnight elapsed, and I still dreamt of nought save her with whom I had only exchanged two words: but at length I met her again. It was at a theatre—no matter which—and she was again accompanied by her father. I was welcomed with a smile when I addressed her, and with an excess of politeness by the old man, who was rather profuse and cringing in his civilities, as if he did not feel precisely on the same level as myself. The reason of this, however, soon developed itself: for, during a brief conversation, I ascertained that he was a tradesman, and that pecuniary misfortunes had frequently embarrassed him in the prosecution of his business. I also learnt the place of his residence; it was Oxford-street.

"Tradesman—shop!" were the words that rang in my ears all night long. "Tradesman—shop!" was all I uttered, when my father, next morning at breakfast, put some common-place questions to me.

"You were at the theatre last evening, William, were you not?" said he. "Why—you tell us nothing about the performance, the play, or the spectators. Who was there?"

"The tradesman."

"Indeed! and what piece was performed?"

"The shop," was my reply: and I left the room to retire to my own chamber, where I sat down for the purpose of pondering more at liberty on the lovely Miss Benson. A strange sentiment of curiosity filled my mind. I was desirous of ascertaining whether so innocent a girl served in the shop herself, and whether she was exposed to the rude gaze of her customers. To Oxford-street I accordingly hurried. "BENSON, HAERDASHER," in large letters over a door met my eyes: with fear and trembling I entered, and discovered Mr. Benson, assisted by two or three boys, very busily engaged in attending to the wants of those who

went thither to make purchases. I inquired for his daughter, and was shown to a neat little parlour at the back of the shop, where she was sitting; for she did not serve in the shop.

"You are kind, very kind," said she, "thus to remember individuals who are under obligations to you."

"Obligations, Miss Benson!" I exclaimed: "for finding and returning a valuable jewel to its owner."

"Oh! Sir, that ring was my mother's, and you know not how I value it! But by the bye," she added in a lively tone of voice, "this is the third time I have had the pleasure of seeing you, and not yet do I know the name of him to whom I am deeply indebted."

Now for my first weakness. Should I confess my real rank, and never visit Miss Benson again? or should I conceal my position in the world; and associate with her as an equal? I had already discovered, that, were she acquainted with my high expectations, her lofty and independent spirit would cause her manners to become distant, reserved, and embarrassed. And another thing—I did not wish Mr. Benson to be able to tell his friends—this cobbler, or that tailor—how the only son and heir apparent of Lord — visited him constantly, and courted his daughter. Nor less was I influenced by a dread of my intimacy with the Bensons becoming known to my father, who would have adopted most summary measures to put an end to it for ever. I therefore yielded to the weight of these reflections, and invented a name to conceal my own. This was my first deceit!

Daily did I visit the lovely Miss Benson; and daily did I become more enamoured of her. The father deemed me to be a young gentleman of small independent fortune; and as he himself was not only poor, but was also considerably advanced in years, he was naturally glad to have before him a prospect of seeing his daughter established in a respectable manner. And she returned my love—and we were happy; and we appeared to live as it were only for each other; and we cared not for the world without.

Eliza Benson was about nineteen years of age. She was stout—even inclined to *enbonpoint*: but the delicacy of her hand and her foot was such, that they seemed to partake of infantine proportions. Her bust was voluptuous and well-formed, and was that of a woman of mature years rather than of a female of her tender age. Her complexion was of the purest white and red—her mouth red and pouting—her teeth even and white—her eyes dark blue and languishing—her hair of chestnut hue—and her forehead high and pale, though slightly freckled. On the whole she was as lovely and faultless a creature as woman can be in this world of ours.

But to continue my narrative. One afternoon I entered the shop and found all in confusion. Ill-looking men were standing about—the desk was unoccupied by the clerk, the boys were whispering in a corner—and Mr. Benson was not there. Determined to ascertain the meaning of such disorder from the fountain-head, I pushed my way to the parlour, and found Miss Benson lying on the sofa, just recovering from a swoon into which she had ere now fallen: the only servant left in the house was attending her.

"Good God, Miss Benson!" I cried: "what is the cause of this unaccountable posture of your affairs?"

"O heavens!" she exclaimed, a deep sense of her misery rushing to her soul; "they have taken away my father—he is gone, gone to a prison! My father—my poor old father! They heard me not—or if they did, they would not heed me. And I am alone—alone in the world;—my mother is dead—and they have taken away my father, I repeat—they have taken away my father! But I will follow him whithersoever he shall go —"

And she rose from the sofa, but only to fall into my arms, for she was weak and feeble. I reassured her—implored her to remain where she was till my return—and I then proceeded to the shop to learn the particulars of the case. It appeared that a harsh creditor had arrested Mr. Benson for four hundred and odd pounds, and that the poor old man had been taken to a lock-up house. I found out which it was, and hurried thither. Mr. Benson was in tears, raving after his daughter; it went to my heart to witness the distress of venerable old age. When I entered the room of that preparatory gaol, he cried like a child.

"Be tranquil, my dear Sir," I exclaimed: "to-morrow morning you shall be free. I have the money at your service—that is I can get it—but not before to-morrow morning"—for I did not dare ask my father for so considerable a sum towards the end of the quarter:—and I knew that my friend Mr. H—, would not be at home till late that night. I, however, succeeded in relieving Mr. Benson's mind, and he sent me away with these words:—"Go—my dear boy—and console my daughter. She loves you—you love and respect her—and I can trust you."

I bade him adieu, promised that by eight o'clock next morning he should be free, and then returned to comfort the afflicted girl.

And I succeeded in comforting her; for I repeated over and over again, not only my ability to release her father, but also my determination so to do; and thus I made her happy. The servant retired—the shop was soon cleared—and we sat down in the little parlour, alone together on the sofa. It was nine in the

evening, and a lamp burned near us. Eliza called me the preserver of her father—her poor father: she invoked blessings upon my head—and I then laid open to her the sentiments of my secret soul. I declared my love: she made a reciprocal confession—I caught her in my arms—and we lingered in a long—a lasting—a fervent embrace. I placed my arm around her, and she suffered me to inhale the fragrance of her breath: but she was pondering on my affection, on my promises, on my conduct towards her aged father;—in fine, she threw herself upon my bosom—she relied on my justice—she yielded herself to me, to do with her as I chose, to dispose of her as I desired—she trusted to me as much as a confiding girl, who sees all, all in her lover, can trust to him. And I clasped her closer to my arms; and I whispered tender things in her ear; and I talked of future happiness. She listened—

"my dishonoured daughter!" cried the old man, frantic with rage. "Return her to me, my Lord," he continued more coolly; "return me my daughter. Give me back my daughter—give me back my daughter, I say—and, O God! I will forgive you! Yes, my Lord —, for so you are now—you wear a mourning dress—that mourning is for your parent! You know how to weep for a parent! believe then that a parent can weep for a child—and give me back my dishonoured daughter!"

"By the high heavens above us, I know not where she is!"

"Some time ago, she was at the gay lodgings your generosity provided for her," pursued Benson, with a bitter smile and a sarcastic accent. "I traced her out there—I wrote a note to her—I said I would see her that day—and she was gone. You have hidden my daughter from my sight. I am a poor old man—I am stricken in years—cares are multiplying thickly upon my head. Oh! my Lord, can you see these hoary locks—these hoary, grey locks—can you contemplate them, my lord—these almost whitened locks—and then refuse to give me back my daughter?"

Vainly did I declare my ignorance of the route she had taken, so precipitate had been her flight: but bitterly did I reproach myself in secret for the harshness of my conduct towards her. The unfortunate father continued his lamentable appeal.

"My lord, the vengeance of an offended Heaven will fall upon your head. You have robbed me—an old man—of the support of my years; you have ruined the little happiness that awaited the miserable remnant of wearied existence that was mine; you have destroyed the prop that held up a tottering fabric; you have filled the dregs of my life's cup with poignant gall; and you now refuse me the only amends you can possibly make. You came, my lord, to a humble dwelling—I did not seek you—and you were regardless of my grey hairs, and you thought not of my infirmities; but selfish lusts were to be gratified, and the price was ruin! I was poor—I was embarrassed—I was in difficulties: but my daughter loved—my daughter consoled me—my daughter shared all my misery. You envied me that solitary bliss. Oh! yes—you were jealous of my felicity—and you robbed me of my dear, dear daughter!—You robbed me of my daughter!"

Great God! how galling were these words. I would not have encountered them for worlds, had I dared eject the author of them from my dwelling: but his hair was whitened with age and with affliction; and I could not have harshly used him. Indeed, there was a moment amongst the many that were dissipated during this scene, when I was ready to fall at his feet, and confess how deeply I had wronged him, and supplicate his pardon: pride alone checked me. At length he departed, and he left his curse behind him, and well did I merit that malediction; for —

In Bethlehem Hospital there is a mad old man, who decks his white locks with straw, and who frantically cries after his dishonoured daughter! Alas! he little knows who sobs and moans for her heart-broken father in the adjacent cell!

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

NO. I.—THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S ORIGIN,

AND PRESENT SITUATION.

THE East India Company was founded in the year 1599 by Queen Elizabeth. The charter, however, granted by that queen, had no other result, than that a few vessels were sent to the East Indies, where the Portuguese then exercised great influence. This charter expired in 1635, but was renewed in the same year by Charles I. Cromwell dissolved the East India Company in 1653, and declared the trade free. This, however, did not last more than four years, after which he restored the privileges of the company. Its capital then amounted to £740,000. In the year 1661 the company obtained a new charter, with greater privileges, from Charles II. The company began then the establishment of their factories on the Indian peninsula, and extended (1665) their trade even to China. In 1698 a new company arose in opposition to the old one. They injured each other much, and were therefore united in 1702 during the ministry of Lord Godolphin. The company's factories now began to increase considerably in importance.

so that they even required separate courts of justice, which were established there in 1726. The company commenced its political career in India in 1756, in which year it gained its first territorial possession in Bengal. The profits of the trade with India were reckoned (by D'Avenant), even then, to amount to £2,000,000 a year. The trading capital of the company at that time consisted of £6,000,000 in 6,000 shares, each of £1,000. Since 1760 this capital has produced an interest of from twelve to fifteen per cent., which raised its current value to £12,000,000. In consequence of this, and as the parliament foresaw the possibility of a still greater dividend, an Act was passed (1769), that the company should not hereafter be allowed to make a greater dividend in one year than ten per cent. on the capital of £6,000,000, and that the profits which might exceed that sum should be employed partly in the formation of a reserve fund, and partly in local improvements in India.

Through this Act of Parliament the company's capital of £6,000,000 was certainly prevented from rising any more in value, but it gained steadiness for that already possessed, reckoned as equivalent to £12,000,000. Each share of £1,000 was in consequence worth £2,000, a value which they have with little variation maintained till now. It is remarkable that this comparatively small sum of £12,000,000 forms the capital of a possession, the revenues of which amount to more than £19,000,000 a year.

In the year 1773 the parliament granted a new charter; the principal bases of which were: that the company should exercise the powers of government within its dominions on the continent of Asia, and have, besides, the monopoly of all trade as well with the East Indies as with China. It was probably from the trade with China that the company derived its profits (on an average £1,000,000 a year), while that with India was often even attended with loss. The trade with China was principally for tea, which the company alone had a right to sell in England. Soon after 1770 the company's stock of tea had increased so considerably in Europe, that they asked permission of parliament to send part of it to North America, which was then still an English colony. The ships, loaded with this tea, arrived at Boston and Charlestown, where disturbances had before broken out on account of the Stamp Act; they were here attacked and plundered by the people, who would not pay a tax of four pence per pound while the English themselves paid a shilling a pound.

This was the beginning of that revolution which cost England the greater part of her North American possessions, contributed considerably to the breaking out of the French revolution, and finally kindled a general war throughout Europe, which cost millions of lives, and endangered the very existence of all social order.

In the year 1784 the parliament established a new ministerial department for East Indian affairs, under the name of the Board of Control. Its business is the superintendence and control of the resolutions made by the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

The company's charter was then still the same as in 1773, which, although several times renewed, was always founded on the same principles as at first. The trade and navigation between England and the East Indies had in the mean time considerably increased, and the gain amounted (according to a calculation made by parliament in 1814) to £185,000,000 from the year 1795 to 1812 which gives an average of about £10,000,000 a year.

The principles of trade had in the mean time been considerably changed in Europe, and especially in England; freer ideas upon the subject prevailed; the time was now considered to have arrived when the company's monopoly of the trade, as well with India as with China, ought to be discontinued; and as their charter would expire in 1835, the parliament employed a part of the session of 1833 in determining the principles of a new one. These were as follows:—

1. The company should retain its political rights, namely, of directing the affairs of the East Indian Empire, under the superintendence of a Board of Control.
2. It should cease to be a commercial company, and in consequence thereof give up its monopoly as well of the trade with India as with China.
3. The trade with these countries should be free for every British subject.
4. British subjects should, with certain restrictions, be allowed to settle in British India, which was before strictly forbidden.
5. The shareholders were assured of a revenue of ten and a half per cent. on their capital of £6,000,000, that is a sum of £631,000 a year, which should be paid out of the income arising from the trade with the East, but should be sent to England in the form of tea, indigo, sugar, &c. (Of these articles, the first mentioned is the most considerable; it is obtained from China in exchange for opium, which is one of the company's monopolies in India.)
6. A sinking fund was laid aside, by means of which the shareholders' capital (reckoned according to its value in trade) of £12,000,000 will in the course of forty years be redeemed; and as the company's present charter also expires at that time, the parliament will have an opportunity of deciding whether it shall be renewed or

discontinued; in the latter case, the immense possessions of the company would come directly under the government of the British crown, a state of things which has hitherto been avoided, because it would leave too much power in the hands of the government, which might possibly use it for parliamentary views, and thus endanger the freedom and rights of the English people.

7. The company's warehoused goods (tea, indigo, sugar, &c.) amounting (1835) to the value of £21,000,000, were disposed of in the following manner:—£2,000,000 were taken for the above named sinking fund for the redeeming of the shareholders' capital; £9,000,000 were employed for the payment of the company's debts; and the remaining £10,000,000 were appointed for the effecting of improvements within the East Indian territory—an uncommon act of generosity towards a distant colony—of which however, a still greater proof has since been given by the payment of £20,000,000 for the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies.

These great changes from the company's former character to the present, which concern the right of possession of an empire as large as Europe—a committee which embraces the whole world—a government of 100,000,000 of people—profits which are equal to the whole wealth of other kingdoms; were decided by parliament in the course of a few evenings!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SWEET SOUNDS.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Author of "Don Quixote," "Tom and Jerry," &c.

Oh! had I some old magician's power,
All the sweet sounds of earth and air
I'd call together in one calm hour,
And bid them commingle in concert rare.
The soft—the soothing—the calm—the glad—
Oh! they shall all entrancing play,
With echoes from far of the love and sad,
To form for nature a roundelay!

Then I'd bid each harp's voice be still,
And change, in evening harmony,
The sweetest purplings of the fall,
And the bird's sweet pipe from the hidden tree.
The moon tide breezes that lulling come,
The echoes that bid the heart rejoice,
The watch-dog's bark, with its thoughts of home,
And, sweeter than all, dear woman's voice.

The humming waves on the lone sea shore,
The gentle rattle of forest leaves,
The parting dews when the storm is o'er,
And childhood's laugh in its moon carouse;
The woodman's halloo, as he cuts the vale,
The billow murmurs of beauty's kiss,
The warbling of the nightingale,
And, sound of sounds, love's sigh of bliss!

The grass-hopper's chirrup, so shrill and clear,
The bee's little hum, the cat's purr,
The dove's soft coo, with a low voice to hear,
The village bell, to heaven's voice near,
Every sweet sound, beneath the moon,
Would I communally in one strain,
With them to form a curious tune,
Well suited for nature's roundelay!

THE ASHES OF NAPOLEON.

Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.

O giant of our land, but our ruler no more,
We will not bear the bones from that desolate shore,
Our eye-lids are moist with the tears we have shed—
But the unconquered banner waves o'er our head,
And with that for a symbol, as erst with thine own,
We will fight till the banner be slaughtered and strown,
And then may the rites of thy funeral be crowned
By the garlands that we in our wars shall have found;
With them we will croud the coffin, and call
The people of earth to lament for thy fall;
And the hymn of the muse shall be soft and free,
To welcome the presence of young Liberty!

Reposing in clay, with us shalt thou rest,
Forsath thine own custom thy bones shall be Nest;
The sky for thy curtain of blue shall be spread;
And the feet of our arms pass o'er thine head;
And the crowd shall collect, like the waves of the sea,
And as they roll onwards do homage to thee
If they keep for their tyrants a dungeon and chain,
Still their voices shall echo thy praises again,
And the sound of their wail shall resemble the din
Of the sea-beaten rock when the tide rushes in,
And the spirit shall hover in air evermore
Round thy relics brought back from a desolate shore!

THE WONDERFUL ADVANTAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard; for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you wish to prevent your friends from raising you in the world, be a drunkard; and that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a drunkard; and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race, to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a drunkard; and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard; and you will be ragged and penniless to your heart's content.

If you wish to starve your family, be a drunkard; and then you will consume the means of their support.

If you would be imposed upon by knaves, be a drunkard; for that will make their task easy.

If you would wish to be robbed, be a drunkard; and the thief will do it with greater safety.

If you wish to deaden your senses, be a drunkard; and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you are resolved to kill yourself, be a drunkard; and you will hit upon a sure mode of self-destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a drunkard; and they will soon run out as the liquor runs in.

If you think you are too strong, be a drunkard; and you will soon find yourself subdued by so powerful an enemy.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a drunkard; and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource, when unable to labour, save a workhouse, be a drunkard; and you will be incompetent to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, be a drunkard; and you will do it effectually.

If you would be hated by your family and friends, be a drunkard; and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a drunkard; and you will be avoided as an infection.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under horses and carts, and be locked up in a watch-house, be a drunkard; and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a drunkard; and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a drunkard; as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you wish to ruin your soul, be a drunkard; that you may be excluded from heaven.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall always be glad to give insertion to the Reports sent from Bradford, or from any other place where there is a Teetotal Association.

"A Shaker's Sermon" is informed that multi-liquor is excessively injurious to women suckling their children, in consequence of the acidity it contains. It tends to impoverish the milk, as well as to turn it sour. The quality, and not the quantity of the milk should be considered. Good broths or soups are far preferable in such cases to multi-liquor.

If T. V. N. had read the last number but one of *The Teetotaler*, he would have seen that "The Sailor's Reading Room" had been noticed. We thank him for his communication of the varieties.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1840.

A FAVOURITE objection raised against the doctrines of Teetotalism, is that a total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors will essentially injure the agricultural interests of the country; that the primal effects will be experienced by the farmer, and, by a well understood gradation, by the landed proprietor next; and that thousands of individuals would be thrown out of employment by the ruin of the markets for barley and oats for purposes of malting and distillation, and the closing of breweries, distilleries, and public houses. But it would be found that the demand for wholesome provisions, articles of apparel, furniture, and a variety of things of which the intemperate are compelled to deprive themselves, would increase in an immense degree; and the lands, which have been hitherto devoted to the growth of grain for malting and distilling, would be used for the cultivation of corn to make bread. Those individuals, who are now dependent upon the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, would be enabled to find employment in the various establishments which would be erected in consequence of the increased demand for the necessities and comforts of life; and, as far the publicans—they would still be enabled to convert their poison-vending dens into respectable coffee-houses.

The same observations apply to those ship-owners, who at present employ their vessels in the export or import of wines. All commerce is based upon an international supply of necessities or luxuries, one country providing another with a produce in which the former abounds and the latter is deficient,—and rice &c. Commerce is a general system of barter, the representative of which is money. Were the doctrines of Teetotalism extended to all lands, the demand of all nations for the necessities of life would increase, and the ships, which now transport wines from one port to another, would be freighted with cottons, silks, timber, corn, and the various products of industry and art.

At a late Teetotal meeting at Downpatrick, the chairman, MR. ALEXANDER PILSON, illustrated a portion of the above observations by detailing the outlay, under the Teetotal system, of the price of twenty glasses of spirits. The cost of this quantity of liquor is three shillings and fourpence; and, with this sum, the wife of

the Teetotaler proceeds to the butcher's-shop where she purchases—

5lbs. of good meat, at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.	£0 1 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Returning, she calls at the baker's shop and buys a loaf at	0 0 6
And in the same place 1lb. of flour	0 0 3
Meeting a farmer's wife or servant with butcher, buys 1lb.	0 0 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
	£0 3 4
Take profit to the butcher	£0 0 4
Profit to the baker	0 0 2
	0 0 6

Net sum which goes into the farmer's pocket £0 2 10

Now, two hundred weight of grain will produce about six gallons of spirits; one quart being the twenty-fourth part of six gallons, and 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. being the twenty-fourth part of 234 subtle pounds of grain, which, at 7s. per cwt. would make for 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Leaving for Queen's duties, labour, fuel, license, profits to distiller and retailer,

£0 0 7
0 2 9

Thus, under the Teetotal system, the farmer receives out of the 3s. 4d.

£0 2 10
And under the drunken system, out of the same 3s. 4d. just

0 0 7
Making a balance in favour of the farmer under the Total Abstinence system of

£0 2 3

Even in a selfish point of view—independently of a moral and a physical one—does the Teetotaler reap a material and substantial benefit from the new principle. It is certainly better to have good clothes and food, and abstain from drink, than to be hungry and ragged, even though this squalor and want enable their votary to have his fill of intoxicating liquor. The excitement of strong drink does not blind the eyes, on the morning after a carouse, to the denuded shelves of the cupboard, and the tattered condition of the garment; and the pains of a head-ache are not soothed by any moral consolation. The money disbursed in strong drink, is worse than wasted, because it purchases that which injures the intellect, the morals, the health, and the prosperity of individuals; but even if it were expended upon something which is only unnecessary and not hurtful, that waste is associated with no pleasing reflection. In any case, the coin so expended is disbursed upon a *luxury*, while a family at home is probably wanting a *necessity* of life.

The moderate drinker says that "he takes enough to do him good;" and yet he admits that "too much does him harm." Now, if intoxicating liquor be productive of evil consequences when taken to excess, it must necessarily exert a proportionate evil influence when used even moderately. If the amount of the evil consequences attendant upon excess be expressed in numbers,—such as considering it equivalent to one hundred parts, we may suppose, for argument's sake, that ten glasses of spirits and water will produce this amount of injury. If, then, ten glasses be equivalent to a hundred parts of evil, one glass must be deemed equal to ten parts; and thus is it demonstrated that moderate-drinking cannot be supposed to involve a principle of "taking enough to do one good." Every species of unnatural and artificial excitement should be avoided. If ten glasses of liquor will cause the blood to circulate in the ratio of five pulsations per minute more rapidly than nature intends, two glasses will produce one pulsation too many in the same time. To suppose that a small quantity of intoxicating liquor is good for man, while he admits that a large quantity is hurtful to him, is to argue upon the principle that a very little wound is a desirable occurrence, but that a very deep wound is to be dreaded. Truly, the victims of a disgusting and pernicious habit have solaced their consciences with strange delusions!

In its capacity of the leading journal in the sphere of the new doctrine of total abstinence,

The Teetotaler is from time to time assailed in a sneaking and cowardly manner by some of the "small fry" of the same species of periodical literature. None of these dare openly to attack it, for fear of absolute annihilation as the punishment of their lemerity; but a few sly hits and attempts at sarcasm are occasionally introduced into the "Notices to Correspondents" of these little papers, the meaning of which we of course comprehend and heartily laugh at. *The Teetotaler* is circulated amongst the higher classes of society, and is read by an audience to the ears of which the names of some other prints, professing the same doctrines, are absolutely unknown. It also enjoys the patronage of the working-classes, whose rights and interests it defends, while it inculcates the beneficent principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. In its quality of "a journal of general literature," it invariably contains matter calculated to instruct as well as to amuse; and, as the name of its Editor is constantly before the public on the title-pages of popular works, *The Teetotaler* is calculated to obtain readers in those classes which are as yet unfortunately beyond the boundaries of Teetotalism. We are not proud,—we are not vain; but we choose to assert our own importance in a sphere where such importance is a high honour; and we are anxious to remind our readers that all the snarls and distant growlings of one or two of our contemporaries, are only so many indications, and indeed tacit acknowledgments of that importance to which we allude. We shall pursue the path which we have chalked out for ourselves, with boldness and energy;—we shall expose abuse, where abuse exists; we shall advocate the prosperity of the working-classes with unwearied zeal; and we shall assail, without compromise, those who wickedly oppose themselves to the progress or interests of Teetotalism. We cordially despise those grovelling minds which view with an envious eye the existence of crusaders in the same field; and, for our parts, we shall hail with delight the appearance of every new journal founded on the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, as a token of a fresh triumph on the side of Teetotalism.

THE DRUNKEN MINISTERS.

To the Editor of "The Teetotaler."

SIR,—Having treated you to an *outré* true story about a Dissenting Scotch Minister, albeit the period may have been somewhat remote when his horrid and filthy career came to a close; it is but fair that I conduct you to the established Kirk itself, for other equally instructive specimens of gross intemperance. It will, as intimated in offering Walter Torrance to your acceptance, be my endeavour to fix my attention upon facts and actual characters, although the sketches may be filled up in such a manner, by the licence allowed to painters, as will send home to the hearts of the lovers of the real pointed practical lessons with double emphasis, as well as exalt the sentiments of the more imaginative by means of the ideal, which after all is but the essence of truth. It appears to me that while one tribe of contributors to the Teetotaler may powerfully and the cause it advocates by direct denunciations of the votaries and the abettors of intemperance, and by adducing arguments to prove its folly and mischief drawn from the armory of reason and religion, as well as from the sciences of chemistry and medicine; another tribe may effectually labour in another but kindred department, by representations drawn from observation and actual experience, and the natural helps of a penetrating speculative eye; leaving the reader, however, to apply the truths thereby taught in the best manner he may. In this latter sphere it will be my endeavour at present, as in my story about Walter Torrance, to labour.

Upon the sort of specialities which attach to drunkenness in Scotland, it will in some future occasion be proper to enter. In the meanwhile, however, there is one class of the transgressors, although numerically small, yet influentially great, that furnishes ample materials for denunciation, and indeed for more papers than I have either time to write, or you space to admit,—I mean the "Drunken Ministers" of the Kirk,—the phrase at the head of this paper being peculiarly significant on the north side of the Tweed. Oh, the weight attached to these two words! Sometimes it is that of deepest opprobrium, sometimes of most utter loathing; on other occasions it is that of a ridiculing levity, or, again, and worst of all, of an apt and self-excused imitation.

But let me guard myself before proceeding further against being deemed a libeller of the Kirk, or imputing to its ministers, as a body, the vice of drunkenness.—On the other hand, I am prepared to pronounce the clergy of Scotland to be the most exemplary of any in Europe,—of any that ever served at a national altar, whether as regards learning or piety, clerical labour or social and domestic virtues. Strange indeed would it be if a church that is without a parallel among modern ecclesiastical constitutions, as respects simplicity and effectiveness, suitableness and acceptance, were saddled with, and had endured a worthless and immoral set of pastors! Stranger perhaps still if a people, the best informed, the most energetic, devout, and also jealous over their ministers, of any that can be named, should yet tolerate sets and successions of spiritual teachers who were not correspondingly superior and pure! The supposition is absurd,—the annals of Scotland give it the flattest contradiction.

But in proportion as the standard of purity and excellence is strict and lofty, so as a matter of course any departure from it is not only the more remarkable and notorious, but the consciousness of the transgressor in regard to degradation and odium is the more devastating to himself; there being no permitted medium, no conventional relaxation; just as between woman's virtuousness and unchastity. So it is in the history of our Scottish clergy: there have been some egregious and flagrant defaulters. I might almost say picturesque criminals, for example in the category of drunkenness, and whose histories deserve to have a page in the "Teetotaler," while yet nineteen-twentieths of the sacred order sustain the demeanour becoming them, and offer a model for the priests of other nations and other creeds.

And here at the risk of being as repulsive as ecclesiastical discourse, let me mark how Scotland has been affected in certain directions by one of the great parties in the church. These parties for a long series of years have been known by the names of Moderate and Evangelical, or Orthodox—that is the orthodoxy of high Calvinism. Now the former of these parties, which, till within a late period, has been in the ascendant in all that relates to ecclesiastical power and political influence, may be considered to have been as filially the successors of Scottish episcopacy under the latter Stuarts, as the other has been of the Covenanters; the manners of each being about as characteristic as their doctrines, style of preaching, or performance of ministerial functions. The Moderates were learned, more polished, and every way morally speaking, more lax. They were the clerical gentlemen of the establishment, who sought the society of the higher classes, despising or laughing at the narrow-mindedness and old-fashioned notions of the common people. They accounted themselves philosophers, several of them having also achieved the highest triumphs of literature; or if no way distinguished in these respects, they had a good chance to become the visiting friends of the squirearchy, and even of the patron of the parish, if in rural parts, or of the genteeler part of an urban population; whereas the evangelicals were the puritans, the popular body, and those who had they been but for once known to have played at cards, or to have made themselves familiar with the profanities of the gentry would have lost caste for ever. In these circumstances it followed that the free livers were generally found amongst the Moderates. Not a few of them shone as convivialists as well as scholars; too many of them even as toppers, and some of them as sots, to the great scandal of the church and the demoralization of their flocks. To be sure these transgressors were despised by the pious, and also by the bulk of the people. Still they have had a most baneful influence on the nation. They legalized, so to speak, intemperate habits; the genteel portion of their flocks were under their immediate and frequent influence; while the more vulgar sort gradually became contaminated; and had it not been for the practical religion, the zeal and the labour of the evangelicals, there would have been a far darker picture to draw of the present state of Scotland as regards drunkenness than the facts authorize me to frame.

Behold in what has been said of several generations of the Moderates, one of the great sores which the higher orders have inflicted upon the community. It has not been enough that they have had no sympathy with those below them, and that they have kept superciliously aloof as if contagion was inseparable from a community of feeling with the poor. They have had it mainly in their power to dispense with class interests; whereas they have taught the multitude both to imitate and to hate them, till the day seems to have arrived in which they tremble as well as posit and exasperate. Yes, exasperate and pollute! for it has not been enough that they cherished no sympathy. They have done positive mischief; by direct example they have inflicted grievous social maladies; they have contaminated many of the sacerdotal order; and as a rank and fat soil have propagated, as if never to be exhausted, poisonous vapours and noxious weeds in every direction, on every subjacent field.

But the wickedness and infatuation of the higher orders has been yet more signally displayed than in their want of sympathy with the mass of the people, or even in their direct and positive contamination; for they have beheld, and with fear and trembling, the dislocations of society produced especially by themselves; the terrific inoculations of intemperance in Glasgow for instance, without taking the initiative in the business of healing, of prevention and cure,—without stretching out

the arm to save, or the voice to warn, which could alone be understood to be sincerely meant, if backed by practice, if tested by example. Have the higher orders taken the initiative to stem the tide of intemperance? Have those who are full of bread, warm, and at ease, heartily seconded the self-reforming efforts of millions of the people? No; and herein lies the most signal evidence of their dereliction of duty, of their actual encouragement of a desolating vice, and of their judicial madness.

It may be thought that I have wandered from the "Drunken Ministers" of the Kirk. But when it is understood that according to the constitution of the Establishment, and the emoluments of its clergy, the pastor of each parish holds an intermediate position as a member of society between the "gentle and the simple," is neither too lowly in respect of worldly comforts for my Lord and my Lady to visit him, nor too elevated to refuse the invitation of his Lordship's tenant, to partake of the farmer's wholesome fare,—at the same time being the appointed dispenser of sacred things equally to all,—it will be seen that he has an indefinite opportunity of dispensing evil or good, and that if he incline to the former way, he has but to distil and detail the modes of the higher orders to the inferior ones; to show the people how the bottle circulated; or, if he be too wary for that, to let it be known that he drank moderately, although those around him proceeded to excess. There is nothing overdrawn in this picture; it receives constant and wide-spread verification, even in the most moral rural districts of Scotland; and therefore not only is intemperance not discouraged but nursed and propagated. But how much more virulent and devastating must the case be in a parish where the pastor is not only negligent of his sacred duties, and a preacher without unction, but, if not a convicted, at least a suspected drunkard! This brings me to notice some illustrative cases:—

Some twenty years ago I spent a few weeks with a wealthy baronet in the south of Scotland, who was a hearty patron of the bottle; who never for several years went sober to bed; and who never directly intimated that he deemed the habit disgraceful or pernicious. It was not very difficult, however, to perceive that he hedged himself in some measure behind clerical example, and considered certain limitations and restrictions necessary to respectability. He used to tell with great glee how Dr. M—— of a certain royal burgh, was never sober after mid-day, "whereas I," he would add, "only enjoy myself after dinner. But then another difference is that my reverend friend, although his face wears a deeper purple, carries his cheeks far better and shiner than I do mine; or if mastered, he has the cunning to retire, and refuse to be seen by any one but his managing spouse."

It was in this way that Dr. M—— contrived to elude or defeat the scrutiny of the public and of the presbytery, although the poison of his example, and perhaps exaggerated reports of his transgressions told more fatally upon the morals of his parishioners, as the notorious character of the burgh to this day testifies, than if he had been allowed to roll about the streets with impunity, and to wallow in his vice, unwatched and unreported.

And yet Dr. M—— did not look upon himself as a drunkard, "for I never," he one day boasted to the baronet, who chanced to call upon him a few minutes before the stroke of twelve, "take a cheerer before that hour—never!" But, added the visitor when relating the matter to me, "I perceived that the bottle, water, and tumbler were set out; that his reverence was pacing the room impatiently, every now and then casting his eye to the church clock hard by, and that before the twelfth stroke had sounded the tumbler had been filled and clean emptied. I could not have done that," added Sir—— "Nor could I have that," no doubt Dr. M. would have self-complacently asserted; that, I mean which I shall after a little have to detail of the Rev. Mr.—— (call him Macvicar.)

James Macvicar was a younger son of a clothier and burgess in the town of Dunse in Berwickshire, and gave such early indications of talent and quickness to learn, as determined his coming father to give him an university education, during which the youth amply fulfilled the expectations formed of him.

James had no particular choice relative to a profession; but as his father was an elder in the church, although by no means a religious man, it was natural enough that he should wish to have a descendant who should hold a higher station in the Establishment; in short, who should "wag his head in the pulpit." Now, to this proposal the young man had no objection; nor indeed would he have opposed any strongly expressed desire of the clothier, whatever it might have been,—so remarkably was his pliability, sweetness and easiness of temper. The milk of human kindness never flowed more copiously in the breast of any man. There was a generosity of feeling about him which made him the beloved of every one; it was hardly in his nature to say no to any person; docility, acquiescence, and forbearance being with him a portion, an element of constitution, animal as well as mental. His countenance itself was an unmistakable index of such a character; the tablet of his brow was as expressive of an open, unsuspecting disposition, as his bland eye was engaging and full of intelligence. His father was wont to say of him, that he was the "blithest creature he ever knew."

What a rare combination of natural elements to mould into moral and intellectual beauty, dignity, and power! And these elements profusely bestowed, and harmoniously associated, were so directed and cultivated during his academical progress by teachers who estimated duly the value of the being confided to them, that he not merely bid adieu to the precincts of the university loaded with the highest honours it could bestow upon a student, but drew renown to the institution. Professor J——, one of his most admiring and celebrated teachers, burst into tears when James had passed the Divinity Hall, having quite finished his college career, and said "the delight I have experienced in watching how that white soul grew and expanded, surely must continue and never cease in heaven!" Another declared that were the patronage and appointment his, he would name Mr. Macvicar to be his successor, knowing that the character of Scotland's rising generation would be most salutarily affected by the young men which such an excellent preceptor and model would send forth.

The Clothier's burgh interest joined with his son's reputation, was not likely to go unrewarded. In fact he had acted as private tutor during several vacations before leaving the university to the eldest son of the Earl of H——, and was subsequently promoted to a more responsible and eminent situation by the same patron; for soon after becoming a licentiate, then being about twenty-five years of age, he was appointed travelling-companion and guardian to the young lord, who was some six summers his junior.

It is unnecessary to accompany the travellers in their grand tour, further than to say that the heir to an Earldom was as good and virtuous as perhaps any one of nine-tenths of his equals placed in similar circumstances. He was generous, capable of forming strong attachments, but much more eager after strong excitements and diversity of pleasure. He wished to try his hand to the achievement of every triumph, and to be a witness, or actor rather, in every scene. Consequently his travelling companion according to the sketch already given of him, was too often a participator in his pranks and his waywardness. Nay, James from his higher qualities, and when his spirit was awakened suitably to the occasion, would go considerably in advance; and be even greatly, the most brilliant and glorious of a light-hearted and joyous group. Not that during the two years' tour he ever allowed himself grossly to pass the boundaries of decency or even of decorum. Nay, all the earnestness and touching eloquence, as if coming from an elder brother's heart, for which he was so much distinguished, he would remonstrate with his noble charge, and warn him of the consequences here and hereafter of unrestrained indulgences, and the breaches of the moral law; to which, however, the young sprig would reply, "all very well James for one of your cloth, but I am not so tightly tied; be you good and pleasant, and you shall have a Kirk as soon as I have one in my power to bestow." "A Kirk, my Lord," the tutor would answer, "has no more charms for me than a cottage, but I am solicitous about your approval in after years, and what you will allow is still more to be desired, the approval of my own conscience." "All true, James," would be the reply, "I'll be better for the future;" or, "it is your place to tell me when I am wrong, and it is my fancy sometimes to give you something to do;" and thus would end the colloquy.

A few months after the return of the travellers to their native land the old Earl died; and in the course of about a similar period of time a Kirk in the gift of the family became vacant, when the young lord was as good as his word, appointing his esteemed tutor and companion to the living, which happened to be within the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Dunse, the town in which this provincial ecclesiastical court holds its regular meetings.

DUNCAN MACVICH.
(To be continued.)

CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE.

ONE of the principal causes of intemperance in England, is the paucity of public amusements for the poorer classes of society. The great cities and towns of this vast empire have few "sights," such as monuments of art or science, or emporiums of curiosity, to adorn them; and even these few are only allowed to be visited upon the payment of exorbitant fees. Every thing in England is arranged or done with a consideration for the wealthy part of the community only; and measures, comprising pecuniary considerations, are invariably adopted to exclude the working classes from all share in public amusement. The theatres are also enormously dear; and thus, the only means of recreation for the poor man who will not divert himself with intellectual pursuits, are the public-houses.

It has moreover been the fashion for the over-religious to condemn the theatres as places of immoral amusement. Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Livy, Seneca, and Tacitus—and all the fathers of the Christian church besides, denounced the stage as the miniature world of corruption and crime. But these were the enemies of the ancient stage; the modern one is widely different. A moral is invariably to be deduced from every piece that was ever yet performed; because virtue is always rewarded, and crime punished upon the stage; and retributive justice works out the denouement of the play.

How cordially should we agree with the enemies of theatres, did they say that the applauses, which are showered upon the most profligate females in the world—the abandoned actresses who glory in their infamy—only tend to encourage crime and demoralise an audience. It is notorious that many of the unhappy girls, who are nightly condemned to prostitute their charms to supply the necessities of life, are not so thoroughly wicked and morally depraved as some of the leading actresses of the present day. And yet how widely different are the fortunes of these two classes of females! The unhappy girl dies neglected and alone in a work-house, while the depraved actress lives in gorgeous style at the expense of some silly nobleman, and eventually marries an earl or a viscount more silly still. Were the public to be more guarded in the out-pourings of their applause in favour of the actresses of the present day, a revolution might take place upon the stage, and its results would be highly beneficial to all concerned in theatrical matters. Were a shop-keeper's wife or mistress to be notoriously a profligate or degraded character, no respectable person would think of purchasing a single article in a house where contamination was to be feared; but, when a loose and infamous woman, whose venal embraces can be bought by the highest bidder, appears upon the stage, she is received with thunders of applause. Truly, this is a strange contradiction!

But the presence of immoral women upon the stage, does not impart an immoral tendency to the mere fact of visiting a theatre; and, if a larger number of theatres were established throughout the country, and the prices of admittance reduced to a tariff within the scope of the working man's means, this recreation would be found a great corrective of the evil habit of intemperance. France is notoriously a sober country; but France is well stocked with theatres, and a thousand places of innocent resort and amusement unknown in England;—and we do not hesitate to say that we prefer the contemplation of a French sabbath evening—where the theatres are all open, and the working men, with their wives and children, may congregate at rural balls,—to that passed, in England, in the pestiferous tap-rooms of public-houses.

In France, moreover, no fees are demanded to visit the public-buildings; and these edifices are abundant throughout the country. Every town of any importance has its museum, its library, its public gardens, and its theatres; and thus, the French artisan or mechanic is not driven to the public-house to seek amusement with his companions over the bottle. When the mind has been wearied by its sympathy with the toil of the body during the day, it requires some other change than that provided by books and newspapers; and the theatre, the rural ball, or the spacious public garden, can afford that variation. The French drink but little at these places, and never disgrace them by intemperance. The amusement they afford would enable the visitors to dispense with drink of an intoxicating quality altogether; but so long as the English government closes the doors of public institutions against the working man by the moral barrier of an exorbitant fee,—and so long as the number of theatres remains limited, and the price of admittance high, large temptations to seek the public-house exist in the path of the labouring classes. We may here observe that in those towns in France where the theatres are not adequately supported, in a pecuniary point of view, by the inhabitants, the government allows the managers a certain yearly income to enable them to keep their houses open. This plan is adopted for the benefit of the working-classes, and might be imitated in this country, did not the government tremble at every measure which tends to diminish the amount of revenue so infamously derived from the sale of alcoholic poisons of all denominations.

WINTER.

[We extract the following charming paper from a beautiful little periodical, entitled the "THE LADIES' CARNIVAL," and which is devoted to music, fashion, and romance. This work appears monthly, and affords the reader, for the small disbursement of sixpence, a well-conducted miscellany of literature, and several embellishments executed in the first style of the art of steel-engraving, besides plates of fashions after the most approved French patterns.—ED. "TEETOTALER."]

HARK to the low muttering—the solemn sobbing of the coming tempest! Ay, the grim old tyrant, Winter, is with us again; not as we saw him last—weak, shrivelled, attenuated and retreating—but strong, fierce, resistless, and advancing with giant strides and strength. Armed with the terrors of the elements—the howling wind, the piercing sleet, the blinding snow and rattling hail—he rushes onward, scattering desolation and dismay in his terrific progress. Old Ocean hears him afar off, and the dull, black surge already begins to chafe and mutiny, and leap instinctively toward the deck of the labouring vessel. The old weather-beaten sailor, with pipe in cheek and one eye closed, cocks the other over the weather-bow, and oracularly announces that there is much "dirt" in the sky. Down comes every inch of superfluous canvas; sails are stowed—reefs taken in—the ship made "snug" (snug!) and then, imperturbable as the anchor, he awaits the coming shock. He is no hero; he dislikes death as much as a divine (r

a philosopher: grog is still grateful to his palate, and the odoriferousness of tobacco has not yet departed: but custom has enabled him to meet calmly and coolly that which would turn the heart (and stomach) of a hero inland bred to look upon. May he escape the fishes' though in truth they would have no great catch. He is altogether too-tough and weather-beaten for pleasant mastication; and even the least particular of sharks would prefer an old tarpaulin. Meanwhile, onward sweeps the savage winds over the icy seas of the North, the boiling Atlantic and limitless Pacific, seeking in every quarter their trembling prey, the frail and flying vessel. Ay—many a gallant spirit will be "quenched in waters cold," before their fury is again laid to rest, and they learn once more to murmur mildly o'er the summer sea.

But let us leave the grand and dreary—the dull and dreadful deep—and look landward. Can this mass of mud and clay, and thorns and brambles, and barren hills and miry valleys, be our sweet earth that we have taken such delight in for the last nine months? Verily, as it is written in Irish, "she hath clothed herself in nakedness." The poor, forlorn groves, divested of all their gorgeous drapery, have not wherewithal left to make a decent appearance, and stand, like "unhoused" beggars, sighing and shaking in the nipping wind, while their pretty tenantry sit uneasily about from bough to bough in search of their scanty fare. The melancholy cattle stand ruefully contemplating the foodless fields, doubtless

"Chewing the cud of sad and bitter fancy."

for scanty are the materials for furnishing other cud to chew; and the mournful cry of the plover from the barren moors strikes desolately on the ear, mixed with the sullen sound of the swollen stream, and the fitful gusts of the damp, raw wind. Starvation and desolation are all around. We sympathize with the forlorn condition of inanimate nature in every shape, but more particularly the poor trees. Can there be a more distressed, poverty-stricken object than a stripped tree, especially when one calls to mind "its high and palmy state" in times that are past? Look at that solitary one, for instance, in the middle of the opposite field. A few short months ago, and it waved its verdant branches most musically in the summer wind, and threw them protectingly over the recumbent cattle, which tired of cropping their flowery food, and plagued by the noon-tide heats, sought shelter beneath its grateful shade. Look at it now, without a rag to its back, as desolate-looking as a hungry man with his hands in his breeches pockets, instinctively feeling for the sixpence which is not.

Without wishing to appear singular, I must own that I am one of those persons who have a strange antipathy to death. The nearer he approaches, the more odious he appears; and that shape is ever the most unamiable in which he advances slowest. True, in a misty afternoon, after a heavy dinner and a pot of porter, when one feels stupid and pathetic, I have caught myself repeating, with the poet—

"There is a calm for those that weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground."

And have even proceeded (Heaven forgive me!) so far as to add,

"I long to lay this aching head
And throbbing heart beneath the soil—
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil."

But only let me perceive the remotest chance of such a consummation, and what a revolution of feeling immediately takes place! How soon a doctor becomes ennobled in my eyes, and even a quack is invested with a tinge of respectability. What a trifle is bleeding, blistering, or swallowing of the most nauseous substances in such a case! No more idle, heady bravado, about throwing "physic to the dogs." All sorts would be swallowed cheerfully, ay, even ipecacuanha, rather than quit this "vale of tears." This is not heroic, but it is true; and when I hear the sage, the philosopher, and the moralist, discoursing about death as calmly as about their dinner—when I hear the preacher eloquently laying down the law touching the nothingness of life, and the grave being without any terrors for the virtuous, (amongst whom I presume myself included)—when I hear patriots—mushroom ones—mob-orators, fellows in the street mananously roar out that it is a mere trifle, when encountered for the public good, I really begin to think at times that mankind must have grown all valiant, and that this distaste of mine for "shuffling off my mortal coil," arises simply from some idiosyncrasy—some constitutional peculiarity which I am unable to account for. Be that as it may; at all times and in all seasons—the blithesome Spring, the blooming Summer or temperate Autumn, I have always some reason or other for not wishing to die just then; but in Winter, the gloomy tyrant is my peculiar aversion. Oh, who can look at the dirty, dull, dreary, dismal churchyard, with its melancholy ranks of monumental stones, and fancy, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, that there will be "long lying" in its precincts! I imagine a hole dug by the side of the dull, blank wall, through that dank, cold soil, saturated four feet down by the dissolving snow. Really, Mr. Thomson it is asking too

much to require any person to think of approaching such a receptacle,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Such a thing is not to be thought of. Then imagine yourself left sticking in the mud, the gloomy night gathering in, and the driving sleet pattering on your "winter-quarters;" while all your friends, who stood shivering and crying (with cold) round your grave, are off to their warm, cheerful hearths, in order to enjoy a few additional comforts to compensate for their past sufferings. "Poor fellow!" exclaims your chief mourner, as he lights his cigar, places his feet upon the fender, and lolls back in his easy chair—"poor fellow! (puff) I wonder if he was much in debt?" Can there be any question which of the two has the best of it? True, your dealer in truisms gravely asserts that it makes no sort of difference: that you will sleep just as soundly and comfortably there as if imbedded among rose-leaves or eider down. Most true, says reason; but I trust my imaginative faculties are of too respectable an order to give credence to such a story. I cannot divest myself of the idea of sensation. No, give me Summer, when earth is warm, and the kindly sun sheds a chastened cheerfulness on your last abiding-place.

But to leave these doleful themes. Winter has its comforts. It is the most sociable of seasons. Man is more gregarious at this period than any other. Cut off from nearly all communion with nature, even the most unsociable of the species combine to eat and drink more in bodies. Now is the time for fun and frolic, and song and sentiment, and hot punch and foolish speeches, and "proudest moments of your life." Now is the time for the small quiet room, brisk fire, and favourite author. Now does the keen bracing north wind blow, and the glowing skater skips gracefully over the smooth black ice. Now shines the clear cold moon, as lads drive lasses in the unceremonious country, or beaux drive belles in the outskirts of the polished city—

"O'er the pure virgins snows, themselves as pure,"

or otherwise, just as it may happen. And now, O Winter, comes the especial season of feasting, of harmless relaxation, and jovous revelry—now comes merry Christmas and jolly New Year. These, Winter, are thine own. Oh! there is much to be thankful for on this slandered earth of ours—at all times and at all seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—by the possessors of warm hearts, good tempers, sociable dispositions, clear consciences, and undebauched animal functions. Health and happiness to all such! May they see many a bright revolving year, and even let the gloomy grumble and the ascetic sneer, to the end of the chapter, as best pleaseth them.

REVIEWS.

Portraits of Public Characters. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley.

MR. GRANT is one of the most popular of English authors now living. Whence he obtained such a vast fund of information as we find in all his works, it is difficult to say: one thing is however certain—that he is one of the most persevering and fertile writers of the age. His works are as original in their nature as they are amusing and instructive; we say instructive, because the biographies of eminent men are replete with matter and incident which it is necessary to know and to study. Mr. Grant is a very pleasing writer, and this circumstance is one of the principles of his popularity—he is graphic and minute in his descriptions, without being wearisome; and his mind seems totally divested of all improper prejudice or partiality. That he is a man of ability and sound judgment, is evident from the great success which he is admitted to have experienced in handling the subjects of his various publications; and that he has struck out a new feature in literature, peculiarly adapted to the tastes of the age, is shown by the extensive circulation of his works.

The "Portraits of Public Characters" is one of the most interesting of all this gentleman's writings. We strongly recommend our readers to apply at the various circulating libraries for the means of affording themselves a few hours' of certain amusement by the perusal of these volumes. The sketches are numerous and diversified,—being devoted to eminent men in the several branches of the law, the bookelling and publishing departments, the world of literature, &c., &c. In his sketch of Mr. Robert Owen (the founder of the Socialists), Mr. Grant has taken the opportunity of refuting the practical doctrines of the new sect instituted by that gentleman; and this he has done in a very able manner. Mr. Grant thus speaks of Socialism:—

"Happily the degrading and destructive system of Socialism is already tottering to its base. The accidental promiscuity with which it was lately, through Parliamentary proceedings and otherwise brought into notice, threw a momentary cold around it; but that has now passed away, and those who were, for the moment seduced from a higher, and happier, and better faith, are abjuring the Socialist creed, and deserting the

Socialist temples. In so far as London is concerned, we look on Socialism as virtually entombed, never, we trust, to be exhumed. We have ourselves lately seen Mrs. Martin, the most popular of its metropolitan missionaries, wasting her eloquence on audiences not exceeding two dozen in number. In fact, she has been obliged to give up her series of Sunday afternoon lectures at Theobald's-road, because she could get nobody to listen to them."

The first sketch in the work under notice is that of Prince Albert, of whom Mr. Grant thus speaks:—

"Prince Albert is a man of great and varied accomplishments. He is intimately acquainted with several sciences. To natural history he is particularly partial. He formally studied it, if my information be correct, under some of the most distinguished philosophers in Germany. His taste in the fine arts is admitted on all hands to be refined in no ordinary degree."

We here take leave of Mr. Grant's very entertaining volumes, and repeat our recommendation to all our readers to make themselves acquainted with the "Sketches of Public Characters."

Chronicles of Life. By Mrs. C. B. Wilson. 3 vols. post 8vo. London: T. and W. Boone.

THREE very entertaining volumes introduce the reader to another lady-aspirant to the honours of a novelist. Mrs. Wilson, from whose pen have emanated some of the most charming lyrics that have appeared in print for many years, has now given evidence of great capacities as a prose writer. Her delineations of character are touched with a delicate pencil, but the outlines are true to nature. Her ideas are original, and often beautiful, breathing, in her prose, the spirit of her poetry, and vested with a charm which fixes them in the memory. It does not always follow that a poet will write pleasing prose; but in Mrs. Wilson's case the general rule is not deviated from. This lady evidently writes fluently—currente calame; and thus there is nothing awkward nor forced in her style. Neither is her prose too much crowded by the imagery of poetry. On the whole Mrs. Wilson has been eminently successful in this work; and we doubt not that this opinion will be shared by contemporary reviewers. As the biographer of the Duchess of St. Albans and "Mont" Lewis—as the authoress of a "Volume of Lyrics"—and as the editress of "The Belle Assemblée," Mrs. Wilson was already known to fame. "The Chronicles of Life" will however enable her to take a higher stand in the world of literature.

The Northern Temperance and Reckabite Almanack for 1841. 12mo. pp. 24. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: J. Newcastle; London: J. Pasco.

THIS is a very useful and well-arranged publication, and will doubtless be found in the possession of every Teetotaler. It contains the usual calendar for the year and all the miscellaneous information given in Almanacs. In addition to these characteristic features, it is enriched with much valuable information and moral doctrine connected with the great cause of Teetotalism.

The Lion's Den. By JOHN E. DARWIN. No. 1. 8vo. pp. 8. London: B. Steil.

THIS periodical work is written by an author whose unhappy case at the Mansion-House some weeks ago excited universal sympathy. On that occasion Alderman Gibbs behaved with the utmost kindness and humanity, and deserves the gratitude of all literary men for his benevolence to one of their brethren. The "Lion's Den" is very well written, and only requires to be known to become a favourite. We sincerely hope that it will be patronised for the sake of the struggling author, who is endeavouring to obtain an honest livelihood by means of his pen. We could quote several really clever passages; but our limits unfortunately preclude the possibility of extract for the present.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

BRADFORD.

MR. LEIGHS has lately been giving some lectures in this town, at the place where the votaries of the new doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors are in the habit of assembling; and these lectures have produced a very beneficial effect. On one occasion Mr. Leighs was opposed by a heavy-headed old man (we had nearly written the word "sinner"), who pretended that a drop of home-brewed beer was good for the working-man's breakfast. This old gentleman expatiated upon the "waste of time" occasioned by the process of preparing tea or coffee for a meal, and declared that our ancestors a couple of hundred years ago were much happier than we, because they drank beer instead of Boker or Mocha. Mr. Leighs observed that "this gentleman put a halter round his own neck and then drew the noose tight," inasmuch as he had furnished the grounds of argument against himself. Much valuable time is lost in manufacturing alcoholic liquors,—then, in meeting together to partake of them at public-houses,—and, lastly, on account of the lassitude produced by excess. Mr. Leighs also observed that a vast amount of land was used to grow barley for the

malster, whereas it would be much better disposed of in growing corn to make bread for the poor.

The gentlemen who presided at the teetotal meetings, on the five nights of Mr. Leighs' lectures, were the Rev. T. OSGOOD, and MASSIELAS KENTON, BAINS, GRAINGS, and BEALMONT.

TOWN NEWS.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Head Quarters.

The meeting on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th, at the chapel in Aldersgate street was admirably attended, and the addresses of the several advocates, who appealed to the audience in favour of the doctrine of teetotalism, were productive of the most beneficial effects.

On Friday evening, Nov. 6th, a member's meeting of the United Temperance Association was held at the chapel, for the renewal of cards and the dispatch of business. We take advantage of this opportunity to publish a few extracts from the address of the committee of the United Temperance Association to the public:—

"The principles which we profess, and are solicitous to promulgate to the fullest extent, are dawning not only upon our beloved country—the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—but on distant lands; producing a change in the condition of mankind, both mental and corporeal, of such beneficial tendency as no pen can portray, and as the warmest imagination alone can depict.

"Impressed as we are with the imperious necessity of extending those principles by every legitimate means, it is with much pleasure and confidence that we now appeal to a benevolent public, to aid and assist us by their subscriptions. The opening of places for public meetings necessarily entails on the Society much expense, more than can be borne by the members of the respective districts, they being principally composed of individuals from the working classes. The gratuitous distribution of tracts is also attended with great outlay,—inasmuch as they are not circulated, as in other Societies, on the loan principle.

"It has long been a subject of deep concern with the Committee, that there should be a class of individuals who are outcasts from society, and beyond the pale of every benevolent institution, namely, the Drunkard and his family, whose poverty and distress have generally been thought the just retribution of Providence; but however correct this may be as it respects the parents, it cannot apply to the innocent children, who, of all persons, suffer most unjustly, being deprived of their inheritance,—the benefits of education, the means of obtaining a livelihood, and, in too many instances, the necessities of life. It is, therefore, with feelings of pleasure they inform the public, a system of visitation to the abodes of the intemperate is being organized; which promises to remedy this injustice, and alleviate a vast amount of human suffering. The means adopted are, Weekly Visits to the abodes of misery, Tract Distribution, supplying Tickets for Bread, Meat, and Clothing, and the procuring of situations for such as are, by the Visitors, deemed worthy.

"It is our duty to give some faint outline of what we have undertaken, and of the extent of the work in hand still to be done. For still there are 600,000 drunkards in the United Kingdom;—still there are nearly 60,000 persons annually cut off by the habitual use of intoxicating Liquors;—still there are £50,000,000 squandered every year on these drinks;—still there are countless thousands of unfortunate females in the British dominions, the majority of whom are the victims of inebriety and its attendants—filth, disease, and crime;—still are the deadly effects of intemperance seen in our Prisons, Hulks, Mad-houses, Poor-houses, and Hospitals; and in the dwelling of the wife and children of the Mechanic.

"The only effectual plan for checking the torrent of intemperance,—for other plans have been adopted and tried, but have invariably failed,—is that of Total Abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks; and, for the further inculcation of these principles, this Association has been formed, and a Committee appointed of nearly 100 Advocates of the system.

"To the philanthropist and moralist, we appeal for aid and support, assuring them that the progress of the cause will materially lessen their contributions for Police, Poor Rates, Hospitals, Lunatic Asylums, and Charitable Institutions. We state this very confidently as a fact which cannot be refuted."

Chelsea Auxiliary.

The members of this powerful society hold their weekly meetings, every Thursday evening, at the New Hall, 56, George-street, Chelsea. The Committee has spared no expense in rendering this assembly-room one of the most attractive and convenient in London.

Marylebone Branch.

The cause of Teetotalism is thriving well with the members of the Marylebone district, and many gentlemen and ladies of wealth and rank have lately been induced to join this society, which is one of the most important and respectable in the metropolis.

Kensington and Bayswater Branch.

If the most strenuous exertions on the part of the votaries of Teetotalism will be productive of beneficial effects, then we may predict a rapid and important change in the morals of the district within the range of which this Branch is propagating the doctrine.

Spitalfields and Bethnal-Green Branch.

The publicans in this neighbourhood are looking amazingly unhappy in consequence of the rapid spread of the principles of Teetotalism amongst those who have so long supported their miserable dens. A certain large white public-house in the Bethnal-Green-road has experienced a diminution of thirty per cent. in its receipts since the establishment of the Branch of the United Temperance Association in that neighbourhood.

Mr. HUDSON, THE TRAVELLING AGENT.

This able advocate of the grand doctrine of total abstinence, lectured, on the 28th of October, to a numerous audience at Oxford; and, at the conclusion of his address, one of the committee moved that the society of that city be "henceforth called the Oxford Auxiliary to the United Temperance Association." This motion was carried unanimously. Mr. HUDSON begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations to the parent society:—

	£.	s.	d.
Some gentlemen at Southampton	1	15	0
Mr. Smith, Witney	0	10	0
Mr. B. Blackwell, Oxford	0	10	0
Mr. H. H., Reading	0	10	0

QUEEN'S-BENCH PRISON.

An upper room in this prison has been prepared and fitted-up for a place of Teetotal Assembly, under the auspices of Mr. G. C. SMITH, and Mr. JOSEPH WEST (the Secretary to the "Teetotaler's Prison Missionary Society"). The room was opened a few nights ago, and a numerous audience was addressed by Messrs. SMITH, JAMES, DAWSON, and PARRY (the zealous advocate from the principality of Wales.) We know of no place where the doctrines of Teetotalism are calculated to work more beneficial effects than in the Queen's-Bench Prison.

THEOBALD'S-ROAD.

Our readers will recollect that we lately alluded to the discussion between Mr. WARDEN and Mr. MACCONNELL, and that we expressed a hope that the former gentleman would favour us with a version of the particulars of that discussion, in order to ascertain how far the complaint of ill-treatment at the hands of the Teetotalers was well-founded on the part of the latter. We have received a letter from Mr. Warden; and hasten to lay the following extracts before the public:—

"Several articles in the newspapers having represented the Teetotalers to have been defeated by Mr. Macconnell, I at once sent that gentleman an invitation to meet me openly on the question of total abstinence from all stimulating and intoxicating drinks. It was accepted and equal terms were agreed upon.

"On Wednesday, October 21st, I met Mr. Macconnell at the Assembly Rooms, Theobald's-road. Mr. DOWD, a Teetotaler, was called to the chair, and the discussion commenced with very little interruption, not more so on one side than on the other. I opened the subject, and as Mr. Macconnell was about to close his reply, he stated, "that it was nonsense to talk of total abstinence; as well might persons talk of the *superstition of Popery*." The moment the last sentence was out of his mouth, a general expression of disapprobation ensued, and three persons in the garb of Irish labourers were highly excited. CAPT. AIRCHERL attempted to appease the audience; I and the chairman did the same without success; and the meeting broke up in disorder. Now I submit that every allowance ought to be made for the excitability of Irishmen. Mr. Macconnell apologised, but all to no purpose; his excuse was satisfactory to those persons who were on the platform, but did not appease the sensitive Irish. To condemn Teetotalers as a body for the conduct of a mixed assembly, is certainly a very convenient mode of getting rid of the question of debate. The men had no medal,—no external proofs that they were members of any Temperance Society; it is assumed they were Teetotalers, because they did not agree with my opponent. On the whole I should say that if blame rested anywhere, it is with Mr. Macconnell, who used the unfortunate expression. On the second evening my opponent interrupted me several times, so much so that Mr. HATHERINGTON, (a water-drinker of fourteen years or more) who was in the chair, requested him to forbear. Now I was not angry, neither did I use an unkind expression: our cause is too well founded upon sense and rectitude to need such an auxiliary; and I will challenge all London to shew that I used any harsh or ungentlemanly word throughout the two nights' debate.

"Thanking you, Sir, for your kind notice of my humble efforts in the great cause of national regeneration, (as "THE TEETOTALER" is the only publication that has deigned to record those exertions,) I remain yours, &c.

"B. WARDEN."

EAST LONDON CHARTIST TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th, this association held its weekly meeting at the Temperance Assembly-room, Church Row, Bethnal Green. The audience was addressed by Messieurs Booth, Ardrey, and Neesom, (the Secretary), on the necessity of the working classes abstaining from all intoxicating drinks, in order to assist themselves in obtaining their political rights.

The following resolutions were then proposed and carried:—

1. That this meeting do urgently recommend the perusal of *The Teetotaler* to all sects and parties.

2. That this meeting do congratulate the Teetotalers of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for having pledged themselves to abstain from tobacco, snuff, and cigars, this meeting knowing that in many cases drunkenness is only one of the effects arising from the consumption of the above-named weed, and the filthy practice of using it is peculiarly calculated to threaten the adherence of many to the Teetotal pledge.

3. That these resolutions be forwarded to *The Teetotaler*, by the Secretary, for insertion.

VARIETIES.

RECONCILIATION.—King James VI. in order to reconcile two Highland chiefs, whose contests destroyed the peace of the country, got them both to Edinburgh, where he shut them up in the castle and left them to settle their disputes by themselves; companionship in affliction soothed their minds, and being tired of confinement they brought matters to a speedy issue; they promised good behaviour in future, and left their sons as hostages for their conduct.

LOD'S PRAYER IN OLD SCOTTISH.—1. Uor Fader quiblk beest i hevin. 2. Hallowit weirt thyne nam. 3. Cum thyne kiarie. 4. Be dune wull as is i hevin, sva po yerd. 5. Uor dailie breid gif us thilk day. 6. And forbeir us nor skaths as we forbeir tham quha us. 7. And leed us na until timentation. 8. Butam fre us fra evil. Amen.

VANITY REPROVED.—After one of Dr. Johnson's publications, James Boswell, his biographer, on the first of the month, repaired, according to custom, to the lodgings of his idol, with the several magazines of the day, in order to read the strictures which were given on his performance. Having perused two or three criticisms, which were not of the most civil kind, the petulance of the Doctor got the better of his good sense, and he exclaimed peevishly, "Enough, enough, Sir, now you have taken infinite pains to bring an account of what is thought of me individually; give me leave to ask what you imagine the world says of you and me conjointly?"—"Upon my word, Doctor, I cannot pretend to say," answered Jimmy.—"Why then I'll tell you," continued the Doctor, "they say I am a mad dog, Sir, and that you are the canister tied to my tail."

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—The celebrated political writer Thomas Paine was member for Calais in the National Assembly, after the French Revolution. When Robespierre came into power, he was arrested and carried to prison, no reason of any consequence being assigned for this harsh treatment. The event is thus recorded in his own words:—"One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and a hundred and sixty of them executed the next day. Amongst this number my name was included; and the manner I escaped the guillotine is curious, having all the appearance of accident. The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, and one of a long range of chambers under a gallery, with the door opening outwards flat against the wall; so that, when it was open, the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut. When persons by scores and hundreds were to be taken out of the prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night; and those who performed that office had a private mark, by which they knew what rooms to visit and what number to take. The door of my room was marked one morning, unobserved by me, when it was open, and flat against the wall: being closed in the evening, the fatal line of chalk came inside, and thus the destroying angel passed by. A few days after this, Robespierre fell, and Mr. Monroe arrived to reclaim me, and to invite me to his house."—Extracted from *Letter III. to the Citizens of the United States*.

COLLIER, in his treatise on church music, says:—"Religious harmony should be grave, solemn, and seraphic; fit for a martyr to play, and an angel to hear." This opinion of Collier's being quoted in a party, where some ladies had been playing sacred music, a gentleman put the following question, and gave the solution:—

Are Collier's ideas of harmony clear,

Fit for martyrs to play, and angels to hear?

This night the reverse by each heart was averred:

They were angels that played, and martyrs that heard!

A New York paper has the following advertisement:—"PERPETUAL MOTION. The owner of the perpetual motion lately exhibiting at Boston, has absconded without paying the man who turned the crank in the cellar."

The *Vermont Mercury* has the following excellent defence lately made to an action by a down-east lawyer:—"There are three points in this case," says the defendant's counsel. "In the first place we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and thirdly, that we never had it at all."

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the fourth Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

Published by GEORGE HENDERSON, 2, Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill; and sold by W. STRANGE, Paternoster Row; D. Campbell, Glasgow; Macdon & Co., Dublin; and all Booksellers in Town and Country.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 22.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER XI.

A YEAR'S IMPRISONMENT.

WE left Melville in the midst of a gloomy reverie in consequence of the debauch which he had committed on the first night of his sojourn in the Fleet-prison, and the loss he had experienced at cards. The morning passed away; and, to his astonishment, Louise did not make her appearance. At first he thought that the process of disposing of the furniture probably delayed her; but as hour after hour slipped away, he gradually became uneasy, and feared that some accident had befallen her. It never struck him that she had been entrapped into the power of the ruffian whom he himself had introduced to her; and the agony of suspense soon became too acute for a mind, that was enervated by habits of intoxication, to bear. He partook of no breakfast; but towards the middle of the day he joined the three individuals, who had plundered him on the preceding evening; and with them he began to drink again, to drown his cares!

The evening came, and still Louise did not return to him. He was however so happy with his three boon companions, that he no longer suffered himself to be annoyed by her absence; but he sat smoking a pipe of tobacco, and drinking beer out of a pewter pot with those "friends," who did not choose to disburse the coin of which they had plundered him on the preceding evening, in the purchase of wine. Melville was completely denuded of all pecuniary resources; and, had not the gentleman without a coat regaled the whole party upon beef-steaks and fried onions in his own room, our hero would have lacked a supper. As it was, this was the only meal of which he partook during that day. Again did he retire to his couch in a state of complete inebriation; and again did he awake with an insupportable headache, a dreadful depression of spirits, and a flushed countenance.

He was now nearly alarmed at the protracted absence of Louise, and resolved to despatch a messenger to the cottage in the country to ascertain the cause of the delay in her appearance at the prison. He was compelled to apply to one of his three acquaintances for the loan of a few shillings to pay the messenger, who, in pursuance of a prevalent custom in the Fleet, insisted upon being remunerated in advance: and the stout gentleman, under the hope of reaping enormous interest for the loan, did not hesitate to accommodate our hero with it. The messenger accordingly departed upon the commission entrusted to him; and Victor resumed the pipe and the pot in the society of the three gentlemen whose delectable acquaintance he had formed. Gone was all his enthusiasm in the cause of literature,—quenched was the aspiring sentiment of emulation which had formerly taught him to soar upon the pinions of a meritorious ambition,—departed was all the elevated tone of a mind which nature had endowed with her choicest gifts!

The messenger returned in the afternoon, with the tidings that the cottage was closed, and

that none of the neighbours could say what had become of Mrs. Melville. Our hero had drunk too deeply to pay very particular attention to this report; but it was not lost upon his companions. They immediately assumed a cold and distant manner towards Melville, and soon found an excuse to leave him entirely to his own society. The truth is, that these gentlemen, with the worldly-mindedness which is to be found in prisons as well as elsewhere, immediately entertained the notion that Melville's wife had deserted her dissipated husband—never to return; and, as they supposed that he was entirely dependent upon her for pecuniary resources, they now conceived that there was no further chance of his purse being replenished. Melville soon perceived their coolness towards him, and, in his sober moments, was not backward in divining the motive.

His condition was now desperate in the extreme. Poverty stared him in the face; and the dread idea, that he was deserted by the only being who loved him, haunted his imagination. He wrote to several of those friends at the West End, who had partaken of his luxurious repasts in the days of his prosperity, to request the loan of a few guineas or the return of monies which he himself had advanced them; but his letters either experienced a contemptuous silence or a formal refusal. Even those, on whose friendship he had chiefly relied, now forgot him in the hour of his adversity; and the grim—gaunt—suicidal form of Want stared him in the face, haunted his footsteps by day and night in the long dark galleries of the Fleet, and reduced him to the most dire necessities. He however continued to obtain his fill of liquor;—the little money he raised by pledging his wearing apparel, or by the thousand and one means by which men in such circumstances do obtain a few shillings from time to time—how, they themselves scarcely know;—this little money, we say, was all expended upon beer and tobacco. For whole days did he live upon a crust—in order that he might steep his senses in the narcotic influence of malt-poisons! And still Louise did not make her appearance, to recal him back from this career of misery and degradation!

And now, behold our hero reduced to the lowest condition to which the drunkard can be abased. Ragged in his attire—with slouched hat, broken shoes, a waistcoat buttoned up to the chin to conceal the filthy linen beneath—blear-eyed, bloated in countenance, nervous and shuffling in his walk,—with shaking hand, unshaven beard, uncombed hair, and dirty face,—skulking about as if he were ashamed to meet those strangers whom curiosity frequently induces to visit the debtors' gaols,—and seeking companionship only in the pipe and the pewter-pot, Victor Melville was one of those specimens of humanity to which the misanthrope would point, in his cynical irony, as an example of the depth of degradation to which it is possible for once proud man to fall!

But if you wish to impregnate the foundations of a mighty empire, or the elevated mind of man, with the principles of ruin, implant in them the habit of intemperance, and the wished-for ruin will not be long ere it reaches its consummation!

Melville seemed to take no date of time. His mornings were marked by the headache and the miserable reflections which invariably succeeded the nights of debauch; and those nights were periods when an almost total oblivion of all cares, past or present, seemed to take possession of his mind. He ceased to become excited with liquor;—the effect it now produced upon him was a brutal stupefaction. In that lethargy were absorbed all good feelings—all hopes of release or reform—all love for the absent wife and child—all self-respect—all reference to the past—all thought for the present—all plan for the future—all joy, all grief, all sentiment! He became an automaton, that rose at the same hour—proceeded to the same tap-room at the same period—sat in the same dingy nook for the same number of hours as before—and returned to a dirty chamber, to stretch himself upon a bed which was not made, at the same hour in the evening! He seldom spoke to a soul, and never addressed any one first: his glance was vacant and stupid—his habits became distressing through their very monotony—and he was soon pointed out to all strangers as one of the curiosities of the prison!

But a grand physical change was taking place in that young man. The robust health of youth was gradually yielding to the fatal habits of dissipation which he had so early imbibed, so strenuously persisted in, and so fearfully amplified; and it was easy to perceive in the sunken eyes, the nervous movements, the shuffling step, and the trembling hand, of the once attractive and fascinating Victor Melville, that Intemperance was preparing to offer up another holocaust to the accursed shrine of the Genius of Human Misery.

He had been a year in the Fleet-prison,—and for days and weeks together had he ceased to remember that the absence of his wife was as yet unaccounted for. He was now so degraded in his habits and appearance, and so reduced in circumstances by dissipation, that he was compelled to perform the most menial offices for the more wealthy portion of the prisoners, to obtain the few pence which supplied him with the means of subsistence. At length he became so weak and enfeebled, that it was with the utmost difficulty his trembling limbs conducted him from his own miserable chamber to the place where the beer was sold. One morning he found himself so much worse that he was unable to rise from his couch; and now, for the first time for a long—long while, he felt anxious on account of his forlorn condition. He had no friend to place the cup of water to his parched lips; and this painful idea brought to his mind the image of his Louise. He wondered how he could have so long supported her unaccountable absence; and, in a moment of indescribable agony—a moment in which all the smothered reminiscences of many months were evoked to life and energy again,—he called for the being whom he knew should be there to tend him in his misery and sickness.

"O Louise—Louise!" he exclaimed aloud,—"where are you? Why have you deserted me? Where is my boy? Oh! you do not answer!"

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips,

when, by one of those strange coincidences which frequently occur in human life as well as in the pages of the novelist, the door of his wretched apartment was thrown open, and Louise—followed by a venerable old gentleman, and leading her little boy in her hand—hastened into the presence of her husband.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF TEETOTALISM.

Or the immense direct benefits resulting from the Teetotal reformation, none who have perused the statistics of intemperance and of temperance can be ignorant; and thanks to the almost super-human efforts of some of the advocates of Teetotalism, none can now be destitute of the means of this information. Its incidental advantages have been less considered. Peruse the tracts, circulars, and periodicals of temperance, and observe what an amount of intellect and talent has been called into action, and in some degree into existence, by these great efforts.

The benevolent affections, to even a greater degree than the powers of the body or the intellect, are strengthened by exercise and debilitated by inaction. Every generous feeling cherished in the heart, leaves its visible foot-prints upon the character. And therefore each one of the disciples of temperance in this nation, if he have but done his duty, will have found himself the better man, in other respects, for the exercise.

It promises immense benefits to the manufacturing interests of our country. It has been a thousand times remarked, and as often deplored, that mechanics everywhere were peculiarly liable to the besetments of intemperance. Let all our manufacturers become sober men, and give us only the benefit of the duty which intemperance levies upon the manufacturers of other nations, and no greater protection for English industry need be asked for.

Teetotalism tends to wear off the asperities of national prejudice, and promotes national sympathy, by the intercourse of great and good men of different countries, engaged in the same benevolent enterprise. If diversity of political character and institutions, and a supposed conflict of interests, have, in times past, estranged the nations of the civilized world; who does not perceive, and rejoice in the consideration, that all such feelings of unkindness are hastening to oblivion? And is it not manifest that efforts for the advancement of temperance, have contributed largely to this benign result? It was the fortune of America to become the pioneer in this great movement; and the temperance reformation in herself, like a noble and virtuous deed by an individual, has aided to extend her acquaintance and exalt her character among the nations. And when the friends of Teetotalism in England look abroad, they are cheered by the indications of that cordial co-operation in a benevolent cause, which, among nations as well as individuals, always eventuates in reciprocal friendship.

And all these advantages, and many others, are and will be secured by the temperance reform, without any countervailing loss. Will it be replied, that to abolish the drinking of ardent spirit, does involve a loss, by subverting at least one subject of profitable industry? It were as rational to talk of profitable industry in heaping up vegetable putrefaction and collecting its pestilent miasm to regale the sense of smelling, provided mankind were mad enough to purchase and use it—of profitable industry, in grafting the shoots of the Bohon Upas upon the branches of the Tree of Life! However guiltless, example, habit, and the absence of information and reflection may once have rendered this species of industry, it is one which, in this day of light and knowledge, is utterly indefensible, and devolves upon all who are concerned in it fearful responsibilities. The manufacturer of ardent spirit, not unfrequently becomes one of its most signal victims. He is engaged in a branch of productive labour, which exposes consumers and producers to the perils both of the first and second death! Charity herself cannot for a moment defend or palliate such an employment. No eventual profit can result from such pernicious industry. Our merchants are rapidly becoming convinced, that even their gains are not increased, by dealing out the great source of poverty and insolvency to their customers. They perceive more clearly that the various interests of a community are like the limbs of the natural body—that one cannot be wounded by another without morbid reaction and sympathetic disease. Alcohol may indeed be useful to man, as a menstruum for varnish, to fill a lamp, or to construct a thermometer; but it has been proved by experiments the most satisfactory, that its effect as a drink upon the human body is unmixed evil. Our moral, intellectual, and corporeal powers are composed of a multitude of separate but co-operating functions, depending for their proper action in the human system, upon being nicely and accurately balanced. What then but disease and derangement can result, from habitually pouring in amongst them this essence of distraction? And what are the well-known practical effects of this habit? First, and perhaps prior to a single instance of actual intoxication, the temper becomes irritable and unequal; the mind, subject alternately to feverish excitement and deadly expression, is wholly incapable of systematic or useful application. Then supervene the inflamed eyes, the

blistered lips, and the cutaneous eruptions—external signals that the bodily functions are desperately warring against a foreign invader. Finally, the elements of the whole man, body and spirit, are involved in conflict and commotion; some weak point in the constitution yields; and, sooner or later, the self-destroyer passes off, through some one of the many appropriate avenues, from a wretched sublimity existence into a hopeless hereafter! Many, it is true, have been blessed with constitutions which have endured to an advanced age, not in consequence, but in spite of tipping; but how many more, of those even, who have resorted to the stimulating bowl, as a fancied means of improving their physical health, have found themselves suddenly grasped by an irresistible appetite, and hurried through the long catalogue of a drunkard's diseases, and through a drunkard's infamy, into an early grave! Vitality—wonderful vitality may be impaired, but cannot be patched out and enlarged with such miserable materials. In a temperate and healthful individual, ardent spirit excites a delusive stimulation, ever followed by a sensible decay of vital energy: and as for the drunkard, to call its maddening effects on him life—animation—were to slander one of the most mysterious works of Heaven. The term would be as applicable to the spasms of a dead body under the action of the galvanic battery; leaving the subject, when its influence subsides, more dead, if possible, than before.

There are, it is true, those amongst us who still urge objections to the temperance reformation, which have been a hundred times refuted, with undiminished zeal. And where such objections are sincere, they are entitled to all kindness and consideration. But we shall not stop here, again to reply to them. Some there are, who eloquently insist upon the propriety of total abstinence from ardent spirit, but who merely object, strenuously, to the only possibly means by which it can be promoted. And shall we incur much hazard of uncharitableness by asserting, that when you hear such an objector talk of "not parting with the right to do what he pleases with his own," you will arrive at his difficulty on this subject, not by citing facts or applying a syllogism, but by drawing a cork.

Leave that individual to himself; for he understands the controversy, has deliberately enlisted to the enemy, and is in the temperate fruition of the bonny: leave him to his wages—his breath to be perfumed by those delicious exhalations which arise from a brandy-tortured digestion; his visage, in due time, to be ornamented with carbuncles; and his fancy to be occupied with the bright visions of *delirium tremens*!

Although even now, in the very infancy of the temperance reformation, the signs of the times clearly indicate that it must and will ultimately prevail. Look throughout the world at the millions of individuals enrolled and pledged to total abstinence. This is the GRAND ARMY OF TEMPERANCE. Example, alarming truth, and powerful persuasion are its weapons. Millions of tracts and periodicals, flying to every nation, and kindred, and family, are its expresses. Countless treasures, wrested from the pernicious purposes of the enemy, multitudes of his captives re-captured, and greater multitudes preserved from worse than Egyptian bondage, are its trophies of victory. "DELIVERANCE TO MANKIND," is inscribed upon its banner. Its commission is in the great name of Public Opinion, the absolute, executive sovereign of the moral empire of the universe. The most powerful, but now cowering Auxiliary of the Spirit of Evil, is its enemy. And the whole world is its field of action—and who can doubt that it will finally and universally triumph!

How impressive is the moral sublimity of the great combined movement of nations in the cause of temperance, which we now behold! And where, in the history of man, is there a parallel for such a scene? Multitudes, ere now, have conspired to do evil. Nations have leagued together for the purposes of violence and oppression, and, in solemn mockery, have termed that league a "Holy Alliance." But when before has there been such a concert of action to accomplish a great moral purpose, by the exclusive agency of moral influence. This is indeed a Holy Alliance, which belies not its appellation. It is hallowed of Heaven, which has enjoined and blesses the virtue it seeks to promote;—hallowed by the prayers and aspirations of the good on earth; hallowed by the tears of affliction, which it has caused to be wiped away; and by the tears of joy and the smiles of hope and comfort, which its visitations of mercy have excited. May this Alliance be perpetual, and extend to and embrace the uttermost parts of the earth!

A SCENE IN A GIN-PALACE.

[THE ensuing scene in one of the metropolitan dens of iniquity called "gin palaces," is extracted from the new novel of "ROBERT MACAIRE."]

It was in the Haymarket Street that Bertrand found himself, after having made a precipitate retreat from the theatre, at about the hour of half-past nine. He knew not exactly what was the cause of his alarm; but he felt afraid to return to the scene where so much confusion had been created by Macaire. Indeed, his singularly constituted mind entertained a vague suspicion that Macaire must have been endeavouring to pick the pocket of Miss Leslie, when that young lady gave vent to so terrible a scream as that which drove

him from the theatre. He accordingly deemed it prudent to refresh himself with a short stroll up the street, and suffer his friend to extricate himself from his supposed dilemma in the best way that he could.

Bertrand strolled into an adjacent public-house, or gin-shop, in the first place, to avoid any danger of pursuit, in case Macaire's behaviour should have involved him in any difficulty; and, in the second place, to recruit his courage by means of a quiet drop of brandy. He entered the place where this article was to be obtained, and a most singular scene broke upon his view. On a bench placed against the wall that faced the bar where liquor was drawn, sat a gentleman of about forty, elegantly dressed, and wearing a profusion of rings upon his fingers. By his side was another gentleman, somewhat younger, but equally well-attired, although not bearing so large a fraction of a jeweller's shop about his person. These two individuals were drinking porter from a pewter pot, which they familiarly passed every now and then to the females, cads, and blacklegs, by whom they were surrounded.

"A pot of your best ale, Bill," cried one of these gentlemen, addressing himself to the man at the bar; and when it was poured out, he said to a dirty, ragged-looking fellow, who stood grinning by his side, "Now, my boy—drink that off at a draught, and I'll give you a five-pound note; if I don't damme."

"Go it, my pippin," exclaimed the younger gentleman of the two: "but recollect, you must not stay to draw breath."

"Of course not," said he who had first spoken, laying a bank-note upon one end of the bench. "Now, then, my tulip."

The man who was thus metaphorically adjured, raised the pot to his lip;—the ale had a most delicious smell, and he was thirsty. He glanced towards the gentlemen; he then looked towards the bank-note; the latter had a most inviting appearance, and he was very poor. Hesitation was impossible: he began the draught, he drank every drop of the excellent ale—and the promised reward was immediately handed over to him. Lord Brandyford and Mr. Augustus Mirliflor (such were the names of the two gentlemen who got up this elegant little piece of amusement by way of opposition, we must suppose, to the diversions of the theatre over the way) did not fail to applaud the feat; the former declaring that the man was "a regular trump;" and the latter ratifying with a terrible oath his conviction that "the fellow was as down as a hammer."

"Now, I tell you what, old chap," cried his lordship after a pause (noblemen can be very condescending and polite when they choose), "I'll give you a five-pound note for every pot of porter that you'll drink at a draught in the same way as you did the ale;" and, as he spoke, Lord Brandyford took from his pocket a number of notes and play-bills all jumbled together. The man accepted the offer: another pot of beer was handed to him; and a second bank-note soon found its way to his pocket.

"Well," said the man, "this here is a verry easy an' pleasant vey of earnin' money: I'm ready to repeat the dose as soon as ye like."

"Cut along," cried his lordship.

"Never say die," ejaculated Mr. Mirliflor.

Another pot of beer was supplied; a crowd of ragged rascals, amongst whom coal-heavers might have styled themselves gentlemen without much fear of contradiction, gathered round the party; the man became the hero of the group; and he did not hesitate to tackle another pot. But no sooner had he poured it all down his throat, and had conveyed the conditional reward to his pocket, when he fell senseless upon the floor. Lord Brandyford rushed forward and hastened to raise him; but the man was a corpse!

THE WINES OF THE MODERNS.

THE poets of the thirteenth century never speak of spiced wines without rapture. They considered it the master-piece of art to be able to combine in one liquor the strength and flavour of the wine, with the sweetness of honey and the perfumes of the most costly aromatics. A banquet at which no piment was served would have been thought wanting in the most essential article. It was even allowed to the monks in the monasteries on particular days in the year. But it was so voluptuous a beverage, and was deemed so unsuitable to a profession which had forsworn all the pleasures of life, that the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle (A. D. 817) forbade the use of it to the regular clergy, except on days of solemn festivals.

The varieties of piment in use were the Hippocras and Clarry: the former was either red or white, and the latter was a claret or mixed wine with honey, both seasoned with aromatics.

In the reign of Edward the Third a fleet of above two hundred merchantmen came for wines from England to Bordeaux, then the seat of the Black Prince's government. In the same age, the wines of the Rhine and of the Moselle appear to have been largely imported. Malmesyn was much employed at this period; it was named from Malvagia in the Morea, whence our Malmsey grape originally came. But in the succeeding reign the strong wines of Spain had certainly also found their way largely into English use, notwithstanding the knightly abhorrence of the country and its potatoes. In the sixteenth century the milder growths of France totally superseded the wines of Spain. In

the time of Louis the Fourteenth, all commercial intercourse with France was suspended; and the red wines of Portugal flowed into the empty conduits of the Bordeaux trade. Then came the reign of Port, and the "Methuen treaty."

The introduction of the wines of Madeira into this country is of more modern date than the Oporto trade. With regard to the wine called *Claret* in this country, it is nearly all fabricated for the English market, and is a vile adulteration of the genuine product of the Medoc district, mingled with the rougher growth of the Palus. The Rhenish wines are chiefly produced in the countries on the course of the Rhine, between Mentz and Coblenz. The best vintages of those species are however confined to a small district called Rhinegao, and to the vineyards of Hockheim. Hence the Generality of Rhenish wines are denominated in England by the name of *Hock*.

As the production of Alcohol is the result of the spirituous fermentation, that wine is generally considered the best which contains most alcohol. Of all substances susceptible of the spirituous fermentation, none is so capable of being converted into a wine, which is for the most part admired, as the juice of the grapes of France. The Malaga and other Spanish wines destined for England, are more spirituous than those sent to Paris, because the exporters, knowing the taste of the English, take care to add brandy. For the same reason they never put Port wines into casks without a twelfth part of brandy, the principal consumption of them being in England.

Wines are cleared by processes carried on by means of isinglass made from fish or from bones, whites of eggs, powdered gum, sugar-candy, lambs-blood, and many other articles, which cause the wine to perform a chemical operation, that however varies in its effects with different wines.

The vitiated taste of modern wine-bibbers has induced vintners to devise a thousand schemes for varying the peculiar flavours of wine; and these schemes have necessarily led to the most nefarious systems of adulteration, which, although they may be legitimately denominated "cases of slow poisoning," still do not constitute a criminal offence. Sugar-of-lead and even arsenic are used by wine-merchants in their transmutation or adulteration of white wines; and every species of foreign produce, in the shape of the insidious liquor, is imitated by them in their diabolical establishments. We envy not the reflections of the wine-merchant, when he recalls to his memory the base artifices and death-dealing stratagems to which he has recourse in order to accomplish his schemes of adulteration or transmutation.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PLEDGE-RING.

By Mrs. C. B. Wilson, Author of "Chronicles of Life," &c. &c.

Give but a ring—a simple ring—
'Tis all the pledge I ask;
And as time creeps on weary wing,
'Twill cheer life's gloomy task!
When thou art absent, 'twill recall
Thine image to my view,
In lonely scene, or crowded hall,
And bid me think thee true!
Then, give a ring—a simple ring,
Whose magic power shall last
Like Eastern talisman, and bring
To Memory's eyes the past!
Give but a ring—a simple ring;
The gift I will retain;
Till Death's chill mist around me cling,
Through scenes of bliss, or pain;—
In sorrow it will yield relief
To think thy heart is mine;
And make the hour of joy, tho' brief,
With brighter radiance shine!
Then give a ring—a simple ring,—
No costly gem I ask;
Affection's talisman, 'twill bring
New strength for every task.

LINES.

By Sir John de Beauvoir, Bart.

[Written on receiving a seal which exhibited Cupid in a boat on the ocean, steering towards a star; underneath the motto, "If I lose you, I am lost."]

Hear'st thou guide thy bark, and gales propitious speed,
If I should lose thee, I am lost indeed:—
Strange paradox—but no less strange than true,
I'm lost to lose thee, lost unless I do!
Why born to feel—why with conceptions glow,
To fancy more than nature can bestow;
In traces to rove—to view the clouds up-fur'd,
And enter heav'n's bright visionary world;
From the unearthly dream, ah! then to wake
And feel the chill of life my senses shake—
To know my star is gone—Love's pilot fled—
Cold Reason left to guide me in his stead!
Away, love's barque, and put me out of pain,
For should I see thy sails, I'm mad again.
Must I then follow Reason—sober friend—
And try to banish thought, to hard fate bend,
To life's dear treasure must I bid adieu?
Alas! "If I lose thee, I am lost too!"

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE. No. VIII.

The tithes of each parish in Wales are divided into small parcels, and let once a year by auction. In the morning part of the auction day, the owner of the tithe, or his agent, whether bishop, rector, perpetual curate, or vicar, gives a dinner or treat to the persons who are paying for the last year's tithe. After the money has been received, and while they are at dinner, or else engaged with pipes, punch, and ale, the persons in another room, where the auction is to take place, are plied with ale, tobacco, and punch, until sufficient excitement is produced. The auctioneer is brought forth—different parcels are set up, lot by lot; every person bidding for a lot is provided with liquor to drink, and many a

one is surprised, on the following morning, on being congratulated as the purchaser of one, two, or three parcels of tithes.

Distillation is a sinful waste of grain. It is perverting into a poison that production of nature which is intended to be used as a wholesome food.

A government cannot long hope to derive a revenue at all from a worthless, wretched, and drunken population, made so by its own enactments; for, not to mention the adverse influence of intemperance on the industry, economy, and wealth of a people, it invariably lays waste those moral principles which are the stability and form the perennial source of wealth to any people.

An operative who spends 8*l.* sterling a year in ardent spirits, consumes grain to the amount of 2*l.*; hence, in this expenditure 2*l.* are all that pass to the farmer, a proportion of which is given to the landlord for rent; but were this same operative to purchase an adequate supply of proper food for his family with this 8*l.*, the increased consumption, not only of the commoner articles, such as meal and potatoes, but of cheese, butter, butcher's meat, &c., would put 6*l.* out of the 8*l.* into the farmer's pocket instead of 2*l.*

From the experience government has had, it cannot now plead ignorance of the evil character and effect of alcoholic liquors. There is no sounder maxim, either in theological, moral, or physical science, than that the invariable tendency of anything must be held decisive of its real character; and when all observation and experience yield one unvarying testimony to the fact that the use of spirits destroys social order, domestic happiness, intellectual energy, and moral improvement, and that it never fails to spread temporal and eternal ruin among the people, it is the duty of the government to prohibit, and not to sanction,—to abolish instead of allowing—the manufacture, import, or sale of intoxicating liquors.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

NO. II.—FORM OF GOVERNMENT, REVENUE, AND POPULATION.

The government of the Anglo-Indian Empire is vested:—1. In the parliament of Great Britain; 2. In the Court of Directors, chosen by the proprietors holding a certain amount of stock in the East India Company; 3. In the Board of Control, a ministerial authority; 4. In the Governor-General in India, who resides at Calcutta; and 5. In three other governors, one for each of the three remaining presidencies, Madras, Bombay, and Agra.

The governors are under the Governor-General in common, political, and military affairs; but are independent of him in administrative and local business.

The Court of Directors of the East India Company consists of twenty-four members, chosen by the proprietors. In order to be eligible, they must have at least two shares (at £1,000 each), and live in London. Of these twenty-four directors six retire every year by rotation, whose places are filled by new members. The Court of Directors choose within themselves a president and vice-president. The Court of Directors decide all questions by ballot and by a majority of votes. They have the initiative in all questions respecting India, as also the right of passing resolutions on every subject. These resolutions, however, before they can be put into execution, must be submitted to the approval of the Board of Control. The Court of Directors have also the right, when a vacancy occurs in the office of Governor-General, Governor, General of the Army of India, and of Councillor of State there, of proposing three names as candidates for the situation. This list is submitted to the Board of Control, and, if agreed to, goes to the Minister, who, in the Queen's name, appoints one of the three persons to fill the office. The Court of Directors themselves appoint all officers of the lower ranks for the management of the different branches of business within the East Indian Empire—as the administrative, judicial, and military; they consequently appoint all sub-lieutenants in the army, all clerks, and all inferior law officers. Advancements from these to higher degrees are all made, in India, by the Governor-General or the governors. These advancements are made partly according to seniority and partly according to ability, which is more attended to there than in this country.

The greatest power belongs to the Governor-General, who resides in India; which power, so long as it exists, is colossal, and cannot be compared with any other than of the Emperor of Russia, or with that of the Roman Proconsuls in Asia. The Governor-General has the right of declaring war, concluding peace, and of making treaties of commerce and alliance with all the neighbouring states of Asia and Africa. He has the right of pardoning, and the chief command over the land and naval forces. He may promote, as well as suspend, every civil officer throughout the East Indian Empire, the governors in Madras, Bombay, and Agra included. For the use of the government he may draw bills on the East India Company to any amount, which are always accepted.

The Governor-General appoints the residents placed at the durbars of the native Indian kings and princes, as well as all diplomatic agents to the different courts of the East: Ava, Siam, Cochin China, Tibet, Bockara, Herat, Cabul, Ethiopia, Muscat, &c. The budget for this diplomatic corps amounted in 1834 to 1,038,000

silver rupees. Among the residents four have a salary of 66,000 silver rupees yearly; those who have the least receive 36,000 silver rupees per annum. By the silver rupee is meant the Sicca rupee, worth about two shillings and a penny.

The Governor-General's salary is £36,000 a year; that of the Governors £12,000. The pension of the former depends on the Court of Directors, but has usually been, after seven years' service, £6,000 a year; that of the latter, on the same principle, £2,000.

To be appointed to a civil office, with a salary of £500, it is necessary to have resided at least three years in India; to be appointed to one of £1,500, six years' residence; for £3,000, nine years' residence; and for a place with £1,000 salary, twelve years' previous residence are necessary.

From the above brief statement, it may be concluded:—1. That those government affairs respecting India, which are decided in England, are conducted in a collegial form by the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, and that such as are decided in India are treated more in an absolute and executive form by the Governor-General. 2. That the proprietors are far from possessing an exclusive power over the East India possessions, and that this company cannot now be esteemed as anything more than a link, which is considered necessary between the British Crown and its subjects on the continent of Asia. 3. That these possessions consequently belong properly to the English Crown, and not to the East India Company.

As the maximum of the yearly revenue which the Company, according to the Act of Parliament, can raise from its possessions in India, is fixed at 5*l.* per cent. on the real value of the capital, £12,000,000, and an equally high interest can be obtained by other means, it cannot be said that the desire of gain, or wish to employ their capital to advantage, is the principal object of the proprietors. This is now rather in the patronage enjoyed by the Company, through the directors; that is to say, the right of appointing the lower officers as well in the army as in the civil and judicial departments, which gives the directors, and other great proprietors, an opportunity of putting out their younger relations and friends; and that in a way which may give them a reasonable income, a respectable rank in society, nay, even honour and riches. For the individual who enters the Company's service, these advantages are often dearly bought; after a long course of preparatory studies, among which is the learning of three Oriental languages (the Sanscrit, Hindoostanee, and Arabic), he is obliged, while still young, to leave his native country and his relatives, not to see them again for a considerable time; and when he does return to them, it is often with a broken constitution, worn out by the effects of the burning climate. He is obliged, if in the army, to submit to the severest discipline, and a constant residence in the camp or in the field; if in the civil department, to attain a high degree of knowledge and ability, without which no advancement can be obtained in the East India Company's service, which requires, in this respect, more than any other service in the world.

According to official statements laid before parliament, the gross revenue of the four presidencies in India, together with what are called the subordinate settlements (that is, the sums paid by the tributary states), during the fifteen years, ending 1828, 1829, was £311,083,400, making on an average £20,738,893 annually, of which the clear revenue (after deductions for costs of collection, &c.), amounted to about £19,000,000 annually.

In the latest year (1831-1832), of which there are specific accounts, they give the clear revenue as follows, namely:—

The land-tax	10,750,218
Customs	1,380,099
The sale of salt*	2,314,982
The sale of opium*	1,442,570
The stamp-duty	328,300
Post-office	103,501
The mints	60,508
Pilot-dues	45,974
Sale of Tobacco*	63,048
House-tax	58,631
Excise	70,469
Law fines	96,242
Akbare (answering to the poll-tax)	764,759
Sundries	179,967
Moturpha (i. e., a tax which all mechanics pay, a kind of guild-tax)	116,880
Tributes.	
From the Mahrattas	239,347
„ Burmese	87,266
„ Rajah of Nagpoor	77,743
„ Rajpoots	78,938
„ Bhurtpoor	24,881
By Mysore, Travancore, and Cochin	342,776
„ Cutch	13,332
„ Penang	37,561
	£13,677,944

* These articles may not be sold to any one but the Government Commissioner in India, and then at a price determined for the year; it is also reserved for the government alone to sell them again to the consumer.

The charges for the same year, 1831-1832, were the following:—

	£
The collection of the land-tax	1,544,154
Ditto customs	180,794
Management of the sale of tobacco	23,093
Ditto salt	562,879
Ditto opium	281,655
Ditto stamps	71,012
Direction of the post-office	117,724
Ditto mint	52,645
The marine	302,404
The army	7,302,266
The fortresses	114,135
The civil administration	1,395,761
The judicial	1,316,545
The police	267,504
The roads	149,075
Sundries	222,454
Pensions and travelling expenses from and to India	1,671,406
Interest and sinking fund for the debt of the East India Company	2,007,614
	<u>£17,583,120</u>
Revenue, as above	18,677,942
Charges, ditto	<u>17,583,120</u>
Surplus	<u>£1,094,822</u>

With this balance, £1,094,822, many of the expenses in England itself are paid. From what has been stated, it follows that the revenue may be reckoned at a medium of £20,000,000 sterling, which is two-fifths more than that of the whole Russian empire.

During the ten years between 1819 and 1829 the Company had suffered loss by their trade with Europe (England included), and this loss had risen to £200,000 a year; by their trade with China, on the contrary, they had gained nearly £1,000,000 a year; whence it follows that the clear gain of the Company, in trade, can be reckoned at £800,000 a year, which should be added to the above stated surplus of £1,094,822.

The population of the Anglo-Indian Empire is not known with certainty in all the provinces; it is, however, in most of them, and in all the principal ones, and may be estimated very nearly in the others.

The presidency of Bengal is one of those provinces the population of which is exactly known; it amounted in 1831, the last account, to 39,957,561, which may be expressed in round numbers at 40,000,000. The older provinces of the presidency of

Agra—Benares, Bareilly, and Delhi 50,000,000
The presidency of Madras 15,000,000
The presidency of Bombay 7,000,000

Total 112,000,000

The population of the states of the subsidiary and protectorate princes was estimated as follows for the year 1828:—

	Subjects.
The Nizam of Hyderabad has	10,000,000
The King of Oude	6,000,000
The Rajah of Nagpur	3,000,000
The Sultan of Mysore	3,500,000
The Rajah of Sattara	1,500,000
The Gulicwar in Baroda	2,000,000
The independent Seiks on the left bank of the Sutledge, under the protection of the Company	3,000,000
Travancore and Cochin	1,000,000
The numerous princes of the Rajpoots, together	16,000,000
The Jagardars in Bundelcund	1,500,000
Sciudia	4,000,000
Total	<u>51,500,000</u>

The population of the states still independent, within the Indian peninsula, is reckoned by Montgomery Martin at 5,500,000.

According to these separate calculations, of which the most important are founded on official statistical accounts, the population of India may be stated in round numbers at 200,000,000; from 100,000,000 to 112,000,000 of these are the Company's direct subjects; from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 those of subsidiary or protectorate princes; and from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 under the independent princes of India. In such an immense population, a few millions more or less are of little consequence, for millions in India answer to no more than thousands in Europe.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive upwards of sixty letters every week, and cannot reply to any save those which absolutely require an answer. T. L.'s remonstrances shall however be attended to; but we cannot please everybody.

If Mr. Betcher will write an article upon the subject of his letter, it shall be inserted.

To a Teetotal Reader.—you can purchase "Bacchus" for six shillings and sixpence. Any bookseller will procure it for you from the London publisher.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Fifth Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1840.

THE true philanthropist must hail, with feelings of the most unfeigned delight, the rapid increase of Youth's Teetotal Associations. Bright destinies and a glorious future await the new doctrine of total abstinence; and society will present a remarkable aspect of moral purity and intellectual cultivation, when it shall have entered upon that phase which will be characteristic of a generation of Teetotalers who imbibed the principle in their infancy. There are occasional relapses and backslidings at present, because every existing Teetotaler has become so from either a moderate drinker or a decided drunkard; and thus the palate, which has once tasted the insidious liquor, is not always proof against the vicinity of the temptation. But youths, who have had little or no acquaintance with the indulgence in strong liquors, are now forming themselves into Teetotal Associations; and, as they grow up, their children will be taught to be Teetotalers from their cradle. It is impossible for the mental vision of man, circumscribed as it is, to embrace with one glance all the grand effects which will attend upon so great a moral change in the habits of many millions of human beings. A race of men will spring up, who will have been educated by their parents in the principles of Teetotalism; and, as we are all more or less the creatures of circumstances—habits—education—and traditionary opinions, that race will acquire a decided antipathy to the use of intoxicating liquors. The palate will moreover assist this moral change, inasmuch as the habitual use of harmless potations would render alcoholic liquors nauseous to the taste, were they even taken medicinally or by way of experiment as to their attractive qualities. It is only by habit that we induce ourselves to relish strong drinks;—the child scarcely ever experiences a taste for wine or spirits; and many a youth forces himself to imbibe liquors, which are really revolting to his palate, in order that he may appear to imitate his companions. This fatal practice soon changes his distaste into a decided relish, and the relish into a craving for inebriating liquids.

Those parents, who may not choose themselves to relinquish the dangerous habit of partaking of strong drinks, should suffer their own infatuated predilection to be an energetic motive to induce them to rear their children in the doctrine of total abstinence. If they persist in an evil habit themselves, let them not entail upon their innocent offspring, by the mere effect of education and traditionary custom, that predilection which proves a more fatal legacy to its inheritor, than the garment of Dejanira. Let those parents, who have the interest of their children at heart, encourage them to join the Teetotal societies, and, instead of assailing them with rebuke or ridicule, encourage them to persevere in so salutary a principle. The streets will thus be relieved of many a frail daughter of crime; and the felon's gaol will not so frequently open its gates to receive the youth whose naturally noble energies have all been deadened by intemperance. Then shall the workhouse, the hospital, and the pawnbroker's establishment, no longer stand in invariable perspective in the pictures of humble life; and, when the cell shall no longer echo to the ravings of the maniac,—when the air of charitable institutions shall no longer be rendered pestilential by the breath of the dying drunkard,—when the artizan and the mechanic will be enabled to keep their clothes and their furniture in their own neat dwellings, instead of pledging them for the purchase-money of strong drinks,—and when the dens of the publican shall be closed, those parents, who induced their children to aid in effecting this grand

work of moral reformation, will reap the reward of conscious rectitude, and experience the satisfaction attendant upon a virtuous system of conduct. But terrible shall be the death-bed reflections of that father, and that mother, who have encouraged, fed, and fostered—both by example and indulgence—the evil habit of intemperance in their children; for it is they who prepared those children to enter upon a wrong path,—it is they, who in the infancy of their offspring, might have bent the twig in an upright position, instead of permitting it, willow-like, to droop downwards,—and it is they who perpetuate a demoralizing, a degrading, and a ruinous predilection. Most assuredly is the parent responsible for the deeds of his children: the mind of a child is a blank sheet of paper upon which the father and the mother may either trace moral lessons or evil precepts; and no one, on any possible pretence, can divest himself of the responsibilities attached to the mere fact of paternity.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

BY "CRAVEN,"

Editor of the "Sporting Review."

In works professedly imaginative there is much less actual fiction than the general reader is likely to suppose. A world of books may be perused, and years of study expended, without the secret of composition revealing itself, which a brief noviciate of ink discloses. Fact has served for the foundation of the wildest tales of the novelist—the most extravagant fables of the writers of romance. Like Vulcan's handicraft on the gates of the palace of the sun, the workmanship exceeds the materials in most cases; nevertheless, however scanty the matter wrought from, it negatives the claim to pure originality. Creative genius is very rare; but there seems little reason why we should regret the scarcity of the talent. It is true we have few Frankenstein's of letters in these our days—none capable of giving existence to the wondrous imaginings with which the first quaffers of the Hippocrene were gifted; but therefore is there no cause to fear a literary famine. There are few who can banquet the fancy upon new and unknown rates of Parnassus; but there are scores who can cook up the old dishes with a flavour which, in the savoury Gallicism, "would make us relish our grandauns." Foremost amongst the compounders of such palatable condiments stands the phalanx of periodical writers;—not your reviewers who drench with verjuice or molasses—but the jovial crew of *débonnaires*, essayists who coruscate,

"Lights of modern days."

in Magazine, Miscellany, or Weekly Journal. These worthies, like the good fairy in Cinderella, produce great effects from small causes. You shall read of hair-breadth 'scapes in vast caves and wild deserts, which haply are indebted for their origin to a benighted passage on Hampstead Heath—or a startling paper upon the North-West Passage, arising from the crowded state of the Pool on a return from a white-bait dinner at Black-wall;—and shall we on that account esteem their labours the less? Perish the thought! It was one of the lowest order of mollusca that furnished the model for the stately bark; and do we find in that any argument for despising the art which has brought together the uttermost parts of the earth?

It is questionable whether it would be possible to construct a narrative wholly ideal, with the necessary proportion of interest, within the limits to which the common run of periodical composition is restrained. The fashion now adopted in most works of that character goes far to support this position. Novels, in three stout volumes, "live, and move, and have their being," often in the pages of a magazine, their interest duly honoured by orders at thirty-one days' date. But contracts of that nature are only entered on with the Rothschilds of literature; it is their paper only that is thus accepted prospectively and in the gross; they alone are the privileged to fly their kites in Paternoster-row. Like all retail dealers, the small capitalists of letters are sadly curtailed in their operations: even their fraction of an ounce of history or fable must have its flavour, or they may at once shut up shop. Their lunar half-sheet must have its due proportion of parts, crowned with its climax, or pointed with its epigram.

The labours of the literary man are like those of the watchmaker—their difficulty is increased in proportion as the space allotted to their agency is limited. Yet this fact is little known, or at least little regarded, in quarters where you would expect to find it differently treated. In our great public schools, for instance, the length of the various compositions is regulated by the advanced grade of the classes, the lowest having their themes in verse confined to two lines;—imagine a subject propounded, marked out, and applied in a couplet! After this system (but of necessity, from the nature of their construction and limits) the economy of our periodicals is regulated. What then remains for the "small deer" that browse at the foot of the Muses' hill? Your

guest at the table of the Nine will not content himself with something light and witty: he must have his portion of fact—a mouthful of substance, skilfully flavoured and tastefully garnished—"a pennyworth of bread to all his sack."

This, I say, is the principle upon which the mass of matter conventionally called imaginative, is constructed by these "minions of the moon" who occupy their business in periodical literature. How well such labour is accomplished is best learned from the universal popularity that attaches to the periodical productions of the present day. Many a sorry joke and scurvy pun, passed through the alembics of their brain, is re-issued, better than new! "What a figure would the moiety of 'eminent articles' cut, should any chance enable them to give to the world their own histories and origin!" said a commentator to me, as we were recently dealing with the talents of our modern essayists. "Much the same," was my rejoinder, "as the Madonnas of Rubens, were they to favour us with the memoirs of their origins." The reply, however, belonged rather to the manner of the observation than to its matter. Few illustrations of the monstrously absurd could be imagined such as similar revelation would supply; we have now before us the pages of one of the most refined and exquisitely pure creations which for years has graced the *belles lettres* of this country; if ever moral sentiment spake with an angel's voice, it is breathed in every thought of those elegant volumes; if ever woman were portrayed "with less of earth in her than heaven," that woman is the heroine. And under what circumstances were those sentiments generated? from what mould was that being of light and loveliness drawn? The former was giv-begotten in the garret of a pothouse in Kensington, the latter the doubly-polluted, Janus-defiled mistress and garret-sharer of the spiritual moralist!

THE DRUNKEN MINISTERS.

(Concluded.)

THE presentation of Mr. Macvicar to the parish of—, was not a decidedly unpopular appointment; it was at least tolerated even by the strict and pious of the people, who fondly hoped that although he did not entertain clear views of evangelical truth, yet that being naturally amiable, and his morals unimpeached, he might ere long, like many other eminent instances, which were quoted, be fully enlightened. Then as a man and a citizen of the world he was the favourite of all who had an opportunity to know anything of him. He was ever ready to lend his counsel, and grudged no personal services in behalf of the poorest or most despised. Nay, he was charitable to an improvident degree; nor, according to his constitutional nature and habits could he well be otherwise. All this was extensively known before he got a parochial living, and therefore no very stringent scrutiny was instituted concerning his piety, religious attainments, or general fitness for the holy ministry. Indeed whatever faults might attach to the case, lay principally at the door of the Presentee's father, of the patron, but especially of Mr. Macvicar himself. Neither of them, whether it concerned the choice of a profession, the qualifications necessary to a spiritual teacher—a parochial pastor, or the responsibilities incurred in promoting or making the appointment, ever seriously questioned themselves. Was it more than ought to have been anticipated then, that blessings did not appear to accompany or to follow the transaction?—that the presentee should be little else than a popular gentleman, but a most inefficient minister of the gospel?—that he should spend more time with his patron and in visitings and in being visited, than in his close? that, as he was learned, polished, witty, possessed of mainly fascinations, not only in respect of personal appearance and manners, but of elegant accomplishments, he should be courted by families and individuals in superior stations, to an intoxicating degree, or that he should become like unto those who so much delighted in his society, but who cared not a straw for the everlasting interests either of the pastor himself or of his flock? I must not forget to add that among his gifts was that of a fine and powerful voice, and also that of poetry; so that he not only sung with admirable effect, out was the songster of his own lyrics, which were of a superior order, taking either his plaintive and mellow pieces, or such as belonged to the sparkling school. He could fall into the manner of Burns or of Moore with amazing facility; but never with success so remarkable as in convivial compositions. Was it other than was to be expected that he should be wooed to grace and exultate the festive board, until it became in a measure his world; or that he should in the course of a few years become a jolly companion to country gentlemen, or the noblest in the district, and an expert toper like the best convivialists amongst them all?

For a time Mr. Macvicar made only a moderate use of the bottle, and passed it to his neighbour after the most gentle application to his glass. In due time he fell into the snare of emptying bumpers to toasts, or what is not less dangerous, of drinking freely with all that asked him during dinner; for he was oft the victim of his admirers, who of course knew that he never was so brilliant and glorious as when excited with wine. Still, there was a period at which he resisted further temptation in that way; and this was when the grosser profligacy of speech and song began to circulate,—a period when intoxication has reached that particular

pitch that staid men (when sober), begin to mouth oaths, and those of younger years, perhaps the grey-headed also, introduce double meanings and obscene allusions. At this stage of a debauch Mr. Macvicar would retire to the drawing-room, there perhaps to listen to frivolities and to inhale influences not less unsuitable to his clerical character.

Mr. Macvicar was the very man, who at a certain period of his career, say when he was presented to a living, would have been saved, had he married a person of corresponding rank and attainments, but having a firmer mind, and more exalted principles. Nor, had he employed due discretion, was there a person in the kingdom who could have been surer of obtaining such an invaluable treasure. But the longer that he remained single, and the farther he advanced as a favourite among the gentry of the district to which he belonged, the more unfixed and callous he grew concerning domestic comforts and social virtues, the deeper wedded to generalities, and, alas! to the pleasures of the table; so that he himself would confess that no woman could be happy with him. By this time the mind must have been dissipated, and therefore the descent afterwards was rapid even in the dissipation that is synonymous with drunken habits. He rose not from the board when obscenity was brought in; it was rumoured that he joined in chorusses that were grossly indecent, nay, that he extemporized in an Anacreontic style, even most lewdly, just in proportion as the poison which he swallowed gained empire; and certain it was, he was, as a *finale*, carried sometimes in an insensible condition to bed. One further stage in his declension was natural. When he awoke and had to return to his Manse conscience would upbraid him. Coldness and solitude also were there. Public disgrace was near at hand. Then what solace was there but the bottle? Temporary, to be sure was the oblivion it produced; but the medicine was abundant, and to it recourse again was had; ay, again, and again, and again. He was now a solitary drunkard!—pitted or scorned by the people, laughed at and shunned by the gentry. What a ruin!

Popular affection, and deep compassion had for a season screened the Minister. At length, however, ecclesiastical visitings could no longer be avoided. Private friendly remonstrances had failed. Forbearance must have a limit, and citation before the Presbytery is carried into effect. The court has assembled, the transgressor is there, and the principal business of the day has commenced. (The court is held in the church or vestry-room of the Presbyterian town, and the members usually dine together in some adjacent inn.)

As soon as the court was constituted, Mr. Macvicar was ordered, as gently and kindly as the circumstances would permit, to withdraw, after which the deliberations of his brethren were solemnly proceeded with, occupying the better part of the day. Three propositions were urged. First, an exceedingly strict Evangelical argued that Mr. Macvicar's transgressions had been so gross and notorious, and his dereliction of duties so prolonged, that he was altogether and positively unfit for the ministerial office, and ought at once to be deposed. Three members took a milder view, and proposed *suspension*, for the purpose of affording an opportunity to the delinquent to testify his repentance, and competency to resume his office; while six of the reverend judges, decided *Moderates*, thought that a severe reprimand for the past, and a distinct notice for the future, would be most consonant with the spirit of Christian charity towards their erring brother. This motion being carried. The Evangelical insisted that there should be coupled with such a "lax" specimen of discipline a call upon the transgressor "to confess a fault;" and that if the confession were given, it should be solemnly entered upon the record; if not given, that his first proposition should be adopted. It was not easy to oppose these suggestions; therefore they were unanimously acquiesced in.

But what had Mr. Macvicar been doing and thinking all the while of these grave deliberations? He had on his withdrawal stepped into the inn where the members were to dine, and in fact into the dining-room itself, pacing the apartment up and down, crossways and sideways, wearily and most anxiously. It is impossible however to describe his various feelings and reflections; but I can tell what were some of his actions.

In the course of the afternoon preparations were made in the room for the entertainment of the Ministers. The table-cloth was laid, and the sideboard furnished with sundry kinds of liquors. Ah, sad temptation! dangerous vicinity! Here was the allayer of all temporary tribulation. A cork is drawn, a sip is taken, a gulp, a hearty "wulliwrought." The spell is potent. The pacings are now less wearisome; or when they grow fatiguing, why, the renovator is near and resistless. In short, before the reverend gentleman is called back into the presence of his brethren, he is staggering yet audacious. Every one is struck with astonishment, sorrow, and indignation; shame crowning their confusion. Expression is given to their emotions. One exclaims "Oh, Mr. Macvicar! Mr. Macvicar!" Another, "Who could have believed it!" Another, "He is totally, irretrievably lost." Another, "The monstrous disgrace!"—and so on till the Evangelical sternly shouted, "What need of vain exclamations, of womanly wailings, of reproofs cast to the deaf adder! But let the Moderator put it plump and promptly to the man

if man and not beast he be, whether he will confess that he is now drunk?"

It required not the presiding member to repeat the question, for with the abruptness of irreverent drink, the staggerer hawled out, "I'll be d—d if I do," and instantly rid the court of his presence, making the best way he could to the stable where his roadster was housed.

How the drunkard got mounted, how he sped out of town, or how he was gazed at and made a theme of by those whose eyes his woful condition encountered, needeth not to be told. Homewards, however, his faithful and sagacious steed carried him; every one who had knowledge of the predicament he was in, predicting him some sad catastrophe, some signal judgment to be on the eve of occurrence to the infatuated man. Presentiments sad and direful were rife. And then, what if he should live to see the light of another day! He must be smitten with the conviction that his doom, as a pastor is sealed, that his existence as a man is that of remorse unalleviated, and perhaps of suicidal despair. The women, ever ready to turn the tide of their sympathies into the balance, to speculate and to invoke humanely in behalf of the wretched, though wretched through folly or vice, thought of the poor man's reception at his Manse; of the assiduities which he required; of his morrow's breakfast, and so forth. The idea of no one to smooth his pillow and to cherish "the kind-hearted Mr. Macvicar," was equivalent to the most perfect picture of desolation and wretchedness. But the first bed and pillow that received him none accurately contemplated.

The rider's residence lay several miles distant from the town of Dunse, the road winding around the base of a spur of the Lammer-moor Hills here, or climbing in zigzag style the ascents there; sometimes abiding by the course of the White Adder, and to avoid circuitousness, twice or thrice crossing the stream, at well-known fords,—paths which at the particular time alluded to were by no means dangerous, the season being dry and the streams more than usually shallow.

But drought and shallowness avail not, when a madman follows his own headstrong counsels and tampers with deep waters. Mr. Macvicar, it would appear, either determined on self-destruction, or the performance more probably in his excited state of something which must have been associated in his muddled and bewildered brain into the idea of triumph, had forced his horse, as its footsteps proved, into the river where its depths were considerable. No one witnessed the strange proceeding; but soon after its occurrence the riderless animal is descried, the horseman is dragged, apparently lifeless, from a sand-bank where the water hardly covers him, but to which he must have been rapidly swept by the force of the mountain stream, as much in danger of having his brains knocked out, as of being drowned.

He was not lifeless; and after a few days he was nearly as well as to bodily health and strength as ever he had been. But how stood it with his office? Above all, how fared it with his soul, his sense of shame? The former of these questions may be speedily answered; for before a fortnight from his narrow escape from a watery grave had elapsed, the greater part of which interval he was inaccessible to all, he renounced his living, retiring to a cottage among the hills which overlooked the very segment of the White Adder, where he had madly courted death, and been almost miraculously saved. Yes, he quitted his neat Manse, with its well-stocked garden, his smiling glebe, and the vicinity of the house where the pious had for generations worshipped, to inhabit a mean hut, on the hill's bleak and barren side; companionless, and with the Bible alone for a library. His wants were now few. The rock yielded him a beverage, the plainest vegetables and the homeliest food sufficed his table. He was a sort of hermit, a real penitent, an exemplary Teetotaler of bygone times, and literally a new man.

Who can guess what was the sum of his self-communings? Many, however, were witnesses of his altered demeanour, and of his changed appearance. The tokens of his repentance were unequivocal and numerous. Some of his former gay associates and admirers would come to mock him; but they generally left the Teetotaler's cabin humbled or trembling; for he spoke to them with the authority of experience, with the confessing unction of one whose heart was touched with the genuine fire of heaven. Others whose faith was truer sought his counsel; but he confined it to secular affairs; or if severely pressed on higher topics, persisted in declaring his own necessity to be taught,—his sincerity being demonstrated by his regular attendance upon the ministrations of his pious successor, like the humblest in the parish. In short so remarkable was the change, and so blessed his renunciation of a most disastrous vice, that after living the life of a sort of anchorite for several years, his co-presbyters urged him to resume the preacher's office, from which he had never been judicially deposed; and when he yielded, it was at the unanimous request of his former flock that he once more mounted the pulpit most familiar to him.

Extraordinary occasion! and well did the preacher improve it. Hundreds crowded to listen to him with the best and most trustful motives; others from pure curiosity. The Earl was in the church, not it was believed with any ungenerous or light-hearted intent, but to be satisfied.

Behold the man of resolute temperance, of total ab-

stinance, and hear him making himself and his former associates, if not the text, the themes of his encompassing address; the address of one too, not merely adorned with the spoils of human learning and the tastes of polite life, but accoutred with the armoury of unflinching truth, and the weighty sense which vicissitude confers: and marvel not that many of the congregation are bathed in tears,—that the souls of the majority are awakened, and exult in the consciousness of having apprehended a new sentiment; that the noble patton himself is won over; or that that one day's testimony to, and advocacy of, the principles of total abstinence, had its glorious triumphs, not in the shouts of a multitude, but the lives of those whose consciences had been smitten. Marvel not that Mr. Macvicar was again the chosen pastor of the parish, after arrangements satisfactory to the incumbent had been completed; or that he continued till death the best of friends, counsellors, and spiritual teachers to his flock.

DI NEAN MACVIVAR.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NATIONAL PRIDE.

THIS is so very virgin a subject that no man can fail to write something new on it. Marvellous new indeed. We cannot even whip up the cream that Zimmerman and others have skimmed off, into a new-fashioned syllabub: it is spent, exhausted, worn thread-bare. What does it consist in and of?—pride. What does the pride consist in?—ignorance. What else does it consist in?—jealousy, rivalry, hatred. The corollary is, that the most ignorant and barbarous people are the most national, or the most attached to themselves, and the most contemptuous of others. The corollary also is, that the worst-tempered people are the most national. Ignorance and ill-temper produce nationality—they are the national pride. The equation is concluded. If this is not very new, it is at least brief, which is some merit.

Any one that chooses may try to apply this calculus to nations—to John Bull if they like, or to Sawney, to a Hottentot, or an Esquimaux. We shall be twitted with vanity, and it will be applied to France; but vanity and pride are birds of the same nest.

We have never read Zimmerman, because, by some means or other, we have thought him a dull visionary, and a dealer in words; and therefore we know not what value he gives to ill-temper in this matter: we consider it fundamental. France is not ill-tempered—quite the reverse; and hence its nationality is a gay and transitory flashing of the spirit of happy self-contemplation. Spain is not good-tempered; its nationality is solid, sulky, and deep. Ireland has no temper at all; it blusters now and then about Erin's green isle, and cares nothing about it. Bull land is surly and bad-tempered; its temper combines with its egregious self-conceit to make it among the most national of lands: it is not ignorant—as a man might say—ignorant; but it is perfectly, utterly, and entirely ignorant of all other lands, things, people, institutions; and that is ignorance enough for our theory. Caledonia is the worst-tempered country on the face of the earth; and its nationality is accourent: multiply the ignorance by the ill-temper, and the product is before us. It is not, however, the worst-tempered people—that is one comfort. There are bad-tempered nations as well as individuals, born, bred, generated, continued from the first egg downwards, and ramifying from all primegeniture to all postgeniture, for ever and ever—so there are good-tempered ones. Let Montesquieu find out the reasons, if he can; in climate, if he likes.

The Jews are the patterns of ill-temper, as they have been from the time of Jacob. They began with Sarah, and they maintain their character admirably, from the beginning to the end, from Sarah to Titus, and to Judas Maccabeus, and as far further forward as any one pleases.

And the Jews are more national than even Bull and Sawney. They had once good reasons, it cannot be denied; but they have marvellous little cause at present. They confirm our theory; and let those who like to be at the trouble, hunt further a-field.

We must contract. There is an involution of nationality which demands a better pen than Zimmerman's or ours—a little set of circles within the great one. The character of all is the same, and the theory too. We want a word, and know not how to coin one. County is the Radical; who will compound, or spin it out into a substantive of quality? Provinciality must do.

Provinciality has all the characters of nationality—*comparatis comparandis*. It has the same phases, the same causes; it presents the same varieties: it is attended by equal hates, and jealousies, and rivalries; it similarly accompanies ignorance, ill-temper, barbarism: it is modified by good-humour, by the qualities of the vanity and the pride, by other matters of a collateral nature. It is therefore strongly marked in some provinces, feebly in others; sulky in one place, confident and cheerful in another; jealous and pugnacious here, passive there.

In short, an empire is here a world. It is divided against itself. Bull hates all nations; Sawney hates all nations. All modes of Bull, all bull-calves hate each other, all unite when needful against all that are *foris*, as the quarrelling wife and husband combine against their neighbours; but, withdraw the compressing

force, and they all split asunder like crackers from a squib.

The study of provincialities is amusing, but it might be lengthy. We must contract; we shall only open the furrow, others may plough the field. We are also bound down to our own island.

To commence with the north. As far as we know Scotland, its leading provincialities are simple enough, and they really seem very reasonable ones. There is a trifidity, to begin, in them, which is as justifiable as the mutual jealousy of the Italian states. A Highlander hates a Lowlander, and the borderer of the Dales imagines himself also privileged to hate both. Thus far is proper. The first, at least, are distinct people from the second, or rather, from both the others. They despise most and hate most, because they are the most ignorant and the most barbarous. But they are better tempered than the Lowlanders, which makes a counterpoise; and being less selfish, their provincial pride does not put on such offensive forms. There is something grand in the self-partiality of their provincialism. We cannot subdivide them. We know not very well what a Ross man feels to an Invernessian; we must leave this to greater adepts than ourselves; but we understand that Argyleshire prides itself on comparative civilization. Clannishness is another matter, with which we have nothing to do.

The provinciality of the Dales diminishes every day; but they still imagine themselves pastoral, poetical, and free, par excellence. It is proper that they should hate their English neighbours, and not unreasonable that they should hate Lowlanders. After all, their provinciality somewhat resembles that of the Highlanders, and is not uncommendable; there is an antique and a warlike cast about it, as there is a wildly pastoral one. It might once have savoured of that which marks the sons of Ishmael; perhaps it partakes, even now, in more of that than we know.

We made a triple division, and forgot Galloway; which was wrong. This was an independent kingdom: it was as independent as the Highlands; and it was united, not split into fragments. It retains some of its pride still: it fought hard for its altars and its gods, and it was well mauled. All this is matter of boast and of character. A kind of *soubriquet*, distinguishing one of its divisions, aids this feeling of separation. "The Stewartry" is a name not without power over provincial minds.

To possess but one mountain is to possess a beacon and a rallying point. Criffel is the tower of Babel that rallies a province round its standard.

There is some power in rivers as well as mountains, in this matter; which is an episode in the theory, appertaining to canoes. "All friends round the Wrekin" is the watch-word of Shropshire. The Tweed is the sufficient reason for another separation; as much as is that cause of segregation, never to be forgotten while Cherry Chase survives. "All men of pleasant Tiviotdale." The Tay, the Dee, all the Dees, have their little circles of union and separation. So, elsewhere, have the Tiber, and the Arno, and the Rhine, and the Nile: they are the sources of pride, and of union; of union around each, of rivalry with all others. Lakes?—not in Scotland, as far as we know: in Cumberland, slenderly; in Switzerland, as decidedly as is Mount Blanc, and as is Vesuvius to Naples.

Islands, unquestionably, are justifiable causes of mutual hatred as much as provinces, or more. They are more perfectly segregated. Skye is as great as Cyprus or Rhodes, in its little way: so is the Isle of Wight. Guernsey and Jersey hate each other like mutual poisons. The nearer, the more hatred—as is proper all through life: and hence the warfares of proximate counties also.

But to return to Caledonia. There are some minor divisions within its Lowlands. Fife possesses a nickname—that is enough. Aberdeen has a dialect—and that is good ground of separation. Perthshire is proud of its extent, wealth, and beauty. We know not that the subordinate hatreds are further divisible; but we do not pretend to profound learning in Caledonian divisions.

Wales possesses all the reasons of antiquity, language, and race, to justify its separation; and of injury, to justify its hatred of England. This is almost a section in national, rather than provincial pride. But North Wales hates South Wales; and the aboriginal Austrogaul hates his Flemish neighbours. The men of Harlech are privileged by song to despise the men of Carnarvon: the men of Merionidd have their rallying poetry also; and the Taafé and the Fower, and the Esk and the Dee, have equally good grounds for mutual jealousy.

Of the English counties, we presume that Yorkshire possesses a pride, which, from its magnitude, (the magnitude of the county rather than of the pride,) is nearly national. It is proud of its horse-dealing, and its cheating in horse-flesh; of its cunning and its knavery; and of its concealment of all this under the aspect of openness and simplicity.

Northumberland and Cumberland pride themselves as borderers, justifiably, as they do in bagpipes and oat-cakes, and in other matters less deserving of boast. They pride themselves in their burr and their brogue; since faults are good grounds of provincial pride. To live underground is a good reason for hating all those who live above it: to be able to riot and combine occasionally, as *keelmen*, is a better reason still; and

thus Newcastle possesses a sort of imperium within the imperium of Northumberland.

Any mark serves for a Shibboleth; any usage for a ground of distinction—of mutual and internal union—of external animosity. But all have not as good reasons for being separatists as Lancashire, in the beauty of its witches, and the goodness of its potatoes. The very term, Lancashire witches, is abundant reason for drawing a cordon round the county, and excluding the rest of the baser world. To be a Palatinate is somewhat more: this is better than cheating your neighbours in the sale of a horse. Whether Durham has any better reasons for pride than its oat-cakes and its hisbops, we cannot tell. Cheshire vaunts its cheese, as of right.

Lincolnshire ought to have prided itself on its eels, and its ducks, and its *marshes*, and its bogs, and on the dexterity with which it fattens living geese, and on the *ague*. The men of the waters ought to despise the terrestrials. How that matter may be, we cannot tell; dreading Spalding as much as Deeping, and having an innate affection for terra firma whenever we can find a piece. It might have been proud of its churches, and its early wealth; but provincial pride seldom bottoms itself on such good reasons.

Salopia has contrived to make itself a pride out of its cakes as well as its Wrekin: the Simnell is at least as rallying a point as the mountain; Shrewsbury cakes are matters of distinction, at least as valid as squabbles. If Norfolk and Suffolk did not rest their fame on barley, and sand, and ploughs, and Mr. Coke, and pheasants, and game-laws, and preserves, and steel-traps, they would be much to blame. The Norfolkian has his character and his self-estimation; but though the world considers Norfolk and Suffolk "a pair," we have no doubt that they hold each other in cordial aversion, as is most just and proper.

Of Rutland, and Bedford, and Buckingham, if any body knows—we do not—let them step forward with a critical review of us, and defend their own causes. Let them prove that they are as great fools as their neighbours, and we will give them places in our next number.

Kar' e'aygw, Leicestershire is the county! Who can be a gentleman and follow a fox in "the Shires?" Let us admit that Leicestershire merits well of its country, since it occupies and abstracts that race of dunder dandies whose brains are in no danger from fractures of their investing cases. Its merit lies in foxes, as that of Essex does in calves. He who prides himself on a fox, has clearly more merit than he who would derive honour from a fraternity with calves. But merit is merit, and distinction is distinction, be it what it may.

The pride of Middlesex, as well as its name and distinction, nearly merge in that of London; and such is the influence of the metropolis, that it suffocates the provincialities that might otherwise make fools of Surrey, and Berkshire, and Sussex, and so on. But Kent has inherited a pride from Julius Caesar, or from Shakespeare, which does as well, which it is little inclined to forget; while the fortunate distinction of Kentish men, and Men of Kent, gives it a perpetual claim on self-consequence, and on a petty intestine division of its own, added to its division from all the remainder of England.

As Essex derives its consequence from its calves, so does Hampshire from its hogs; which of the two animals, a calf or a hog, an Essex or a Hampshire man, is the supreme, we do not pretend to settle. As to Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, they seem to go for little or nothing in the public eye; but doubtless, they, like others of as little real character, possess also their mutual jealousies, their own pride, and all else that is requisite to the production of national harmony. If no other causes can be found in all such cases, it is sufficient for any two counties to be pitted at a cricket-match; or the militias answer the purpose, or even the sheriffs' ball and the gallows. We must be in the secret councils to understand all these things; and we ourselves cannot afford to live ten years in each of the counties of England. Some future Sir John Sinclair, drawing up fifty-two quarto volumes of English statistics, will do what we have left undone.

Zumersetshire possesses those indisputable claims to self-excellence which arise from a coarse dialect, coarseness of all kinds, rough bullism, and Tom Jones. We presume that Gloucester and Hereford bottom their virtues on their cheeses and their cider; and that the latter hates all mankind, because its roads are the worst in England, and it is the only maker of perry. Worcester may go along with them.

Devonshire and Cornwall are one and two: they are one to the civilized part of England, from the extremity of their common barbarism, from their clotted cream, and their squab pies, and their arrant vulgarity. But then it is a beautiful refinement, that, as from the moment you enter the Danmonian confines you are immediately sensible of the presence and land of barbarians, it is disputed which of the two divisions of the Western Barbary is the worst. The observant philosopher will nevertheless find the task easy; as, being far removed from all influence of civilization, but such as are imported in the Plymouth mail and the Cornish mail, their peculiarities have full room to display themselves, and their mutual recriminations acquire ample scope.

If Devonshire is noted for especial vulgarity, Cornwall claims the palm for rudeness, and roughness, and brutality, and the New Light; and the vulgarity of Devonshire, as is proper, is the bottom of its pride: it is the only land of the world that can make cider or pickle pork; and then it possesses Devonport and Dart-

moor; while, as a set off, Cornwall glorifies itself in its Land's End, and its tin mines, and its pickhards.

We must give Cornwall the palm, after all: it is Celtic, which goes for a good deal. Dolly Pentreath spoke Cornish to Mr. Daines Barrington; it wrecks vessels and murders the mariners, smuggles brandy, runs after Wesley very particularly, deals largely in ghosts, and plays at wrestling and hurling. It is a land of a character, and has the right to look down with contempt on Devonshire, and on all the rest of the world. It is a land of character too, because it possesses a perpetual reason for mutiny and rebellion in its exquisite motto, "One and all."

We have arrived at the very Land's End itself, and at the end of our geography and knowledge. Had we possessed the talents of Zimmerman, we should have produced a decent octavo, instead of three columns. Had we taken a fourth column, we should have investigated the advantages and the effects, as we have the reasons and causes. The effects are good, though we have not now room to dilate on them. A man must hate somebody; it is better to hate somewhat far off than absolutely at home. A Frenchman is rather too distant: hate does not radiate strong enough across the channel. It is inconvenient to hate our wives and children. For townsmen to hate townsmen, is occasionally incommensurable. The county forms a happy medium; not too near for serious grievance, not so far as to be an insufficient occupation for the delight of hating. Let us all cultivate pride and conceit, that we may hate as we ought. Let the counties give premiums. Thus will even the insipids learn to rival each other in horse-stealing, and horse-dealing, and wrestling, and coal-heaving, and squabbling, and hogs, and calves, and cricket, and cudgelling; and thus a government will learn, by dividing, to govern. We have kept our main secret to the last.

REVIEWS.

The Test of Christian Conduct applied to the use of Intoxicating Liquors. Second Edition. 16mo. pp. 16. London: Houlston and Steteman.

THIS excellent little pamphlet, by MR. JOHN LISEN PENNY, will be read by all Teetotalers with the utmost attention. It is published in the form of a letter to Christians, and, without meddling with the character of the wines of the Hebrews, endeavours to meet the religious opponents of the doctrine of total abstinence upon their own ground. Mr. Penny therefore attempts to combat them by means of the principles they themselves constantly apply to other subjects; and in this aim he is eminently successful. His style is fluent and easy, and the character of his language gives a charm to the arguments which he adduces to support his views. He sets out by assuming that abstinence is lawful (a proposition which is self-evident), and thence proceeds to demonstrate its excellence and its necessity. Relative to the reasonableness of abstinence from strong drink, we quote the following extract:—

"Let us imagine for one moment intoxicating liquors to be unknown in our country, and that we were consequently free from all the evils they produce; what we ask would be thought of the man who having acquired a knowledge of their properties, their exciting tendency and their insidious nature, to whom also it was well-known that their introduction into the country would be followed by all the evils we see they occasion; that they would produce misery, disease, and death, to a most fearful extent, that they would become a powerful auxiliary to infidelity, a stumbling-block to many professing Christians, and spread far and wide irreligion and eternal ruin.—what, we ask, would you think of the man, who knowing all this, should persist in introducing them, saying, 'God has not forbidden them, and I can use them without abusing them, let these abstain who have not sufficient self-command,' and urging this as a sort of justification of his conduct, or as a salvo to quiet his conscience, should resolve, whatever the consequence might be, not only to use them himself, but to give to his children and friends, and thus as far as his influence and example extended doing all in his power to make the use of them general? Would you not denounce such an one as a misanthrope and a curse, and cast out his name as evil? Would any language be too strong? any epithet too opprobrious to characterize such a man and mark your abhorrence of his conduct? Well, remember that so long as we use these things (except as medicine) we are continuing that which we should denounce another for beginning; and can it be right in us to continue that which it would be wrong in another to commence. We know the evils and miseries strong drinks produce, and can their use, under these circumstances, be justifiable? Oh, brethren, let high-minded consistency mark our conduct, and let us at least use the influence of our example to banish from common use that we should dread to introduce."

This little pamphlet is a valuable advocate in the cause of Teetotalism.

The Hand-Book of Stenography. By WILLIAM CAMPBELL. pp. 24. London: W. Strange.

THE author of this valuable little publication has fully succeeded in his aim of presenting the student with a stenographic guide, the principal characteristics of which are simplicity and perspicuity. The name of the

well-known author of the "Peetage for the People" is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence and utility of this or any other work which may emanate from his pen; and in strongly recommending the "Hand-Book of Stenography" to every individual who may be anxious to learn short-hand writing, we only fulfil a duty which strict impartiality imposes upon us.

Ten Minutes' Advice on Corns, Chilblains, and other diseases of the Feet. pp. 46. London: W. Strange.

THE author of this work very properly observes that "there are but few persons of either sex who escape the pain and annoyance arising from corns on the feet; and it is a demonstrable fact that the almost constant feverish excitement they produce, tends materially to shorten the duration of human life." And in another part of the work, the author remarks that "whenever the feet are out of good condition the whole body is more or less affected by fever, languor, and enervation; whereas a sound foot, well used and protected, by due care, against the attacks of disease, will carry its possessor through an amount of labour he would otherwise be incapable of enduring." With these convictions in mind, the author details a number of curious hints and rules for the management of the feet, and lays down the proper preventives and remedies connected with the subject. Such a work merely requires publicity in order to obtain extensive patronage.

Ireland; its Scenery, Character, &c. By MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL. Part I. 8vo. London: How & Parsons.

MRS. HALL is one of the most charming and delightful novelists of the day; and her talented husband is well known as the Editor of those beautiful annual volumes, the "Book of Gems." These writers have now presented the public with the first livraison of a work which will indubitably become one of the most popular publications of the day. The pictorial embellishments, consisting of wood-engravings executed in a masterly style, are alone worth the price of the work; but when these are associated with the most graphic, interesting, and instructive letter-press, the *tout ensemble* becomes an irresistible attraction to the purchaser of good and useful books. We sincerely congratulate the authors and publishers of this work on the talent and liberality bestowed respectively upon its literary and pictorial departments; and venture to predict that the publication will become a standard national monument. We shall lay before our readers an extract which is especially calculated to interest them:—

"In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th of June to the 6th of September, 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month we had travelled from Cork to Killarney—round the coast; returning by the inland route; not along mail-coach roads, but on a jaunting car, through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns; driving through fairs; attending wakes and funerals (returning from one of which, between Glengarriff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers, mounted); in short, wherever crowds were assembled and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the country and the character of the people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed, perhaps, fifty car-drivers; we never found one to accept a drink; the boatmen at Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, insubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whiskey we had taken with us for the bugle-player, who was not 'pledged,' and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake and refreshed themselves from its waters; it was amusing as well as gratifying to hear their new reading of the address to the famous echo; 'Paddy Blake, please yer honour, the gentleman promises ye some coffee when ye get home;' and on the Blackwater, a muddy river, as its name denotes, our boat's crew put into shore, midway between Youghal and Lismore, to visit a clear spring, with the whereabouts of which they were familiar. The whiskey-shops are closed or converted into coffee-houses; the distilleries have, for the most part, ceased to work; and the breweries are barely able to maintain a trade sufficient to prevent entire stoppage. Of the extent of the change, therefore, we have had ample experience; and it is borne out by the assurances of so many who live in towns as well as in the country, that we can have no hesitation in describing sobriety to be almost universal throughout Ireland."

We shall notice this work, monthly, according to the periodical appearance of the parts, until its completion. Messrs. How & Parsons have commenced their publishing career with considerable spirit.

TRUTH.—Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning; for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancour of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a surgeon from the dagger of an assassin.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

CARLISLE.

WE extract the following information from *The Border Herald of Temperance*, an excellent monthly journal, published by Mr. Hudson Scott, of Carlisle:—"A few of the friends of Teetotalism in Carlisle, in connection with a portion of the newly-formed Reehabite Band have commenced giving a series of Concerts on Saturday evenings in the Athenæum Lecture Room. The prices of admission are:—Front Seats, 6d. Back Seats, 3d. Children, half-price. An address is delivered each evening between the parts of the Concerts. The first Concert took place on Saturday evening, 17th of Oct. when, we are happy to say, a numerous and respectable audience assembled and seemed highly gratified with the evening's entertainments. The glees, songs, &c. were got up in a very creditable manner and elicited great applause from the audience. Mr. McMillan, in a brief address, explained the motives of the projectors, and called upon all the friends of the working classes to come forward and support the undertaking."

Carlisle was visited on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. KELLY, Catholic Clergyman of Wigan. In the evening and the two succeeding evenings he delivered convincing lectures on the benefits arising from the total abstaining from intoxicating drinks, to large and attentive audiences. During the three night's lectures, 140 persons signed the total abstinence pledge, and have formed themselves into a Catholic congregational society; and we understand that at the recommendation of the Rev. gentleman, they intend to act in union with the General Society in this town. 26 have joined the latter society during the past month."

COCKERMOUTH.

On Wednesday, the 24th ult. the Rev. Mr. KELLY visited Cocker-mouth, and in the evening addressed a numerous and respectable audience in the Friends' Meeting House, at the conclusion of which he administered the pledge to upwards of 40, who were immediately enrolled as members of the temperance society.

ARMATHWAITE.

WE are happy to state that a Teetotal society was established in the village of Armathwaite on the 12th of October, and has met with complete success.

GLASGOW.

On the 21st of October, a splendid lecture was given in Mr. King's chapel, by that eminent philanthropist, Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON. With his usual eloquence, he traced alcohol from its Arabian cradle, in the 9th century, to its manhood of mischief in our own day. He showed the folly and the fruitlessness of restricting its ravages under one form, and leaving them unrestrained under another,—inasmuch as it is the alcohol that does the evil, and not the other ingredients with which it is found in combination.

WREXHAM.

WREXHAM, in Wales, affords many proofs of the benefits of Teetotalism. Mr. TYLER, of that place, thus writes to *The Border Herald of Temperance*:—"The good cause is getting on well both in town and country. The experience of the last four years is most satisfactory. Ministers are more faithful in warning the drunkard. Several gentlemen are coming forward to assist us in this mighty reformation. With the blessing of God upon our labours we yet hope to see the strongholds of intemperance thrown down. If He be for us, who can be against us?"

LINCOLNSHIRE.

THERE is not another county where narcotics are so much used as in that of Lincoln. It has been calculated by one who has turned his attention to the magnitude of this growing evil for many years, that in the south of Lincolnshire, in the fenny parts, every second customer who enters the shop of a druggist is a purchaser of opium, laudanum, Godfrey's mixture, or other; and every other customer who enters that of a grocer fetches away tobacco. The use of opium and laudanum is much on the increase, but not as stated in the newspaper reports, in proportion to the spread of Teetotalism. On the contrary it will be invariably found that all opium and laudanum takers are beer and gin drinkers, while Teetotalers are bound by the principles of abstinence societies, to abstain from every intoxicating agent. It will be found too that there is a greater consumption of green tea in Lincolnshire than in any other part. The practice of opium-taking is not confined to the aged and infirm.

OXFORD TEMPERANCE INSTITUTE, AND AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday, the 28th of Oct. a meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, at eight o'clock. An address was delivered by that well-known and able advocate, Mr. HUDSON, who, by his argumentative appeals, elicited bursts of applause from the audience. After an interesting speech of nearly two hours, the following resolution was moved:—"It is resolved that the Oxford Temperance Institute be henceforth made an Auxiliary to the United Temperance Association, and that the Secretary of this Society take the necessary preliminary steps to accomplish the projected Union, by an immediate communication with the Secretary of that Society." This resolution was seconded and carried unanimously.

Mr. BLACKWELL, the Secretary to the Oxford Temperance Institute, writes to us in the following terms:—"We have a Reading Room and Circulating Library, at Lambert's Hotel, Ebbw-street; and these are well supplied with all the leading periodicals on Teetotalism, including that interesting and truly valuable journal *The Teetotaler*, a publication which we most strongly recommend to all those who wish the glorious principles of Teetotalism fairly and fearlessly promulgated. In conclusion, allow me to observe that it is the opinion of our Committee that, by unity and perseverance the grand objects of that Association to which we claim to be an Auxiliary, will ere long be accomplished."

CAHIR.

THE Temperance dinner given by LORD GLENGAL to the Teetotalers of Cahir, county Tipperary, took place on November 11th, at the Market-house in that town. Upwards of a hundred and eighty sat down to the repast. Amongst those present were LORD and LADY GLENGAL, FATHER MATHEW, and the Rev. Mr. RIDGE, the Protestant rector of the parish. CAPTAIN BUTLER was in the chair. His lordship said, in speaking of Father Mathew, that he was more deserving of gratitude than any man living. Father Mathew said in his speech that the rules of the society did not prevent the members from taking a part in political matters, but that they should not do so in their capacity of Teetotalers. He proposed the health of the Protestant rector, whose adhesion to their cause he looked upon as the harbinger of better days. Several very excellent speeches were delivered. His lordship, Lady Glengal, and Father Mathew retired at eight o'clock; but the festivities were kept up till a late hour.

TOWN NEWS.

MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE, CIRCUS STREET.

The Mechanic's Institute, Circus Street, New Road, was the scene of the signal discomfiture of a man of the name of THOMAS MACCONNELL, on Friday evening, Nov. 6th instant. Mr. Macconnell had advertised his intention of discussing the merits of Teetotalism, and recommending a new scheme to replace this new doctrine, and still produce the same salutary effects in respect to the reformation of the working classes. Mr. Macconnell proposed the total abolition of the national debt as his remedy. He might as well have asserted that the pulling down of Saint Paul's cathedral would have reformed the intemperate habits of the nation. Mr. NICHOLSON, an eminent advocate of the cause of Teetotalism, was so disgusted with this declamatory rubbish, that he hastened to the front of the platform, and proposed that all Teetotalers present should express a similar feeling by quitting the room. The motion was immediately carried, and Mr. P. DOON (the Chairman), Mr. NICHOLSON, and the friends of the principle of total abstinence instantly withdrew, leaving the sapient Mr. Macconnell "alone in his glory."

VIRGINIA-STREET TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

We announced some time since that the Glass House, opposite to the entrance of the London Docks, East Smithfield, had been opened by the Virginia-st. Total Abstinence Society as an East London Temperance Hall. This room having for some time been found too small, the Committee have succeeded in engaging a larger and more comfortable one, in the same building, capable of holding 2,000 persons. The first meeting was held in it on Sunday evening, Nov. 1st, when not less than twelve hundred persons were present. Mr. J. KELLY was in the Chair. The meeting was addressed by Mrs. SMITH and Mrs. TARNOR, and by Messrs. SULLIVAN, WHILLIAR, CRAY, CARLOW, DAWSON, and the Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON. Several members of the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Association were present, and expressed a wish that in future a better understanding might exist between the two societies. The Chairman remarked that he would use all his influence to bring about so desirable an end. Meetings are held every Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings, at this new place of assembly.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Head-Quarters.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the meetings on Wednesday and Saturday evenings at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, have been well attended, and the advocates of the good cause of total abstinence have not exerted themselves in vain. Upwards of two hundred signatures are obtained weekly to the Pledge-Book of the United Temperance Association; and the worthy Registrar, Mr. CALME, finds the duties of his department of the administration of this society rapidly increasing. On Sunday, the chapel is opened for divine service; the Rev. J. S. CRUICKER is the officiating minister.

VARIETIES.

NEW CLOTHES.—Grievous and "considerably unpleasant, if not more," to bear, is the burden of a new coat. A hat is bad enough—but a new coat, with "a tight fit!" What an amount of care and of personal solicitude it brings with it—to say nothing of that indescribable feeling, which makes an unoccupied arm a decided superfluity—a mere hanger-on; a sensation, faintly shadowed forth, when the wearer's "measure" was taken, and he was told to hold up his head, like a man and,

drop his hands, which dangled so strangely far below the termination of sleeves that had always seemed long enough until then. See yonder victim, dodging fellow pedestrians, as if he feared that contact would collapse him, like a soap-bubble. Hear him think aloud, in the language of "one who knows," as he threads his devious way: "Oh to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth part of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep, scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of nuts; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a sloop-pail reversed; to coast a gutter, with horrible anticipations of the consequences!" There is however one consolation. The evil will soon wear off, and the draper shall benevolently rejoice that it has been removed.

FREEDOM OF OPINION AND ACTION.—We have somewhere heard of a connoisseur in the arts saying to a friend, "I wish you would come down and see a picture I have just purchased. I would like you to give me your candid opinion of it. A friend of mine had the impudence to say, this morning, that it was not an original! If there's another man says it is not an original, by Jove! I'll knock him down!" But come and see it, and tell me honestly what you think of it." Here was freedom of opinion; and something akin to the liberty of action said to have been granted by an American Col. to the troops under his command, before going into winter-quarters. They were suffering for provisions and clothing, and the Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in their power to bestow. Under these circumstances the Col. paraded his band of suffering soldiers, and harangued them as follows: "Fellow-Soldiers! You've served your country faithfully and truly. We've fought hard fights together, against the enemy. You're in a bad way for comfortable clothes, that's a fact; and it makes me cry, almost, to see your feet bleeding on the frozen ground. But Congress can't help it, nor I neither. Now if any of you want to return home, you may go. Let them that would like to go, step out—two paces in front. But the first man that steps out, darn my skin! if I don't shoot him as quick as I would a red coat!" It is needless to add, that not a solitary "volunteer" was to be found.

FOPPERY.—Foppery is never cured; it is a bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never rectified: once a coxcomb and always a coxcomb.

MENAGERIES.—A rare place is a menagerie, both for exhibition of the animals observed, and the humans observing. Various are the droilleries in each, which pass before the keeper. "Have you such an animal as a Prock, in your menagerie?" said a wag to the president of an itinerant "institute" of wild animals. No, never heard of him; what sort of a creature is he? "He is a Wisconsin varmint, which it is difficult sufficiently adequately for to describe. He is exceedingly fleet—in fact, very much so. He has four legs—two short ones on one side, and two long ones on the other. He always grazes on an inclined plane; and the way they catch him, is curious. They head him, make him turn round, and this brings his long legs on the up-hill-side; consequence of which, his short legs a'n't no account. He falls down, rolls over and over, and is mighty soon caught." The apparently credulous president offered a handsome sum for a live specimen; and proceeded to hoax the naturalist in return, while he was deeply interested in a cage of playful foxes. "Them animals," said he, "comes from Iceland, a cold country, north of Canada. They are very fond of crows' eggs, which they steal from the precipices, on the sea-side. They are cunning creatures, very. When they come to a spot where they expect to find a batch of nests, they make a ring, and begin to wrestle, to see which is the strongest. When they find out, the stoutest goes to the edge of the precipice, takes his next neighbour's tail in his teeth, and he takes another, and so on, till the string is long enough to hang over and reach the eggs, which are then handed up from one to another, (our greedy listener forgot to ask how,) until they arrive in safety at the top!" The "prock" fabulist retired, filled with amazement at the marvellous vulpine string.

SICKNESS.—"There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood." The haughtiest and the richest will answer for this. "Sickness," says the good Sir THOMAS BAWNE, "is the mother of Modesty, and putteth us in mind of our mortality; and when we are in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, she pulleth us by the ears, and makes us know ourselves." But if they are "broken down" in sickness, who have riches, and need of nothing, what is his condition, who—in a mart crowded with men thankful for leave to toil, though but for a pittance—relies upon the labour of his hands for his daily bread, and that of an innocent family? Let this picture, reader, painted by an "old master" (how time-honoured is Want!) make answer: Laid on the bed of languishing, perhaps on the bed of death, he beholds his wife and children disconsolate around him. They can present to him none of the cordials and supports of sickness, for his interrupted labour deprives them of the staff of life. His distress and theirs are unknown to the ear of opulence. Those who employ him, recognise him only by the price of his labour. When fastened to a sick bed, which serves rather to augment

than to alleviate his malady, he ceases to attend his work, he ceases also to be present to their minds. Another comes, occupies his place, receives the wages he used to earn, and the sick man is forgotten. Disease continues to prey upon his frame, until he expires! He is consigned to the grave, of difficult purchase, and to oblivion, or his remembered only by the beggary of his family, accounted importunate and troublesome. The midnight bell, that is booming over this great metropolis as these thoughts are recorded, sounds in the wakeful ear of many a family, made desolate like this!

STRANGE DATA.—There are a great many stories told of the prolific soil of the Western States of America; how that bread, ready buttered, grows upon high trees; that pigs' tails, planted in the rich alluvial bottom lands, in the fall, fructify in such wise, that on some fine evening in early spring, a crop of juvenile porkers may be seen marching into the sower's farm-yard, from the "spot where they grew," with short squeak, and in military order; and that jack-knives are "raised" by a kindred agricultural process. However this may be, we are credibly informed that the truth of a statement equally surprising, can be easily established. In Illinois, it is quite a common thing for deer, being previously accommodated with a "bucket full of salt" on their tails, to walk up to a squatter's tent in their forest, turn his fat haunches to the fire, and keep them there, until properly cooked, and then permit a delicious steak to be cut therefrom. They then go about their business with equanimity. In some instances, it is further stated, they return at night-fall, to furnish forth a "cold cut." We have this statement in the hard-writing of Mr. JOHN SMITH, of Illinois, who refers, confidently, to Mr. JOHN THOMPSON, of Ohio.

GUESSING.—"Teddy, me boy, jist guess how many cheesesthere is in this ere bag, an' faith I'll give ye the whole five." "Five," said Teddy. "Arr'ah, by my sowl, bad luck to the man who tould ye!"

LIFE.—How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy! In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come: in old age we look backward to things that are past.

SENSATION.—I o u are the vowels which create more disagreeable sensations in the minds of honest men than all the rest of the alphabet put together.

A WALLERISM.—"I'm losing flesh," as the butcher said ven he saw a man robbing his cart.

TOO FAT.—"Give me the men that are fat!" said honest Jack Falstaff. Not such are the predilections of an agreeable correspondent, who has sent us the "Confessions of an Obese." We are reluctant to publish them. They certainly can be of no service as a warning or beacon; for who, by taking thought, can cease to grow fat, any more than he can add a cubit to his stature? Still less will they be likely to amuse. Those who are troubled with the ills that flesh is heir to—in whom every thing that is eaten turns to fat, which they consider "an oily dropsy"—surely such will make no jest of it; and the lean seldom laugh. Our correspondent says he is a firm believer in the Cartesian philosophy, and means to write a volume to prove that happiness consists in motion. He argues that a fat man presents an inversion of the order of nature—his only chance of tolerable existence consisting in that which nature abhors as much as a vacuum—rest. He was a member of a musical party—a "society for the promotion of the blowing and scraping pleasures"—but was compelled to resign. He couldn't raise the wind, and was too much of an obese to draw a long bow, with any degree of comfort. He looks back longingly upon the enjoyment of dancing, and especially the luxury of the German waltz, his favorite in leaner days. His arm is around the slender waist of some sweet girl of seventeen gentle summers; he whirls through the maze of motion, thrilling intensely at the touch of her hand, the surruration from her balm-breathing lips, and the glance of her passionate eye. But he breaks the charm, by the exercise of walking across the room, and grows melancholy at the thought, that into that deep well of rapture he has been contemplating, his bucket will go down no more. Nor can he hymenise. His form is not "the genteel thing." Once, in despondency, he advertised for a "sleeping partner" for life. His card was answered by a venerable spinster, who, to adopt his language, had "lost her left orb of vision." She assured him, that should they succeed in coming to terms, he might rely upon her having a single eye to his happiness, and rest certain that her views of things in general would be always right. At the interview which succeeded, even this antiquated piece of feminine mortality declined the proffered honour. "He was so fat—she had no idea! Good morning, Sir!"

PROFIT AND LOSS.—Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers are lost.

A PAIDICAL.—"What makes you spend your time so freely, Jack? "Because it's the only thing I have to spend."

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

A TALE.—BY THE EDITOR.

PERIOD II.—CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

So attenuated was the mind of Victor Melville in consequence of the habits of dissipation in which he had so lately indulged to excess, that when his affectionate wife was once more embraced in his arms, he cried like a child. The fountains of his grief were opened,—and those eyes, which had not shed tears for many a long, long day, now wept bitterly. By turns he clasped his wife to his breast, and then his boy,—and the sluggishness and recklessness of a soul, which had been subdued by the degrading character of a miserable existence, gave way to the energetic feelings of warmth and passion. He pressed his hand upon his forehead to dissipate the mists which seemed to hang around his brain; and a new light beamed in upon the secret recesses of his bosom!

"Oh! my dear, dear Louise," he exclaimed, holding one of her hands fast locked in his, under the apprehension that she would leave him,—“how long have you left me in the hideous solitude of this prison? I know not how the time has passed; but I feel that we have been separated for many—many months!”

"Alas!" exclaimed Louise, the tears falling profusely from her own eyes, as she surveyed the altered countenance of her husband, upon whose cheek the finger of death had already seemed to have planted an indelible mark,—“you know not all that has occurred! I have suffered much—very much; but I was not conscious, during this long interval, of my real situation,—or else I should have felt how much you must have yourself suffered in consequence of my absence.”

"Your absence?" cried Melville, again pressing his hand to his forehead, for his brain had once more become confused;—"then it is true—it is not a dream—and you have really been absent all this while—and you left me to languish and to die in a gaol! Oh! Louise—I could not have believed this of you! But I know that I have been very criminal towards you—I know that I have dissipated your fortune, and treated you with unmerited severity;—I remember now, in this dread moment of hurried reminiscences, all the acts of unkindness with which I repaid your devoted love;—I feel that I have wrung many, many bitter tears from your eyes, and many sighs from your bosom;—I know that I have been a bad husband, and a bad father,—a spendthrift—a drunkard—a debauchee;—but I have been cruelly, oh! far too cruelly punished!"

The unfortunate young man fell back in his bed as he uttered these words, and gave vent to the agony of grief which this sad retrospect over the past had awakened in his bosom. Louise had not interrupted him during his painful detail of all his crimes and sorrows, because the sight of her husband's misery filled her own breast with emotions that stifled her voice.

"But I will not reproach you, dearest Louise," continued Victor, after a pause, during

which the little boy and the old gentleman mingled their grief with that of the afflicted husband and wife,—“I will not reproach you, Louise! You sacrificed much—all for me: you expected to find happiness in joining your fortunes with mine; and I have compelled you, as it were, to walk barefoot by my side over the rough places of this world. But—oh! when the cold hand of death shall have released my troubled spirit from its mortal tenement of clay,—and when the husband, for whom you have done all, sacrificed all, and suffered all, shall lie in the silent tomb,—do not then look back to the years we have passed together as an epoch of your life at which you shudder when you retrospect; but rather let the natural charity of your disposition—that sweetness of temper which never complained when I was cruel,—oh! suffer all those good qualities to teach you to forget the faults of one whose brightest years were sacrificed to the accursed demon of intemperance!”

"Melville—you will drive me mad—mad once more!" ejaculated Louise, her heart almost breaking as her husband uttered these words—not in the impassioned tone of one who makes an effort for display,—but in the sad, melancholy, and plaintive accents of dark despair, which is still closely allied with calm resignation.

"Mad once more!" cried Victor, who seemed to think that there was a deep mystery concealed in that short phrase; "mad once more! What mean you, Louise?"

"I mean," returned the afflicted wife, "that on the day when I saw you last, I intended—oh! heaven knows I intended to return, for I could not have deserted you, even were all true of which you accuse yourself;—but a villain deluded me away to a lonely spot, where he unveiled his infamous designs, which I indignantly resisted! The wretch—the less than man, and more than monster became infuriate at that which he termed my stubborn conduct; and—"

"And," interrupted the venerable stranger, stepping forward, and taking up the thread of Louise's narrative,—“and I was passing by that secluded spot at the time—and I heard the screams of distress—and I forced open the door of the cottage. I rescued your wife from the power of a villain, who left the house, menacing dark threats of vengeance, to which I paid but little attention; for Louise had fainted, and demanded all my care.”

"And that villain was he who has ever been my tempter and my enemy?" ejaculated Melville, no longer able to restrain his impatience and his indignation.

"The same," answered Louise,—“the wretch who has thrown his insidious snares around you with too fatal an effect!”

"But that is not all," continued the stranger, wiping away his tears, which fell fast and copiously. "I obtained assistance and conveyed Louise and her boy to my residence, which is in the neighbourhood of the house selected by the villain for his intended infamy. She recovered from the state of insensibility into which she had fallen; but when she awoke—she was delirious! Her mind was affected with the

sorrows and the dangers through which she had passed! But there was a ring upon her finger which caught my eye, and which awoke extraordinary sensations in my bosom,—a ring which recalled to my mind the deeds of past years, and excited the strangest curiosity in my breast. And then I contemplated the beautiful features of the fair stranger,—and they recalled to my memory the countenance of one whom I had once loved with all a father's fond affection for his child! How can I tell you in what manner the last twelve months of my existence have past away? An unsated curiosity was consuming me;—a hope, a dread, and a wish which I dared not express even to myself for fear of its being doomed to experience disappointment, filled my imagination night and day; and, on the other hand, the only person who seemed competent to relieve me of suspense and solve the mystery, was a prey to all the ravings of a disordered intellect!”

"Heavens! and I have been the cause of all your sufferings, my poor Louise!" cried Melville, weeping like a child.

"For a year has your wife been unable to collect her scattered ideas into one focus," proceeded the old gentleman, who spoke in a foreign accent; "but a few days ago the dawn of reason appeared again, and asserted its empire over that mind which had long been enveloped in the mists of a confused night. You may believe that no care was omitted that medical skill could afford, or money could provide, to tend the patient in my abode; and at length my attentions—my vigils—my watchings—my anxieties, were rewarded! She recovered from a year's aberration of intellect; and my curiosity was soon gratified. I found that she was indeed the daughter of my daughter—the beautiful counterpart of a child whose disgrace I had deplored, and whose fault I would have forgiven; and the long mystery in which that dear child's fate has been involved, is now cleared up. Victor—heaven threw me in the way of your wife, that she might find a grandfather in the hour of her affliction to aid her, and that I might find a grandchild whom I love for her own, as well as for her mother's sake. An emigrant from the land of my birth in the troubled times of its dark political destiny, I sought the English shore, and have continued to dwell, alone and solitary, in a retired spot, until heaven sent me this dear girl to recompense me for many long years of suffering. And, now, you for the first time will learn that your wife is the grand-daughter of the Marquis de Saint Aubré.”

Melville had once more fallen back in his bed, as the old nobleman concluded this singular narrative; and the exertions which he had made to speak ere now—and the excitement produced upon his enervated frame and mind by the return of his wife and child, and the development of these mysteries, appeared to have given place to a condition of weakness necessarily attendant upon a great re-action. His cheek became even paler than it was when Louise first broke upon his solitude in that dreary chamber; his eyes were suddenly divested of the evanescent brightness which had lighted them up; and his countenance lost the

expression of pleasure which had animated it as he gazed upon his wife. He motioned her to place his little boy upon the bed near him; and the child wept—he scarcely knew why. Victor caught him to his arms, and covered him with kisses. He then turned a glance full of gratitude towards the Marquis, and endeavoured to address a few words to Louise. But his voice failed him; and he shook his head despondingly. Louise stooped to imprint a kiss upon his lips—and he returned not that token of affection. His spirit had passed away without a struggle, in that moment when a tender wife testified her forgiveness of the past with all the fervour of the most heart-felt affection.

He died in a debtor's gaol—in a wretched room—and after having suffered all the privations which the saddest destiny can know. But he died with kind relatives around his bed, and with the assurance that those who loved him were provided for, in spite of the wreck of his own fortunes.

He died; and the disconsolate wife, and the venerable old man, and the almost unconscious child, knelt down upon the cold floor of that chamber of death, and prayed for the soul of him who had afforded so dread an example of the horrors attached to the DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS!

THE END.

PRISONS.

THE policy of confining persons accused of civil or criminal offences is demonstrated by the necessity of applying corrections and punishments to the delinquencies or crimes of which the human race is capable. But the greatest attention should be paid to the architectural plan of prisons, in order that a perfect system of control may be maintained in respect to those who are incarcerated. The architectural plan of Millbank Penitentiary has failed principally through the insuburbiety of its site. The plan of the *Maison de Force* in Paris is perfect. It combines the most complete system of surveillance, and at the same time admits of the prisoners having healthful exercise, without at all interfering with the system of classification. There may be seen an entire separation of men from women, the sickly from the healthy, the untried from the convicted, and the misdemeanants from the felons. A very important feature of the system of classification is the separation of children from men and women; and in general it may be observed that the division into classes should have reference to moral as well as technical distinction. The utmost order and regularity prevail in La Force. While at work, no prisoner is allowed to speak; no noise is heard but the noise of the shuttle. Corporal punishment is altogether dispensed with. The penalty for delinquency within the precincts of the gaol is (strange as it may appear) privation of work. The behaviour of the prisoners is subdued, civil, submissive, and decent throughout; their persons are cleanly, and their looks cheerful; and all the rooms are clean and sweet. By this excellent system, the prisoner gains habits of order, self-restraint, and subjection of mind. The most boisterous tempest is not more distinct from the serenity of a summer's evening—the wildest beast of prey is not more different from our domesticated animals, than are the noise, contention, licentiousness, and tumult of Newgate, from the quietness, industry, and regularity of the *Maison de Force*.

In the prison of Philadelphia, in the United States, where the great features of prison discipline are distribution, employment, and religious instruction, the effects are still more impressive. Every kind of trade is carried on in this prison; and there is such a spirit of industry on every side, and such contentment on the countenances of all, that it is with difficulty an observer can divest himself of the idea that the inmates are not convicts, but people accustomed to labour from their infancy. An account is opened with every prisoner; he is debited with the amount or value of the article stolen, with the expenses of his prosecution, with the fine imposed by the tribunal, and with the cost of his board and clothes; and he is credited with the produce of his labour. The silence which prevails in this prison is the first and most striking circumstance which arrests the attention of the stranger. No keeper is allowed to carry a stick, or any offensive weapon; nor are fetters or irons seen in the prison. The punishment is solitary confinement; and no instance has occurred of its being necessary to inflict it twice upon the same person. In the four years preceding the commencement of the new system, a hundred and four prisoners escaped: in the four succeeding years, not one escaped.

The tread-wheel is the most important mechanical instrument which has as yet been employed for the

improvement of prison discipline. The labour of the wheel is by ascending steps fixed to the wheel; and thus the amount of ascent must depend on the number of hours employed, the velocity of the wheel, the distance from step to step, and the proportion of those out of each gang who are on the wheel, at one time, to those who are off. If this punishment be used with discretion and humanity, it must be more or less salutary, inasmuch as it subdues the most turbulent disposition. It is a labour which is dreaded in the prospect, irksome in endurance, and remembered with disgust; and the occupation is so unceasing that conversation amongst the prisoners is much restrained.

A STRANGE AND PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

[FROM COL. MACKRONI'S LIFE.]

At the time when the Neapolitan court and its partisans were hastening to quit Naples, a friend of mine, a Corsican officer in the service of England, named La Flèche, was very desirous of joining his regiment in Sicily. This La Flèche was a man of good education, most agreeable manners, and inexhaustible wit and humour. He was a great favourite and constant guest of the English residents, especially at the hospitable house of Frederick Degen, in which he lived. Having such an opportunity of extending his knowledge of men and of localities, he contemplated performing his journey to Sicily by land to the extremity of Calabria, instead of embarking at Naples. His friends, and I amongst the rest, did all in our power to dissuade him from so dangerous an experiment, especially at a juncture of trouble and revolution. The Calabrians are a very strong and athletic race of men; and although their dress is not generally so much ornamented with gold and silver as those of the Abruzzi and the mountainous districts of the Roman states, it is nevertheless very picturesque. A sugar-loafed hat, with generally a cock's feather stuck in it; brown jacket without collar, the shirt collar turned down, displays a fine neck, covered by long black curly hair and beard; sandals made of a single piece of hide, attached at the four corners to bands of red worsted, bound round the legs, enable them to run on rocks, where no man with stiff solid shoes could walk without falling. A gun, a pistol, and a knife, with cartridge pouch in the manner of a belt, completes the equipment, which is common to every male above twelve years old. The Calabrians, no more than the other peasants of Italy, are really of predatory habits; but their personal appearance, and the stories, part true, part exaggerated, of robberies at Fondi, Itri, and other places not in Calabria, gave currency to the belief, amongst those who know no better, of every Calabrian being inclined to use his arms against the first man whom he thinks worth plundering. This is an egregious error; but be it as it may, my poor friend La Flèche would have done better had he been influenced by the prejudice, and by our extortations.

Off he went, and quite alone; and further to increase his danger took with him a handsome English portmanteau, and sent, as he ought to have done by this time, the rest of his baggage by sea. On the evening of the third day of his dangerous journey, La Flèche arrived with his gun, his mule, and sumpter donkey, at a place called Lago Negro, or the Black Lake. He had been particularly cautioned against sleeping of even stopping at this spot, which had no inn, save a dismal looking abode apart from the other habitations, under the walls of which a rocky torrent, in a deep rocky bed, rushed into the lake below. It was after dark when La Flèche arrived at this romantically evil-looking place, and well had it been for him had he heeded the first spontaneous impressions on his mind which the dreary scene gave rise to. His tired guide confirmed him in his own desire for food and rest; so casting aside all fear and prudence, he alighted from his mule and entered the abode. The guide was foremost in this operation, and seemed to be intent on giving to the host an idea of the importance of his employer. The host, or whatever we may call him, was a man of about five-and-forty years of age, six feet high, and of strong proportions. His long black ringlets hung over his face, and through them shone a pair of large expressive eyes. From a side pocket of his breeches projected the handle of a huge stilet. However, all this description is superfluous; I must come to the catastrophe, first stating that my friend partook of an excellent supper of macaroni and ham and eggs before he went to bed. The room to which he was shewn was only a kind of loft above the general room below; access to it was had by means of a rickety wooden stair, or rather ladder. A fact which first began to excite suspicion in our traveller was, that to the door of the apartment there was no lock or other fastening whatever. The host politely saw him to his bed, and consigned to him a lamp, such as are much used in Italy ever since the Cyclopean age. A vessel something like a butter-boat, having the wick at the spout-like extremity, is attached by three chains to a bracket at one end pointed, the other terminating in a hook; so that by one or by the other the lamp is easily attached to a wall, or hung up, as most convenient, but La Flèche extinguished it on going to bed.

Those who have travelled many a long day on horseback, or on muleback, will easily conceive how La Flèche, mangled some misgivings, soon fell fast asleep. He had, however, taken the precaution first to place his loaded pistols under his pillow, and his sword beside him. He had not slept long before he was awakened by heavy, though cautious footsteps, the creaking stair. I must not forget to state, that there being no lock or fastening to the chamber door, La Flèche, for want of better means, had placed two chairs, surmounted by the common brass washing basin, against his door, in expectation that if anybody should attempt to open it from without, the falling chairs and sounding basin would give him timely warning. Vain, delusive expectation! The heavy, cautious footsteps one by one approached the summit of the stair. La Flèche's heart beat violently responsive to the sounds, which he then began to think would be the last to strike upon his ear. The sound was now at his door; the glimmer of a light cast flickering shadows over his bed on the opposite walls—the fissures in the door, and under it, the hole which should have been furnished with a lock and key, admitted just light enough to render "darkness visible" around him. Alone in such a place, surrounded by several other men similar in appearance and probably in character to his host, a stout heart might have fluttered. A stouter heart than had La Flèche seldom ever beat. He calmly took his pistols, cocked them, and waited the event.

Anyhow, he thought, that upon attempting to open his door the alarm occasioned by the falling chairs and brazen basin would deter the assassin from further operations; but in this he was miserably deceived: for upon gently pushing at his door, and finding out the nature of the impediment which, probably, he had been prepared to expect, mine host continued to push below, gently, with his foot, so as to cause the chairs to move bodily along, until the door was opened sufficiently for the act intended. At this juncture poor La Flèche beheld a lengthy, muscular, naked arm protruded within the aperture of the door! the huge hand of which grasping the chairs in clever equisopie, uplifted them, and moved them some three feet inwards from the door, which then could open for the admittance of the operator. In stalked, or rather crept, the Calabrian, stripped to his shirt and drawers. In one hand he bore a lamp, such as I have just described; in the other, a large and shining stilet. His glaring eyes were fixed upon La Flèche, who, feigning sleep, imprudently awaited the explanation of the visit. Step by step, the man advanced towards the bed. La Flèche was ten times on the point of firing at him, but doubt and uncertainty withheld his hand; so he waited and waited at each soft advancing step of the shoeless robber, trusting to strike him lifeless in a second before he could possibly be struck by the weapon, then gleaming in the hand of the assassin.

Alas! our poor La Flèche kept pending and pending far too long. But to proceed,—the man at last stood close against the bed; and La Flèche was on the very point of springing up and sending a couple of balls through his body, when the assailant quietly hung his lamp against the wall, just beside the head of the still expectant and imprudent Corsican. Shall I fire now? said he to himself. Another moment will show what he means to do. "Fire away!" would I and all my readers certainly have cried. But no! still he waited, until the man, approaching the chair on which La Flèche had deposited his clothes, gave a fresh turn to the attention and curiosity of his victim. He does not intend to kill me, thought the benevolent La Flèche; he only thinks to pick my pockets; but I have been too deep for him; I carry all my gold in the good old way, contained in a belt now safe around my body.

Surely, enough, the man of blood did take the clothes from off the chair; but then, instead of looking into the pockets, he placed the entire collection gently on the floor. Here, then, came another reason for La Flèche delaying the use of his pistols in self-defence. Alas! how could he be so infatuated. Still more so was he when he saw the murderer slowly lift up his bulky frame, and with eyes intensely fixed upon his victim, as in fact they had been from the first moment of his approach, stand up erect upon the chair. Now, thought La Flèche, it is his plan to throw his weight upon me, prostrate as I am, and so prevent my slightest motion. Now is the time for putting an end to this horrible suspense—fire I will! La went his finger into the trigger guard—up was he about to start,—when again was he interrupted in his good resolve by seeing the knife-bearer stretch himself up to his utmost height, and lifting up his left hand, as also his deadly weapon,—gently cut off some slices of a ham hanging from the rafters near the head of the bed. His perilous achievement being accomplished, mine host crept quietly out of the room with as much precaution as he had entered it; and congratulating himself upon not having disturbed his guest, returned down stairs to broil the ham for some other traveller, who had arrived after my friend La Flèche had retired to bed.

I will leave my readers to conceive the self-congratulations of the cool-headed La Flèche, upon finding how nearly he had been brought to the sacrifice of an innocent life. A novelist would be able to write a chapter on this head alone; but as I can only write on facts, I

will content myself by stating, that the next day our boat was thunderstruck on being acquainted by his guest how near he had been to falling a victim to his fear of waking "the gentleman in the best room," and vowed, that if ever he should require ham or bacon when such were gone to bed, to go about the business in a more open and less courteous manner. So "all's well that ends well." La Flèche lived many years to tell his story; and I dare say the Calabrian has since fried many a slice of ham without any risk of pistol bullets, or being taken for a murderer.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EARLY HOME.

By Miss Atwell.

I'm weary of the city's roar and racket;
I pine to look on nature's quiet face;
And my sick spirit yearneth to go back.
Back to its early place.
O mine own country—my remembered home,
Shall I not yet be with thee—once again,
Laugh to the flowers, and wave, and dancing foam,
Greeting the birds and breezes as they roam?
Mid the quick shine and rain?
O mine own country! strange—aye, passing strange
Is the ineffably rich love that dwells,
Pure, bright, unutter'd or by chance or change
In my soul's home-cells!
And, oh! at memory's magic touch it flows
Like hidden sunshine from the dark cloud forth,
Dewy the petals of the faded rose,
Tinting with former light the later snows,
And shedding joy on earth!

TIME

By Mrs. Reynolds.

Time, the magician! teach whose hand
The strongest better as they stand.
Ere as they stand, a heap of clay,
Nile with an automating ray,
Time beckons, and they fall away!
Under the influence of his smile,
Youth flourishes serene awhile,
As the red roses in the sun
Are lovely ere the cold's begun—
Then as the circling years roll by,
The bloom of youth begins to fly,
As the rose shrivels to the black,
When summer's genial warmth has past.
Time then, impatient of our stay,
Time marks the period for decay,
And bears us to the tomb away.
Ere as the winter's ruthless snows
Crop the frail blossoms of the rose!
The man enthron'd in regal state,
Whose word the nations reverence;
Whose hand is mighty to destroy,
Whose glance is fraught with woe or joy;
Who sends his armies proudly forth,
To wreck a realm, or save the earth—
Must leave his kingdom for his doom,
And fall from empire to the tomb!

SONG.

Wind spirit! come—
Come, come unto me;
Bring me my lover
Across the blue sea.
Wait on my whistling his murmuring night,
Swift as the lightning that dash through the skies,
Hark! spirit, hark!
Young love condes your stay;
Spread your bright wings,
No longer delay.
Wind spirit! come—
Come, come unto me;
Bring me my lover
Across the blue sea.
Fear him in safety—no waves of the deep
Roll on your bright path; no storm spirits, sleep!
Roll, quickly roll,
On the crystal way;
Fancy will bear
The dash of the spray.

NOTES UPON INTEMPERANCE.

No. IX.

Or the American ships entering the port of Liverpool, nine out of every ten are navigated upon Temperance principles, the captain, officers, and crew, agreeing to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, except as medicine, and no supply beyond the very limited quantity used as such being taken for the voyage. Such ships obtain freight in preference to English vessels not navigated on those principles, in consequence of the public conviction of their greater safety, from the sobriety of those on board.

By the distillation of grain all those deleterious particles are collected, which, in baking, are thrown off in the form of steam.

Amongst the poor of London, milk has almost gone out of use; and the children of the poor are in general deprived of it;—the reason is that their parents' money is spent in drink and other extravagances to which intemperance leads.

Some time ago it was estimated that there were 100,000 drunkards in the United States of America; that of these one-third, that is to say, between 30,000 and 40,000 annually perished; and this occurred in a population of little more than 12,000,000. The population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is 24,000,000; and though we may admit that drinking is not here carried to the same extent as in America, we may nevertheless be enabled to form a conception of the mortality occasioned by intemperance in this country.

In the year 1758 distillation was stopped in Ireland; in this year the excess of baptisms over burials was twenty-five; whereas in 1757—59—60—61—and 62, the excess of burials over baptisms varied from twenty-five to ninety every year.

In Glasgow there was a very great increase in the mortality immediately after the year 1827 when the duty on distilled spirit was reduced.

At a meeting, in a country district of County Down, a young man presented a list of twenty-two persons of his own acquaintance, all of whom had lived within five miles of his own residence, and all of whom had perished miserably from drinking. Another young man of County Antrim furnished a list of twenty-seven persons whom he had known, and who came to untimely ends through drinking.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

NO. III.—THE ARMY OF INDIA.

THIS army is as great a phenomenon in the annals of war as the Anglo-Indian empire in those of the world.

Who could have believed the possibility of forming an army in all respects excellent, where the soldier belongs to a religion different to that of his officers; where the soldier is the superstitious child of one hemisphere, the officer the enlightened native of another; where the soldier speaks one language, the officer another; where the soldier belongs to *castes*, that consider themselves contaminated by the slightest contact with other people, and rather die of hunger than eat anything in common with them, and yet blindly obey these officers!!! Who could believe that such an army could withstand the temptations of the spirit of revolt, the influence of national hate, the blind zeal of religious fanaticism? And yet this has happened in India, which has an army composed of more than 200,000 men, whose unshaken fidelity, amazing bravery, and great military proficiency, are proved by fifty campaigns, and by the experience of nearly a century.

The soldiers of the Anglo-Indian army (called Sepoys, i. e., esquires) are all natives of the country, belonging to different tribes, different castes, and different creeds; the infantry consists principally of men professing the Brahminical creed, the cavalry of Mohametzans. The army is divided into three corps, namely, one for each presidency, after which they take their names. The soldiers of the army of Bengal are mostly men of high caste; the Brahmin caste reckons more than 20,000 of its followers in its ranks. The soldiers of the Madras army are principally Raypoos; they are considered to be the most persevering, hardy warriors, but observe their religious customs so strictly, that the least deviation from them might have a dangerous effect on their discipline. The soldiers of the Bombay army belong more generally to the lower castes, are the more easily kept under discipline, but, perhaps, less brave than the others. No forced levy or conscription is to be found in India, all military service is voluntary (which is a great security for the preservation of subordination), and meets with so little difficulty, that each regiment possesses a number of supernumerary soldiers, who offer themselves as successors to such as may leave. The soldier is well paid, well clothed, well treated; not the slightest corporal punishment is allowed (which is the more astonishing, as the corporal punishments in the native English army, serving often together with the Hindoos, are very severe); blows inflicted on a Hindoo soldier, especially one of high caste, would as certainly cause a mutiny in a Hindoo regiment as in a French one. The laws of discipline are therefore nearly the same in the Anglo-Indian as in the French army—imprisonment; in the former army, however, there is a powerful hold which does not exist in the latter, that of dismissing the soldier who has committed a fault, which in India is a severe punishment, while in Europe it would often be a reward.

The Hindoo soldier resembles the French also in his placing an infinite value on marks of honour: a medal for bravery does wonders in India. Never has an English officer been deserted in the fire by his soldiers; where he leads they follow. Each company has an English captain, lieutenant, and ensign, and also a Hindoo captain, lieutenant, and ensign. The latter three are however, under the command of the British officers, so that, with the title and uniform of officers, they are, properly speaking, only subalterns, or non-commissioned officers. These are well paid, well used, and form an excellent link between the British officer and the Hindoo soldier. That which alone has rendered it possible, with such heterogeneous materials, to bring the Anglo-Indian army to that degree of perfection it now possesses, is, that it is constantly (the whole year through) in camp, when not in the field. The camps (which consist of a kind of huts, called Bungalows), are like those of the Romans, often surrounded with ramparts and ditches, and consist generally of a number of troops, from 3,000 to 15,000 men. The selection of these camps depends partly on military, partly on political grounds. They are either in some good military position, some central situation, or are chosen according to the more or less friendly political sentiments of the neighbouring states. Although, for instance, the government of Calcutta has not the least reason to doubt the friendly political sentiments of the King of Lahore, there are, nevertheless, generally in the neighbourhood of his states some camps, containing together a force of 20,000 or 30,000 men, which would be more than sufficient to oppose any attempt he might possibly make to disturb the peaceful state of things. The camps consist properly of infantry and artillery; the cavalry is in cantonments. In order to obtain the rank of an officer in the Company's service, the candidate must submit, not only to an examination

in subjects of general and military knowledge, but also to one in three oriental languages: he must understand Sanscrit, and speak either Hindoostanee, the Bengali, or the Tamul languages, according to the army in which he wishes to be engaged.

The army consisted, in 1826, of 274,000 men, and amounted, in 1827, to 291,000, but, in 1837, did not exceed 190,000 men (exclusive, however, of contingent or subsidiary troops).

In the last mentioned year, this force was divided in the following manner:

Royal British Troops, commanded from Europe, to do service in India,—

	Men.
Staff	705
Horse Artillery	1897
Foot ditto	4,354
Engineers	77
Cavalry	2,585
Infantry	13,679
Officers	785
	23,783
European Troops in the direct service of the Company	2,600
Total of European troops	26,383

These troops are all in the Company's pay from the day they embark from England for India, to the day they return and disembark in England; the expenses for these troops amount to something more than a million sterling annually.

The native army consisted in 1837 of the following officers and soldiers:

	Men.
Staff (British)	318
Company's officers of British birth	3,416
Officers of Hindoo birth	3,416
Engineer Corps	3,498
Horse Artillery	1,022
Foot ditto	8,592
Artillery train	1,392
Cavalry	14,329
Infantry	124,281
	157,758
European troops	26,383
	184,141

The number of the contingent troops furnished by protected princes cannot be stated exactly, because, by several treaties, it depends on the pleasure of the Governor-General to decide according to circumstances; the probable amount is as follows:—

	Men.
Scindia's army	15,000
The King of Oude's, at least	10,000
The Nizam of Hyderabad	22,000
The Gaicwar of Baroda	7,000
Nagpoor, no fixed number, at least	2,000
Holkar, not fixed, at least	5,000
Travancore, 3 battalions of infantry	3,000
Cochin, 1 ditto	1,000
Mysore, not fixed, at least	4,000
Cutch, not fixed, can furnish	5,000
Joudpoor	1,500
The Raypoor Princes, together	34,000
Sattara	5,000
	114,000

The contingent or subsidiary troops amount, therefore, to 114,000 men, which, added to the 185,000 partly European, partly native troops, in the direct pay of the Company, comprise a force at the disposal of the Governor-General of no less than 300,000 men.

The expense of the Anglo-Indian army, according to the accounts laid before Parliament in 1830, was as follows:—

	£.
The Engineer Corps	83,974
The Artillery	606,463
The Cavalry	1,070,834
The Infantry	4,124,079
Staffs	458,490
The Medical Staff	132,490
Pioneers	74,571
The Commissariat	614,327
Sundries	2,178,857
	£ 9,373,955

The cavalry is excellently mounted, the greater part on horses bred in the studs of the Company, of Arabian and Turkoman blood. The Company has also similar establishments for elephants and for camels. The number of these is not less than 3,000 of the former, and 40,000 of the latter.

A very remarkable circumstance in the Anglo-Indian army is, that though it has a well-organized commissariat since the enlightened government of the Marquis of Hastings, the great spirit of speculation among the Hindoos, which induces them to accompany a British army on its taking the field, and to supply it not only

with necessities, but with luxuries, could possibly make this army independent of the supplies procured by its commissariat. A quarter of an hour after the army has halted, there is behind it a whole fair of eating-houses, taverns, merchants, &c., where, for ready money, both the officers and soldiers can be supplied with all that they want. This spirit of speculation goes so far that the English officers have often an opportunity to purchase of these sutlers, in the midst of the sandy deserts of India, every thing that can be obtained in the shops of London or Paris. The baggage arising from this is certainly considerable, and the more so, as the Hindoo merchants take their families with them: it causes, however, less embarrassment in the movements of the army than might be imagined: as it is principally conveyed by oxen and camels and it is under the command of an officer who, riding on an elephant supplied with a flag, directs the march, in such a manner that it does not hinder the movements of the army. This officer also gives the signals for breaking-up or halting, and appoints the place where the booths shall be put up.

In order to give an idea of the state of the commanding officers and generals in India, we quote the late Dr. Heber:—"Sir David Ochterlony, the Government's agent to the petty princes in Western Central-India, and arbitrator between them, holds a royal state. His income amounts to 15,000 silver rupees a month, and is entirely expended. The number of his British and Hindoo adjutants, secretaries, and servants; the multitude of elephants, camels, and horses, following him on his journeys, the strength of his guard of honour, the number and magnificence of those tents which form his camp—among which, those inhabited by himself and his daughter are surrounded by a court, lined with scarlet cloth—all this surpasses every idea a European can form of it, and reminds one of the former grandeur and riches of the Indian courts."

Jacquemont relates that Governor-General Lord William Bentinck, who, nevertheless, is a man without pretension, had a suite of 4,000 persons, mounted on 30 elephants, 700 camels, and more than 1,000 horses, on his journey in the northern provinces of Hindoostan, in the year 1831.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Garden of Wedlock is declined with thanks. We shall be glad to be favoured with some of the prose compositions of G. A. R.

We do not insert individual cases, such as that of *Mr. Edward Black*, a prisoner in the Queen's Bench.

Why does our respected correspondent at Birmingham remain silent?

Private answers have been returned to several correspondents, who have favoured us with letters since the 13th instant.

Mr. Mingospe Syder's letter upon Temperance Hotels and Coffee-Houses will be published in our next.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Sixth Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1840.

Of all the evils which emanated from the box of Pandora, and settled upon the devoted heads of suffering humanity, none has so successfully fulfilled its terrible destiny as that of Intemperance. Intemperance has deteriorated public health, augmented pauperism, ruined domestic morals, and menaced the human race with a degeneration towards the level of the brute creation. Intemperance has spread its baleful influence over every phase and gradation of society,—paralysed the arm of the strong, and rendered impotent the already feeble capacities of the weak,—undermined the principles of religion and virtue, and accelerated the downfall of those whose powers of self-control were always feeble,—robbed woman of that sense of decency and delicacy which ought so eminently to characterise her,—extinguished the honest glow of independent feelings in the breast of man,—placed an almost insuperable barrier in the way of education and progressive civilisation,—and traced out so extensive a chart of degradation, misery, disease, and crime, for the guidance of the frail bark of the human race, that naught but the strong hand of the pilot of Teetotalism can render the delusions of that chart vain and abortive. Intemperance, like the typhoon of the desert, has blighted the finest buds of human promise and hope; like the Goodwin quick-sands, it has swallowed up the choicest treasures of the human intellect; with the virulence of a pestilence, has it affixed its plague-spot upon the cheek of youth and

beauty; delusive as the fascinating sounds of the Syrens' voices, has it allured thousands to the regions of destruction; fatal as the slow but certain poison known by the name of the Aqua Tophana, it sows in the breast of man the seeds of decline and pining decay; and, overwhelming as a mighty torrent that breaks the embankments formed by nature to controul its course, it has spread its devastating waves over the face of a lovely land, leaving not a single spot un-inundated by its impetuous billows.

The unfortunate girl who earns a precarious and loathsome livelihood by the sale of her personal charms, was once fair, chaste, and pure as the maiden of spotless reputation;—the youth, whose dreary existence is lingering away in all the horrors of the penal colonies, was at first artless, unsophisticated, and confiding as boys are wont to be previous to their acquaintance with the crimes of society;—the degraded husband and wife, whose home is characterised by hideous poverty and want, commenced their matrimonial career with bright prospects before them;—and that unfortunate girl, that youthful convict, and this wretched couple, have most probably been reduced to their respective states of degradation by the vice of intemperance. For, even if the resolution of an individual be proof (as it seldom is) against the insidious wiles of strong liquor,—even if he can so far controul his desires as to be contented with a small quantity of the still pernicious draught, he will yet incur the perils connected with the evil society into which the mere fact of frequenting the public-house must inevitably throw him. And, though a moderate-drinker himself, he will be compelled to listen to the ribald song, the obscene jest, and the filthy discourse of those who drink deeply; and, while he flatters himself that he is safe so long as he does not suffer himself to be beguiled into excess, his ruin is prepared by the sapping of his moral principles.

There is no possibility of dealing in hyperbole, while we depict the frightful consequences of intemperance. Let not the advocate of the moderation-doctrine urge his reasoning, when he remembers that all drunkards were moderate-drinkers at the commencement: let not medical opinion be adduced against us, when we point on all sides to the sickly looks—the sunken eyes—the trembling limbs—the livid lips—and the diseased frames, of our fellow-countrymen; and, lastly, let not the moralist be unmindful of the ruined characters, the dissipated fortunes, the decayed intellects, the lost chastity, the family neglect, the crowded gaols, the swarming hulks, the well-populated colonies, the numerous madhouses, the myriads of hospitals, and the often-erected scaffold—besides the conflagrations, the shipwrecks, the accidents, and the strife,—all of which are based upon Intemperance!

LA CONTESSA VERTOVA,

A HISTORICAL FACT.

IN Grumello, a village of the Bergamasco, stands the Vertova palace, where was enacted in the year 1703, a foul tragedy that has since exercised more than one Italian pen. We shall recount the story without ornament, in the shape in which tradition has preserved it.

The Count Vertova's youthful wife, a daughter of the noble Venetian family of Zigno, was a model of beauty, as her portrait testifies, which exists to this day in Bergamo; nor were the graces and virtues of her mind inferior to her personal charms. In those days it was a custom, sanctioned by the Venetian government, for the nobles to keep in their pay a number of satellites, or *uomini d'arme*, as they were called, miscreants whose hands were ever ready to execute the savage vengeance of their lords. At the head of the Count Vertova's *uomini d'arme* was a Captain Ferrabo, a man of good family, but of abandoned character, and guilty of such flagitious conduct as had occasioned his expulsion from the military service of the Republic. This man conceived a passion for the beautiful Countess, and, unused to put the least restraint on his desires, he did not hesitate to urge upon her his libertine proposals. His dishonourable suit was rejected at once with all the decisive force

of indignant virtue; but the generous Countess concealed from her husband the audacity and perfidy of his dependent. Had there been one uncorrupted spot in the wretch's heart such unmerited kindness must have found it out, and made it thrill with repentance. But the same elements that feed the fragrance of the rose are converted into deadly poison in the veins of the nightshade, and Ferrabo saw in the Countess's refusal only the mortification of his wishes and of his self-love, and in her silence only the means of effecting his revenge.

The opportunity soon presented itself. Amongst the most frequent visitors at the Casa Vertova, was General Bosello, a member of a family that had given illustrious warriors to the Venetian republic. The general was no longer young, yet still might cherish the hope of finding favour in ladies' eyes. But the Countess he regarded only as the wife of a friend, and if he admired her rare beauty, he was not less insensible to her ingenuous purity of soul. He entertained the warmest friendship for her but never breathed a word that could give pain to the object of his esteem. Nevertheless he was the man whom Ferrabo resolved to make use of for the execution of his design. The Count Vertova ardently loved his young wife, but he was unhappily extremely prone to jealousy. Ferrabo, like another Iago, found it an easy task to persuade him that the General entertained a warm passion for the Countess, and that it was as warmly returned. The Count's jealousy, though uncorroborated by any proof, soon manifested itself in the harsh treatment he bestowed on his innocent lady; and to such a pitch was this carried that the General, who resided at Bergamo, heard of it, and learned with the utmost surprise and regret that he himself was the occasion of it. It is supposed that Ferrabo, who had always been particularly obsequious to the General, had himself conveyed this news to his ears, with the hope of inciting him to some step that would further his own scheme. Be this as it may, the event did turn out as Ferrabo would have had it. The General could not endure the thought that a lady he so highly esteemed should, without the shadow of a fault, be on his account so vilely suspected and ill-treated: accordingly he wrote to the Countess a letter, in which he proposed, if she pleased, to go to Grumello and personally to vouch for her innocence in the Count's presence, adding that there was no effort he would not eagerly make to restore her domestic peace. The General, believing Ferrabo to be in his interest, enclosed this letter to him and acquainted him with its contents, requesting him to convey it secretly to the Countess, and to contribute his exertions towards undeceiving the jealous Count. This was a fatal step: even of this innocent letter did the villain make a weapon for the destruction of his victim. He gave it to one of her women, desiring her to deliver it to her mistress, and immediately informed the Count that his wife carried on a secret correspondence with the General.

His jealousy inflamed to the utmost by this intelligence, the furious husband rushed to the Countess's chamber. Ferrabo, whose views it did not suit that the Count should become acquainted with the true contents of the letter, in vain attempted to restrain him, being satisfied for the present with having infused the poison into his soul, for the full effects of which he looked to another day. But accident favoured the traitor's design even more than his own perfidy. The Countess seated by the fire had just finished reading Bosello's letter, when she heard the door abruptly opened, and guessing it was her husband, either that she might not afford him an additional motive for anger, or from an involuntary impulse in which reflection had no part, she cast the letter into the fire. It was quickly consumed, but not so quickly but that the Count, who had witnessed the movement that gave it to the flames, could see enough of it to convince him it was a letter. This was enough for him,

"Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ."

He rushed from the room without uttering a word, leaving the Countess overwhelmed with dismay by the ferocity of his parting glance. The unhappy lady had no opportunity of justifying her innocence, for the Count, remaining no longer than to give Ferrabo orders to rid him of the adulteress, immediately set off with the utmost speed from the palace.

It was near midnight, and the Countess, having dismissed her women, was kneeling in the solitude of her chamber before the crucifix and invoking heaven in testimony of her innocence and of the purity of her heart, when the door which she had not yet locked was opened, and Ferrabo stood before her. He announced to her the fatal mandate issued by her husband, and offered to spare her life on condition she would submit to his embraces. A shock like this might well break down the spirit of a young and tenderly nurtured female, but the horror inspired by the ruffian's infamous proposal aroused her energies, and gave her courage to encounter death. "Execute," she said, "my husband's orders: he could not have imposed them on a fitter minister." "Commend your soul then to God," exclaimed the executioner, and going to the door he called in one of his cut-throats. The Countess, who had risen on Ferrabo's entrance, now sank again on her knees, and appealed from human cruelty to the infinite mercy of heaven. While she still prayed the assassin struck his keen stiletto into her neck below

the ear, and instantly despatched her. The murderers threw the palpitating corpse through the window into the garden.

The news of this dreadful deed excited universal horror and compassion. The Count himself, though persuaded of his lady's guilt, was yet touched with contrition at having despoiled the earth of that flower of loveliness. But what was the agony of remorse, when from the assertions of Bosello, from the testimony of the Countess's friend, and above all from Ferrabo's own words, escaped him in his intoxication, the conviction smote him that not the slightest stain rested on the memory of his murdered wife. Instantly after the bloody deed Ferrabo, aided and munificently rewarded by him, had made his escape, and taken refuge in the Valtellina. But the asylum which sheltered him from the rigour of the laws protected him not from the vengeance of the Count: the latter sent one of his satellites into La Valtellina to kill him, and the assassin of the Countess was himself slain in a garden by another assassin. It is worthy of remark that from the progeny of this Ferrabo sprang another wretch, who in our day deprived his own wife of existence upon unjust suspicion, and afterwards died himself a miserable death.

Proceedings were instituted against the Count, and his estate confiscated. He repaired to Rome, where he married again, and finally his property was restored: for in those days the balance of Italian justice was awayed with a partial hand in favour of the powerful. But never more was the villa of Gramello inhabited by the Counts of Vertova, and it remained in all things as it was on the day of the murdered Countess's death. The lapse of a century or more makes no striking change in the appearance of Italian mansions, for many of them, continually inhabited, retain in modern days their antique style and furniture—but here, in these voiceless rooms, in the furniture never moved from where they had been placed by hands on which the turf had rested more than a century and a quarter, in the thickly accumulated dust, in the air of desolation contrasted with the faded tokens of former life and luxury, there was something of a silent horror that well accorded with their dismal history. The spectator's breath froze within him, and the warm currents of life grew chill in presence of these mute remembrancers of a deed of blood: if he cast his eyes to the ground a slight stain, but oh! how full of meaning, showed him the spot where the suffering heart of a gentle and lovely woman was stilled for ever.

W. K. K.

ALCOHOL.

ALCOHOL is considerably lighter than water; viz. in the proportion of 800 or 820 to 1000. The lightest that can be obtained, by simple distillation from spirits of wine, has the specific gravity of 825. By the intervention of substances which strongly attract water, Chausier brought it to the specific gravity of 798, and Lovitz and Saussure, jun., to 791 or 792. Alcohol of the specific gravity 820 still contains about one-tenth its weight of water. When of the specific gravity 920, it has been called *proof spirits*; the term *above proof* is used to denote a spirit lighter than this, and *under proof* signifies one which contains a larger portion of water. Rectified spirit is directed by the *London Pharmacopæia* to have the specific gravity of 835; but it seldom exceeds 840.

Alcohol unites chemically with water; and caloric is evolved during this union. Equal measures of alcohol and water, each at 50° Fahrenheit, give by sudden admixture an elevation of nearly 20° of temperature; and equal measures of proof-spirit and water an increase of 9½°. The bulk of the resulting liquid is less also than that of the two previous to admixture. Thus a pint of alcohol and a pint of water, when the mixture has cooled to the temperature of the atmosphere, falls considerably short of two pints.

Alcohol is highly inflammable. During its combustion, carbonic acid is generated: no charcoal appears; and a quantity of water is produced, which exceeds in weight the alcohol employed. The flame of alcohol acquires a red colour from muriate of lime, a deep blood-red from the muriate of strontites, and a green tinge from boracic acid.

Alcohol is a fluid which is remarkably expansible by heat. It boils at 176°. If water be added, its boiling point is proportionably raised, so that the temperature at which it boils is not a bad test for its strength. At this degree of heat, it is converted into a vapour, which may be exploded by passing an electric spark through a mixture of it with oxygen gas.

Alcohol has never yet been congealed by any known method of producing artificial cold. Even when distilled with an equal weight of water, it requires a cold of 6° below 0 to congeal it.

Alcohol is a powerful solvent. It dissolves soap—vegetable extract—sugar—oxalic, camphoric, tartaric, gallic, and benzoic acids—volatile oils—resins—and balsams.

By distillation with the more powerful acids, alcohol undergoes an important change. It is converted into a liquid considerably lighter than alcohol, and much more volatile and inflammable, and miscible only in small proportions with water. This fluid has received the generic name of *ether*. It has long been shewn that

alcohol must of necessity be liberated during the fermentation of bread; and the terrible tastes of humanity have perverted this scientific fact to a dread account. Large bakeries have lately been erected for the purpose of manufacturing bread and collecting the spirit which is thus produced; and this is effected by the use of a close oven, and refrigerator, somewhat similar to the ordinary process of distillation.

The following is a table of the quantity of alcohol, of specific gravity .825 at 60° Fahrenheit, in various liquors, taking a hundred measures of each kind:—

Port	23.48	British Wine	22.50
Madeira	24.42	Cider	9.87
Sherry	19.19	Ale	8.88
Marsala	25.87	Stout	6.80
Claret	14.13	Brandy	53.39
Champagne	12.10	Rum	52.68
Burgundy	14.53	Hollands	51.60

The intoxicating qualities of brandy, rum, and gin, are certainly more than double those of Port, Sherry, or Madeira; but the various ingredients, with which the alcohol is combined in wines diminish its activity upon the animal system. But those ingredients are for the most part so many virulent poisons introduced into the human frame.

THE BETHUNES.

THERE is before us an account of one young man, or rather of two young men of genius, a sketch of whose lives is more pregnant with excellent example than perhaps any that has been published for a long time. Rustics, in the humblest walks, and obliged to earn a livelihood by incessant and heavy labour, they yet maintained a rare independence of spirit; their sobriety, industry, thrift, charitableness, and achievements, even in the walks of literature, being full of instruction and encouragement. One of the young men, however, (they were brothers) is more particularly the subject of the details that are now to follow, although the other, in the capacity of biographer, comes out with features, unpretendingly indicated, not less invitingly.

The book referred to is "Poems, by the late John Bethune; with a sketch of the author's life, by his brother." A work called "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry," which appeared about two years ago, the joint production of the brothers, has by the circumstances of the writers, and the truthful power, as well as beautiful tone of the pictures it presented, made the name of Bethune known beyond the corner in which they were born and bred.

Fifehire was the birth-place of John Bethune, his father's rank being that of a farm-servant, or forester at best. Hear what were his efforts to support his parents and earn the proud satisfaction of being independent, while but a boy of tender years! Says the biographer,—"During the winter of 1823-4, to assist in supporting himself, he broke stones on the road between Lindore and Newburgh, along with me. He was then under thirteen years of age; and when from the intense cold which occasionally prevailed, and the lack of motion to which his employment subjected him, his legs and feet were almost frozen, instead of complaining, and making this an excuse for running home, as a number of boys would have done, I was frequently amused in no ordinary degree by the droll observations which he made, and the wild gambols to which he sometimes had recourse to restore the natural warmth to his benumbed extremities. From his father having been subject to disease of the bowels for a number of years previous, and the numerous expedients, all attended with expense, which had been resorted to for the purpose of restoring him, the family were at this time considerably in debt. Young as he was, he had already caught that spirit of independence which characterized him through life; and his enthusiasm now pointed forward to the time when he should be able to redeem these debts. To accomplish this object, there was no personal suffering, and no sacrifice of boyish pleasure, which he would not willingly have encountered; and thus he persevered at an occupation from which, in winter, even full-grown men might be excused from shrinking."

And here the reader will not fail, amid the admiration which had begun to stir his feelings relative to the resolute boy who made the "droll observations" to keep his courage up, and the "wild gambols" to warm his limbs, to note how modestly and becomingly the surviving brother tells his story. He keeps himself as much in the background as possible, although it must already be manifest to the most superficial reader that his mind and feelings are worthy of a man of education and refined sympathies. And yet he is constantly upon those who take up the sketch. For instance, he says in the preface,—"For no inconsiderable share of what has been noticed, I can only expect to be pardoned, and when it is known that our feelings and pursuits were almost the same, that we never knew what it was to have separate interests for a single moment, that we had buffeted, or rather been buffeted by fortune together from boyhood—that we had supped from the same table, sat by the same fire, and slept in the same bed, with very few interruptions, from the period of infancy—and that we were nearly the last of the name and race to which we belonged,—the reader may perhaps be inclined to extend that pardon to one who has now so

much of deep and melancholy interest connected with the past, to ponder over."

Before John Bethune had betaken himself to stone-breaking he had been a herder of cows; he had also been for some time to school, where he proved dull to learn. The interest, however, which he began to take in the annals of the Covenanted Martyrs, in the story of "Wallace Wight," the Poetry of Burns, and other household and traditional literature so dear and stirring to the peasantry of Scotland, awoke his ambition not only to learn to read these national works, but to try his hand in composition. Not long after the breaking of stubborn granite on the road-side had been relinquished, both brothers were benefitted and inspired by a student from St. Andrews, who kept a school in their vicinity, struggling hard in vacation time, like hundreds of other poor Scotch scholars, many of whom shine in the learned professions afterwards, to earn a small sum to carry him through an university education. This student "was an excellent reciter of poetry, and had stored his memory with a number of the best pieces of Scott, Byron, Moore, and others. With these he frequently amused and delighted his acquaintance, during his leisure hours, a considerable part of which were spent with us."

Still John's literary attainments could not at this period have been considerable; for it is stated by the writer of the Sketch that although his poetical efforts had begun to be frequent, yet that when he was eighteen, he had to surmount the difficulties of orthography. For this purpose he carried a little work called "The Christian Remembrancer," of which he was then remarkably fond, always in his pocket. From the short poems, of which nearly one half of the book is composed, he selected one, and when going to and returning from his work, as well as in his journeys at dinner time, he was in the habit of conning it over till he had fixed the spelling of every word in his memory; after which he took another, and thus proceeded to the end of the work.

Many of the early efforts alluded to are now scarcely legible, owing to circumstances remarkable in themselves. Necessity is the mother of invention; John Bethune's poverty, yet ardour, set him upon sundry curious contrivances and ingenious shifts. The paper which he generally wrote upon consisted of such scraps as came to the family with little grocery goods, &c. and which were exposed to all the casualties, such as smoke, dust, and even occasional drenchings with rain water; incidental to a humble and poor dwelling.

Small beginnings these! the reader will exclaim; but when it is noted how John perseveringly struggled with the buffetings of fortune, or rather acquiesced in the ways of Providence, without fainting, not even appearing to have murmured, but tried again and again, it will be seen that gifted and inspired in a literary sense as he was, yet that perhaps a brighter and certainly rarer attribute of his character was moral courage, stern resolution, and a high-souled independence. Therein lay the most instructive features of his history and of his genius.

Returning to some passages in the fortunes of the two brothers which have been passed over in the hasty glance at John's literary progress, it deserves first to be mentioned that after looking out for a less laborious occupation than that of breaking stones, the boy got for a short time apprenticed to a weaver. Says the brother,—"To the adoption of this measure there were at the time many inducements. By exerting himself he said he was certain he could earn 2s. 6d. a day; my earnings then amounted to very little more than half that sum, and for this reason he wished to teach me his own trade, in which he believed my labours would be better rewarded than in that I had formerly followed. From the estate having exchanged masters, his father, too, had lost his situation as forester; and being now, from the infirmities of approaching age, unable to endure the privations and hardships incident to the life of a common labourer to provide for his comfort in the evening of his days, was another motive for making the most of everything. With these objects in view, a house adjoining the one in which his father lived, which chanced to be then empty, was taken as a workshop; by the most desperate economy, about 10% had been previously saved to purchase looms, and other articles appropriate to weaving; and at Martinmas, 1825, he commenced that business on his own account, with the writer of this sketch as an apprentice. The 10% was fairly expended in procuring a proper supply of utensils."

Winter is always a pinching portion of the year to the poor; and any one who peruses the Sketch from beginning to end will observe, that in the month of November John's vicissitudes generally occurred;

In the winter of 1823-4, he was thirteen years of age. In 1825 he commenced business as a master-weaver. But alas! the panic and the distress which smote the country about the latter period rendered the weaving enterprise abortive; so that he was again obliged to betake himself to out-house toil. He got in November employ in a water-course, which was followed by a severe illness, and in all probability it laid the foundation of a fatal disease. On his recovery, however, occupation in certain plantations and gardens was obtained, which uplifted his heart; for he began to look forward with the cheering prospect of rising above poverty. But again alas! on the 11th of November, 1829, "when the writer of this sketch was employed in blasting a rock, a quantity of gunpowder exploded, and

throwing him into the air, left him nearly lifeless." What could John do?—

"To his untiring benevolence and warm affection, upon this occasion, I can bear ample testimony. Patiently did he watch by my bed-side till it was supposed I was out of danger; and then to provide for the exigencies of the family, which now depended upon him alone to support, he wrought at his former occupation by day, and took his turn to watch by night, till I could be left with safety. The result of this accident was a heavy expenditure, occasioned by distress, and four months inability to labour; at the end of which period, from his exertions in behalf of his unfortunate brother, he again found himself in debt."

By the time at which the severe accident overtook the writer of the Sketch, John had betaken himself, stealthily to be sure, as will be more particularly explained below, but eagerly to composing verses, which, it may be supposed, would in some degree interfere with his regular occupations, and his duties in the family, as well as a member of society. But not even while an enthusiast for an engaging, and oft an all-absorbing pursuit, "he was never absent a day, or even an hour, when the weather admitted of going abroad; and if at any time he was inclined to fret, it was when kept at home by rain or deep snow. I think I may also affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there scarcely ever was a man who gave his time or his assistance to his poorer fellow creatures more willingly than he did. Whatever he may have accomplished, in another way, it was done solely by keeping one object steadily in view, and devoting to it the whole of those hours which others devote to amusement, idle conversation, and visiting acquaintances."

He was the widow's zealous and conscientious friend, and lent, says the brother, "a large share of assistance for several years, in cultivating the gardens of three widows. From the month of March, till the gardening season was over, it was his custom to work from five in the morning till it was time to go abroad, putting such crops as we required ourselves into the ground. When he returned from the labours of the day at six in the evening, he despatched a hasty supper, went to the place where his assistance was expected, and wrought while daylight lasted, or, when the season was more advanced, till ten at night. Widow with him was a sacred name; he had read in his Bible the denunciations of wrath against those who oppressed or troubled them, and the constant injunctions to treat them with kindness and sympathy; and in whatever light others might regard them, he never could think of allowing any personal consideration to stand between him and those services, upon which he considered them as having claim from the Word of God. So severe, however, were the labours which he imposed upon himself in this way, that as the Spring advanced, I have frequently heard him say, 'I am almost scared, man, to think that the yard-season is coming on again.'"

Disease was by this time sending him intimations which were significant of early decay and death. Still he toiled, and saved sums of money, small in amount in one sense to be sure, but extraordinarily large in another, again to be spent virtuously and endearingly. "As an evidence of his industry," says his brother, "and a proof that the 'miserable earnings,' as he termed them, were not squandered upon idle indulgences, it may be also mentioned, that from them, previous to November 1832, about 14l. had been again saved. In the spring of 1833, the reader will recollect that he was rather in debt; little more than two years had passed since then; and when it is known that his earnings seldom exceeded 19l. in any year—that, besides himself, he had at least one of his parents to support—that he was in the habit of giving considerable sums in charity, and, perhaps, still more for books—some idea may be formed of his personal expenditure. This could not possibly exceed 7l. per annum, food, clothing, and everything.—Having thus mentioned his little savings, I hope the reader will pardon me for stating the manner in which they were expended. On the 8th of November, 1832, the writer of this sketch was once more subjected to the effects of gunpowder, by an accident in a quarry; and before he was able to resume his work, the last farthing of the 14l. was gone, and the author of the following poems, and the narrator of his story, were left to begin the world again, with only the clothes on their backs; and these, having already seen severe service, promised soon to leave them."

There was no need for apologizing; for the particulars so unostentatiously here communicated are valuable and worthy of being widely known. The "short and simple annals of the poor," their vicissitudes, their aspirations and their destinies, are as dear to them, yes, and as deserving of being recorded, as are the histories and the fates of warriors and statesmen.

Up to the latter part of 1833 John had prosecuted his literary labours as secretly as if he had been committing a crime cognizable by the law of the land. The family's residence had but one apartment, so that to avoid detection he wrote upon his knee, having within reach an old newspaper constantly lying, under which to thrust his manuscript when any one might happen to call, generally taking up a book also to help the disguise. The inconveniences attendant on such a method drove him to plan and execute a way of escape, to accommodate himself in the winter evenings; for in summer, after his ordinary toil, at a small vacant

space at the farthest end of the dwelling, which was long and narrow, and where there was a single pane of glass to light it, the youthful poet was in the habit of enclosing himself. It may be as well before proceeding to any later period in his life to let the reader hear what might be the outpourings of his muse in such an unpretending corner.

Says his brother, "on one of these evenings I had taken sanctuary in this quarter before he came home. The sun shone cheerfully in at the little window, giving an air of warmth to the place, and making visible a long level streak of its dim smoky atmosphere. When he arrived, with his writing materials in his hand, he leaned upon the chest where my papers were lying, and said, 'if you would stop for a few minutes, man, I would let you hear my last production.' He then read, with a low musical voice, the following lines:—

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH-YARD.

Ah, me! this is a sad and silent city:
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets, with melancholy pity!
Where are its children? Where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,
And slimy worms watch o'er them as they sleep.
This is pale beauty's bourn; but where the beautiful
Whom I have seen come forth at evening hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
Amid the wreaths of spring to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here, but flowers of death;
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.
This is a populous place; but where the bustling—
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—
The lookers-on—the showy garments rustling—
The money-changers—and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopp'd in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.
This is the home of grandeur: where are they—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod disdains the beauty now.
This is a place of refuge and repose:
Where are the poor—the old—the weary wight—
The scorn'd—the humble—and the man of woes—
Who wept for morn' and sigh'd again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep,
Beside their scorners, and forget they weep.
This is a place of gloom: where are the gloomy?
The gloomy are not citizens of death;
Approach and look: where the long grass is plummy,
See them above! they are not found beneath—
For these low denizens with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.
This is a place of sorrow: friends have met,
And mingled tears o'er those who answer'd not:
And where are those whose eyelids then were wet?
Alas! their griefs, their tears are all forgot;
They, too, are lank'd in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.
This is a place of fear: the firmest eye
Hath quail'd to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heaven's prospects high,
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.
"Of these, the first verse rose spontaneously while walking in the church-yard during the interval of public worship, and the others had been added on the Monday morning."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DRUNKEN MINISTERS.

(Continued.)

How different from Mr. Macvicar, was the character and history of the reverend Mr. Potter, a man as coarse and vulgar in every way as the other was refined and polished. His very exterior indicated all this; and when he spoke or preached the impression was confirmed; for it was as if a blunderbuss had been shooting mud.

Mr. Potter's social habits were in perfect keeping with his exterior indications; and as to his passions they were of an equally low cast. His belly was his god both as to meats and drinks. He was an enormous swallower of whatever came to hand; but the "chief-tan of the pudding race," the Scotch Haggis, was his pet dish, the fatter the better; and then it required almost gallons of liquid to float and neutralise the gross strength of the mass.

One other feature in his character must be mentioned, and then I shall conclude with an anecdote of him. Next to intemperate eating and drinking, the most disgusting of his vices was,—(I was going to say avarice, but that term conveys to my mind an idea far too dignified for the case) greed, gross greed; which showed itself most offensively when he carried too large a quantity of stimulants. There was nothing which he saw, and which could be used by him that he did not desire to possess. He would have recourse not only to round-about ways to signify his wish, but if these failed, he would beg in downright terms, always endeavouring however to let it be felt how much honour the giver to the "Minister" would do to himself by the presenta-

tion of an offering. He once published a stupid sermon, and had the face to ask the printer to execute his part of the business gratuitously, because forsooth "it would be promoting the kingdom of God!"

Most of Mr. Potter's parishioners were fully as shrewd as he was, and learned to invite him to an abundant feed and copious libations of rum, only when they were in want of amusement, or had a wish to see him make a fool of himself; and as to gifts, they generally took care to tempt him with what was of little value to themselves, or would be only lumber to him.

It was on a hot summer's day that Mr. Potter was to dine with the Laird of Mucklewame, a Scotch Haggis and Leeward Island as well as Jamaica Rum being emphatically mentioned in the invitation. Ample justice was done to the same by the parson, who, however, was such a soaking sandbank, that he was always able to appear sober; the more he gulped down his huge throat only appearing to render him more heavy and stolid,—more pertinacious in uttering common place sentiments, and in moralizing over even the most trifling thing. On the day in question, for example, the Laird of Mucklewame's stable dung-hill was sending forth a cloud of smoke like a lime-kiln, and this the Minister chose to compare to the temporary prosperity, pride, and riches of the wicked. "Yonder bay tree, Mr. Potter," observed the Laird, "would afford a more elegant and scriptural similitude." "Not so rich, not so rich," replied the man of blubber. But I must proceed.

As Mr. Greediness was returning home in the evening with a gravity not of a sacred sentimental kind, but imposed partly by corporeal necessity, and partly as a professional index, he took his way along the banks of the Clyde for some distance, and by a foot-road, in order to "meditate" as he termed it, "amid the beauties of nature." Incongruous combination! The soil and some of the loveliest scenery of Scotland together! Why, he should have kept by the reeking dung-hill!

Well, a farm house was in the way, and of course he must needs "call in," and have a word of "advice" to bestow. He found the family preparing supper, which consisted of *rumblety-thump*, that is, beat potatoes, milk and seasonings being freely mingled, presenting a dish which Sir Henry Stuart has said is "fit for a prince."

Now the family was small, and therefore the pot in which the *rumblety-thump* was preparing was not very large; yet it seemed just of a size that would suit the Minister's kitchen. The anecdote however will be best given in the way of dialogue, according as it took place on the occasion. Says Mrs. Wilson, "will you try our champt potatoes Mr. Potter?" "Why, I'll ask a blessing and just taste." "Your're welcome I'm sure." "Of course, of course, but really I must cool myself for a moment; the evening is warm, very warm indeed. Let me have a little water." "Oh, no water by itself, that's dangerous, bring the bottle gudeman." "That's good whisky of yours, Mrs. Wilson, and now—the supper."

I shall not say how much of the *rumblety-thump*, or champt potatoes passed down the throat of the Minister. Suffice it to mention that the whole was finished, even although the farmer and his wife ate sparingly, in observance of "gude manners." I must however give some idea of the conversation which took place during the process of supping.

Quoth the Minister, "that's a very neat pot of your's Mrs. Wilson, I have not seen a more convenient thing of the sort. Mrs. Potter has long been thinking of buying one of that shape and bigness, for one of her's is too small, and another too large, and that is just the size between them that would suit us. It is really a very nice pot; I think I must have its measure taken. I observe its mouth is narrow in comparison with the rest of the vessel, which shows taste in the founder. I dare to say the Carron people made it; now ours are by a very inferior maker." "Waheed, Mr. Potter, I canna tell without lunking wha made the pat; but for any thing I perceive it is nae way extraordinary. Its belly is nae doot wider than its mouth, but I imagine that it is a usual thing. Yet be this as it may, it serves our purpose vera weel. Howsomever, if ye think Mrs. Potter wad have any particular use for the pat, she or you, Sir, is extremely welcome to it; we can get another at a sma price." "Of course, of course; but I always find that my people have more satisfaction in seeing their Minister comfortable.—I mean, in knowing that his mind is kept quiet and tranquil for the due performance of his numerous and solemn duties, than in caring about small things for themselves. And small things have a wonderful effect on my tranquility. A studious learned man will be disturbed at the sight, for instance, of the slightest confusion of the furniture of his room, and more so when his wife may interrupt him by saying such and such a thing is wanting. Mrs. Potter has come to understand all this, and now makes it her business to let my parishioners know what are the little things that will contribute to my comfort, or rather that will save her from being obliged to break in upon my meditations and studies. She does so, and my people always meet her wishes and views. It is right that they should do so; and they are always the better off for it. A blessing attends every act that contributes, were it but to the extent and value of that trifling vessel, to the forwarding of the grand cause. Common people cannot understand how much depends on

the repose of mind, and the *minutiae* that may create that condition, in the case of the Ministers of the Gospel; but what I have stated is quite according to the philosophy of our mental constitution."

After this long-winded exposition, Mrs. Wilson, who, like her husband, could hardly refrain from laughing at the greedy fool, and certainly would have striven to do so in vain, had their disgust not neutralized the emotion, said, "I dinna ken ony thing about the philosophy of the mental constitution, but this ken that Mrs. Potter, or Mr. Potter either, is welcome to the pot: here Jamie gie it a gude wash outside and inside, and tak it to the Manse." "No occasion, no occasion," the Minister replied; "I am going straight home, by the foot-road that leads through the fields, and that takes me to the back door of my garden; so that if the lad will just do the work of cleaning, I shall not consider it much inconvenience to carry the vessel in my own hand." This was far better in the way of fun than Mrs. Wilson could have expected, or by any means brought about; so that she backed the Minister by observing to the effect that really great people were the most humble.

Away goes the solemn-faced Mr. Potter with the pot, to the most extravagant merriment of the Wilsons. He soon found, however, that although at first it was but light as regarded weight, yet that it seemed to grow rapidly heavier and heavier. At the same time it was an inconvenient article to carry, since he felt himself obliged to keep it, as it were at arm's length, in order to save "the cloth." What was to be done? A bright thought occurred to the man. "My hat," thought he, "is lighter than the pot, while my neck and shoulders are strong." So, taking off his *tile* from a profusely powdered skull, he put on the pot which he had previously ascertained, sat with the nicest precision upon his upper-story; and thus in the twilight he paced along the little-frequented foot-path.

It so happened that the man had a considerable gap in the path to stride over, and which, in fact, in the case of a pedestrian, so far from agile as was the Minister, required, if not a jump, which he could ill afford, yet a sort of bounding exertion which somewhat shook the frame. And what was the consequence! Why, the utensil proved treacherous, for instead of abiding where it should have done, it slid down suddenly, and quite over the fleshy proboscis, in a moment enclosing the head-of-beef—entire in its so much admired belly. Here was a predicament for a Minister to be in; yea, and for any man who was bending his way alone, and unguided by wall or fence of any kind. He bawled, but the voice escaped not the belly of the pot to any distance; and even had one stood by his side, the noise was only that of Mr. Potter's mud blunderbus voice with a coarser and more smothered effect than ordinary. He durst not move, lest he should fall into a ditch, or over some precipice, and break his neck. He found too that the more he roared, and the longer the cast-iron instead of the felt encased his head, the hotter he grew; so that the perspiration and the wetted hair-powder streamed down his cheeks, streaking in diverse fantastic ways his black coat.

He at length got so tired, and so worn out with sheer anxiety and dread, (where was now his mental philosophy?) that he sat him down, convinced that alive or dead, he would have to remain there, so strangely hooded, all night. On sitting down, however, and his hands feeling the beaten track, and her bright thought occurred to him. "Should I proceed on all-fours," said he to himself, "I shall, however slowly, be at length able to reach home." Accordingly he betook himself to this method of travel, and was also delighted to experience that his breathing was wonderfully relieved by the manner in which his iron hood now dropped and hung down. Indeed it was amazing how the paunchy and usually inert lump continued to move on; although it was still more comical to behold something like a huge black ram, with an anomalous head however, butting his way along a peaceful path in Clydesdale, in the fashion described; for fortunately he was beheld in the posture and in the sort of progress mentioned, by a wag of a fellow, a blacksmith, whose house was hard by.

I shall not stop to relate what first passed between the smith and the parson, nor how the one gazed and grinned, or the other groaned; but conclude the story by stating that as the Minister's face and nose had become considerably enlarged by the violent efforts which he had used to rid himself of a disagreeable hood, not to speak of the difference there often is between putting a thing on and taking it off, it was suggested by the mechanic that his reverence should accompany him to the smithy and have the pot split or broken to pieces. It was obvious that nothing else could be done to liberate the man, than have the vessel demolished.

Having arrived at the smithy, the blind-folded and bushelled Minister made sundry inquiries as to the precise method of procedure to be adopted; to all which the wag either gave some alarming answer, or caused the question to be so often repeated, pretending not distinctly to take up the meaning of the smothered words, that the imprisoned head was almost as much perplexed as it had been just before its owner betook himself to all-fours.

At length the smith declared that by far the speediest and most effectual method would be for Mr. Potter to allow his head and its encasement to be laid on the anvil, and there smashed, "for," said he, "one good stroke will splinter the metal and set at least the better part of

you free;" and "Jist down went the rotundity, the man of the hammer thinking it fine sport thus to frighten the Minister. When down, the breath and voice obtained once more, considerable freedom; and then it was Mr. Potter's request that the operation should be stayed until it was tried whether a file would not do the job. "Out of the question," quoth he of the anvil, "I might file away till the morning, and then be obliged after all to take to the hammer." "Well then the blow must be gentle, I'm afraid of my head." "Then the more blows will be necessary," was the rejoinder. "Try one, but be careful," was the command. The smith acted accordingly, determined not at that time to break the pot. "Is it cracked?" inquired Mr. Potter. "Cracked? no, but either your head or the cast-metal rang like the kirk bell, or something very empty; I must try again." "You'll knock out my brains, John!" exclaimed the priest. "That's impossible,—I mean, deil o' fears," returned the tantaliser, adding, "here's for you." With that up went the strong arm; down went the unfeeling weapon; and asunder sped the iron, without the slightest injury being thereby done to the sorely beset Mr. Potter.

His face was frightful with swelling, clotted sweat, and an apoplectic fullness of blood. It was a deep purple mass which no one could have viewed without alarm and pity. Even the smith was conscience stricken on account of the manner in which he had trifled with his minister's extreme distress, and made the best amends he could by after assiduities. But unlike Mr. Mactavish as in every other way, also Mr. Potter's lesson was lost upon him. To be sure, he never again took familiarities with any one's potato boiler; but he eat, drank, and begged as greedily as before, earning a deeper and still deeper degree of disgust, and also giving many renewed occasions for the scorner as well as the intemperate man to strengthen his cause.

DUNCAN MACTAVISH.

REVIEWS.

A Defence of Total Abstinence Societies. By JOHN CHARLES FITZGERALD, B. A. Trin. Col., Dublin. pp. 32. Manchester: W. Willis.

This little work is the report of a speech delivered in London by Mr. Fitzgerald, who is well-known as the translator of *Sallust*, and as the former editor of the *True Sun* and *Weekly True Sun*. The pamphlet contains an introductory notice of the origin and progress of Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Societies in the English metropolis, and specimens of speeches delivered by members of the working classes, including Mr. Whitaker's (the well-known Teetotal Advocate) admirable picture of a drunkard's various stages. The work is altogether highly creditable to the literary acquirements and moral character of Mr. Fitzgerald; and we do not hesitate to recommend it as a necessary *meat* to all the Teetotal advocates. We shall extract a few passages to lay before our readers, as samples of this very excellent little publication. Our first shall be in reference to the Roman Catholic Teetotal Societies:—

"The Roman Catholic Metropolitan Societies promise favourably, and owe much to the untiring advocacy of the Rev. Dr. Magee, Rev. Messrs. Doyle, Foley, Reardon, White, and other members of the priesthood. A Mr. McCarthy, who seems to know the secret springs of the Irish heart, proves a most valuable auxiliary to the cause. Mr. Haynes, a gentleman connected with the press, of rare oratorical powers, is, as far as we know, the most able lay advocate amongst the Roman Catholics. We, however, attach great importance to the advocacy of working men, who have not the polish or graces of the school. Their minds are more assimilated to those of their own class, and their mode of speech, and manner of putting a case, more likely to strike persons of their own station."

Speaking of Ireland, the author records the following admirable observations:—

"The Catholics with their characteristic love of unity, recognize one great leader, the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew, whose disinterestedness is evidenced in the large and frequent donations which he bestows, and also in the circumstance that his brothers and nearest relatives are extensive distillers."

"We augur glorious results from the moral reform now in progress amongst the Irish people. We are not, however, so unreasonably sanguine as to expect that all the votaries of sobriety, will, under every circumstance, and for ever, abstain *in toto* from the use of spirits or beer. We are, however, convinced that total abstinence, after having been sometime in operation, must have the effect of emancipating millions from a degrading habit, and attaching them to sobriety, the guardian of moral observances and moral order. Though we are not advocates for rules of indiscriminate and stoic-like severity, we nevertheless subscribe to the sound doctrine that 'desperate diseases require desperate remedies.' A bad habit cannot be overcome by compromise or half-and-half measures."

"Horace remarks: *Culam non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*" In our opinion, however, the Irish degenerate sadly after they have crossed the channel, and become improvident and careless of their religious

duties. It is to be hoped that the fine examples every day furnished by the total abstinence schools will effect a miraculous change. The mercurial temperament of the Irish needs no artificial excitement. When seen in their true and natural character, they need not fear inspection. Let them not be their own caricatures by worshipping Bacchus."

We cannot take leave of this pamphlet, without again strongly recommending it to all our readers.

Report of the Public Discussion at Rotherham between the Rev. James Bromley and Frederic R. Lees. Second Edition. pp. 48. Leeds: S. Jowett.

Supplement to the Discussion. pp. 12. Leeds: J. —.

ALL the Teetotal world has heard of the celebrated discussion, which took place in August last, between Mr. Bromley, a Wesleyan Minister, and Mr. Lees, the talented Editor of the *Temperance Advocate*. We before noticed a vulgar and disgusting pamphlet published, to defend Mr. Bromley, in the form of "The Shevild chap's opinion" of the discussion. We have now an impartial and correct account of the debate, written by a person who was evidently unbiased in respect to his own sentiments, and whose statement is evidently worthy of belief. We have also a *Supplement*, commenting upon the "libels and falsehoods contained in the *Observations on Teetotalism* by James Bromley;" and from all that we can gather from these two publications, we feel convinced that the reverend gentleman has played a most silly and ridiculous part, converting himself into a mountebank for the behoof of a few degraded drunkards, and subjecting himself to the disgrace of a complete defeat in order to curry favour with those whose drinking customs he would fain defend. Without going deeply into the matter at present, it is sufficient to observe that no real or sincere Christian can attempt to defend or uphold those drinking usages; and no true disciple of Jesus will for one instant oppose himself to the *only doctrine* which is calculated to extirpate the terrible evil of intemperance. It is nothing short of sheer wickedness and blasphemy to seek for texts in the Bible, which are perverted into reasons for moderate drinking. Drinking is the source of crime and misery, and the word of God could not sanction so fertile a cause of human suffering. Had the vice of intemperance raged to a fearful extent in the time of Moses, or that of our Saviour, enactments and moral aphorisms against the use of intoxicating liquors would have doubtless been propagated by those who taught all that was good and beneficial for man: but the *generations of the present day*, must legislate for the *crimes of the present day*; and those laws or customs which suited our ancestors, must be modified or altered to a consistency with our interests. Mr. Bromley must be therefore a strange specimen of insanity, a miserable instance of ignorance, or a compound of many kinds of wickedness, to quote the Bible in defence of that moderate-drinking which is the half-way house on the road to intemperance. Mr. Lees made use of very sensible and manly arguments; and the Teetotal world is deeply indebted to him for having so ably exposed the bombastic ignorance or wanton wickedness of this precious minister of the gospel.

PYTHAGOREAN OBJECTIONS AGAINST ANIMAL FOOD.

It happened one day, (says Vacari, in his *Charities of Nature*.) that standing at my window, which looks forth upon the high road, I beheld a sight that filled me with pity, as it should do, to see a mother grieving for her babe, that is condemned to some heathenish sacrifice, moaning and wringing her hands, and following her child that is bound hand and foot to its bloody immolation. But this mother that I speak of was no human one—but a cow, in this manner following her offspring—a creature brutal indeed, and incapable of speech; and yet with her moanings and contortions of her body, making up as it were such a chorus of dumb eloquence, as needed not the help of words, but seemed rather incapable of translating by any power of language—sometimes running on one side of the cart, which contained her darling, and sometimes on the other—and often kissing, in her fashion, the black and white face that hung over the back of the machine in a painful manner: she uttered the most lamentable moans, whilst the writhing of even the tufted end of her tail, exhibited how anguish pervaded her whole body. It was piteous, besides, to see her rolling her large eyeballs here and there, with all the bewilderment of a grief which knows not where to seek its remedy—anon, fixing her gaze fiercely upon some dog or man, that she fancied intended some injury to her calf, she made a run at the enemy with her horns,—at sight of which many maidens and mothers, who were walking with divers children on the footways, took refuge in the nearest shops. Nevertheless, when this seeming danger was over, they came forth again, gazing with admiration at that poor animal's courage and tender spirit in defence of her young, and still more sympathizing with her melancholy voice, which seemed to call upon them as mothers for compassion. Upon which (he continues) I could not help thinking how strange it was, that who to-day ran from the poor beast with fear

and trembling, might, in a few morrows, be feasting on her flesh; and still more, how soon, with their mouths full, they would forget the pity they had entertained for her condition. And, in truth, to see a dainty and delicate young Madam, as frail as a flower, going lightly and mincingly on her toes, as if she could not harm a fly for very gentleness, who could think that *that* is her dinner which goes before her—a huge ox, that needs an axe to kill him, and the arm of a Hercules! She, who ought rather from her appearance to feed upon exquisite fruits—or flowers almost—and to drink the pure dew, as were, no doubt, women's ailments in Paradise—when as yet even the evil one had not thought of tempting her to eat flesh; and that she does feed now so grossly may be doubtless one of the debasements of her former ethereal and angelical nature,—her sinful appetite undergoing a fall from the vegetable apple, to the animal sweetbread in the throat of a beast. And here I must observe, that nature of herself gives sensible hints of the original inhibition of a carnivorous diet to human kind—seeing that on emerging from infancy, our second Eden, or state of innocence, we no sooner forsake our milky and vegetable nutriment, than we are horribly afflicted with dreams of mad oxen, and our sleeps are encompassed with all the wild bulls of Bashan—a fact many much note in their experience. No man says, of an ox at pasture, lo! how he latheth his beefsteaks with his tail,—or he hath a fly upon his brisket,—excepting the butcher, who learns this cruelty of thought by education, and calculates, with a degenerate and unpastoral eye, of how much he will weigh when he is cut up into joints and quarters. And when he hath murdered him, (the ox,) hangs him up limb by limb in his shambles, which he regards with satisfaction—and, with a transposition of vanity, gazes upon the legs, and the ribs, and the briquets, with a peculiar complacency, as if indeed they were his own personals. Surely it will go hard with such men in the world of Brahma!—the great ox-god, Apis, will trample them terribly under his feet! Alas! of pigs, calves, and gentle lambs,—what weekly hetacombs are offered up to the belly-gods of our fallen nature!—what rivers of blood, with an issue of vital breath, that must mount up to the lower Indian Heavens, of the brutal generation, in very whirlwinds! I do well remember the squeamish turn which it wrought on my stomach, to behold a wide kennel running with scarlet, which, though it proved afterwards to have flowed innocently from a dyer's, did yet remind me of that Tartarian flood, which, if the doctrines of Brahma are true, may one day become the red lake of our punishment. For this reason, I have since no appetite for flesh: nor is this my case only, but many excellent and pious men, it is recorded, have turned hermits, and fed only on herbs and roots, because they revolted, like myself, at the world's butchering houses, and shambles.

But if it be painful to a natural-minded man to look upon such savage dens, inhabited by human tigers, (which are butchers,) how much worse is it to behold the poulterer's *eyrie*, where hundreds of birds lie immolated—and men go openly and palpably to deal with death, bargaining for such a fowl's corpse—or, may-be, the anatomies of a score of larks, to be spitted upon needles? And in the eating of poultry, and game, and small creatures of any kind, there is this feature especially shocking—that whereas, in devouring a steak or chop, which is only a small fraction of a sheep or ox, and like a pound of bread or cheese, you may reasonably indulge an oblivion of its being once endowed with life and motion;—but, on the contrary, in a bird, (excepting, perhaps, a roc or an ostrich, which are never brought whole to table) you have the perfect frame before you that once contained a breathing life,—the wings with which it used to fly, the legs, for hopping or perching on a tree, and the parts for eating and ainging with—the head and bill. Therefore, in eating a bird, you have the image before you of a once-living creature, and know that you are destroying it, with its functions—hopping, flying, music, and all—a reflection which should deter any sensible mind from the consumption of poultry. It was a charitable creed which taught that the soul of our grandam might inhabit a bird:—and the fiction of the Phoenix (some think that there are no real Phoenixes) must have preserved many of the race from cookery, by the belief that they would rise again from the ashes.

Lastly, to speak of fish, it seems that these having little or no blood, which is called the life of a creature in the Bible, may be more innocently eaten, especially as they multiply so prodigiously, as to be allowed by nature to prey upon each other, and which may be construed into a precedent for their consumption by humankind. The same argument would authorize us, with regard to lions and tigers, and other beasts of prey, if indeed they would not be too tough for food, and subject us besides to an unseemly danger of cannibalism at second hand. For the same reason one would not choose, willingly, to partake of sharks, of which one was taken in Pliny's time, with an armed man in its belly,—and I have been informed of codfishes, and crabs even, being over busy about sea-wrecks. The venom of the sea-serpents will secure them from being eaten, and so will the monstrous dimensions of the

kraken, whose flesh cannot fail to be coarse and rank flavoured; and its oiliness will be an objection with most people against whale; the mermen and mermaids likewise will be protected by their human resemblance,—as in the case of monkeys and baboons, which are not eaten to my knowledge by any civilized nation,—nor the parrot because of its speech. But which of these arguments is to plead for the poor shrimps and periwinkles, and all the smaller fry of the sea, which might be eaten commonly for want of such objections,—if we did not advance for them the giant-like corporeal sufferings of their destruction, and which have been allowed, in behalf of one insect, so universally, that nobody will eat beetles? A great German naturalist has counted a thousand of vital creatures in a pint of shrimps, and still more of periwinkles in the same measure; so that to make a meal of such minute insects, (however justifiable with regard to locusts, which would eat all up if they were not eaten,) we must sacrifice a thousand of living particles. It is enough to make a glutton pause, to reflect on such a massacre—but, alas! the time is not ripe, or rather, I dread, is gone and past, for such Pythagorean consideration. The refined gluttony of the age, indeed, hath arrived at such a pitch, and has forced men upon such unnatural dishes, that I shall not be amazed to find them feeding upon tigers and sharks, in spite of their being anthropophagous—on swallows and storks however sacred—and on mermen and mermaids, though they are so like their own fathers and mothers. T. H.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

PAISLEY, (SCOTLAND).

THE cause of Teetotalism seems to progress steadily in this town. A grand soiree was held there some few days since in honour of Mr. THOMPSON, the anti-slavery champion, and Mr. L. RAMOND, a gentleman of colour from America. The Rev. PATRICK BREWSTER, minister of the Abbey Church, was in the chair. The room was filled with a most numerous and respectable audience. The speeches on negro slavery and white slavery in Britain under the dread chief Alcohol, were highly impressive.

SHAWSAURY.

ONE of the most numerous and respectably-attended meetings of the Teetotal society that has ever been held perhaps in this ancient town, took place in the lecture-room of the Mechanic's Institute, over the Corn Exchange, on the 16th instant. Mr. WM. BROWN, who has been a staunch advocate of this good cause for five years, was called to the chair. Mr. PLATWOOD, a reformed drunkard, then addressed the company in an eloquent, affecting, and very interesting speech, to which the audience listened with the most breathless attention. Really if Temperance societies do nothing more than develop the eloquent powers and reasoning faculties of the working man, they at all events effect some good; and it is in the power of their members to do much more. Mr. CORFIELD, steward to the Honourable FREDERICK POWIS, of Berwick, who is now an advocate of the cause, said that he owed his conversion to Mr. Brown, who supplied him with Temperance tracts.

MANCHESTER.

A DISCUSSION took place in the Carpenter's Hall, Garratt Road, Manchester, on Monday evening, the 16th of Nov. The disputants were Mr. GEORGE LOMAS, on the part of the total abstinents, and Mr. SAMUEL KENYON on the part of the advocates of the moderation principle. Mr. Lomas undertook to prove that Total Abstinence was rational, scriptural, and of utility to the Gospel dispensation. Mr. Kenyon undertook to disprove those statements. At the appointed time the Hall, which is capable of holding three thousand people, was filled to an overflow. On the chair being taken, Mr. Lomas was called upon to argue his side of the question, which he did in a clear and decided manner. Mr. Kenyon then stood forward to disprove Mr. Lomas's arguments. He commenced by displaying a small paper coffin to the audience, stating that he had brought it thither to bury Total Abstinence. He then produced a small black bag containing some sand, which he represented to be the most appropriate symbol of the foundation on which Total Abstinence is based. The whole of his arguments were trivial and futile. When the question was put to the meeting whether Mr. Lomas had maintained his ground, an affirmative was intimated (notwithstanding a number of spirit-merchants, brewers, &c. were present) without a single hand being lifted up in opposition. Indeed so enraged were the Anti-Teetotalers with their champion, that Mr. Lomas and other friends of the society were compelled to protect him from their fury.

RECHABITES.

Southern Counties Brotherhood.

A vast section of the great fraternity of Teetotalers, exists under the above denomination. The qualification of candidates consists of good moral character, a freedom from known bodily disease, and an age between eighteen and sixty. No candidate can be admitted, unless he shall have signed the pledge of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and been a consistent member of a Teetotal society for upwards of three

months. The places of meeting of the Rechabites, are denominated Tents. When a Brother proposes a new candidate, any Brother may call for a ballot, on assigning a reason. A Brother breaking the pledge of Total Abstinence, ceases to be a member; there are however conditions upon which he may be readmitted. Each Brother pays the sum of one shilling on each quarterly night towards the establishment of a Funeral Fund. The following paragraph occurs in a prospectus lately issued by this admirable association:—

"There is one peculiarity in this Honourable Order which adds largely to its utility,—the capability it possesses of being so spread, as to include a great extent of Country, and a large amount of Brethren acting in unison and unanimity in one common cause: for although experience has shewn the impracticability of organizing the whole United Kingdom in one Brotherhood, yet that good feeling which will of necessity exist between Societies, formed on a similar plan, aiming at the same result, and animated by the same moral motives of beneficence, will so far approximate them in their mutual intercourse, that their competition will be in the rivalry as to which shall do most good, and their emulation will be that of out-doing their sister Societies in the exhibition of every humane feeling, and the reciprocal practice of every Christian virtue."

So vast a freemasonry of Teetotalism, and one calculated to produce such sterling beneficial effects is a formidable power against the army of distillers, brewers, vintners, and retainers of the accursed drinking usages of the times. So impressed are we with the immense advantages which must accrue to the good cause of Teetotalism, from the real efforts and moral example of such a brotherhood, that we shall always be happy to lend the columns of *The Teetotaler* journal to the Honourable and Independent Order of Rechabites, at any time, to promote the interests or publish the proceedings of the fraternity.

DUBLIN.

ON November 17th, the REVEREND THEODORAL MATHREW administered the pledge to many thousands of persons, in the vicinity of the Custom-House, in spite of the deluging torrents of rain which were falling at the time. The most malicious reports have lately been circulated both orally and through the medium of some of the Anti-Teetotal press, that the backslidings from the pledge have been very numerous in Ireland. We are requested to contradict, on the authority of the Rev. Mr. MATHREW himself, this infamous libel upon the sincerity and powers of self-control of the Irish. The doctrines of Teetotalism have absolutely changed the face of Ireland, as they have the morals of Irish social life; and the Irish character is now one of the most amiable and refined upon the face of the earth.

It is with the greatest delight that we make the following announcement to our readers, as one of the positive evidences of the progress of Teetotalism in Ireland:—When the official revenues are declared—as they will be in a few days—they will exhibit these results, that the manufacture of spirits in Ireland was less, by three millions five hundred thousand gallons in the year ending 9th of October last, than in the preceding year, ending on the same date. The consequent loss of revenue to the government is close upon five hundred thousand pounds sterling, or more closely, £466,666 16s. 6d.

ODD CHANGE.—There is great difficulty experienced in these days of "shin-plasters," in making change; but we have heard of two recent instances, where ingenuity was put in successful requisition to obviate the necessity of change. A rude fellow, while before the police magistrate for some nocturnal misdemeanor, was fined nine dollars, for eighteen oaths, uttered in defiance of official warning that each one would cost him fifty cents. He handed a ten dollar note to the Justice, who was about returning the remaining one to the delinquent, when he broke forth: "No, no!—keep the whole! I'll swear it out!" And he proceeded to expend the "balance" in as round and condensed a volley of personal denunciation, as had ever saluted the ears of the legal functionary. He then retired content. Something similar was the "change" given to one of the hack-drivers, by a jolly tar, who was enjoying "a sail" in a carriage up Broadway. A mad bull "with his sparker boom rigged straight out abaft," or some other animal, going at the rate of fourteen knots an hour in the street, attracted Jack's attention, as he rode along; and unable to let the large plate-glass window down, he broke it to atoms, that he might thrust forth his head. "A dollar and a half for that!" says Jehu. "Vot of it?—here's the blunt!" replied the sailor, handing the driver a three dollar note. "I can't change it," said the latter. "Well, never mind," rejoined the tar; "this'll make it right." The sudden crash of the other window, told the driver in what manner the "change" had been made.—(American Paper.)

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FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE," &c. &c.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

NATIONAL education, based on reasonable principles and regulated by the state, is a great and urgent necessity, that becomes every day more and more obvious to the thinking men of all parties. The people cry out for self-government, for the exercise of that power which their recognition as a free people has led them to consider as their right; but whether it be a just claim or not, it is so strongly enforced that we dare not refuse to entertain the question of right that they urge upon us. Meanwhile we must provide, if merely out of regard for the safety of ourselves and our property, that these powers, whenever granted, and to what degree, shall be properly exercised,—in short that they shall not be like edge-tools placed in the hands of children—like dangerous to themselves and all around them; and the only means by which the interests of society can be so secured, is by giving to the masses of our population an education—religious, moral, and intellectual,—religious, that they may know their duty to God and the ultimate principles of moral obligation,—moral, that they may be able to trace in detail the various ramifications of the social duties,—and intellectual, that they may be able to exercise a mature judgment on the various matters, domestic, social, and political, that may come under their consideration. It must be acknowledged that this compulsory view of education is a very low one to take of so important a subject; but it is to be feared that many, who admit its necessity, defend it on no higher ground. That many persons, greatly to their credit, have taken up the subject from the higher motives of religion and morality, and that their philanthropic activity has undoubtedly been productive of great national good, cannot be denied; but however much higher the ground which they take than that assumed by the first who look on the education of the masses as a species of necessary evil, it does not seem to us that in carrying out their plans they proceeded on right principles. If the distinctive character of man be the possession of a faculty or faculties, whereby he forms ideas, compares them with each other, and accumulates them, as it were, for future use,—if man, according to the schoolmen, be *animal sentiens*,—he should be treated as such; and every method of training man must be radically defective, that does not educate his mind. Education, in short, must be intellectual, or it is unworthy of the name;—it is a shadow without a substance,—a dead, unmeaning form. Intellectual education, till within a very few years, was unknown except to the Edgeworths, the Aikins, and the Pestalozzis, who, conscious of the correctness of their own views, were willing to endure the scoffs and sneers of those who called them dreamy and impractical speculators. The clergy patronised, as indeed they still patronise, a system whereby children were treated as the mere lifeless components of a machine—lifeless itself:—the chartered schools were confined to the teaching of the dead forms of grammar and a few words of ancient vocabularies:—and, in the private schools, high or low, for poor or rich, left to the care of men responsible only to parents quite incompetent to give an opinion for or against—men, whose interest was to pay the smallest possible salaries to their ushers and to send in the largest possible bills to the parents—men, who were as ignorant as idiots of the first principles of knowledge, little or nothing was done to prepare children for the business of mature years. Education, indeed, began where it should have ended,—when the children left school and not when they entered it. Let any sensible person of any class—whether from national school, public school, or private school—answer this question—whether he was ever asked or led to *think* of his lessons, to exercise his judgment on their meaning,—in short, actively to employ his mind. Ninety-nine out of every hundred will answer in the negative; and if any one should affirm, that under the formal, mechanical system, whose defects are now in course of development, he *did* progress, *did* receive instruction mainly instrumental in making him an useful and distinguished member of his class, we answer that he became such, not through the means, but in spite of the hindrance of the system. However unfavourably such defects in the plans and conduct of education may have acted on society at large, it is on the poor, chiefly, that its most baneful influence is discernible, and especially amongst those who dwell in the

rural districts. The boy belonging to the higher or the middling classes, when he returns from school, beholds around him those whose experience or reading enables them to give him in a familiar way, the instruction which his school furnishes not; and thus he is stimulated to think for himself, and to begin the work of self-education. The child of the tradesman or the intelligent artizan, though not so favourably situated as the former, still has many opportunities placed in his way, which his young and active mind seizes, of getting instruction:—his book-lessons are formal and dull,—his lessons of life are vital and interesting, and they often decide his future pursuits. But when the child belongs to ignorant parents, who are able to impart nothing to their offspring except their own evil habits (of which intemperance will probably be the most conspicuous) and narrow prejudices, and especially, when—as in the rural districts—his opportunities of observing character are confined within a scanty village, then his case is truly pitiable and requires that some means should be adopted to enable him to rise to his proper dignity as a human being. If education be good for one, it is good for another; and, in this case, surely it is our duty to procure the best for those who most need its blessings; and we feel most strongly impressed with the conviction that these blessings cannot be made either effectual or universal, until we rise, as a great nation, provide the means, and order the machinery that shall work this mighty reformation. The dame and the parish school-master have been tried and found wanting; and the clergy have too generally confined their instruction to sectarian dogmas for the most part unintelligible to children:—the field is open still, and it remains for the legislature to send labourers for its culture.

Education, in all its branches, and at all its periods—from the earliest years of the infant to the time when the full-grown man enters on his profession—is a subject which this journal is determined to advocate; and from time to time we shall publish essays on the best means of conducting the different branches of instruction, and replete with as much useful information as we can collect relative to the state and progress of education in this and other countries. The advocates of the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors ought to agitate in favour of national education; and it is to be hoped that all opposition will soon yield to the calm but firm endeavours made for its establishment by the most enlightened men of the present day, both in and out of Parliament. After a comprehensive glance at the history and present state of education in the three kingdoms, we must conclude that, though there be evils, great in magnitude as in number, we ought not to sink in apathy or despondence. Improvements, however slight, have lately been real: there is ground for encouragement even in our past progress; and the future offers much more.

In the course of our investigation into the subject of national education, we shall be naturally led to consider the Education of the Senses, as exhibited in the instruction of blind, deaf, and dumb persons.

It is in Prussia that the great influence of Pestalozzi has been principally felt. In 1770, Frederick the Great took the first steps towards improving the then wretched state of the schools throughout his territories. The improvements in the higher classes of schools were effected at an earlier period than the rest; and then came the benefits derived from the benevolent and scientific exertions of Pestalozzi, who may truly be called the founder of the new system of education,—inasmuch as he was the first to raise teaching to an art based on the knowledge of human nature. This excellent man, whose principles admitted of universal application, nevertheless adapted them only to the training of the lower classes; but, fortunately, enough of good was seen to flow out of his imperfectly developed plans to induce the Prussian government and several Germanic princes to transplant them into their own elementary schools, and to carry out the system to a much greater extent than was practised by Pestalozzi. Since the period, at which these plans were introduced into Germany, a progressive improvement has taken place; and, although the schools are neither so numerous nor so well supplied with efficient teachers as might be wished, yet the continual exertions of the Prussian government furnish ground for the hope that every defect will in

time be supplied, and the system be brought to perfection.

The subjects we should recommend to be taught in elementary schools, are—1. *The native language*, not merely mechanical reading and writing, but the common-sense of grammar and instruction in the expression of ideas;—2. *Mathematics*, that is, arithmetic and geometry, based on the knowledge of number and size furnished by surrounding objects, and conducted throughout by constant appeals to the senses and understanding;—3. *Knowledge of the external world*, which comprehends all objective teaching, such as geography from that of the play-ground and village to that of the maps on the school-walls, botany, mineralogy, history of animals, &c., all based on actual observation either of specimens or representations;—4. *Drawing*, with the view of training the eye to correctness, and giving facility to the hand;—5. *Religion*;—and, 6. *Singing*.

Schools, which confine their efforts to mere literary instruction, are full of imperfections; but the establishment of industrial schools would tend to produce results as perfect as the exigencies of the age, the present condition of civilization, and the capacities of the generation would require. That there are scattered through the length and breadth of our island persons fully able and well-inclined to adopt every measure that may ensure for those around them the greatest possible measure of happiness, we cannot doubt; and surely nothing can promote it more than the formation of virtuous and industrious habits. But in order that other institutions may keep pace in improvement with the system of national education, the judicial legislation should devote peculiar attention to the management of our prisons. Indeed, it is a shame and a reproach to this country, that our misnamed penitentiaries and houses of correction are nurseries of crime and sinks of impurity and immorality, where the old and hardened criminal has every opportunity allowed him to corrupt and pollute even the youngest and most trifling offender. It is an imperative duty upon the legislature to stay this moral plague; and nothing can effect this object, unless it be a complete separation (as in French gaols) of juvenile offenders in a prison expressly adapted for their reformation and education.

It is our bounden duty, in essays upon so important a subject, to enquire "what is and what ought to be the education of both sexes and of all classes;" and we shall do so the more readily, inasmuch as the great system of national education is now advocated, as an imperative necessity, by many bright names, whose owners—illustrious not merely by their own high endowments, but by their zeal for the moral and intellectual advancement of the species—will not allow themselves to be inactive spectators of the labours of benevolence going on around them, but will cordially give their powerful assistance to forward the education of all classes of a great and civilised people.

A CITY SKETCH.

BY C. WHITEHEAD.

THE superscription I have assumed, and which I am fully entitled to adopt, must at once convince the gentle but sometimes incredulous reader that I am cognisant of many matters which do not often transpire west of Temple Bar.

The things of the world are in their nature transitory, and are, or ought to be, well-known to be so. Yet I confess my commercial memory does not at present furnish me with so striking an instance of the instability of human affairs as was exemplified in the firm (if firm it could be called which was most infirm) of Messrs. Storks, Hookem and Co.

It may not be amiss if I supply such particulars as I happen to know of the early history of the two individuals composing this firm, the "Co." being, as in many similar cases, merely gentlemen of the fancy—*Messieurs de l'imagination*—airy notions.

Mr. Storks, or rather Mr. Snooks, for that was his true patronymic, was a native of Manchester, and during his early years had gone through a course of blue worsted hose, yellow leather breeches, pepper and salt coats, muffin caps, and study at a parish school. His education completed, a liberal patron of the industrious classes placed at his disposal the sum of one shilling and sixpence per week, for polishing the boots and shoes, clean-

ing the knives and forks, running on errands, waiting at table, looking after the house-dog, and quarrelling with the cook. It were tedious, perhaps, to trace the gradations by which Mr. Snooks ascended from errand-boy to light porter, from light porter to junior clerk, and thence to book-keeper, in one of the first manufacturing houses of his native place. It may be permitted, however, to remark that these successive elevations supply the best evidence of his talent and acquirement.

Mr. Snooks had occupied his responsible situation for some years when a conspiracy was, it seems, set on foot against him by the partners. Who can successfully resist oppression when it is backed by wealth and power? The sensitive soul of Snooks did not feel itself equal to a moral set-to against such powerful odds: he abruptly left the place of his nativity. He departed from Manchester for ever, regretted by many of the inhabitants, whose pecuniary demands upon him in the perturbation of his soul and in the hurry of his departure, he had omitted to satisfy; and arriving in London he changed his name to that of Storks, that he might baffle the pursuit of his unrelenting foes. And in this metropolis lived Mr. Storks in comparative peace for some years, until—but why anticipate?

"Twin we therefore to Mr. Hookem. Mr. Hookem was the only son of a most worthy character, who had for half a century satisfactorily fulfilled the onerous duties of a messenger to the Navy-Pay-Office. The old gentleman lived just long enough to know that he had bestowed a good plain education upon his son, and to feel that he was comfortably settled at Salamanca House—the large linen-draper's, in Oxford-street; and here, indeed, the sole surviving Hookem vegetated for a considerable period. His imposing head of hair—that unexceptionable abundance of whisker—the lightness of his finger—the rapidity of his movements, and the urbanity of his deportment, won and secured for him the esteem, admiration, and confidence of both sides of the counter.

Let us not call it an evil hour when Mr. Hookem first fixed his eyes and rivetted his affections upon Miss Sarah Sparks, a young lady who had at one time carried on business in the corset line, but who, in a fit of tender passion cut her stay-laces, and flung herself into the arms—or, to speak without excitement, accepted the hand—of the devoted linen-draper's factotum. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Hookem had been presented with many opportunities, in the course of her profession, of mixing with the best society; nor is it surprising that her naturally gentle soul should have imbibed the refined tastes and polite predilections of her truly respectable customers; so that, when Mr. Hookem obtained permission from his employers to live out of the house, and to occupy one portion of his own domestic hearth, a scale of expenses was offered to his inspection, which, making a rough estimate, seemed to be more than commensurate with his income. Mrs. H., too, had a passion for dressing, as she said, "like other people," and her perhaps too-indulgent consort wished to place her upon a level with society in general. And then she was so often "not fit to be seen," that Hookem was compelled to do things that were seen not to be fit. Besides, these weekly relaxations at the "White Conduit" were, to say the least of them, expensive;—that day at Epsom, Hookem himself declared to be a regular snuff, and the week at Gravesend was ruinous.

I could wish, at this point in the life of Mr. Hookem, that I might introduce something, if only for the sake of variety and contrast, that might be considered a new feature. But truth compels me to state that, by a strange coincidence, the very calamity that had befallen Storks lighted on the head of Hookem. A conspiracy was got up against him also. It is to be feared that some skulking scoundrel, reputed honest, abstracted those various odd sums of money which Hookem, with unfeeling abruptness, was charged with purloining. No evidence of guilt betrayed itself upon the face of that much injured man, as he manfully denied the charge and offered to swear to the truth of his allegation. His sceptical employers, however, not for a moment reflecting how extremely improbable it was that any gentleman could voluntarily perjure himself in a case of mere paltry money, dismissed him from their business and sent him about his own. Thenceforward Mr. Hookem conceived a rooted hatred of the retail business, abandoned all thought of returning to it, and was never known to reter any individual to his late employers for a character; which, had he done so, they might, he thought, be base enough to withhold.

It, under these untoward circumstances, Mr. Hookem did consent to undertake the office of decoy to a gaming house in the Quadrant, let us charitably suppose that he was instigated thereto by a benevolent desire to exhibit to inexperienced youth the follies, the vices, and dangers that beset them, to the end that in their maturer years they might eschew such foibles.

It was by the merest chance that Mr. Hookem, while engaged in this employment, became possessed of a small capital. A troublesome police will sometimes make themselves impudently curious respecting the domestic avocations of free-born Englishmen. These functionaries committed a burglary in the gaming-house one night, and suddenly burst into a spacious room where several gentlemen were invoking the aid, curing the blindness, or deploring the instability, of Fortune. It may appear unaccountable that the parties in the concern, and the parties concerned, should have made so precipitate a retreat as they undoubtedly felt

themselves under the necessity of doing. Mr. Hookem, however, with a presence of mind that cannot be sufficiently commended, succeeded in securing the bank and effecting his escape; and it is somewhat remarkable that he was never afterwards so fortunate as to be able to meet the owners, that he might have the pleasure of restoring the property.

It was in a Hansgate steamer on her voyage to London, that Mr. Storks, for the first time in his life, directed his visual rays towards the open countenance and imposing person of Mr. Hookem, and that Mr. Hookem precipitated his glance upon the minute features and slender outline of Mr. Storks. If it be really true (as I believe it is) that a certain sympathy attracts congenial spirits, no wonder that these two gentlemen felt magnetically drawn towards each other by a power as sudden as it was mysterious. Perhaps the interesting indisposition of Mrs. Hookem (for Storks was a man of true feeling and unquestioned gallantry) facilitated an introduction which otherwise might never have been effected. They slid into conversation insensibly—a conversation in the first instance devoted to topics of no exciting interest; until having retired to the first cabin, a colloquy of a more solid and instructive character succeeded.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Storks, addressing his companion, "we shall soon find ourselves once more in the great city,—that vast mart of merchandise,—that emporium of the world."

"Yes, we shall soon be there," returned Hookem.

"Industry never flags there," pursued Storks, "never lies dormant—never sleeps."

"No, all wide-awake there," returned the other with a wink.

"And yet, a good living may be picked up in London, even now," suggested Storks.

"If you did but know where to look for it," said his new companion.

"Excuse me, that isn't it," returned the other; "many people know where to look for it, who can't get it, you know."

"The gentleman speaks true, H.," remarked the wife of H's best and purest affections.

"Now, I know many ways," continued Storks, "by which a fortune might even be made in this very town,—inevitably—certainly—"

"And no mistake? as my friend Downey says," enquired Hookem.

"Strange!" exclaimed Storks with animation; "did you say Downey? I know a gentleman of that name."

"You do? what! a stout man, with a very red face?"

"Yes."

"And a mouth all on one side—so?" And Hookem, with exquisite mimicry, indicated the identity.

"The very man," cried Storks.

"My dear Sir," said Hookem, "I'm very glad to make your acquaintance. I say, Sir, is your name Wilkins?"

"No, Sir, my name is Storks—Mr. Ambrose Storks."

"My dear," said Hookem, addressing his wife in a tone of bland appeal, "how often have we heard Downey mention his friend Mr. Storks."

"How often, indeed!" said the lady.

"And may I make so free," said Storks, "as to request the favour of your name?"

"My name, Sir, is James Hookem—Jemmy Hookem, as Downey calls me."

"My good Sir," cried Storks with enthusiasm, "my friend Downey has spoken of you to me a thousand times."

"Has he, though?—rum—!" said Hookem.

"How very funny!" simpered his wife.

"Extraordinary circumstance!" cried Storks.

"My dear Sir," said Hookem, when the excitement consequent upon the recent disclosure had in some measure abated, "you were saying that something might be done—that a fortune—"

"Great things might be done, Sir," interrupted Storks, "great things might be done—with a small capital."

"A hundred or two of much use, d'ye think—eh?" enquired Hookem.

"Why, the sum is small certainly," replied Storks, who during this brief interchange had been looking with one eye at the steward, and with the other at his companion, "the sum is small certainly; but much might be done even with that. A sharp fellow with a clever partner—appearance is every thing."

"Good," said Hookem.

"Make a show, you know."

"True."

"The rest follows—don't you see?"

"I do," said Hookem,—"wide-awake—uncommon."

"At this moment an intimation was made to the passengers below that the vessel had reached its destination, and the passengers prepared with all expedition to depart.

"Well, bye, bye, old fellow," cried Hookem, with that familiar cordiality which some few generous natures have always at command: "sorry we didn't become acquainted earlier in the voyage, but never mind."

"But we shall see Mr. Storks again, my dear, surely," suggested Mrs. Hookem.

"Aye, by the bye, why not?" cried Hookem, and, as he lowered himself to a level with Storks, he took

that individual with friendly zeal by the collar—"now, say the word: why can't you come and take a snap with us, at eight o'clock to-morrow evening, 54, Beech-Walworth? That's where we hang out,—and bring Downey with you?"

"I will come," said Storks, and he repeated the address,—and I will bring Downey with me;" and after many fervent graspings of the hand on all sides, the two friends separated, each bent upon bringing to bear the project which had been so suddenly and faintly shadowed forth—but which, as each walked homeward, as suddenly assumed (if I may be permitted the phrase) a mentally tangible shape.

Mr. Storks being strictly a man of his word, and at the same time wanting a word with his man, made it his business, on the morrow, to seek after his friend Mr. Downey, whom, after much fruitless and previous search, he found in one of the many houses of call frequented by that gentleman.

Mr. Downey was one of those persons who contrive to exhibit a respectable appearance, without any apparent means of so doing, and who managed to get a good living without any ostensible avocation in life. In truth, the means of substance acquired by Mr. Downey were as mysteriously procured, as the substance which is always supposed to attend Knight's-errant in the old romances, there being, as we have said, no conceivable source from whence they could be imagined to flow.

Mr. Downey, was of course, infinitely pleased, nay, delighted, when he was made acquainted with the extraordinary interference of chance which had brought into contact two such intimate and estimable friends as Mr. Storks and Mr. Hookem. The two gentlemen accordingly mounted a Walworth stage, and in due time were set down at No. 54, Beech-row, where they were received with all that unostentatious hospitality which, perhaps, peculiarly distinguishes the English character.

It was not long after their arrival, that tea was served up, and that Downey's cigar-case made its appearance from his side pocket.

"Never trust me," said Downey, biting off the end of his cigar, "if that wasn't a queer start, for you two fellows meeting in the strange way you did."

"It was indeed," replied Hookem, "fortunate I think."

"Decidedly so," said Storks with an experimental glance towards the lady.

"Fortuit," cried Mrs. Hookem.

"Well, then," said Downey, "why can't you two knock up a partnership between you? You're the likeliest chaps I know to make a good thing of it."

"Well, hang it," cried Hookem, after a pause, "what's the use of my talking? What do you say, Mr. Storks?"

"Why, the fact is," said Storks with a commercial air, "I am rather strangely circumstanced. I have excellent opportunities—excellent—but no capital."

"Capital opportunities—but no capital," elucidated Mr. Hookem.

"Just so," continued Storks; "now if I could get a start—something to begin with—to make a show—"

"I've a hundred or two, you know," remarked Hookem.

"My dear Sir, that would just do—merely to be sunk for a fortnight—to be repaid out of the concern."

Men of business habits very soon understand one another, and a very short conversation sufficed to improve the project, which, on the previous night, had assumed a definite shape, into perfect symmetry.

"Now," said Downey, helping himself to another cigar, "you understand each other, don't you? Well, mark me: you two gents just toddle into Wood-street one of these mornings, and there you'll see one of the sweetest places you ever looked at: my wigs, such a front—premises running back into the next street."

"Just the thing for a Manchester Warehouse," said Storks, addressing his partner *in esse*.

"The ticket," said Hookem.

"There's a private gateway at the back, mind you," resumed Downey—"a private gateway."

"Nothing can be better," said Storks decisively.

"Why so?" enquired the unsophisticated Mrs. Hookem.

"My dear lady," said Storks, "can't you perceive? The goods come in at the front door, and go away at the back—private—secret, you know; who knows where they're taken, you know?"

"Don't you see?" vociferated Downey.

"Oh! you clever creatures you," cried the delighted Mrs. Hookem, shaking her remarkably pretty small head, with a wicked pleasantness, at the men of business.

Mr. Storks acknowledged his moiety of the compliment by a self-complacent but deprecating bow.

"Well, but now," said Downey, when silence was once again restored, "I can let you into a good thing;—won't promise, though; but I know a young fellow that'll just suit you for a partner. I've met him several times at a house in the city. He's got two or three thousand pounds which he doesn't know what to do with, and I'm sure he wants to join some respectable house of business as a sleeping partner."

Here a burst of exhilarating merriment proceeded from the company.

"He's the nephew," continued Downey, "of an old fellow late of Well-street, who hopped the twig about a

year back; and his name's Green. But, you understand, I shan't come it strong to my gentleman till you're regularly established."

"About a week afterwards, say?" enquired Hookem.

"Aye, that's the time o'day."

"Quite," said Hookem.

"Of course," added Storks. "But," he continued with an air of interest which, during Downey's statement, had been gradually enlarging till it almost arrived at the dignity of excitement—"but are you sure this young man has money?—two or three thousand, you said:—is it ready—tangible—down?"

"Down," cried Downey, striking the table with his hand; "what do you think of that now, eh, Master Innocence? won't that do for you?" and here our commercial agent contrived an irresistible variation of visage that completely relaxed the muscles of his auditors. But the entrance of supper, which consisted of beef-steaks and onions and boiled potatoes, prevented for a while this agreeable species of relaxation.

It may safely be affirmed that no four estimable individuals ever sat down to this most pleasant of all meals with more true and unfeigned relish than did the four persons of whom we have been treating. After supper, the enlivening song went round, or, rather, went three quarters round,—wit flew about which was not always caught, good humour prevailed which was not always prevalent, and, in a word, unbounded hilarity was the order, or perhaps the disorder of the night.

It was about a month after the meeting here described, that the "sweet place," in Wood-street, was entered upon; that "STORKS, HOOKEM, AND CO., MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN," surmounted the warehouse-widows, and adorned the door-posts of the concern; and that young Mr. Richard Mizzle, the nephew of their friend Mr. Downey, for the first time occupied a stool in the counting-house. It were extravagant scepticism to doubt that to a respectable firm like the above, credit would for a moment be denied. When it is stated that the "small capital" of Mr. Hookem filled the warehouse to overflowing with bales whose contents it were impertinent too minutely to examine, and that Mr. Storks regularly paid for the goods ordered, by bills at two months, accepted by that extensive Manchester branch of the London trade, carrying on business under the firm of "Catchflat, Rumrigg, and Co.," when these facts, we say, are stated, it cannot surely be wondered at that our new partners found that they had obtained as pretty a connexion in so short a space of time as could be desired by moderate and sensible people like Hookem and Storks. Such was the briskness of trade, or such the assiduity and attention to business of the partners, that the goods which were purchased, were sold the instant they entered the warehouse; and, although they were delivered at the front-door, they invariably made their exit from the private gate-way at the back of the premises, with all the despatch consistent with caution.—Mr. Storks being perfectly well aware that so active was competition in the London market, that were any of his neighbours in the same line to observe the address of his purchasers on the bales of goods, his connexion would have been soon undermined, and perhaps destroyed.

About a fortnight after Messieurs Storks and Hookem had entered into partnership, Mr. Downey, accompanied by his friend Mr. Green, called upon those gentlemen, and under the plea of particular business was admitted to a private interview. This interview was most satisfactory to all parties concerned. Nothing could be more fair and honourable, or more liberal than the conduct of Messrs. Storks and Hookem upon this occasion. They actually agreed, for the consideration of three thousand pounds, to be brought into the concern by Mr. Verrey Green, to allow him a third share in the profits of that flourishing concern! In less than a month Mr. Green produced his capital; and his name was added to the firm. Things then went on for a few weeks in the most prosperous manner.

One evening upon entering the premises, a rather unusual scene presented itself to the eyes of Mr. Green. Mr. Hookem was engaged in high words with a stranger; and, in another part of the warehouse, a carman was struggling to obtain possession of two bales from their confidential porter, who made but a feeble resistance.

"I tell you, Sir," said the stranger, "these goods were sold for cash."

"For cash, certainly," replied Hookem. "Won't you walk into the counting-house, Mr. Green?" But Mr. Green did not stir.

"Cash on delivery," cried the stranger.

"Well, leave the goods," said Mr. Hookem, "and when Mr. Storks comes in, he will send you round a cheque, if it's all right."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the stranger; then addressing himself to the carman, he said, "John, put the goods back again into the cart, and let's be off. We shall do no good here, I see that."

"Very extraordinary this," observed Mr. Green, when the strangers had departed.

"Oh! my dear Sir, not at all," answered Hookem carelessly: "these little things happen every day in business," and he led the way into the counting-house, where, to Mr. Green's still greater astonishment, sat Mr. Storks, who had just been declared to be out. After some desultory conversation, Mr. Green withdrew.

Mr. Verrey Green was a gentleman who was a slow hand at suspicion, but a sure one when he once laid hold upon it. Some of my readers may be inclined to think that he had but slight reasons for his doubts; but he was not of that opinion. He returned therefore to Wood-street in about three hours. Where were Messrs. Storks and Hookem?

"They will be back in half an hour," said the porter.

"Dick," said Mr. Green, in a voice of strong emotion, "take these two sovereigns. You must conceal me in the warehouse somewhere: I think that on the return of my partners, I shall do well to watch their proceedings."

Mr. Green was immediately mounted upon one of the inexplicable bales, with which Messrs. Storks and Hookem had filled their warehouse at the commencement of their partnership; and from that eminence he could command a view of the interior of the counting-house, through a ventilator. At length his respectable partners, accompanied by Mr. Downey, made their appearance, and immediately dismissed the porter for the night.

It was not long before the three gentlemen were seated at the small round table in the middle of the counting-house, looking over some papers, and dividing a considerable sum of money amongst themselves.

"Well, these bills all fall due the day after to-morrow," remarked Storks.

"For Green to take up," cried Downey.

"Where shall we be this time tomorrow night?" said Mr. Hookem, after a pause.

"Why, I rather think, at Liverpool," observed Mr. Downey. "The vessel sails at 4 P. M."

Mr. Green has since stated that he never could precisely recollect how he left the warehouse on that evening;—and whether he took the shortest cut to the Mansion-house, or not. He however distinctly remembers his interview with the Lord Mayor, who, giving instructions and a slip of paper to three respectable looking individuals, requested them to accompany him to Wool-street, Cheapside. Messieurs Storks, Hookem, and Downey were taken into custody; and either being unable to explain the nature of their complicated mercantile transactions, or the Lord Mayor being too obtuse to comprehend such involved details of business, they were sent to prison, and in due time brought before a self-willed judge and a pig-headed jury. It is extremely distressing to be compelled to state, in conclusion, that these highly respectable men were desired to embark immediately for the particularly fine and salubrious climate of New South Wales.

PUBLIC STOCK.

Public stocks now exist in almost all Christian states, and are so various that it is a particular study to learn their nature, their different value, the degree of their credit, the mode of buying and selling them, of raising the interest on them, &c. The shares in these stocks in modern times are generally made transferable, so that they have become an important article of commerce. Various methods have been adopted to induce capitalists to lend their money to the state. The attraction consists in affording a prospect of receiving a greater income from their money in this way than could be procured by any other safe mode of investing it, and in facilitating the transfer of the claims, and exempting from taxes the income arising from the property. The first was by means of *annuities*, so called;—that is, compacts in which the state pledges itself to pay the lender a fixed sum for his capital annually, which he could obtain in no other way with equal ease and convenience.

Life annuities and *Tontines* were another invention to bring capital into the public treasury. The former secure to lenders a certain income during their lives; and this income is regulated by the age of the persons thus advancing their money, being greatest for the most aged. *Tontines* are stipulations by which a company of shareholders are to receive a certain interest from the state (somewhat higher than can be otherwise obtained on good security) for the whole capital which the members of the company contribute in equal shares; so that while they all live, they enjoy this interest; and when any die, the whole interest goes to the survivors; so that the longest liver finally receives the whole interest during the remnant of his life.

Perpetual Rents (as they are called on the Continent) are stocks which the government is under no obligation to redeem. They have become the means to which states most resort, and which have found the most favour both from states and people, and by their increase and the facilities which are afforded for their transfer, have acquired great importance. All national debts are more or less dependent upon the wealth and income of the people.

Reduced Funds is the name given to those stocks on which the interest has been reduced, in consequence of the option which the government has offered to the public creditors to receive back their capital or to take a lower rate of interest.

Consolidated Annuities is a name derived from an operation of the government commenced in 1741, when an act of parliament was passed by which the various loans for the repayment of which particular funds had been assigned, were united, and all the funds, including the sinking fund, consolidated into one. Although a

large amount of the English stocks always remains stationary, in the hands of companies, public institutions, and many private persons who retain them as the safest source of income, still a large proportion is bought and sold every day, and constitutes a very important article of traffic in the London market. All the three per cent. stock is most in the market, the price in these public papers relates to this, if the kind of stock be not particularly designated. It moreover regulates the prices of the three and a half, and other funds and shares, which vary with it. The best standard of the credit of the public stocks is the rent of land.

The value of the stock is perpetually fluctuating, the variations being occasioned by unfounded as well as real causes. Any occurrence by which the security of the state is either hazarded or strengthened, though once may be as imaginary as the other, has an immediate effect upon the price, which will advance or fall as the news may be considered good or otherwise. The gaining of a victory, the signing of an armistice, and the conclusion of a peace, have each a direct influence upon the rise of the stock; whilst, on the other hand, the loss of a battle, the death of a sovereign, the commencement and protraction of war, are equally certain to lower the funds.

The manner of buying stock is to give a specific number of pounds for a nominal £100. Thus, if the purchase be made in the three per cents, and the current price be eighty pounds, that sum is paid for £100 of stock, which yields a dividend of three pounds per annum. The practice of speculating in the funds is carried on amongst persons who possess but little or no property in any of the national securities, yet whose contract for the sale or transfer of stock at some future period, the latter part of the day or the next settling day, at a price agreed on at the time. Such bargains are called *time bargains*, and are contrary to law; and this practice is *gambling* in every sense of the word. This sort of gambling is carried on to an amazing extent, and is of this character:—A agrees to sell B £10,000 of Bank stock, to be transferred in twenty days, for £12,000. A, in fact, does not possess any such property; yet, if the price of Bank stock on the day appointed for the transfer should be only £118 per cent., he may then purchase as much as will enable him to fulfil his bargain for £11,800; and thus he would gain £200 by the transaction. Should the price of Bank stock advance to £125 per cent., he will then lose £500 by completing his agreement. As neither A, nor B, may have the means of purchasing stock to the amount agreed upon, the business is commonly arranged by the payment of the difference, the profit or the loss, between the current price of the stock on the day appointed and the price bargained for. The buyer in these contracts is denominated a *bull*, and the seller a *bear*. When a person refuses or has not the ability to pay his loss, he is termed a *lame duck*. A penalty of £500 has been instituted by law upon every person who makes one of these *time bargains*.

TEMPERANCE HOTELS & COFFEE-HOUSES.

To the Editor of "THE TEETOTALER."

SIR,—You would be conferring an essential service upon Teetotal travellers, were you to notice in your valuable and widely-circulated journal, the disgraceful condition in which the accommodations at various Temperance hotels and coffee-houses are suffered to remain. There are some admirable exceptions to the rule; but I regret to say, that the generality of such establishments are characterized by filth and discomfort in respect to the places themselves, and by insolence and inattention on the part of the proprietors.

The injury and injustice inflicted upon a good cause by these circumstances, are incalculable; and I hope that you will take this matter up with spirit. For the present, Mr. Editor, allow me to lay before your readers a few extracts from my private journal, hoping that this publication of the proofs of my former assertion may induce a change in those establishments which admit of ground of complaint. But to my notes: the extracts are as follows:—

"Arrived at —; proceeded to the Temperance Hotel, and entered a Coffee and Reading Room. The landlady was at the fire with one of her children,—not teaching the young idea how to shoot; but blowing the fire with a pair of bellows which she ever and anon laid upon the tea-tray on the table near her."

"Arrival at —; here the Temperance Hotel professed to provide excellent accommodation for man and horse. I was cold, wet, and hungry. 'What can I have?' said I.—'Anything, Sir,' replied an ill-favoured dame of the old school.—'Well, then,' I exclaimed, overjoyed at this announcement, 'a nice steak, potatoes, and coffee directly.'—'Very sorry, Sir,' was the reply; 'but it hain't our market day, an' so there ain't never a steak in the house. Lots o' taters though, an' very excellent coffee.'—Never mind about the particular species of meat," I observed, "so long as it's good and plentiful. Give me either veal, pork, mutton, or beef."—'Ain't got a bit o' nothing o' them things,' was the rejoinder.—'Well, anything, then, that you have got,' said I.—'Yes, Sir,' and this estimable landlady departed, apparently to execute my commission; but an hour elapsed, and no dinner made its appearance. At length, after all the fine flourishes of 'anything you please,' and 'excellent accommodation,' &c., a dirty maid entered the coffee-room (so called), bearing a

tray on which stood a plate of fat beef (the fat preponderating over the lean), and a whole array of cups and saucers doing the duty of mustard-pot, pepper-box, salt-sellar, and pickle-dish. As for the servant, I thought, with Shakspeare that 'I ne'er should look upon her like again.' Those succulent morsels of beef were accompanied by whitey-brown bread, and a cup of dingy-looking stuff, which the servant, with excessive facetiousness, was pleased to denominate *coffee*.

"The day was particularly wet and unpleasant, and I could not walk abroad. Rang the bell—no, shouted for the waiter. The girl made her appearance, with a dirty apron and corresponding face. 'Have you a newspaper?' said I.—'No, Sir, we haven't.'—'A book?'—'No, Sir.'—'Perhaps you have *The Teetotaler* journal?' said I.—'We always sell it the second day, and it vent away this mornin', Sir. Missis is agoin' to file it in future cos o' the picklers.'—'Have you the *Temperance Intelligencer*?'—'No, Sir.'—'Or the *Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society*?' I continued.—'Never heard on it, Sir,' was the answer.—'What have you got?'—The girl declared that she would see; and, in process of time, she brought me the *Temperance Advocate* and *Livesey's Moral Reformer*, with which I managed to pass the day.

"When night came, I once more summoned the girl to my presence. 'Slippers, if you please,' said I.—'Eh! Sir!' she exclaimed, as if she had never heard of such things in her life.—'A pair of slippers,' I repeated.—'Ain't got none, Sir.'—'Perhaps you have got a bed, then,' I exclaimed, a suspicion entering my mind that the establishment, which professed to provide such extensive accommodation, might lack that little trifling article of domestic comfort also. But there was a bed to spare; so, after ascending two flights of stairs and a ladder, I reached a nook where I understood I was to sleep. I did contrive to pass the night in slumber; and on the following morning, after a breakfast of bread and milk, took my departure, thinking of the saying of John Hockings, 'Forgive me this time, and I'll never come again.'"

Comment, Mr. Editor, from me upon the above incidents is unnecessary. It is for you to do your duty as an influential journalist in the Teetotal world, and you will assuredly receive the best thanks of the best friends to the cause of total abstinence.

Your obedient servant,
MINGAYE SYDER.

Written from
Nottingham, Nov. 16th.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CONSCIENCE.

By Mrs. Reynolds.

There be not deeds alone to cause us care—
A word may also fill us with despair:
The crimes of man against us never bring
Such pangs, as Conscience' inward whispering,
That, faithful as the planets to the sun,
Praises or blames us when a deed is done!
Mankind may hate—revile—abuse—despise—
We scarce deplore such loss of sympathies;
We scarcely lavish on their ways a thought,
And if we do, 'tis but with pity fraught;
Half pity—half contempt we give again.
Nor feel their scorn to cause the slightest pain.
But when our secret monitor within
Warns us of guilt, and tortures for our sin,
How do we mark our conscious bosom thrill
With care and sorrow for the latest ill!
How do we curse the hour in which we roved
Amid the paths th' Almighty ne'er approved!
Oh! let us love each virtue that can raise
Mankind to emulate those early days,
When first, in paradise, the primal pair
Were pure as angels, faultless and as fair,
Till, by the evil one beguiled to sin,
Their forms were alter'd as their minds within!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

By the Author of "The Cry of the Poor."

Tell me not a witch's dwell
In cheeks with rose-buds beaming;
Tell me not of magic-spells
In eyes like bright stars gleaming.
Talk not of auburn tresses,
Bosoms fair as mountain snow,
Or lips whose smile expresses
More than tongue e'er avow;
For 'tis not the rose-lit cheek,
Nor eyes, whose star-like glancing
Through the ringlets seem to speak,
That o'er their orbs are dancing;
Nor e'en the bosoms white as
Which the spirit can enchain:
No, 'tis the mind whose brightness
Love can win and e'er retain!
Give me, then, the kindred heart
With mine responsive beating,
Which would share my bosom's smart,
Share too its raptures fleeting.
The soul with mine so blended
In the linkless chain of love,
When one to heav'n hath wooed,
Both shall have their home above!

SONG.

By Andrew Parr.

Lead me thine azure eye,
Beauty's fond dwelling;
And thy soul's melody,
Silver'd and swelling;
Then may I win thy heart,
Gentle and guileless!
Till then I want the art—
Till then I'm smileless!
Hope's brilliant flash is gone,
Soothe of sorrow!
Sadness lies where it shone,
Fearing tomorrow!
Speechless and vain were tears,
Since thus we never:
Farewell! this heart still wears
Thine image ever!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to see the sketches alluded to by J. T. B., and thank him for the communication forwarded to us last week. S. W. L. is informed that no political disquisition of any kind, will henceforth appear, as the professed opinions of the journal, in the columns of *The Teetotaler*. A *Partisan Glance* at the London Temperance Coffee-houses and hotels has been received and will be shortly inserted.

2, Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill.

We regret that an unavoidable delay, with our artist, has precluded the possibility of this week giving an illustration with "The Teetotaler." We can however assure our readers that we have adopted measures to prevent future disappointments. A lithographic drawing will therefore be given, as usual, with the next number. As soon as the promised Series of Twelve is complete, it is our intention to present the reader, weekly, with beautiful steel-engravings, gratis as at present.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1840.

WE call the attention of our readers to a letter, in another column, from Mr. MINGAYE SYDER, the eminent surgeon of Fleet-street. This gentleman writes to us from Nottingham, where we presume he is about to give one of his instructive and entertaining lectures; but it appears that he has tarried at various places upon the road, and that he has not always found the best accommodations at the Temperance hotels or coffee-houses where he has stopped. We should imagine that the fraternity of Teetotalers in the United Kingdom is now sufficiently extensive and respectable, to ensure an adequate patronage for places of entertainment well-kept and with suitable accommodations; but it would seem from the authority above-named (an authority which no one will pretend for one moment to doubt) that the Temperance inns in the country are too frequently defective in those attractions which will induce guests to return a second time. We regret this circumstance; and we agree with Mr. SYDER that it is calculated to injure the cause of Teetotalism. In the first place, travellers will be compelled to seek lodgings at the old established inns and taverns of country-towns, and will thus more or less be thrown in the way of company whose habits have not yet been changed by the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; and, in the second place, the evil complained of will encourage a very prevalent idea amongst the aristocracy of the land, that Teetotalism is confined to the lowest grades of society. In London we have certainly some excellent Temperance establishments, amongst which RUSSELL'S HOTEL, Westminster, HOCKINGS' HOTEL, in the Borough, HART'S HOTEL, Aldersgate-street, &c., are the best specimens. We are also aware that in many of the large towns of England there are commodious hotels upon Teetotal principles, such as HORWOOD'S at Pocklington, MARSDEN'S at Manchester, GRAUD'S at Bristol, &c., &c.; and we cannot conceive wherefore smaller places should bear so extraordinary a disproportion in respect to their means of public accommodation. The coffee-house, that is conducted upon the most humble plan, and in reference to a limited scale of expenditure and charges, may still possess those comforts and that cleanliness which will induce even the most fastidious to visit it a second time. The Teetotalers are the very persons who will attach importance to those characteristics of houses of public entertainment, and who can afford to pay for their accommodation. The mere fact of putting away from one's self the filthy custom of drinking strong liquors, leads to habits of nicety and cleanliness unknown in the times of dissipation and degrading ebriety; and of all establishments in the world, those which are instituted for the reception of Teetotalers, are the less liable to internal damage or riot. A neglect of comfort in a Temperance Coffee-house or Hotel is therefore a grievous fault.

MR. MINGAYE SYDER has conferred an immense obligation upon the Teetotal portion of society by his manly interference in this matter; and we sincerely hope that these few observations will be taken in a kind manner—in the way, indeed, in which they are meant. In a private note to the Editor of *The Teetotaler*, Mr. SYDER has promised to return to the subject again; and we hope that his next letter to us will be to assure us that these hints and suggestions have not been unproductive of good results. We shall be as delighted to record an improvement in provincial

Temperance Coffee-houses, as we have been grieved to pen this article to vituperate them.

At a Court of Common Council, held, on the 30th of October, for general business, the Coal and Corn Finance Committee presented a report of their proceedings on the petition of the Coal-Whippers, and on having conferred with the Board of Trade upon the subject of the said petition. It is really time that something should be done to emancipate the unfortunate Coal-Whippers of Wapping from the degraded state of thralldom in which they languish,—a thralldom which is controlled by the vilest species of extortioners, the publicans of the district. In vain may the advocates of Teetotalism seek to obtain any great number of converts amongst the Coal-Whippers,—in vain may the philanthropic supporters of the great doctrine of total abstinence endeavour to rescue those ill-fated men from the grasp of the fiend Intemperance, as long as the devices of that fiend are so well and successfully seconded by the subordinate but accessory demons who preside in the public-houses of Wapping. Is it possible that human nature can be so degraded as to permit man to build the trophies of his own fortunes upon the mental and bodily ruin of his fellow-creatures? It is possible,—and that measure of iniquity is filled daily, and hourly, by wretches who gloat over the evils which they produce by their infernal conduct. The poor Coal-Whipper is compelled to apply to the landlords of public-houses for work; and the reply is, "We will find you in labour, if you will consent to expend one-third of your wages with us."

Such is the conduct of professed Christians, in a land of Christianity—a land which boasts of its freedom and its philanthropy—a land which is celebrated throughout the world for the hospitality it affords to foreigners—a land which associates religious sentiments and motives with the greater portion of the actions of life. Thousands of our fellow-creatures are made drunkards, and kept drunkards, against their inclination or will; and, as the holy Scriptures declare that the gates of paradise shall be closed against the drunkard, how can the wretches, who reduce their fellow-men to that degraded condition, stifle the galling remonstrances of their conscience? The dying wails of the Coal-Whippers' daughters who have been reduced to guilt,—the anathemas of the Coal-Whippers' sons who are condemned to chains and prisons for their crimes,—the starving families in Wapping,—the miserable beggars upon Ratcliff Highway,—are so many well-attested accusations against the cold-blooded and heartless conduct of the landlords of the public-houses, where the fathers of those criminal or distressed beings first imbibed the fatal habit of intemperance.

ERRORS AND INIQUITIES OF THE VENDORS OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

It is a singular error that many have fallen into, to conceive that the lasting interests of one class of our mercantile community can be promoted, by abridging the industry, and thus contracting the means for acquiring property amongst every other class, whose constant and continued trade must be so necessary to them. To render a good customer houseless and penniless, by filching from him a paltry sum for a daily allowance of spirits, and thereby jeopardize a more profitable trade in useful commodities, would seem to be anything but good calculation. With what truth it might be said, such a traffic "n'er enriches you, but makes him poor indeed." The spirit of our free institutions encourages industry, by conferring equality of rights and privileges; and every branch of business is, or ought to be, supported by a reciprocity of interest founded upon those great and leading principles. Any trade or business, therefore, so conducted as to derange this harmony of mutual interest and safety, becomes directly or indirectly a despoiler of public peace, and will sooner or later react with fatal effect upon the cause producing it. Hence it is most clearly a mistake, that the interest of trade is promoted by the sale of an article which paralyzes every industrious effort, weakens moral obligation, and tends to the dissolution of every social ligament which unites men together in the bonds of peace; cherishing in its stead the vilest passions, with the loss of everything which to rational beings could render life desirable or society a blessing. In such a state of society brought about by such means, what has the spirit merchant left more than others for his consolation? He might count upon the nominal value of his mortgages, but who has he left for tenants? A class of men, whom he can no longer trust or regard, though by his own policy they have been divested both of property and character. It may be said by the

objector, that this presents an extreme case. Granted; but still it must be acknowledged in return, that every additional instance of pauperism, from such causes, becomes another step towards it, and the more multiplied the cases, the greater the approximation to that condition of society already described.

These are the classes of men whose baneful influence and vile attacks upon society are more to be dreaded than those of the highway robber. They strip their fellow citizens of their property; they destroy industry and morality, and even Christian virtue; and promote idleness, poverty, and disease. They are the root, the chief source of more than half the crimes committed in the land. They destroy the comforts and hopes of their victims, and send them to an untimely grave. They promote the commission of every kind of crime, robbery, and murder not excepted. The separation of husbands and wives, the abandoning of parents and children, and their mutual hatred and discord, can generally be traced to the same origin.

But how can that man who conspires at this baneful manufacture and traffic, pretend to call himself a minister of that gospel which teaches love and good will to men? or how can he, who vends poison and liquid fire, say that he believes in a future retribution, or that he has faith in Him who has said, "All things which he would that men should do unto you, do ye the same to them?" Could any one in his right mind wish his neighbour to give or sell him a poisonous draught which would deprive him of his reason, and cause him to commit crimes that would subject him to the loss of life or liberty, and entail everlasting disgrace upon himself and his posterity? No person who has for any length of time manufactured or vended ardent spirit, can speak the truth and say that his occupation has not been attended with pernicious consequences to his fellow creatures. And no doubt many a one is now living, who recollects with horror the vending of that draught which caused either the premature death, or murder, of one or more of his fellow creatures.

Manufacturers and vendors of ardent spirit are almost the only accessories to crime that the ingenuity of man has not invented laws to punish. He who only advises or assists in the destruction of his neighbour's property, or in the elopement of his child or ward, subjects himself to the penalties of the law; and he is adjudged a murderer, who only advises or assists in the destruction of a human being. And yet he whose daily employment is dealing out poisonous draughts to the destruction of mankind, and the promotion of every kind of vice, is called a Christian, and often hailed as one of the pillars of the church. But the members of that church, who boast of such pillars for its support, may blush to think of the price of blood, that could not gain admission into the Jewish treasury.

It is in vain that manufacturers and vendors of ardent spirit deny the charge of being accessory to the crimes attending the use of this poisonous liquid. As well may the poisonous adder declare that he has no agency in communicating the poison that destroys the life of his victim. Drunkenness, with all its attendant evils, is daily increasing, and will continue to increase, so long as the employment of making and selling ardent spirit is considered honourable. It is indeed surprising that any Christian society should admit into, or retain within its body, any person whose occupation proves so destructive to mankind.

No person can be admitted into, or remain a member of the Society of Friends, who is known to be engaged in the manufacture or sale of ardent spirit. Much good might be done by forming Societies, whose members should engage to trade with no person interested in the manufacture or sale of spirituous liquors. It is the duty of every individual to look upon that person as a bad member of the community, who gains a livelihood at the expense of the characters and lives, the present, and the future well-being of his fellow creatures. Whatever some may think, still the assertion is true, that no person can be engaged in the manufacture or sale of ardent spirit, to be used as a beverage, and be a virtuous Christian, or an honest man. For that person cannot be virtuous, who will follow an occupation that promotes vice; neither can he be honest, who will rob his friends and neighbours, by selling for a price that which is worse than nought. And that person or Society, that lets any tenement or privilege to any person or persons, to establish any trade or occupation that promotes vice, and he that encourages any such trade or occupation, by any trade or traffic with him or them who are engaged in it, become accessories to all the crimes and miseries attendant on such trade or occupation, as much as he who secretes stolen goods becomes accessory to theft. And no person needs pretend to the appellation of Philanthropist or Christian, who in any shape or manner willingly gives aid and comfort to one portion of the community, to rob, poison, and destroy the other.

Appetite and fashion unite with interest in upholding the baneful practice of drinking spirit; but let us hope that fashion—which leads half mankind—will lead her aid to the promotion of temperance.

THE CASTLE OF HOHENSTEIN.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

THE time at which this tale commences was towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, when each baron ruled in his own strong hold with absolute

sway, not only over his immediate vassals, but also over the peaceful traveller whom he stopped, robbed or murdered, without being in dread of any other punishment than that inflicted by his own conscience, and which in general was easily appeased by a small present to his confessor, or the offering of a wax candle or a petticoat to the Virgin, who generally occupied a snug corner of his castle chapel. At this time, then, those old and scarcely perceptible ruins that you may perceive about half-way up a mountain, formed the magnificent castle of the proud baron of Hohenstein, who acknowledged no laws but the dictate of his own inclination: and those, if his vassals spoke true, were not always confined to the strict rule of right. He exacted strict obedience from every one around him, and those who had the hardihood to disobey him once seldom did so a second time.

The Baron had an only son, in every respect the opposite of his father. Ulric possessed a heart feelingly alive to all the gentle influences of humanity; he was one of those who would turn aside to avoid injuring the worm that crawled in his path; yet differing as he did in almost everything from his "inexorable sire," the stern baron loved him more than everything else; but his love did not show itself in the usual way.

The great hall of the castle was illuminated by a hundred lamps, hung around the walls in every variety of shape; and the shields of all the illustrious race of Hohenstein were each surrounded by a laurel wreath, in which the party coloured lamps were placed; and there all the magnates of the land were gathered to behold the wedding of Ulric with the haughty daughter of the yet haughtier Baron Eichenherz. The goblet passes round, and all cares seem to be forgotten, and if the heart be sad the face does not betray it.

"There the gay dance of bounding beauty's train,
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain."

Old Time, even, seemed to grow young again, as he fled with unnoticed wing. Yet amidst all this joy, if the vassals spoke true, there was at least one heart that did not beat in time to that gay measure; and that was Ulric's, on whom his father's eye often turned with an inexplicable meaning.

Ulric left the hall with an expression of anguish on his pale handsome face,—he stood at the private postern gate, arrayed in his costly wedding dress, and gazed out into the night. The dark clouds were scudding along before the gale, which was whistling dismally through the battlements, forming a striking contrast to the scene within. "Yes, yes," he muttered, "it must be done now or never;" and he then sprang hastily down the cliff and soon reached the bottom, where now you may perceive the ruins of rather a large village. The inhabitants were all at that late hour asleep, and Ulric passed on unseen till he came to a small but neat cottage, which belonged to the widow of a distant relation of the Baron's, whose husband had been executed for treason, and all his estates confiscated. This small cottage had been given to her and her only daughter by the Baron, and here Ulric, during his father's absence at the chase or in the carousals at the neighbouring castle, spent the greater portion of his idle time. He knocked at a small latticed window—the noise was probably drowned in the storm, for he received no answer; so putting his face to the casement, he said, "Leiba, dearest Leiba, it is I." The casement was opened, and Ulric sprang into the room. "Are you ready, dearest?" he said; Leiba threw herself into his arms, and, hiding her weeping face on his shoulder, said, "Oh, Ulric, you must not indeed do this! I know your father will never forgive you, and how can you, Ulric, bear poverty who have so long been accustomed to live in princely splendour, and to the gratification of every wish? you will repent your hasty act, and—"

"Never, dearest, never," interrupted Ulric. "You know that not many hours hence I must wed the haughty maiden of Eichenherz whom I can never love. No, Leiba, I would rather share poverty, sickness, death itself with you than a throne with the proud Christine. I will never return to my father's hall, even should you not fly with me. I have bribed the boatman, and horses wait us at the other side of the river. Now, Leiba, will you come?"

She raised her head from his shoulder and looked out. "It is, in truth, a fearful night, and it seems as if heaven frowned on us:—yet I will go."

They left the cottage, and a few moments brought them to the river, where was the boat; and in it sat the old boatman muffled in his large cloak.

"Now row us quickly across, good Fritz," said Ulric as he placed himself in the boat.

Scarcely had the frail bark left the shore, when a flash of lightning, so vivid as to light up the whole scene with a blinding refulgence, burst from the cloud immediately over their heads, followed by a clap of thunder so loud and long that it seemed as if the demons of the storm were engaged in the din of war, and in all the confusion of a first onset. This was followed by so quick a succession of flashes as to be nearly continuous. The troubled waters were fearfully distinct and the whole river appeared one mass of white and sparkling foam. The strong oars bent like reeds from the vigorous strokes of the boatman, as, wrapping himself closer in his mantle, he pulled silently into the stream. When he had reached the middle he laid on his oars, and throwing open his rough cloak, the lightning flashed upon his jewelled vest,—it was the Baron.

Leiba uttered a piercing shriek, and then threw herself upon Ulric's bosom, who, spell bound, sat gazing at his father.

"Ah, ah, boy," shouted the Baron, "did you think to deceive me. Now, now say, will you give her up?"

"Never father, never," answered Ulric resolutely.

"Then she shall die!" said the Baron sternly; and holding back his son with one herculean arm, he with the other plunged the ill-fated girl into the whirling waters. She gave but one long piercing shriek as she was borne down by the eddying current.

"Father," said Ulric in a low deep tone, and the lightning fell upon his face, disclosing an unearthly fixedness of purpose,—"Father, you have destroyed your only son;"—and breaking with the strength of despair from the Baron's grasp, he plunged himself into the stream and instantly disappeared.

Long and wildly did the proud Baron watch for him to rise, in vain; he then threw himself into the bottom of the boat, and wept with agony:—and they were the first tears he had shed since childhood. At length he rose, and called wildly on his son; and then with a loud demoniacal laugh, he shouted, "I have no son:—I had one once, but I murdered him. Ah, ah, ah!" and the rocks rang with that unearthly laugh, and he sank insensible into the boat. Next morning he was found many miles down the stream, and was brought home; but his mind was gone, and some months after he died a madman. Even to this day the fishermen tell, that on the anniversary night of this wild deed, when the spirit of the storm is abroad, the scene is acted over again;—the maiden is dashed into the stream,—again her shriek is heard,—and again the Baron is seen whirling down the stream calling on his son,—and again once more the rocks reverberate with his wild unearthly laughter.

SPECULATIONS ON ASTRONOMY.

"ASTRONOMY, geography, and the use of the globes." Every card or circular of every schoolmaster or schoolmistress, advertiseth the willingness and capability of the said master and mistress, for a reasonable reward, to infuse the aforesaid particles of knowledge, with innumerable other particles, together with all sorts of classical information, to say nothing of morals, manners, and accomplishments, into the head of every juvenile of whatever capabilities, that may be consigned to their charge. This is undoubtedly desirable, and the only drawback is its utter impossibility. Indeed the professions of this species of the human race have always appeared to me as wildly extravagant as those of a romantic lover partially intoxicated, and their undertakings about as feasible as those of the worthy knight of La Mancha. Did they propose to give the mere sketch or outline—the technicalities of those sciences, one or two of which it takes the life of man to master—it would make the thing appear more probable, more decent, more conscientious; but perhaps their familiarity with the arithmetic may have the effect of expanding the imaginative faculty in an outrageous degree, and hence the riotous and unchecked flights of fancy in which they indulge in their advertisements and other lucubrations for the cajolement of soft-hearted mothers and softer-headed fathers. Ay, cajolement! I fearlessly repeat the word. What care I for them? I am "grown up" now—free, emancipated—"they shall never whip me more!"

I cannot say that I ever liked or felt attracted toward the, *par excellence*, sublime study of astronomy; at least not further than was barely necessary for the comprehension of its more attractive neighbour, geography. It is too vast, too stupendous a study for a mind of moderate caliber, requiring one of a somewhat Miltonic cast and dimensions to thoroughly comprehend its grandeur and its glories. I get (like Robert Montgomery) out of my latitude amid infinite space, and experience a puzzling and uncomfortable feeling of vast vagueness which I cannot possibly mistake for the essence of the "true sublime." I can admire and feel the beauty of the quiet night with her multitudes of stars or worlds, and our world's lamp—the moon, hanging in the midst. I can invest them with kindly influences and attributes, imagining how they are gladdening the route of the way-worn wanderer over the solitary waste, or glittering on the path of the home-bound mariner. I can imagine the thousand lovely dells, and silent streams, and peaceful cottages "embowered in trees," that they are complacently looking down upon, making beauty still more beautiful; I can imagine the manifold tribes of lovers they are surveying walking in quiet happiness, or tremulous joy, or pouting coyness, or sheepish bashfulness, beneath their beams, engaged in all sorts of speculations, from plans for the realization of the most extravagant bliss down to the most feasible and economical means of purchasing household furniture. I can imagine the multitudinous race of youthful poets who are standing on innumerable balconies, with folded arms and upturned eyes and upturned hair, with a mixture of hazy inspiration inflating and leaden dulness pressing upon their pericraniums, jumbled up with confused notions of power and Byron, and might and majesty, until the chilling night-dews check the formation of incipient sonnets to Venus, Jupiter, or "fiery Mars," by hinting that they may catch a cold; and they walk into their chambers, and

stalk from the contemplation of immensity unto their pier-glass, to contemplate how *they* may have looked should any young ladies from adjacent windows have made *them* the object of their terrestrial speculations while they were picturesquely gazing on things celestial. I can imagine all this and much more, while lolling lazily out of the window, on a moonlight night, in a speculative mood; but when I come to view those heavenly bodies scientifically—astronomically—arithmetically—touching their size, distance, density, specific gravity, &c., together with considerations respecting the centripetal and centrifugal forces by which their motions are regulated, my imagination, as the sailors say, is "taken all aback!" It is making mere matter-of-fact work of it, subjecting the objects of one's love, wonder and unbounded admiration at once to "cold, material laws," to weight and measurement, and divesting them of all their beautiful and poetical properties.

Mythologically considered, I love the planetary bodies well. Literature cannot do without the gods and demigods, and full and half-bred divinities of former times. Beautifully has Schiller said, in his Wallenstein—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion;
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or play mountain,
Or forests by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, or wat'ry depths: all these have vanish'd,
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits, or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move—from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down, and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings what'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair."

No more need be added on this point. "The words of Mercury are harsh, after the songs of Apollo."

I entertain another quirk or notion against astronomy, except when studied for practical purposes. Though humility be a good thing, a sense of extreme littleness is not; and when we turn from the tremendous—the astounding study of astronomy, to consider what we are in connexion with what is, we become ludicrously small, even when viewed through that powerful magnifier—our own estimation. In the study of natural history, when we read of thousands of insects inhabiting a drop of water, or colonizing a green leaf, we are Brobdignagians, the least of us. But when we come to consider that this "great globe" itself, with all its storms and tempests, its thunder and fierce lightning, is, as regards size, a mere trifle to that of surrounding bodies, and, compared to them in quantity, as a grain of sand to its brethren of the sea-shore, the consideration has adrepressing and not an elevating effect. In such a case, what are we who strut and fret about, and take upon us "pride, pomp, and circumstance?" What is our glory or grandeur—our wit, or wisdom—or civic, literary, or military fame? Why, we are comparatively smaller than we can possibly comprehend. Shakspeare is a midge, and Napoleon a thing too diminutive to be thought of. Our virtues and our vices sink into insignificance, as, who should trouble themselves about the virtues of a grasshopper, or the vicious propensities of a caterpillar, or enter with interest into the humours, whims, foibles, and eccentricities of a mite? We lose our distinctive qualities as men and women, and become a mass of animalcules. It is discouraging to think of it.

Again, to a certain class of minds, such as have never thoroughly been able to master the perplexities of the multiplication table, the billions, trillions, quintillions, and so on, with which astronomy abounds, is perfectly incomprehensible. They read of a billion or so of miles, but have about as clear an idea of the distance implied, as they have of the occult mysteries of duodecimals. They have a vague idea, perchance, that it may be as far as China and back again, but nothing more. For my own part, I had always looked upon the enumeration of the sum total of the national debt of England as the most august and imposing mass of figures that could be brought together for any conceivable purpose. Why, look now, it becomes comparatively an unostentatious unit, as it were, a mere fraction. "The distance of the star Draconis appears to be at least four hundred thousand times that of the sun, and the distance of the nearest fixed star not less than forty thousand diameters of the earth's annual orbit; that is, the distance of the earth from the former is at least 38,000,000,000,000 miles, and the latter not less than 7,000,000,000,000 miles. A cannon-ball, supposing it could preserve the same velocity, would not reach the nearest of the fixed stars in six hundred thousand years!" There is goodly work enough to upset any moderate man's notions of time and space. Had this cannon-ball taken its departure in the time of Cheops, or even Cheop's grandfather, (if the imagination can roam so far back into the dense blackness of the past), it would even now be merely at the outset of its journey. Cheop's grandfather dandles young Cheops on his knee: he is tarna grows up, waxes in years; builds the everlasting (in our frail acceptance of the word) pyramids, lives to an antediluvian age, dies, is buried and forgotten; successive generations spring up and pass away: states rise and fall; empires expand and decay, and expand again,

up to this present 1840, and yet this cannon-ball that has been travelling all this time with inconceivable rapidity, is, as it were, but a hop, step and jump on its way towards the nearest fixed star! This way of thinking will never do. It diminishes our ideas of the sombre stateliness of the past, and makes "hoar antiquity" a thing of yesterday. The by-gone glories of departed empires, looming with added grandeur through the indistinct and spectral past, must seem to a mind familiarized with such unconscionable notions of time and space, but as things that had existence an inconsiderable time ago, last week, or the week before. Let us leave this speculative star-gazing, and turn our attention to our own sung little portion of the solar system, with all its infinite varieties of men, manners, customs and countries. Abandon astronomy to Dr. Herschel and other lineal descendants of the Chaldees who had devoted themselves to it, and it alone; and therefore may deduce from it some great and useful results. It is not necessary that our artisans, lawyers, poets, clergymen and agriculturists, should have the motions of even the primary planets revolving in and adding their head-pieces. And as for the sweeteners of our life and tea: the makers of our pies and the mothers of our children; it is not fitting that they trouble themselves about the relative distances of the fixed stars. Let them rather go on as they have done; inventing fashions, quoting Byron, working lace, multiplying albums, and fulfilling their destinies. D.

THE BETHUNES.

(Concluded.)

THE reader has had a specimen of John's verses—verses written in summer, and recited to his brother in the quiet *neuk* already described. But how did he contrive to secure to himself privacy for winter, now that it was so much required, seeing that he had become, whenever a moment of leisure occurred, an assiduous student and writer. The cold season had hitherto required an old newspaper for a cover, and a book for a pretence, the family fireside being then necessarily the young enthusiast's *sanctum sanctorum*. He therefore bethought him of some architectural arrangements in order to secure himself a separate corner to which he could retire at any time.

"This had been a long cherished idea, and with a view to its accomplishment, a larger window than that formerly noticed had been fitted into the wall at the farther end of the house. A fireplace was now wanted; and to supply this deficiency, we commenced operations about the 1st of November. After nearly a week of hard labour in the evenings, the work was finished. Though it was then almost midnight, a fire was then put into the grate to try how it would vent; but from the circumstance of the chimney top being considerably lower than the ridge, to his utter disappointment, the smoke and flame instead of going upward, issued from between the bars! On the following evening the whole was demolished; and with no better materials than three old paling stakes for jambs and lintel, two round poles, which were to serve as supports between these and the roof, some ropes made of straw, and a quantity of mud scraped from the highway, we commenced our operations in a quarter where they were more likely to be successful. When the whole was finished, it looked neat when contrasted with the rest of the house; and this he considered a greater triumph of genius than anything in the performance of which he had hitherto been engaged. For one evening he was allowed to enjoy himself over a fire, the smoke of which was fairly carried off by a vent which he had assisted to construct; there was still much to do in the way of covering the apartment, so as to conceal the smoky rafters overhead; but he already looked forward to long evenings of uninterrupted literary enjoyment, and a winter of unprecedented comfort, when, on the following day, he was engaged to go to Luchrye as overseer, and thus the whole of the labour which he had previously bestowed on the old house at Lochend was in vain."

Such were some of the eventful occurrences in John's life; how important to him,—how small in the eyes of coarser spirits and more fortunate lads! But to the young and sorely straitened poet these occurrences chequered his existence with joys and griefs, with hopes and disappointments as thoroughly and touchingly as ever the blending of light and shadow variegated the history of the noisiest sons of men.

As overseer his income was 26*l.* annually, with fodder for a cow; and his brother, the writer of the sketch, accompanied him as an assistant, the two taking their bed clothes and other articles with them on a "wheelbarrow."

In his new situation the poet devoted himself entirely to his duties, which were numerous, and as he took them up, arduous. Grass-fields had to be enclosed, the hot-houses required almost constant attention, so that body and mind were thus exclusively engaged, his hopes being sanguine that he should be able to benefit his employers by his industry, and also to improve his own condition at the same time. But behold another change!

The estate is sold, John's services are not required beyond the year for which he had been engaged, and on the evening of the 10th November the brother returned to their father's cot once more, re-

moving their bed-clothes, &c., again on a "wheelbarrow."

"When he had got some way on the road, he said, that 'whatever we might have left behind us, he did not think any one could accuse us of having brought more from Luchrye than we had taken thither;' and it was with feelings of satisfaction to which for months he had been a stranger, that he once more took his accustomed seat by the fire in his former home. It was not in his manner to stand upon punctilios: whatever was useful, and could be honestly come by, was, in his estimation, honourable; and, instead of vainly striving to maintain a fictitious rank in society, he at once commenced work as a common labourer on the public roads. The preparations which had been broken off on the previous year were resumed, and in a few evenings more he had the satisfaction of taking his seat by a cheerful fire in the long-contemplated little sanctuary at the farther end of the house."

John entertained, as might be expected of a person with such a fervid imagination, and possessed of such self-reliance, oft put to the test, a variety of day-dreams, some of them coming to his aid when other people, had they been so often baffled, would have utterly despaired. One of these visions was, that the brothers might promulgate something new and practically wholesome, at the same time mending their condition, by delivering lectures in the adjacent villages and towns, not on "Political Economy," nor "Rural Economy," but on "Practical Economy." The particular novelty of the plan need not be more precisely described than that from their own experience, the advantages and blessings which accompany industry, thrift, and moral rectitude carried into every part of life, private and domestic as well as social and public should be pressed home upon the minds and susceptibilities of their auditors. The benefit to themselves, however, which resulted from this enterprise do not appear to have been very encouraging; but as a literary curiosity we shall state that the lectures "were at first written upon brown paper bags ripped open, shreds of paper which had come to the house with tea, sugar, &c.; in short, everything which would carry ink, while the writers had no better writing-desk than their knees."

Schemes to insure worldly independence and comfort for those near and dear to him, literary enthusiasm, and strenuous efforts in both ways, distinguished John's life to a period not remote from that of his departure to another and a better sphere. In proof of his solitude and exertions in the former way, take one illustration more:—

"He saw that his parents, from age and infirmity, would be ill able to endure the bustle and fatigue of removing at every term, as is frequently the case with poor people in the country, who have nothing but the caprice of landlords to trust to; and for this reason he, as well as the narrator of his story, was anxious to have some asylum for them, to which these vicissitudes would not reach. We had again saved a small sum of money, and after many deliberations it was at last resolved to venture upon the building of a house.—Having fixed upon the site, and settled as to the fee-duty to be paid for the ground, our next business was to provide as many stones as we thought would be required. This being accomplished, on the 26th of July, 1837, with the aid of one mason whom he had engaged to work along with us, we laid the foundation of our future dwelling;—and had it been known to the world that we proposed to finish a house thirty six feet in length, and twenty in breadth, without asking or taking any assistance except such as we could pay for at the ordinary rate, and with no more wealth than two bolls of oatmeal, to serve as summer provision, the thews and sinews of two human beings, and about 3*l.* in money, reflecting individuals would have probably pronounced us fit for Bedlam: yet such was the case. In less than a week, the mason was called away to another job, but we still persevered. The drudgery which the poor author now underwent was such, that few, perhaps, would have cared for encountering it. He left home every morning before five o'clock, travelled three miles, commenced work immediately, and wrought till nearly half-past seven in the evening, with no more rest than was absolutely necessary to swallow his breakfast and dinner. The last of these, indeed, which consisted exclusively of bread, he frequently ate from his pocket, working the whole of the time. He had then to travel three miles back to his home; and, after having been thus engaged in hard labour and travelling for nearly fifteen hours, it may be believed that he was sufficiently tired before he reached it—yet day after day the same process was repeated, except during those short intervals when the mason wrought along with him, and then he dropped work at the usual time. Had it not been for a vision of the future which was now before him, it is probable that even he might have shrunk from this dreary task. But, in imagination, he already saw the house finished, the garden enclosed, with the crops put into the ground; and his father, now venerable from age, walking through it on a fine summer day, or, if he wished for exercise, employed with a hoe in the little enclosure which he would then be able to call his own. With such illusions—for, as Providence had decreed, they deserved no other name—we used to cheer our journey homeward; and to his warm heart they would have been a sufficient inducement to encounter still greater difficulties than those with which he had to contend. More stones having been provided than

were necessary, the house was raised to two stories. On the 9th of September, the walls were finished; and before the 30th of the same month, the roof was on—an earthen floor laid—the lower flat plastered—part of the partitions built—and doors and windows provided, with very little assistance from tradesmen. With the exception of the carriage of three cart-loads of lime, everything had been paid ready money. But by this time the last farthing of the 30*l.* was expended—the stock of provisions was completely exhausted—and the author of the following pages was glad to engage in such work as he could find, to procure the necessities of life for himself and friends, and provide a little money to defray the expense of removing, which had now become inevitable.—On the 19th of November 1837, he came to that habitation at the building of which he had toiled so arduously; and when he heard his father say, 'Dear me, John, man, I am perfectly surprised to see that great house you have reared up for us,' it is probable that he considered himself overpaid for all his labours."

It is not thought necessary to cite any more of his verses, although many of them are worthy of all that has been said and shown of him; only mentioning further that the small volume to which reference has already been made, containing the joint labours of the brothers, was so received by the public as to afford them encouragement in their favourite pursuit, and that other openings began to be promising. One of the pair, however, was not to accomplish much more; he had done his duty, and his name deserves lasting commemoration. It will be with deep reluctance that any one can be brought to believe that the survivor is not destined to the fruits of the seeds sown, and so laboriously amid the bleakness and blasts of the world cultivated.

What man is there in the humbler walks of life, so often thorny as were of those these two Scottish rustics, who would not prefer them to an easy, torpid, and vegetating existence, provided, with the ease there was to be denied the aspirations, so often grievously baffled, which must have intensely gladdened on thousands of occasions the hearts of the Bethunes? They must all along have been conscious of high resolves, and of extraordinary intellectual achievements; and what greater reward could man on earth receive? But we must have done, and shall remain in the hope that multitudes will long to know all the incidents and particulars so meekly and modestly detailed in the sketch, as well as to enjoy the poetry of the gifted young man who has gone to his rest.

REVIEWS.

A Winter in the West Indies. Described in Familiar Letters to Henry Clay, of Kentucky. BY JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY. London: Murray. 1840.

FRIEND Gurney's sojourn in the West Indies, like a former visit to the United States, was ostensibly to convert the people, shall we say, to Quakerism. He also took advantage, we presume, of the opportunity while in America to inquire into the slave system of that country, as he has earnestly done into the effects of Emancipation throughout some of the Islands he more lately examined; nor has he neglected, or shown any want of capacity and taste for dilating on the beauties of nature, and expatiating on the character and ways of men, wherever he has gone, often giving appropriate expression to his perceptions and feelings. He even courts the poetic muse to celebrate the splendours of sea and land, and the redundant teeming productions of the tropics. His sojourn in the West Indies was not indeed of long continuance; but he appears to have made the best use of his time both in journeyings and earnest inquiries, the results of which he details in an easy and plain, yet elegant and manly style; for his heart is in whatever he says, and its gushings are ready and natural.

Several of the islands which he visited were small and well prepared for the introduction of free labour, or where at least abolition was not likely seriously to affect production. No doubt Jamaica was an exception, and affords a grand field for illustration; but there has been a falling off both in respect of produce and returns. Still our author lays these diminutions at the door of the planters, charging them with putting into practice erroneous ideas, and a system of making rents stand for wages and the exaction of labour, at the same time predicting, if proper measures are adopted, and protections continued in the way of duties, that in the course of time greater prosperity will be realized by all classes in the island than even the most flourishing periods presented. Here is an attractive picture:—

"Do you see that excellent new stone wall round the field below us?" said the young physician to me, as we stood at A. B.'s front door surveying the delightful scenery: "that wall could scarcely have been built at all under slavery or the apprenticeship; the necessary labour could not then have been hired at less than five pounds currency, or fifteen dollars per chain. Under freedom it cost only from three dollars and a half to four dollars per chain, not one third of the amount. Still more remarkable is the fact, that the whole of it was built under the stimulus of job work, by an invalid Negro, who during slavery had been given up to to-

tal inaction. This was the substance of our conversation; the information was afterwards fully confirmed by the proprietor. Such was the fresh blood infused into the veins of this decrepid person by the genial hand of Freedom, that he had been redeemed from absolute uselessness, had executed a noble work, had greatly improved his master's property, and, finally, had realized for himself a handsome sum of money. This single fact is admirably and undeniably illustrative of the principles of the case; and for that purpose is as good as a thousand.

A few more particulars, however, which bear on the same point, may be interesting. They are contained in the letter already cited, from my friend Dr. Stewart, dated 'Mandeville, Jamaica, March 28th, 1840.' With regard to the comparative expense of free and slave labour, says he, 'I give you the result of my experience in this parish. Wherever rent and labour have not been mingled together, prices have been reduced in the picking and curing of coffee, from one-third, to one-half; from 10*l.* per tierce to from 5*l.* to 6*l.* 10*s.* Grass-land is cleaned at one-third of the former expense. A pen in this neighbourhood, when cleaned in slavery, cost simply for the contingencies of the Negroes, 80*l.*; the first cleaning by free labour, far better done, cost less than 24*l.* Stone walls the only fence used in this rocky district cost 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per chain, the lowest 4*l.*, under slavery: the usual price now is 1*l.*, the highest 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per chain. To prepare and plant an acre of woodland in coffee, cost twenty years ago, 20*l.*; up to the end of slavery, it never fell below 16*l.*; in apprenticeship it cost from 10*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to 12*l.*; now it never exceeds 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; I myself have done it this year for 5*l.*—that is the general price all through this district. In 1833, I hired servants at from 16*l.* to 25*l.* per annum; in 1838, 1839, and since, I have been able to obtain the same description of servants, vastly improved in all their qualifications, for from 8*l.* to 10*l.* per annum. These are pound, shilling, and pence calculations; but they develop mighty principles—they detect the springs of human action—they prove the superiority of moral inducement to physical force, in the production of the useful efforts of mankind. It is the perfect settlement of the old controversy between wages and the whip.

'I know the case of a property,' observes Dr. Stewart again, 'on which there were one hundred and twenty-five slaves, the expense amounting (at 5*l.* per annum for the maintenance of each slave) to 625*l.* The labour-account for the first year of freedom, deducting rents, was only about 220*l.*; leaving a balance in favour of freedom of 400*l.* More improvement had been made on the property than for many years past, with a prospect of an increasing extent of cultivation. On a second property, the slave and apprenticeship expenses averaged 2,400*l.*; the labour-account for the first year of freedom was less than 850*l.* On a third estate, the year's expense under slavery 1,480*l.*; under apprenticeship, 1,050*l.*; under freedom, 637*l.* On a fourth, the reduction is from 1,100*l.* to 770*l.*

Allowing a little time for the calming of apprehension and the development of truth, such results must infallibly find their way into the value of landed property. That they have already done so in Jamaica to a considerable extent, is undeniable. A person in the parish of Manchester who never held slaves, availing himself of the general alarm, bought a property, at the date of full freedom, for 1000*l.* currency. The free labourers work the better for him, because he never was a slave-owner. He cleared the whole purchase-money, besides his expenses, the first year. He would, of course, make a miserable bargain were he now to sell the property for five times the amount—i. e. for 5,000*l.*

We quote another cheering illustration:—

"As I was riding down the Mandeville hills on a hackney lent me by the Missionaries, enjoying the grandeur of nature and the beauties of cultivation, I overtook a good-looking young Negro, handsomely attired, and mounted on a pony of his own. He was a labourer, on Richmond Park, coffee-estate, in the parish of Clarendon; paid half a dollar per week for his rent; was able to earn four dollars per week by piece-work; had paid 10*l.* sterling for his pony; kept wine at times in his cottage; had gone to Mandeville to obtain his marriage-certificate from the Rector; and with his young bride, seemed to be in the way of as comfortable a measure of moderate prosperity as could easily fall to the lot of man. This is one specimen among thousands of the good working of freedom in Jamaica."

And another:—

"How many dollars should I find in thy purse at home?" said a friend in our company to a young married negro, who was guiding us along one of the mountain passes. 'Should I find five?' 'Yes, sir,' replied he; 'and no great matter neither.' How very few of our labourers in England would be found with twenty shillings in their purse of spare money, was our reflection on the occasion. 'How much dost thou pay at one time for liquor?' 'A pound, sir,' said he, 'that is twelve shillings sterling; which lasts this labourer, for wine, porter, &c., only six weeks—a luxury which we hope will be soon exchanged for domestic comforts of a more desirable character. Their previous grounds are often extremely productive, sometimes yielding a clear income of 20*l.* or 25*l.* sterling. They are a decent, intelligent race, alive to their own interest, and increasingly cognizant of all that concerns it."

All this is said with reference particularly to the magnificent island of Jamaica. Not that our author did not discover evils in the new system exhibited in that island; for he says that the labourers are still exposed to much oppression and extortion, in the way hinted above. "Are the people working well," said I to George Wedderly, (that was his name,) "in the parish of Clarendon?" "Yes, generally; but on some properties they are uncomfortable." "Why so, George?" "When a man has finished his job, he goes for his money, and can't get it. Sometimes he hires helpers, but can't get his money, and therefore can't pay them. The rent is set off against him. Then come bad words. The rent is often increased, often doubled." Says our Friend: "I had every reason to give the young informant credit both for shrewdness and veracity."

Outward decency, education, morality, and attention to religious duties have made a marked advance. Marriages are more numerous, and commitments for offences far less. Nay, the Whites are reforming, for they are beginning to be shamed into compliance with the superior manners of the Blacks. We cite some illustrative specimens. Go to Antigua:—

"The Vicar of St. John's, during the last seven years of slavery, married only 110 pairs of negroes. In the single year of freedom, 1839, the number of pairs married by him was 185.

"With respect to crime, it has been rapidly diminishing during the last few years. The numbers committed to the house of correction in 1837, chiefly for petty offences, formerly punished on the estates, were 850; in 1838, only 244; 1839, 311. The number left in the prison at the close of 1837 was 147; at the close of 1839, only 35.

"Nor can it be doubted that the personal comforts of the labourers have been, in the meantime, vastly increased. The duties on imports in 1833 (the last year of slavery) were 13,576*l.*; in 1839 they were 24,650*l.* This augmentation has been occasioned by the importation of dry goods and other articles for which a demand, entirely new, has arisen among the labouring population. The quantity of bread and meat used as food by the labourers is surprisingly increased. The wedding-cakes and dinners are extravagant, even to the point, at times, of drinking champagne."

The negroes of Antigua show more reluctance than formerly to go out to their places of worship in rainy weather. Why? because they now wear "shoes and stockings which they are unwilling to expose to the mud." It is natural enough that childish niceties should be exhibited by such novices in the comforts and luxuries of civilized and independent life.

According to Friend Gurney's account, Teetotalism would be a most excellent reform were it generally introduced into the West Indies. At present a distillery is an almost unvarying appendage to the boiling-house, every two hogsheads of sugar being accompanied by at least one puncheon of rum. This new rum is not only a most tempting liquor, but it is most injurious to the health of the drinkers of it. But "our friend Stevenson drinks only water, and with an honest consistency, manufactures no rum. The scummings of the sugar liquor, from which (with a mixture of molasses) the rum is usually distilled, are on his estate pumped back into the clarifier, and converted into sugar as excellent as any that he makes. He is confident that the change of system is economical and profitable."

Friend Gurney has addressed his Letters by permission to Henry Clay, no doubt with the view of making an impression upon that eloquent and strenuous abettor of slavery in America.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

COVENTRY.

A SERIES of five spirited Meetings has lately been held in the City of Coventry, and which, it is hoped, has been productive of great good, and given an impetus to the Temperance cause which will not soon be expended. The Independent Order of Rechabites (City of Coventry tent) assembled at the Mechanics' Institution, Herford-street, on Monday, Nov. 9th, at one o'clock, from which place they walked in procession, with sashes and banners, to the Wesleyan Chapel, where an excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. J. JENKINSON, of Kettering. In the evening the half-yearly Meeting of the Society was held in the Theatre of the Mechanics' Institution. After the reading of the report, a lecture was delivered by MR. JAMES TAYLOR, of Preston, which lasted about two hours and a half. This lecture exhibited a mass of statistical information of the most appalling kind, and was at the same time replete with sound argument, forcible illustration, and well-timed appeals to the sympathies of the audience. Strong in the consciousness of truth, confident in the position he has taken, and aware that he is pleading the destinies of immortal millions, the lecturer grappled at once with the consciences of his audience. Passing over the disputable ground of expediency, he denounced the making, vending, and using the drunkard's drink as immoral and positively sinful—as a violation of the laws of God, and an unjustifiable infringement of the rights of humanity. This high ground was taken by Mr.

Tears, and unflinchingly maintained by the succeeding speakers during the week. On Tuesday evening an argumentative and eloquent lecture was delivered by the Rev. J. JENKINSON on "The Principles and Objects of Temperance Associations." On Wednesday, there was a lecture by the Rev. J. T. BANNISTER, in which the following points were examined and discussed:—"1st, Is the state of society such as to justify and require the adoption of measures for the suppression of Intemperance different from those that were employed previously to the formation of Temperance Societies? 2nd,—Is the practice of Total Abstinence from inebriating beverages efficient as a remedy, and preventive of Intemperance? 3rd,—Is Total Abstinence physically injurious? 4th,—Is it in harmony with the testimony of Scripture, the requirements of the Gospel, and the principles of Christianity." On Thursday evening, a lecture was delivered by Mr. T. BARLOW, of Birmingham, on "The Importance and Advantages of Temperance Societies to the Labouring Classes." This lecture, which commenced soon after seven o'clock and lasted till half-past ten, excited an intense and powerful interest, and was listened to with breathless attention to the last minute. On Friday evening, addresses were given by a number of our reclaimed characters; and their plain matter-of-fact statements, some of which were very affecting, told more powerfully on the audience than the most elaborate arguments, and established beyond all doubt the efficiency of the Society as a measure of reformation. On Saturday evening, after an address by Mr. HYDON, a second lecture was given by the Rev. J. T. BANNISTER, on "Intemperance and its Remedy." The lecturer commenced by adverting to some of the interesting features of this vice, which he said was unnatural, artificial, progressive,—the consequence of moderate drinking,—a physical disease curable only by physical means. In speaking of Teetotalism as the remedy of Intemperance, he instituted the enquiry,—"Is Total Abstinence practicable and safe?" maintaining the affirmative by the following considerations:—"1st,—God never made intoxicating liquors; 2nd,—One fifth of the aggregate population of the globe, or 200,000,000 out of one thousand millions, do without them; 3rd,—The most eminent physiologists pronounce them unnecessary and injurious; 4th,—No operation in the healthful animal economy requires artificial stimuli to assist it; 5th,—Every animal in the creation does without them except man; 6th,—The combined testimony of at least five millions, who have made the experiment, favours the disuse of them."

At the close of the lecture on Tuesday evening, a most disgraceful disturbance was created by two or three disaffected individuals, who had left the society some time before. One of them, a fellow named Thos. Mc. Lean, got up a meeting in a distant part of the town, and made a gross attack on the Committee and on the Rev. J. T. Bannister, one of the staunchest friends of the Society from its commencement. In consequence of this, Mr. Bannister has commenced legal proceedings against this ruffian, Mc. Lean, and he will now be compelled either to retract the vile calumnies he has uttered or abide the result. It will scarcely be credited that this man was rescued from a state of the most degraded immorality and wretchedness by the very society he is now vainly attempting to destroy.

NEWCASTLE.

We are glad to perceive that another Teetotal publication is started in this town, under the title of *The Northern Temperance Advocate*. It seems to be conducted with both talent and spirit. We extract the following paragraph from its news-department:—

"The weekly meeting was as usual held on Thursday evening, the 12th inst. Attendance numerous. Our old friend Robert Tiffin, in the chair. Messrs. W. K. Robson, Forster, and others were speakers.—On Thursday evening last, Mr. G. Charlton presided in the meeting, and Messrs. Yates, Green, and G. McCree were the speakers. On Sunday last, out-door meetings were held in the following places:—Sandgate, Quay-side, Forth, Clayton-street, which were addressed by Messrs. Mowbray, Gilmory, Kelso, Charlton, Walton, and W. K. Robson. At the Sandgate meeting, Mr. Robson stated that it was the intention of some of the out-door labourers to commence a weekly meeting in that place, and requested them to say whether they would support it, when an unanimous assent was given to the proposal. The speaker then stated, that the name of the street should now be changed, and henceforth be called *Teetotal-street*, and that they would not cease labouring until every inhabitant had become an out-and-out Teetotaler."

We also have much pleasure in laying the following statement, taken from the same journal, before our readers:—

"We are happy in having the opportunity of directing the attention of our readers to an advertisement in this week's *Advocate* respecting Miss Laidler's intention of publishing a portrait of Father Mathew. This talented lady has been at the trouble and expense of visiting Ireland for the purpose of obtaining a correct portrait of the rev. gentleman, and he favoured her with three sittings on three successive mornings, at Naas, in the county of Kildare. The portrait we feel confident will be found to be a most correct one, and as a picture it is worthy of general attention; and we hope that the lady, whose talents are of the first order, will receive extensive patronage in her undertaking. The

reverend individual is still going forward in his glorious career of usefulness; and during the three days that he remained at Naas he administered the pledge to thirty-nine thousand persons."

We extract the following paragraphs from an Address just published to the working men of England, by the Editor of the *Northern Star* and others. We do not publish the whole of this address, because its contents are of a strong political character; and we have determined henceforth neither to adopt, nor countenance any particular political bias. We therefore merely lay the ensuing passage before our readers, in consequence of its admirable arguments in favour of Teetotalism:—

"We have long deplored the fact, that in scarcely any other country are the people so infatuated by the love of intoxicating drinks as in Great Britain; and while we willingly bear testimony to the good already resulting from the exertions of various Teetotal societies, confirmed as this is by the health and happiness of thousands of reformed drunkards and their once neglected families, yet are we compelled to declare that drunkenness is still the prevailing vice of our people; and that from its source flow many of those alarming crimes which so fearfully deface our national character. And though we admit that class-legislation has inflicted upon us ills innumerable, and blighted the intellect and broken the hearts of whole generations of the sons of toil, we cannot shut our eyes to the truth THAT NO STATE OF FREEDOM CAN IMPROVE THE MAN WHO IS THE SLAVE OF HIS OWN VICES. Look at the unhappy drunkard reeling home to his ragged and starving wife and children. The money expended in the pot-house deprives his family of the commonest necessities of life. His own health undermined—his morals corrupted—his vicious example poisoning the minds and morals of his children—and he grovelling through a wretched existence a self-doomed outcast, alien from all the ennobling dignity of manhood. Can such a man be free? He may in his lucid intervals of reason attend public meetings, and applaud those who are calling a nation to a sense of its duty; he may boast of 'radicalism'; he may rail loudly against the abuses of government; but so long as he dooms the partner of his bosom and the offspring of his loins to rags and hunger by his own vicious extravagance, and drinks 'success' to freedom in that poison from which our rulers derive a considerable portion of their revenue, so long is he unfit for aught save the reprobation of the wise and the good."

"But you will say 'We admit all this. Cannot we drink moderately?' In answer, we tell you that this 'moderate drinking' is a pernicious habit. All drunkards were once 'moderate' drinkers. The desire for more drink increases with the habit; and that which suffices at the commencement of the moderate drinker's career is not sufficient when drinking becomes a confirmed habit. We are convinced that all intoxicating drinks are ruinous to the constitution. Our experience has taught us that those who totally abstain enjoy a far better state of health than those who call themselves 'moderate' drinkers; and we have invariably found their domestic comforts increased. If, then, the moderate use of intoxicating drinks be an evil—and we fearlessly assert it—why use them at all? Look closely into the question. The 'moderate' drinker must buy his drink. Suppose a man is earning one pound per week (and how many are there not averaging six shillings!), even though he drinks but one pint of beer daily, at three-pence per pint, his outlay, for himself, upon beer alone, will be one shilling and sixpence per week. Then comes the filthy pipe, which, allowing himself but one ounce of tobacco per week, costs fourpence more. And it is not improbable that the wife, following her husband's example, will also like a 'moderate' quantity of beer; and, supposing she takes but half a pint daily, here is an additional expense of tenpence halfpenny. Here, then, is a very 'moderate' pair spending two shillings and eleven pence halfpenny weekly upon that which, so far from doing them good, is absolutely injurious! Nearly three shillings out of twenty worse than thrown away. Then there is the time wasted over the pint and pipe—time which ought to be devoted to SELF-CULTURE or the EDUCATION OF CHILDREN. We submit that the money and time thus wasted ought to be put to better account. We say that this 'moderate' drinking will occasionally drive its devotees to THE PAWNBROKERS, for every shilling of a poor man's wages is needed in the little republic of home. And we need scarcely mention how the PUBLIC REVENUE is augmented even by the 'moderate use of intoxicating drinks."

"It has been our misfortune frequently to witness scenes of the most appalling misery produced by the vice of drunkenness. We have seen families of 'skilled workmen,' in London and other large towns, ragged, hungry, diseased, ignorant, and vicious, at the time these 'skilled workmen' were earning from thirty shillings to two pounds per week; and we have marked these men sulky and brutal in their homes—their knowledge confined to the tap-rub and the gin-cask—and we have invariably found them the most selfish of slaves. Our hearts have bled on witnessing this prostration of humanity. We have known hundreds of families reduced to want and rage by the insane habits of 'moderate' drinkers and smoking. We have known these 'moderate men' lounging away whole hours over the pot and pipe at the time their wives and children were craving with hunger at home. We have known these men get into debt for 'moderate quantities' of beer during work-

ing hours; and, on Saturday night, we have found one third, and, in many cases, half their wages go to pay the beer score. We have noted their mortifications as they have parted with so much money; we have watched them to their destitute homes, and have observed the wretchedness of the wife when the remaining pittance was thrown into her lap. 'Is this all?' Then comes the falsehood—the equivocation—a momentary sense that he has wronged her; and, after having thus deprived her of the means of providing for the household, he strives to smother her just indignation by excess of kindness and soft words! He takes his child in his arms—that living monitor of his baseness—and endeavours to make atonement for his crime by kissing its fleshless cheeks and calling it his 'darling babe!' Countrymen—these are no imaginary pictures. Oh! if we have the slightest love for our fellow-creatures, let us strive to remove these heart-rending scenes from our land! Have we not oppression enough, without adding to it by our own vices? Are not thousands of people starving for want of sufficient wages to purchase food? Have not the class-legislation, heavy taxes, monopolies, and national debts sunk us sufficiently low, without sinking ourselves still lower? Away, then, with our own infatuation! Let us rather stem the flood of national wrongs than increase its force by our own misdeeds."

TOWN NEWS.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE Aldersgate-street Chapel, on the 25th of November, witnessed a meeting superior in number and respectability to any we have before seen within those walls: it was presided over by Mr. LAWRENCE HEY-WORTH, a magistrate of Liverpool.

The Chairman opened the meeting with a brief but lucid and effective dissertation on the nature of Alcohol, showing its effects upon the physical constitution and the nervous system, and its influence on the temper.

MR. BENSTAD commenced by noticing the various opinions entertained by different portions of society as to the principles of total abstinence and the character of its disciples, and took occasion to repudiate with much indignation the motives frequently attributed to the leaders of the different societies. He then returned to his usual dispassionate and argumentative system of reasoning upon the necessity of total abstinence on the high ground of moral duty.

MR. CRUMP, the registrar, whose speeches are always practical and sensible, on this occasion excelled himself, and was really brilliant as well as impressive. He took an enlarged view of the many practical, social, and mental benefits arising from Teetotalism; and he insisted that all these were nothing as compared with its effects in disposing human beings to think of the day of death. On this ground he founded an earnest exhortation, which was listened to with an attention alike creditable to the audience and the speaker.

MASTER MULLEN, of the Clerkenwell Youths' Association followed, and spoke with considerable effect. His principal topic was the effect of total abstinence upon the wages of labour, a difficult subject to handle, especially for one so young. He was, however, well received and much applauded.

MR. FARMILAR, from Chelsea, brought up the rear by affectionately warning his fellow-workmen, and others, to keep outside the public house, that being the safest and best side. He feelingly regretted the influence of his former example in making drunkards, and promised to continue to exert himself to reform them.

WESTMINSTER AUXILIARY TO THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THIS Society continues to use its best energies in the cause of Teetotalism; and, with a laudable desire to carry out to the fullest extent, the object for which it was formed, the committee have lately engaged MR. DEALER, a working man, who has been reclaimed from habits of intemperance, to deliver a course of six lectures, on subjects connected with the principles of the Society. He has now delivered three of them in a style and manner highly creditable to himself, and very satisfactory, not only to the committee, but also to the audience.

As the only object which the committee have in view by this course of lectures is to endeavour to promulgate a principle capable of producing so much good to the human family, they are earnestly desirous of giving the matter as much publicity as possible. There is no charge for admission: the lectures are delivered on Monday evenings, at the Hall, Prince's-place, Prince's-street, Westminster.

QUEEN'S-BENCH PRISON.

We perceive that the friends of Mr. G. C. Smith intend to celebrate his release on Monday next, on which occasion they will proceed in procession from the Queen's Bench to Wellclose-square, and a tea-meeting will be held in the Mariners' Church, in the afternoon, to welcome him home. At 7 o'clock in the evening, Mr. G. C. Smith will preside at a Public Meeting to be held there.

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EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

ITALY.

ITALY, which the Mediterranean and Adriatic wash with their waves, and the lofty barriers of the Alps divide from the rest of Europe, is a naturally rich, beautiful, and powerful peninsula. Its geographical position, with numerous ports and bays, renders it a remarkably maritime and commercial country: its vast plains and auriant valleys, watered by many rivers and streams, either flowing from its lakes or descending from the Alps and Appennines, are extremely fertile and healthy; and its inhabitants, endowed generally with natural talents, and a lively disposition, are robust, active, and adapted both for the culture of science, literature, arts, and for the avocations of husbandry, commerce, and war.

During the unrivalled grandeur, both of the Roman Commonwealth and Empire, Italy produced the people that conquered the world; and its inhabitants were justly considered the most civilised of the whole globe, the most formidable enemies, and the most generous allies. The despotism, however, and the profligacy of the successors of Augustus, led the way to the degeneracy and demoralization of their subjects; and, little by little, that great empire became immoral, luxurious, and factious.

Constantine having afterwards transferred his court from the west to the east of Europe, the Italian peninsula was of course reduced to be a province of the empire; and, under the tyrannic misrule of the rapacious favourites of the eastern emperors, the Italians were truly in a miserable situation. Civil liberty was almost annihilated,—the national laws were disregarded,—the nobles were harassed and impoverished by the exactions of the imperial tax-gatherers,—and the people, exposed to all sorts of oppression and vexation, became indifferent into the hands of what masters they fell. This moral and civil corruption, growing daily more and more prevalent, at length enervated the physical strength of the Italians, and deprived their mind of its vigour and energy; so that they at last sank into a lethargy and a stupid oblivion of their ancient greatness.

The barbarous ancestors of the present semi-barbarous Russians, who had for centuries eagerly sought to possess themselves of the treasures of Italy, profiting now by its distracted state—Vandals, Huns, Goths, and Visigoths—having left their frosty sterile lands, like destructive locusts, rushed into its territory, easily defeated its degenerate and undisciplined military forces, and conquered and enslaved the whole peninsula. Thus the treasures collected during a thousand years, became the prey of barbarians; and the once proud mistress of the world now experienced a severe retribution for the sufferings which she had caused to many countries and nations in the days of her former splendour and power. The gradual annihilation of knowledge, civilization, industry, and commerce, was naturally followed by ignorance, superstition, slothfulness, and poverty.

The Lombards having at last been conquered by Charlemagne, the west and south of Europe were forced from their brutalizing despotism and tyranny; and the dreadful darkness of the middle ages having been succeeded by tranquillity, order, peace, and security, with the eighth century Italy became once more the cradle of European civilization, and the hallowed reviver of science, literature, and the arts. The other nations, in the meantime, following her example, undertook the noble task of their regeneration. Charlemagne, however, committed two great errors: in the first place, he sanctioned and even augmented the temporal power with which King Pepin had universally invested the Popes; and, in the second place, he omitted to unite the peninsula into one kingdom, under a national government, over which the spiritual sway of the successors of Peter should not be able to rule by fermenting dissensions and bloodshed amongst its inhabitants.

But, notwithstanding its political division and the ambitious encroachments of the Roman Pontiffs, Italy was greatly improving in civilization and commerce. The republics of Venice, Genoa, Florence, and Siena, became the chief marts of European commerce with the East Indies; and, their citizens being scattered all over Europe for purposes of trade, rendered their country wealthy, respectable, and respected.

Towards the beginning of the thirteenth century, Italy was unfortunately visited by two great scourges,

which seemed to vie with each other in order to transform that paradise of Europe into a warlike and bloody hell, and, in fact, did all in their power to place an insurmountable barrier against the progress of civilization and learning in that country. These scourges were the devastating civil wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, and the Holy Inquisition, which was founded at the instigation of a fanatic monk, Dominick de Gusman, who was well seconded and supported in his brutal views by an ignorant Italian Friar, named Francis d'Assisi.

The Roman Pontiffs, however, were the real and interested secret promoters of these evils, because they wished not only to retain, but also to increase their usurped temporal power, against which the enlightened Italians of all classes had begun to protest; and they had also dared to attack with their writings the unbecoming worldly grandeur and un-Christian pride of the Popes. In order to prevent the spreading of these just but unpleasant remonstrances, the army of the Holy Inquisitors was put into action, and those professed ministers of the God of mercy and justice were so zealous in behalf of the ecclesiastical supremacy and infallibility of the Romish church, that, in less than a century from their establishment, they actually destroyed by torture, poison, strangulation, and fire above two hundred thousand supposed Italian heretics.

But neither the civil butcheries of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, nor the terrific power of the Inquisition, could again subject, to the dominion of ignorance and superstition, the enlightened portion of Italy; and as the liberty of speech and conscience was totally extinct, the Italian mind directed all its faculties towards the noble pursuit of science, literature, and art, and greatly contributed to the propagation of classic knowledge throughout Europe. In the mean time, in all the great cities, where either an university or a learned body existed, secret societies were established in order to keep alive, and even to promote, the spirit of ecclesiastical reform, which had already manifested itself, and had been scarcely choked by the blood of so many martyrs. But, as it would have been almost impossible to carry on a written correspondence between the reformers scattered over Italy, without being discovered and denounced by the Argues of the Holy Inquisition, the renowned *Scuola d'Amore* was instituted, by means of which, under the apparent pretext of promoting the study and improvement both of the Italian language and poetry, great efforts were made towards the spreading of antipapal principles, in order to counteract and paralyze the baneful effects of the intrigues of the Roman See, and the brutality of its inhuman supporters and satellites. As at that epoch allegorical and mythological compositions and apoloques were eagerly sought after by all classes of readers, both poets and novelists made a good use of this opportunity in behalf of their projects. Therefore it is that we discover in the writings of those eventful times, that the most enlightened and learned Italians, of all classes and ages, appear to have been busily engaged in foolish and puerile war against love and its tyrannical sway—sometimes rapturously enamoured of their faithless Madonnas—and, at others, bewailing, in sorrowful rhymes, the loss of their prematurely dead mistresses. Consequently the works, both in prose and verse, of the Italian adepts of the *Scuola d'Amore*,—such as those of Guido Cavalcanti, Cino de Pistoja, Dante Alighieri, Cecco d'Ascoli, Dante da Majano, Barberini, Frezzi, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Sacchetti, &c. &c.,—are to be considered as the mystic correspondence of the different ecclesiastical reformers, who not only had their ramifications throughout Italy, but all over Europe. To those zealous writers we certainly owe the first seeds of ecclesiastical reformation which afterwards produced such wholesome fruits under the fostering hands of Luther and Calvin.

These internal heavy calamities of Italy were also greatly heightened by the repeated invasions of the German, French, and Spanish tyrants, who for centuries vied with each other in ravaging and oppressing that beautiful but unhappy country. Those foreign inroads were, however, almost always undertaken either in consequence of the overgrowing pride and ambition of the Roman Pontiffs, or at the instigation of their secret agents, in order to strengthen more and more their ecclesiastical despotism, because all those invaders generally ended their conquests and butcheries by kissing the foot of his Holiness in order to obtain the absolution of all their crimes and depredations.

To consolidate, as it were, the usurpation of the Holy See, and the absolutism of the petty Italian despots, a nation formed by nature to be united, speaking the same language and professing the same religious creed, was purposely divided into many small states, each governed by different laws and princes, who, with the Pope at their head, did all in their power to render their subjects indifferent to the general welfare of their country, and even jealous of the prosperity of their neighbours; and thus they succeeded in keeping in degrading bondage and ignorance the liveliest and most interesting nation of Europe.

During the eighteenth century, Italy began to arouse itself from its lethargy; and, as philosophy was making rapid progress all over Europe, we find that the Italians, both in the north and south, did not remain behind the spirit of the age. Notwithstanding the rigours of their temporal rulers and the brutal terrors of the holy inquisitors, Beccaria, with his work entitled *Dei Delitti, e delle Pene*, and Vico, with his *Scienza Nuova*, produced an extraordinary sensation throughout Italy. The despots trembled; the Popes thundered from the Vatican; the Holy Inquisitors put in readiness all their tortures and executioners; and the Italians began to think a little about their moral and political degradation. These works and their authors having been condemned and prohibited by the Inquisition, and promptly prosecuted by the temporal power, were eagerly sought after. The Roman Pontiffs having in the meantime ordered the works of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, D'Alambert, Locke, and of the greater portion of the French, English, and German philosophers, to be destroyed by the hand of the common executioner,—this circumstance naturally excited, in the minds of the Italians, an insatiable curiosity to peruse those productions. Thus, the despotism of Rome, instead of preventing the circulation of those works by its prosecution, forwarded their propagation, and forced the Italians to seek after their unity in favour of the sacred cause of civilization and liberty. Secret societies began, therefore, to be established in all the great towns; and from the strait of Messina to the Alps, a secret philosophical association was formed, notwithstanding the obstacles placed in its way. Italy was on the eve of following the example of the French, in respect to the revolution of 1789, when the priests and monks, whose temporal interests and welfare were threatened with imminent danger, began to declaim, both from the pulpit and in the public streets, so much and so loudly against the events which had taken place in France, that the patriots were compelled to abandon the hope of enlisting all their fellow-countrymen under one banner of freedom.

In the meantime, the Pope, at the head of all the Italian despots, determined to purge the country of all those who were supposed to be infested with liberal political principles. Pius VI. excommunicated republican France, and all those who professed or embraced republicanism; and he established a new inquisitorial Camera for the detection and speedy condemnation of the republicans. Caroline of Austria, who was sister of Marie-Antoinette of France, established in Naples the famous junta of Vanni, Castelficala, and Guidobaldi; and thus was introduced into that oppressed kingdom the reign of terror and persecution. This politico-inquisitorial tribunal held its sittings day and night—always surrounded by gibbets and executioners; and each hour was marked by the legalised murder of the most enlightened Neapolitans, who had only been either denounced, or simply suspected of being tainted with liberal principles. For a period of four years, this ferocious junta of cannibals dispatched on the scaffold more than sixty thousand political victims, without granting them the least means either of proving their innocence or of defending themselves.

The same system was also adopted by Victor Amadeus, of Sardinia; and a political inquisition was founded by him at Turin, to act precisely in accordance with the Roman and Neapolitan Juntas. This cruel King, after having for years oppressed his subjects, abdicated the throne, turned and died a Jesuit at Rome, and is on the road to canonization as a saint by the court of the Vatican.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE EASTERN OPIUM EATERS.

THE introduction of the use of coffee into the Ottoman empire was considered a blessing calculated to strengthen the followers of Mahomet in the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. "Drunkennes, the daughter of the vine," says the eastern historian Izi, "and which the Prophet called the mother of all vices, can no longer show itself without a veil; and the effeminate men of the age have exchanged the crystal glass filled with wine, for the porcelain cup, whence emanates the rich odour of coffee." Speaking of a fire, which broke out at Constantinople, in the year 1747, and which consumed a great number of places where intoxicating liquors were sold, the oriental poets, in their amphibological language, declared that "the conflagration was fed by the sighs of the lovers of wine, which sighs, emanating from throats burning with thirst, formed and added fuel to the devouring flames." In allusion to the innovating influence of coffee, other oriental bards exclaim,—"The bottles are broken, the glass is empty,—there is no more wine; and it is thou, O coffee! that now retainest us captive—thou, the new luxury of the epoch!"

The historian Wassif, speaking of a functionary about the court of the Ottoman Sultan, who was passionately addicted to the use of opium and henbane, describes him thus:—"This fatal predilection rendered him thinner than a line in Euclid: his voice resembled the croaking of a frog; his senses were not more energetic than those of a mummy; and his whole body was a transparent skeleton." One day, while he was riding in the Sultan's train, he fell from his horse, from the enervating effects of the opium he had taken. The Sultan took pity upon his situation, and promised to fulfil any wish he might form. He immediately chose an appointment which conferred upon him rank and wealth, and, being a sinecure, allowed him to indulge in his naturally indolent habits. This circumstance immediately gave a grand impulse to the passion for opium; the use of the drug became fashionable, as it were. From that time forth the open space, in the vicinity of the Mosque of Solymaniye, became thersort of the opium-eaters at Constantinople.

Every evening, at sunset, the Teryaki, or opium-eaters, and the lovers of henbane, flock to that spot in crowds; and there, on all sides, may be seen none but men pale as death, thin, with slow and uneven steps, stiff necks, sunken eyes, the fire of which is all extinguished, powerless limbs, and rather resembling spectres just issued from the tomb than human beings. They take their seats upon sofas placed along a wooden shed or colonnade, to swallow, with a glass of cold water, the number of pills that suits each individual. The strongest take four, of the size of a small nut-mug. In less than an hour, they all feel themselves under the influence of the opium, which produces a species of intoxication, or rather ecstasy; and, during that excited condition, each one believes that the most extravagant desires of his imagination will be realised. They traverse flames—walk upon the waves—and swim in a sea of pleasure. The heavens are opened to them,—and all the joys of paradise, promised by the Prophet, become their lot. On every side they see nothing but kiosks of pearls, and springs pure as crystals: their senses are inspired by the contemplation of the lovely hours of their paradise; and they dream of pleasures unknown to mortals. It was by distributing opium and henbane to his followers, that the Old Man of the Mountains, the chief of the order of Assassins, excites them to the most terrible deeds. It was not, however, from this circumstance that they obtained the name of Assassins; inasmuch as this denomination, so far from having been given to them as a characteristic denomination, was merely the corruption of their real appellation—*Haschis-chin*, or "Eaters of Henbane."

The visions of the opium-eaters of the east may be better understood, after a perusal of the following extracts from the Koran, or Bible of Mahomet,—descriptive of the paradise promised by that celebrated impostor. The *Chapter of the Merciful* says, "There be in these gardens women who have eyes exceedingly black, and bodies exceedingly white: they are covered with pavilions; and none, either men or angels, shall touch them before their husbands. They shall repose upon green carpets, near rivulets bordered with flowers."—The *Chapter of Smoke* contains the following passage;—"There be in Paradise rivers of waters that receive no alteration; there be rivers of milk that never corrupt,—rivers of sherbet savoury and delicious to the taste,—rivers of honey, pure and clean; and fruits of all sorts."—The *Chapter of the Cave* says, "I will not frustrate of reward them that have done well. They shall enjoy the delights of the garden of Eden, wherein flow many rivers; they shall have bracelets of fine gold; they shall be clothed with green, and with scarlet, and with shining colours; and shall sit on thrones with an eternal felicity."—"Such as shall obey God's commandments," observes the *Chapter of Orders*, "shall have a place of safety wherein to rest, with all sorts of fruits, in pleasant gardens, sitting orderly on delicious beds, with glasses full of drink, pleasing to the taste, which shall not make them drunk. Their wives, as white as fresh eggs, shall not cast an eye on any but them: thus are the righteous rewarded;—who are more happy?"

THE REFORMED TRADESMAN.

A TALE.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening of a miserably wet day that Mr. Walton, who during the preceding two hours had been fortifying himself for a disagreeable task with sundry glasses of brandy-and-water at the Baptist's Head, Cateaton-street, returned to his own dwelling, and proceeded up stairs. He took his accustomed seat by the fire, complained of the chilliness of the evening, and presently sank into a state of profound abstraction, in spite of the strong potations he had so liberally imbibed.

"Ellen," he at length said to a pretty delicate young woman who occupied the opposite side of the fire, and who was no other than Mrs. Walton, "I have very unpleasant news to communicate to you."

"What do you mean?" faltered Mrs. Walton, whom this very earnest exhortation to calmness and composure had, as is usually the case, contrived to agitate in no slight degree. "What unpleasant news can you have to tell me?"

"I shall be compelled, I fear," said Mr. Walton mournfully, "to call my creditors together tomorrow; and I find, after taking every thing into account,—the debts due to me, the stock in hand, and my assets,—that I can only offer them a composition of seven and sixpence in the pound."

Mrs. Walton, it may be supposed, was exceedingly shocked at this unexpected announcement.

"The creditor I have most reason to believe hostile to me," resumed Mr. Walton,—“excuse me for saying so, my dear Ellen,—is your father. You know the antipathy—I can call it nothing less—which he has for a long time conceived against me; and the £500 he lent me on your marriage, he has recently been very urgent to call back."

"I do not think you know him," said the wife, "if you suppose he would frustrate your efforts to settle your affairs. You are aware that ever since he joined the Teetotal Society, he has not visited us because he says you always have alcoholic poisons upon the table; and your refusal to sign the pledge yourself, was also another cause of irritation. But I will intercede with him; and I am sure, for the children's sake—"

Walton shook his head, saying, "It will be to no purpose, I feel that! My three principal creditors," he added, "will not stand in the way of an arrangement. They generally meet me every other evening, at the Baptist's Head, when I go there; and they have told me a thousand times over the bottle, that they will stick to me through thick and thin. So you see, I am by no means afraid of Eager, Grasp, and Sharp."

The worthy couple having talked and retalked, and canvassed and argued the various matters connected with this unpleasant business, and Mr. Walton having regaled himself (as he considered the pernicious indulgence) with some more spirits and water and a cigar, they betook themselves to bed.

Mr. Walton was a silkman, and resided in Aldermanbury. On the death of his father he succeeded to a good business, and a few thousand pounds; and, about three years after, contrived, but not without much difficulty, to acquire a wife,—Old Blunt, the father of the bride, having growled a very uncomplimentary consent to the match. The truth is, the old gentleman, amongst other partialities and prejudices which sometimes are discoverable in old gentlemen who can afford to do as they please, was extremely attached to his daughter, and by no means so to the man whom she had selected for a husband. He thought him too volatile, and too much addicted to frequenting taverns and public-dinners; he wondered what could possess the coxcombs of the day to boast of the quantity of wine they could drink; and then—worse and worse—he had himself seen Walton, on several occasions, in a state of anything but immaculate sobriety. These were serious charges; and Old Blunt unfortunately had grounds for making them. But at length Miss Ellen persuaded her father to consent to the match; and for a few weeks after his marriage, Walton pursued a domestic system of existence which quite won Old Blunt's heart. In the course of a short time, however, Walton returned to his old haunts; and four evenings out of the seven, every week, were passed with his three friends (tradesmen like himself,) in an adjacent public-house, where "the parlour was so snug, the company so select, and the liquor so good!" The evil example of his son-in-law had induced Old Blunt to join a Teetotal Society; and he used his utmost exertions to persuade Walton to adopt a similar precautionary measure. But Walton burst out laughing in his face, at the very idea; and the old gentleman retired in high dudgeon, with the stern resolve of seeing his "scape-grace son-in-law" no more.

It was with no slight degree of nervous trepidation that Walton wrote and despatched by the hand of his clerk, the several letters to his creditors, conveying to them the unpleasant fact that he was about to call them together. How Old Blunt would chuckle over his misfortunes! Scarcely more pleasant to him was the conviction of what would be the behaviour of his three intimate friends and boon companions, Eager, Grasp, and Sharp, upon this distressing occasion! He already beheld (in imagination) Eager pressing his hand with sympathizing cordiality: he saw the big tear steal down the long face—made longer than usual by this circumstance—of the worthy Grasp; he heard the tones of tender condolence which flowed, or would flow, from

the tongue of the almost too sensitive and particularly amiable Sharp! Walton was a man of a rather excitable temperament; and his heart was opposed by a sense of "pleasing pain" when he recalled to mind the former conduct of his friends, which augured so nobly of their conduct to come.

The day at length arrived. A room had been engaged at the Baptist's Head, in Cateaton-street; and twelve o'clock was the hour appointed for the meeting. With a pallid countenance, and a dreadful sinking of the spirits, which even several drams had failed to elevate, he ordered his porter to precede him with the books. As he entered the room, and approached the table at which the gentlemen were seated, all eyes (and some spectacles, too) were fixed upon him, as though anxious to discover through a physiognomical medium, what composition the insolvent was likely to offer. The creditors at large received him with a variation of coldness or cordiality proportioned to their several claims upon him; but his friend Eager saluted him with, "Oh! here you are: you are rather behind time, sir;"—the worthy Grasp soothed him by "Come at last, eh?" whilst the too sensitive and amiable Sharp was seized with a sudden cough, not unlike the bellowing of an ox, and entailed a glance upon him worthy of a cockatrice.

Mr. Shark, being the largest creditor, was forthwith inducted into the chair, and began to enter upon the matter in hand with much expedition.

"Where are the books, Mr. Walton?" said he. "It is necessary we should see them, sir." The tone in which these words were uttered, rather startled the debtor;—it was so unlike the voice of Mr. Shark when he used to come and prevail upon him to take a parcel of goods.

"Have you prepared a balance-sheet, Mr. Walton—eh, sir?" enquired Shark.

"I have sir," was the modest reply.

"Hand it to me, then: come—quick—what's the man dreaming about? Throw it over—there! that will do!"

Mr. Shark examined the document with great care, and furnished the creditors, from time to time, with such satisfactory information as they could glean from certain dissatisfied grunts which escaped him at intervals.

"And, now, sir, what composition do you offer us?" he at length said to the pecuniary delinquent.

"Why, sir," said Walton humbly, "I cannot, as you will perceive, guarantee more than seven and sixpence in the pound."

"Seven and sixpence!" shouted Shark: "then you must go into the Gazette."

"I hope you will not ruin me and my family entirely," murmured Walton.

Mr. Shark deigned no reply, but threw the balance-sheet towards Messrs. Eager and Shark, who examined it, the former with disappointed disgust, and the latter with disgusted disappointment.

"By the way," said Mr. Shark, taking up the document once more, "be so good, Mr. Walton, as to explain this. I perceive you have set down Mr. Blunt as your creditor for £500. Mr. Blunt is your father-in-law, I believe?"

"You know he is, Mr. Shark," answered the insolvent; "and he lent me the money on my marriage."

"I don't believe it!" cried Shark.

"Quite improbable!" said Eager.

"Rather too good!" ejaculated Grasp.

"Why, you are every one aware of the fact as well as myself," said Walton, in dismayed astonishment.

"We are aware of nothing," retorted Shark. "But why is he not here? He is a large creditor,—and he is absent."

"I am afraid that it is with no friendly feeling that he stops away," said Walton.

"A clear case of collusion," observed Shark, placing his thumbs in the arm holes of his waistcoat, and tilting back in his chair.

"Decided collusion," said Grasp.

"Collusion, certainly," acquiesced Eager.

"Pray, how do you account for your insolvency, Mr. Walton?" demanded Mr. Shark, after a pause.

"I am sorry to be compelled to confess that my inattention to business has been the principal cause,—and bad debts have accelerated my ruin."

"And frequenting the public-houses, eh, Mr. Walton?" said Grasp, fiercely.

"Where I meet with you and——"

"No insolence, sir," said Shark. "And, as for the bad debts, that is all nonsense! I never make bad debts."

"You forget, Mr. Shark," said Walton, "that you are the largest creditor on this occasion."

"Well, gentlemen," continued Mr. Shark, affecting not to hear this retort, "suppose we adjourn this meeting until to-morrow, and in the mean time consider of the steps we shall adopt in this matter?"

The motion was carried without a dissenting voice.

"You may go sir," said Shark, turning to Walton with a peremptory air; "and mark you, be punctual to the moment. Twelve o'clock is our time."

Walton having made his bow, and followed by his porter with the books and balance sheet, departed to his own house in a state of utter confusion, mortification, and despair. For the first time in his life he experienced the base, the dirty, the safe insults which gentlemen in the commercial world, so very often

east upon those who are not in a situation to pay them their due; or, in other words, he was made to feel how effectually a man contrives to get out of people's books by getting into them. He was most of all astonished at the conduct of Eager, Grasp, and Shark.

He had been sitting in his counting-house during a space of three hours, and had nearly emptied the second bottle of Guinness's stout, when the door opened, and in walked Mr. Eager.

"Keep your seat, Walton, my dear fellow," said Mr. Eager. "Have you got a clean glass? There—that's right. This stout is capital! I have just dropped in to talk over your affairs in a friendly way."

"Indeed!" said Walton, in surprise.

"Yes—indeed! I have been thinking over your affairs since the meeting of this morning; and it strikes me that something may yet be done. For instance, I will sign your composition upon one condition."

"Condition!" cried Walton. "I am in no condition to make any conditions."

"I thought you knew my friendship, and would act as a friend towards me, if I pursue the same line of conduct in respect to you," said Eager in a softly pleasing tone. "This is all I want you to do,—make over to me your connexion with Braybrook at Coventry, as it will be impossible for you—"

"They will still give me their business," interrupted Walton. "I know you are aware of their kind feeling with regard to me, since you have written to them many times endeavouring to supplant me."

"In the way of business I have sent them a circular or two, certainly," admitted Mr. Eager, who was never known to blush but once, and that was inadvertently. "But, my dear Walton, they will abandon you after this, I am sure of it. Now, if you will write to them—I know your influence with them—and persuade them to transfer their business to me—"

"The best customers I have!" cried Walton.

"Then," added Eager, "I will accept your composition!"

"I couldn't do it—I can't think of such a thing," said Walton positively.

"You mean to tell me," said Eager, "you will not do me a trifling service like this, which cannot do you any injury?"—and he arose, saying, "Good day, Mr. Walton."

Mr. Eager took his hat, and proceeded towards the door. "Eh!" said he turning suddenly round, affecting to hear something which the other had never uttered.

"I said nothing, sir," cried Walton. "I repeat, however, that I could never think of such a thing."

"Oh! very well, sir—very well;—you may repent of this;"—and Eager, with much apparent indignation and much real discomfiture retreated into the warehouse, casting a contemptuous look upon the unconscious porter, as he left the premises.

Walton was not suffered to remain for a very long space of time pondering over the modest and friendly proposition of Mr. Eager, before a second opening of the door disturbed him. It was Mr. Grasp.

"Well, Walton," said he, with as good-humoured an aspect as it was in his power to muster, "you've got over the first meeting. I hope we shall succeed better tomorrow. But we must be severe—we must appear to be very particular in these cases. You don't suppose I was in earnest, when I spoke to you as I did, do you?"

"Were you not?" cried Walton.

"Nothing further from my thoughts, I can assure you," returned Grasp. "But let us run down as far as the Baptist's Head, and you shall stand a bottle of wine while we talk over these matters."

Walton made no objection; and luckily the parlour at the Baptist's Head was empty when they arrived.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Grasp, as soon as the wine had made its appearance, and each gentleman had emptied his first glass, "I tell you what you must do for me, and then I will sign your composition without a murmur."

"What must I do?" demanded Walton.

"My debt is three hundred and odd pounds, you know," continued Grasp; "and you offer seven and sixpence in the pound. Well—give me bills for the balance, at six, nine, and twelve,—I won't be hard upon an old friend, you see."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Walton: "I should be cheating my other creditors, and embarrassing myself once more."

"Then, may I be hanged if I ever agree to your proposals," cried Grasp, rising from his seat in a dreadful rage.

"You cannot suppose that I will sacrifice myself for you," remonstrated Walton.

"Let me go—I'll not hear another word," cried Grasp. "Ungrateful wretch! But this comes of being a friend!"—and, so saying, he rushed towards the door; but, finding that no one rushed after him, he stopped suddenly. "Have you any thing farther to say to me, Mr. Walton?" he asked, more calmly.

"Nothing whatever."

"Oh! I thought you had; it is of no consequence;" and Mr. Grasp made his way into the street, in a state of mind only to be conceived by those who have experienced a similarly ungracious reception of their good offices.

Walton felt a stupefaction, a kind of stultification of the faculties creeping gradually over him, shortly after Grasp had made his exit. It was clear that his two

friends would never accept his composition, and he must be made a bankrupt. What was he to do? He drank another glass of wine. What was to become of him? He drank a third glass. Which way was he to turn? He drank a fourth. How could he face his wife and children once more? He drank a fifth. Why had not his father-in-law been present at the meeting? He emptied the bottle.

On his return to his counting-house, he found Mr. Shark awaiting his arrival. Mr. Shark inclined his head with solemn condescension toward the insolvent, intending thereby to convey an assurance to the unhappy man that he might take a seat in his own private office.

"This is an awkward business, Mr. Walton," he began,—"a very awkward business: I think I have just reason to complain of you. Why did you not give me a hint as to the state of your affairs some time since? I might then have been induced—"

"To strike a dockett against me," thought Walton.

"Induced to lend you a helping hand to bring you through," added Shark.

"I did not know the condition of my circumstances until I resolved to examine my books, and take stock," observed the insolvent silkman.

"Well, well," said Shark, appeased, "what is done, cannot be undone. But this composition of seven and sixpence in the pound is very small, Mr. Walton—very small! I am a great sufferer—the largest creditor—a hard case."

"I am very sorry for it," said Walton.

Mr. Shark wooed silence for some time, indeed for so long a time that one might almost have thought that he had succeeded in making up the match between them. He at length delivered himself of these words,—"Come, look up your friends; they, I am sure, do not wish to see you reduced to commence the world again under such unfavourable circumstances. They will lend you money—I know they will."

"I hope to get a little money together, certainly," said Walton, "otherwise I shall be unable to resume business. I have given up every farthing to my creditors—every farthing."

"Nay, I didn't mean *that*," cried Shark abruptly. "I mean that unless you can offer more, I will never sign your composition."

Walton was now well nigh reduced to despair.

"Good heavens! Mr. Shark, you do not mean to say so?"

"Old Blunt will help you."

"It is quite hopeless to expect it."

"Of the other creditors, I say nothing," continued Mr. Shark: "every thing is fair *there*; but as for me, poor soft easy fool—"

"My dear Mr. Shark—"

"Pay me in full, and I'll sign the composition," added the creditor. "I know you can; and I'll persuade the other creditors to take *six and sixpence*. I can tell them you ought to have something to go on with."

"I cannot do it—I would die first!" ejaculated Walton passionately. "What right have you to think me so base a villain? and is this your conduct, after all your professions of friendship in the parlour of the public-house, eh—Sir?"

"Very well!" cried Shark. "I'll be the ruin of you, that's all! You don't know me yet!"

"Oh! yes—I do *now*," said Walton bitterly.

"No insolence, Sir,—you are a villain!" exclaimed Shark; and flinging himself out of the counting-house, he met Mr. Blunt hastening in.

"Well, where is this man?" demanded Old Blunt gruffly.

"Oh! you'll find him in there to-day," answered Shark; "and in Newgate soon, for a more precious rascal I never saw."

"I was unable to attend your meeting to-day, Mr. Walton," cried Blunt as he entered the counting-house. "How did it go off? But you need not tell me, Mr. Shark was there, I suppose?"

"He was, sir."

"Then what business has he here?"

Hereupon Walton, who felt at that moment that even Blunt, as a confidant, would be a relief to his feelings, detailed the visits of his three creditors, and the conditions they had severally proposed to him.

"Um—ah!" said Blunt. "Wise men, you perceive, Mr. Walton—men of the world—men who look after their families. But where are your books? I mean to look over them very strictly, I can promise you; so, if you have any where to go for a couple of hours, you may leave me here."

Walton, having laid before the old gentleman his books and balance sheet, left him to himself, and returned at the time specified. Old Blunt had just closed the books, and was wiping his spectacles.

"I hope," said Walton, "you have found every thing satisfactory?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Blunt with subdued gruffness. "I'll think about it. Where is your wife? Is she up stairs? I'll just go and see her and the children. There—now, you needn't move: I know the way."

In about an hour Old Blunt again entered the counting-house.

"Well," said he, "I shall be at the meeting to-morrow, without fail."

"I am glad of that," said Walton; and he mention-

ed the suspicion of collusion which had been thrown out.

"Collusion! Not a very likely thing, Walton—eh? But come—good bye—give me your hand—there! Your dinner's ready up stairs: go, and eat it—but mind and don't take anything stronger than water, for it is drinking that has already got you into these difficulties."

The old gentleman hobbled away, leaving Walton no less affected than surprised at the unwonted kindness of his father-in-law.

Punctual as Walton contrived to be on the following day, he found his creditors in the great room at the Baptist's Head before him. A solemn stillness reigned for some time—a silence which was only broken by the abrupt entrance of Old Blunt.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I perceive you have not as yet commenced proceedings. I wish to say a few words, which I may as well say at once. Mr. Walton tells me that a hint was thrown out yesterday, that there was a collusion between him and myself."

"Something of the kind was dropt inadvertently, certainly," said one of the creditors; "but we at this end of the room are quite satisfied that there is no foundation for it. We only hope that there may be as little foundation for the fear expressed by Mr. Walton that you were unfriendly to him."

"Um—he thought *that*, did he?" grunted Blunt; "then he was a fool for his pains. Now I'll convince you of the contrary. His debts, I perceive, are something less than £2,500; he owes me £500. There, then—take that amongst you, it will give you a composition of twelve and sixpence in the pound."

Here a drumming on the table, performed by the knuckles of the creditors at large, saluted Old Blunt; and they severally rose and shook hands with the insolvent. But Messrs. Eager, Grasp, and Shark, maintained a profound silence.

"What say you, gentlemen?" enquired Blunt.

"Messrs. Eager and Grasp now hastened to sound Walton once more relative to their respective propositions of the previous day; but a decisive negative was returned. Mr. Shark next pounced upon the insolvent and drew him towards the window.

"Now, Walton, my good fellow," said he, "only drop the word—eighteen shillings in the pound—and I will sign the composition."

"I cannot think of it; but, if you like, I will communicate your proposal to the creditors."

"Oh! not for the world!" answered Shark, slinking back to his seat.

"Gentlemen," cried Mr. Blunt, "I have great reason to be dissatisfied with Mr. Walton; but for nothing so much as for his pot-house acquaintance with these three individuals," pointing to Grasp, Eager, and Shark. "Would you believe it,—Mr. Eager required Walton, as a condition of his signing the composition, to relinquish to him his best customer, at Coventry,—that Mr. Grasp demanded bills for the balance of his debt,—and that Mr. Shark could be satisfied with nothing less than eighteen shillings in the pound, to be paid privately, and out of your pockets."

A great sensation pervaded the meeting at this announcement. Mr. Shark rushed from the room; Mr. Grasp, who seemed as if the floor were giving way from under him, melted from their presence; and Mr. Eager, starting like a postman who discovers a letter in his hand addressed to himself, suddenly bethought himself of something, and vanished.

"And now gentlemen," once more spoke Mr. Blunt, "I am a man of few words. Come to my house to-morrow at twelve, and you shall be paid in full; and so shall the rascals who have just gone, although it's more than they deserve;"—and he lugged the bewildered Walton into the street.

"And now," said he, addressing his son-in-law, as they walked home, "I have a few things to ask of you. Will you give up frequenting public-houses?"

"I will," replied Walton.

"And you will also renounce the disgusting habit of drinking?"

"To please you, I will."

"And you will sign the Teetotal pledge, by way of giving the principle a fair trial?"

"I can refuse you nothing, after your kind treatment towards me."

"Very well," continued Old Blunt, taking his son-in-law's arm for the first time since their acquaintance, "you shall not want money to go on with. I know you will do well, if you keep your intellects clear, and attend to your business."

And thus ended this eventful meeting of creditors.

It was about three years afterwards, that Mr. Eager was seated on the Highflyer fast coach to Manchester (whither he was going for the purpose of undermining another person's connexion) when, having partaken a little too freely of wine and bottled-stout at dinner on the road, he tumbled off the vehicle, and dislocated his neck.

Mr. Grasp, who has married a second wife, and was altogether furnished with eight of those domestic little animals called "children," finds such a family rather inconvenient to provide for; and, although he does manage to totter on, it is not without requesting occasional credit from Mr. Walton.

And Mr. Shark, the other day, had some difficulty in persuading a body of gentlemen, who met together at his calling, to accept the handsome and gratifying composition of five-pence half-penny in the pound.

As for Mr. Walton when I last saw him, he was doing very well: indeed, I suspect him to be rather rich than otherwise;—at all events, he does not hesitate to attribute his present flourishing condition to the change of habits brought about by signing the Teetotal pledge, to which he is a staunch and faithful adherent.

THE BRIGHT DESTINIES OF TEETOTALISM.

LET us hope that a brighter day is opening upon us. The extent and consequences of the evil are fully appreciated, and the conviction has spread far and wide, that the best interests of society require a vigorous and united effort for its suppression. A few years only have elapsed, since public attention was drawn to the subject. Some zealous individuals proposed the formation of societies for the prevention of intemperance, and laboured long and successfully for their establishment. They had prejudices to encounter, interests to contend with, and inveterate habits to subdue. But they have seen the triumph of their principles and plans. Associations have been formed both in Europe and America, for the accomplishment of this great object; and they are earnestly striving to arrest the march of those who are on the road to destruction, and to fortify those who are exposed to temptation. Destitute of all legal authority, their efforts are all limited to persuasion, to conviction, to example. The most beneficial results have already followed their labours. The manufacture and consumption of ardent spirit have been reduced. Many have been recalled to a better life and better prospects. And what is far more important, experience has set its seal upon the value and practicability of the plan. Ebriety, we hope, will soon cease to be the standard of hospitality, and fashion no longer require its votaries to convert scenes of rational conviviality into scenes of vice, and sometimes crime.

To all who object to Teetotal Societies we say, Go ask the father who has seen the son of his age and hopes, qualified by nature, habit, and education, to perform an honourable and useful part on the stage of life; who has seen him abandon all those prospects, and become the slave of this most disgusting propensity, and the companion of all that is vile in the community; ask the father the value of an association which will redeem the lost one from this thralldom, and restore him to society, to his friends, to himself. Ask the heart-broken wife, who has seen the partner of her cares, the father of her children, forget all, abandon all, and ruin all that should be nearest and dearest to him, and seek pleasure in the abodes of vice and intoxication; ask her whether these labours of love and charity, which pluck the brand from the burning, are useless and inoperative. Ask the children whose father is a stranger to their love and affection, and who harters their happiness and his own for scenes of dissipation and intoxication, and let them calculate the value of redemption, and their gratitude to those who break his bonds and set the captive free. Ask society, whether the restoration to an useful and honourable life, of some of its most promising but once lost and unhappy members, is not a source of satisfaction and congratulation—and all this has been done and is now doing.

Who ventures to say, there is no cure for this malady of mind and body—no signal of safety which can be lifted up, like the brazen serpent of old, and whereon the afflicted may look and be healed—no power of conscience—no regard for the present, no dread of the future, which can stay the progress of this desolating calamity? It is indeed a disorder, which falls not within the province of the physician. Empiricism has prescribed its remedies, and various nostrums have been administered, with temporary success, calculated to nauseate the patient, and thus by association, to create a revulsion of feeling. But little permanent advantage has attended this process. As the habit of intoxication, when once permanently engrafted on the constitution, affects the mind and body, both become equally debilitated. Can the pleasures of the bowl be weighed in the balance with the rational enjoyments within our reach? with the tender affections of those whose hearts are knit to ours? with the respect of society, with the consciousness of doing well and deserving well, and with all those moral accompaniments which, if not the reward, are yet the sure attendant upon virtuous resolutions and a well spent life? To youth, to manhood, and to age, these considerations appeal, with an energy proportioned to the circumstances of each. All hold their destinies, more or less, in their own hands, and whether these shall be for evil or for good, depends upon the course and conduct they may adopt.

Happy will it be for ourselves, still happier for those who are to succeed us, if we can banish intemperance from this highly favoured land! And if all who acknowledge the importance of the work will unite in its accomplishment, the object can be attained, certainly and effectually. It would be a monument far prouder than the genius of antiquity has bequeathed to us, and more useful than any which modern wealth and power have erected, for the generations that are to follow us upon the theatre of life. Mouldering and dilapidated are the temples of Athens and Rome. Lost are the sites of Nineveh and Babylon. Forgotten are the countless millions, who have filled their places upon the earth and disappeared. But this moral victory would live in the remembrance, until the advent of the promised era, now begun—foretold in prophecy and invoked in poetry—is completed.

Although much yet remains, enough has been done to inspire us with gratitude for the past, and joyous hopes for the future. And when we survey the dark cloud of intemperance, fraught with destruction, which so lately enveloped the earth, fast rolling away and dissipating before the beams of truth, and the bright *Bow of Promised Reform* already spanning half the world, have we not reason to exult at the rapid progress of a cause which promises, in its ultimate results, such immense advantages to civilized mankind?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SHE LIVED IN BEAUTY.

By W. T. Moncrieff,

Author of "Don Giovanni in London," "Tom and Jerry," &c. &c.

She lived in beauty, like a flower
That blooms uncut in some lone bower,
Breathing around a fragrance rare,
To charm and sanctify the air.
She lived in beauty, like a gem
Set in a monarch's diadem,
Shedding around a radiance bright,
At once to dazzle and delight.
But, as the flower when pluck'd is gone,
And, as the gem struck, in its pride,
Is crush'd, tho' late so bright it shone—
So she, alas! in beauty died!

She lived in beauty, like some star
That shines in summer nights afar,
As if it lov'd those realms of peace
Which bid all earthly turmoils cease.
She breath'd in beauty, like some song
Of heard the greenwood shades among—
A gladness form'd to charm—to cheer—
To fancy and to memory dear!
But as the meteor falls to earth,
And as the soog, to heav'n allied,
Fleets in the moment of its birth—
So she, alas! in beauty died!

SONG.

By Andrew Park.

What ails your heart? what dims your eye?
What makes you seem so woe, Jamie?
Ye were an aye sae cauld to me—
Ye since were blythe and gay, Jamie.
I'm wae to see you like a flower,
Killed by the winter's snaw, Jamie.
Droop farther down frae hour to hour.
And waste sae fast awa', Jamie.
I'm sure your Jeanie's kind and true;
She lo'es you aye and but thee, Jamie;
She ne'er has gie'd the cause to rue,
If sae, ye still are free, Jamie!

I winna tak your hand—your heart—
If there is ane mair dear, Jamie;
I'd sooner far for ever part
Wi' thee—tho' in a tear, Jamie!
Then tell me a' your doubts an' fears;
Keep naething hid frae me, Jamie.
Are ye afraid o' coming years?
Or darker days to be, Jamie?
I'll share your grief—I'll share your joy—
They'll come alike to me, Jamie;
Misfortune's hand may a' destroy,
Except my love for thee, Jamie!

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to decline the proposal made to us by *An Amateur*. A true and faithful Account of the Rise and Progress of the London Teetotal Societies has been received, and will shortly come under our consideration. The writer had better forward us the vouchers to which he alludes.

To C. L. Yes: the DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS will shortly be published, complete in one volume.

There is no foundation for the scandalous report to which *A Subscriber* alludes. We do not believe that Teetotalism "is at a discount," as he expresses himself, in any town in the United Kingdom.

Private answers have been returned to *A Constant Reader* (Louth) *A Constant Reader* (Birmingham), and *P. S. V.* The two poems by S. are pretty. Past, Present, and Future, shall be inserted.

Aquarius is thanked for his hint, which he will perceive has been anticipated.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Seventh Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1840.

If ever a foul slander were completely refuted, and its unprincipled authors convicted of a despicable falsehood to suit interested views, such has been the case with regard to the accusations lately brought against the sincerity of the Irish Teetotalers. Malignity had industriously circulated a report that the disciples of the REVEREND FATHER MATHEW were rapidly backsliding from the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; and this assertion, founded upon no fact, was greedily seized upon, as a demonstrated point of argument, by those whose interest, whose ignorance, or whose wickedness has set them in array against the doctrines of Teetotalism. It however appears that during the last twelve months, the manufacture of spirits in Ireland has diminished by upwards of three millions and a half of gallons, when compared with the quantity submitted to the duty in the year previous—that is, from October, 1838, to October, 1839. We may also observe that the manufacture of spirits had also materially decreased in the year just described, and the one before it; and thus, for upwards of three years, has the falling off, in that portion of the revenue affected by such diminution, borne triumphant testimony to the bene-

ficial effects of Teetotalism. In the year ending in October, 1840, the decrease in the Irish manufacture of spirits is shown to have been enormous; and the loss to the revenue is nearly half a million sterling. When we consider that the sale of wine and malt liquors has fallen off, in Ireland, in a proportionate degree, we require no other argument to adduce against those who tax the Irish with insincerity in respect to the Teetotal pledge.

Instead of deploring the rapid disappearance of a vile and demoralizing habit from a lovely land,—a land which nature has peculiarly blessed,—the true philanthropist will exert his utmost energies to aid, whether directly or indirectly—whether by precept or example, in the encouragement of Teetotalism in Ireland. What harm can result from a nation being made sober? and what evil does not arise from its inveterate habit of intemperance? Let the Englishman remember what Ireland has done to aid him in his foreign conquests, and supply his fleet with sailors and his armies with recruits! And whose arm is so strong, whose step so bold, whose courage so undaunted, as that of the Irishman, in the day of danger? Irish blood painted the crimson cross upon our naval flag; and an Irish harp rang the sounds of victory, during the last wars of Europe, upon the summit of the Pyrenees. The Irish are celebrated, in domestic life, for that noblest of domestic virtues—hospitality! But all the fine qualities of the Irish character have been hitherto darkened or impaired by the habit of intemperance. When the heart once admits an evil custom as its associate, every natural emotion speedily flies from it. Many a family has commenced the great journey of life under the most auspicious circumstances, and has seen all those hopes destroyed by the evil Genius of Intemperance. This evil Genius casts its eyes upon that family—beholds the frugality and abstinence from all exciting compounds which would have preserved peace and happiness within the sacred orb of that domestic circle, giving smiles their light and bliss its being—and vows to work the ruin of that beautiful scene. The evil Genius, we say, sees that family united, blessed with peace and purity—throbbing with sympathy, and ardent in love—depicting the innocence of infancy and the joys of manhood before the venerable eye of age; as if to soften the farewell of this world by the pure and pictured anticipation of a better. Yet, even there, hid in the very sunbeam of that happiness, the demon of its destined desolation lurks. Intemperance insinuates itself, at first, imperceptibly—then gradually with more boldness—into that domestic circle; and, at length, the members of that once peaceful family behold with pleasure the constant presence of that now welcome guest! And then the destroyer works the ruin which he had so craftily planned; for the Genius of Intemperance is not to be softened by innocence, propitiated by kindness, nor appeased by hospitality! Such has been the case with myriads of once happy families; and no nation has known more of such dread scenes of desolation and ruin than Ireland.

What good man, then—what true philanthropist—what sincere Christian will venture to oppose the progress of Teetotalism in Ireland? We again ask, Does Teetotalism do any harm? does it inculcate vicious habits, or possess an immoral tendency? Does it not encourage religious institutions and beneficial education—those all-protecting principles which at once guard, and consecrate, and sweeten the social intercourse; which give life happiness, and death hope; which constitute man's purity, his best protection; and which place the infant's cradle and the female's couch beneath the sacred shelter of national morality? Neither the arguments of lecturers employed by distillers and vintners, nor the examples of the great and wealthy, shall succeed in inducing us to abandon so salutary a principle as that of Teetotalism. In despite of their scoffs and their reasoning, we will pursue the course we have entered upon; and, should the ridicule of earth and the blasphemy of hell assail us, we will call to our aid fresh energies to assist us in our task of defeating the demon of intemperance. We shall moreover console ourselves with the contemplation of the millions of disinterested individuals who profess the same doctrines. If we err in adopting the principle which reforms society, then is it evident that we are wrong only in practising virtue: but, in that case, we shall be content to err with those whose intellects are unimpaired, whose vigour is unhurt, and whose morality is left intact by the vice of

intemperance; and, rather than incur the dangers of the moderate-drinker, we shall be content to cheat ourselves with the idea that safety in total abstinence is more consistent with religion, reason, and social happiness. If this be delusion, at all events we err in following the paths of prudence, philanthropy, and domestic duty;—we err with the father who prefers expending his hard-earned wages upon his family, instead of wasting them in the public-house;—we err with the mother who confers an education upon her children, instead of affording them that example which will prepare the paths of prostitution for her daughters, and the road to the gibbet for her sons;—we err with the advocates of moral reformation, instead of social disorder, vice, and hideous poverty;—we err in following a system which will render the workhouses, the lunatic-asylums, the prisons, and the penal settlements, comparatively useless;—we err with Solomon, the wise King of Israel, who deprecated the use of wine;—we err with John the Baptist, the messenger of the Lord, whose drink was water;—we err with Mahomet, who laid the foundation of the greatest empires ever accomplished by mortal man;—we err with the Puritans, who released England from tyranny and ensured their privileges and rights to the sons of Albion;—we err with Franklin, the philosopher of liberty, the playmate of lightning, the patriot of the world, whose electric touch thrilled through the hemisphere;—we err with all the medical authorities of any value, whose opinions have been recorded upon the subject;—we err with those who follow the dictates of nature, the adaptation of whose choicest gift, water, to the necessities of the human frame is confirmed by experience, by science, and by instinct;—and we err with FATHER MATHEW, whose exertions have paved the way for the total regeneration of a mighty people! With individuals like these, and with the five millions of disciples of the same doctrine, we shall be content to remain in error, if an error that doctrine be; nor shall we desert that error even for the ribald revelry of the modern gin-palace, the degraded society of a tap-room, or the more refined but not less demoralized debauchery of the patrician's dining-table.

MARY MALONE;

A TALE OF OUR VILLAGE IN IRELAND.

BY MRS. SOMERS.

It is accompanied with an awfully chastened feeling, almost impossible to describe, that the mind looks back through the vista of departed years, and recalls those scenes where, united to the frail tenement of mortality, breath was first inhaled, and the Almighty Creator shed the first ray of conscious intellect on the germ of budding infancy. The pleasures of the world, its vicissitudes, and even its sorrows may in after years fade on the memory, and die away like a painful vision; but not so the recollections of childhood. The first impressions of surrounding objects become indelible, and cling through life around the heart in all their primeval brightness. To the green, the hallowest spot of our earliest existence, we often involuntarily turn, especially when under the influence of strong emotion. The oak of the forest may wither and decay, but the ivy "which grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength," adheres to the last, verdant and unfading.

And our native village is still dear to us; and its peaceful inhabitants are still present to the eye of memory. Our village, not in the sunny Berkshire, gentle reader, but in Ireland, was gay, and romantically situated. A clear, meandering river divided its streets nearly in the centre, and the bridge was the resort of the news-seeker, the idler, and of the infant tribe, which, relieved from hours of constraint at school, amused themselves by making ducks and drakes in the water—a pastime, it must be confessed, in which they were often joined by our red coated protectors—the officers of the neighbouring garrison. These dread holders of her Majesty's commission disliked reading, and had nought to occupy their thoughts. They were for the most part men of lively temperaments, and inoffensive dispositions. They looked well in their shooting dresses, though they usually did more execution among the *belles* of the ball-room, than the feathered denizens of the field. They danced gaily at all the monthly assemblies, and many a village beauty became depressed when the order for departure arrived, and smiled not again until a new regiment came! The environs of the village boasted of rich scenery, the fields were fruitful, the hedges of sweet briar, wild roses and gay hawthorn. The rising hills and little plantations occasionally assumed a bolder appearance, as the neat lodge or rustic gate announced the habitations of the neighbouring gentry—for the most part landed proprietors of moderate income. The finest feature in the landscape was the ruined abbey about a mile distant from the village. This venerable wreck, which a

Claude might have chosen for a subject, we should vainly attempt to describe, though it gave us in our early youth our first ideas of the sublime and beautiful. But a deeper interest still was attached to its half-decayed turrets, and mouldering walls, green with ivy, the growth of ages, by those who remembered the fate of Mary Malone! The remains of this poor girl, once the fairest flower of the valley, rested under the abbey's lofty arch, afar from the world's scorn and the perfidy of man. Her sad, but simple story may be soon told, and cannot be read without exciting sympathy in the most callous heart.

It was on a gay summer's evening, that Mary, young, light, and arrayed in all her rustic finery, first met James Farrilly and attracted his attention:—it was at the *pattern*, a name given by the poorer classes to the festival of their patron saint. The morning of this holiday of peculiar interest was always devoted to religious exercises in the parish chapel; the evening to a dance on the village green. The latter it is our intention to describe. In the centre of the scene of gaiety was seen a large cake neatly covered with a white apron, and tied on a churn dish. This cake was sometimes the present of the generous lady of the manor, sometimes a purchase made by the voluntary contributions of many a rustic hand. It was a delightful sight to see the lads and lasses in their holiday clothes approaching in groups. The piper was seated on an eminence in a central situation, presenting a striking contrast to all around him, and to his own mirth-inspiring profession. He was a melancholy man, one of those unlucky wights who some way or other are never worth a penny. This, he said, was his lot, as he was always "kept back by his long tail," by which he designated, not a string of members of parliament, but merely his wife and ten children. The neighbours told a different story, and said he was too fond of "raising his little finger." Be this as it may, he shewed a strong interest in the receipt of his remuneration, and regularly stopped his drone and chanter at the end of every dance to give an opportunity for the boy, or colleen, to return with the expected "copper." The money, however hardly earned, was cheerfully presented by the light footed, and still lighter hearted youths and maidens. They paid in turn, not from want of gallantry on the part of the men, but from a discreet wish of the fairer sex, not to be "beholden" to any one. Arrangements as to partners were as follows:

The "boy" approached the maiden whom he wished to select, touched his caubeen, and said, "Mary," or "Nelly," (as her cognomen might be,) "I dance to you." When the rest, jig, or planxty was finished, he made his rustic bow by drawing his right leg rapidly behind his left, and as he nodded his head at the same moment, his blooming partner blushed with downcast eyes, dropped her curtsy to another "boy," though not usually the one whom she most preferred, from an intuitive feeling of modesty natural to Irish women from the castle to the cot, "who would be wooed, and not unsought be won." The lad she thus favoured was on his legs in an instant, and the mirth-inspiring dance went on in regular order: sometimes four couples were up together, though dancing separate reels. A master of the ceremonies—some droll active fellow—was appointed to keep the ring; and his *shillelagh* was busy with the shins of any who attempted to step within the magic circle. The Irish love dancing, and excel in it. Their feet are as echoes to the music; and vainly would the high born *belle*, or a pathetic *beau* of modern times attempt to imitate these untaught children of nature. Wrestling and other athletic exercises are pursued during the pauses of the dance; and, towards the conclusion of the evening, the best wrestler jumps up, seizes the cake, and with rustic gallantry places it in the lap of the best dancer amongst the fair "Colleens."

But James was the most distinguished that evening in manly sport? And who danced so smoothly, that, as her delighted old father observed, "She would not break an egg under her feet,"—who but James Farrilly and Mary Malone, inspired, both by the same desire of being mutually pleasing to each other? James might be considered handsome by those who could not read his mind in his visage, or trace the sinister expression in his laughing blue eye, or the deceitful smile which played on his lips. Mary was young, and innocent, and saw neither. She was an only daughter, the idol of her parents, and of her honest brother Brian. "To her, Farrilly's language was new, was delightful: he told her of her charms, compared her blush to the rose, and her lips to two cherries, &c.

Mary was called upon to divide the cake;—the evening's amusement then concluded; and it was the last of Mary's tranquillity. She met James at markets—at dances,—everywhere. Her brother warned her "not to frequent his company, as he was not much known in the country;" and observed, "Mary, agraph, if his intention is honest, he knows when to spake, for tho' his mother is a widow woman, she is well to do in the world, and they say has taken a farm lately in father O'Shaughnessy's parish. So, Mary dear, be discreet, and keep quiet till we know him better." Mary promised she would take her brother's advice; and so she intended, but James told another story, and she believed him. "His mother was a hard woman, and all belonged to her, and she wanted him to look for fortune, but he would be thrue to Mary while grass grew, or water ran." To dwell upon the subject is painful,

Mary believed and was deceived. The lover took advantage of her confidence, and from that hour she observed with the quick eye of woman's affection, that James was every day becoming cooler. He seldom spoke as at first of getting his mother's consent to their marriage. By degrees he absented himself, and Mary learned in despair that he was gone miles off, in the service of a farmer, without even bidding her farewell. No more was her light step seen on the green—no more was her song heard when she went to milk her cow! It was soon whispered abroad that she was betrayed; but her poor parents and kind hearted brother, did not suspect the extent of her misfortune. They reared her honestly, and they confided because they loved and were unsuspicious. Mary was gentle and obliging as ever, and never complained.

In a month or two after James disappeared, Mary's comrade-girl called in one evening, (the evening preceding the great fair held at the neighbouring town,) and asked the forsaken one if she were alone. "Yes," was the reply, "my mother is gone to make her curly at a neighbour's house."—"Oh! murther, Mary did you hear the news! James Farrilly is a deceiver, for they say he is soon to marry Nancy Delany, a mighty purty girl entirely, and his master's daughter: the cunnin ould mother made up the match last market day." Mary became pale as death; but she was proud and high minded, and would not betray her feelings. She accordingly said with a painful effort, "No matter for him! shures there's as good fish in the say as ever was caught."—"Thru for you Mary; and its myself that's glad to hear you say so. But here's your mother."

Mary hurried to bed—but not to sleep. She arose in the morning with her mind made up how to act. She was busy, and her cheek glowed from powerful but hidden emotion. She dressed herself with unusual care in her only white gown, and her cap with pink ribbons. "Mary, my darlint," said her poor mother, "you look like yourself this morning, where are you going?"—"To the fair, mother, I promised Katty last night to meet her there."—"Will then, come home early, a cushla."

Poor Mary rushed out of the house, the confiding tenderness of her kind mother struck at her heart; she had a momentary idea of throwing herself into her arms and owning all;—but she hesitated, and she was lost!

It was a lovely September morning, all nature smiled around her; but Mary saw not that gleam of universal gladness. "It will be soon over," she whispered to herself, as she entered the town, and sought him only from whose lips, alas, she came to receive the sentence of life or death.

A fair in a country town (in Ireland, that which is in appearance a village, often bears the name, and has the privileges of a town) is at once a scene of business, of merriment, and of confusion. Here may you see horses, cows, droves of pigs going everywhere but where they should go, the drivers having the most obstinate tied by a string round one of the hind legs. Here, too, are gay standings in the middle of the street, with covered awnings hung round inside with gaudy stamped linens, cheque patterns of gowns, exhibiting all the colours of the rainbow in much deeper dyes, ribbons, Barcelona handkerchiefs, toys of various kinds, &c. And then was this chaos swelled by the tents on the green, the colours flying, the iron pots at the door boiling, and reeking with "spoolens" of bacon and pork. Under the most spacious canopies of the joyous encampment sate a piper and blind fiddler; and while the elders regaled themselves at the upper end, the younger persons of both sexes, in defiance of all the confusion without, danced, as they expressed it, "for the bare life." In another part rose the quack-doctor's stage bearing himself, and his man Jack, who is ever a wit by profession. The Doctor was a grave personage; rusty black formed the unique tinge of his garments, a bushy wig, curled and powdered, adorned his head; long white ruffles reached his fingers' ends; and his right hand grasped a tall cane with a bright brass top. In broad relief to this sober specimen of humanity was his mirth-loving and mirth-inspiring follower, Jack. Mouth wide, nose large, and cheeks broad, were the marks by which Jack might be known. These features, were temporarily and partially concealed by spacious spots of coarse red paint, mingled with shades of black and white: an old red coat, trimmed with tarnished tinsel, loose white trousers, red slippers ornamented with large yellow worsted roses, displayed to advantage his outward man; within all seemed merriment. The quack-doctor plyed a lucrative trade. He descanted in a loud monotonous tone, in high flown language, on the cures and wonders performed by bottles which he drew from his pockets. That pocket seemed to partake of the same nature as the purse of Fortunatus: though often resorted to, always to the gaping multitude, it appeared full. Jack the while performed his various antics, such as tumbling, dancing, grimacing, and the other distortions in which mountebanks of all ages and nations so much rejoice. The place rang with laughter; and when the audience were in perfect good humour, Jack presented his hat—the Doctor his medicines. Many a small leathern purse answered the call; and many a minor coin did these worthies receive, thus proving that with the peasant as with his superior, quackery is ever sure to go down. Roaming through the fair were heard rival ballad sing-

ers "rising it," as they called the divine art, at the pitch of their voice, from grave to gay, and from gay again to mournful. "Nancy Dawson," "Death and the Lady," "Did you see the Volunteers," &c. &c. (ballads popular in those days,) they carried in large parcels strung on twine, all printed at "Mistress Bridget Corcoran's in Dublin." This lady, peace to her harmonious soul, lived and died before the days of Grisi and Malibran, and of the triumph of Italian arias over stirring Irish song. She for many years enjoyed a comfortable livelihood by supplying all the markets and fairs in the kingdom with gems of poetry and pathos.

But where is poor Mary all this time? She is seeking with aching eyes for her betrayer, "the crown of whose hat" she once declared she would know "among the whole congregation going to prayers on a Sunday." At last she beholds him, gay and light hearted, looking as when he first won her affection; James started as at a spectre, at the sight of the poor girl's wasted, withered form, the glowing cheek—almost crimson with powerful emotion, the eye-ball glaring with unearthly brightness. Mary's quick glance caught the scornful expression of him whom she had loved "not wisely but too well."

"Do not look so much shocked," said the unhappy girl; "I have but one word to ask—James, are you going to be false hearted, and to marry?"—"And if I am, what is that to you, Mary? It is not you could hinder me; so be quite! I am obligated for all your civility, and would part friends, for my mother would give me her seven curses were I to marry the likes of you." Mary was an untutored, ignorant girl; but not the most refined amongst the daughters of fortune could feel more acutely or with a juster perception of its true meaning, the insult which his words conveyed. The pride, the shame, the withering sensation of injured affection rushed to her heart, and nearly suffocated her. There was a moment's pause; at length she found words; "I do not curse you, I will not," she said; "may God forgive you! You will be cursed enough if you have one feeling of man, when my young head lies low in the cold grave! Shame, shame, upon me, who, for such a false one, could scald the heart, and bring blushes to the cheek of my aged and thither parents—have me—I have done with you." Mary seemed raised above herself; he thought she was raving, and was glad to escape.

In pity let us hope she was touched with temporary derangement. She flew to the quack-doctor and demanded a quantity of poison for rats. He gave her arsenic, which, it is supposed she swallowed on her way home. Towards evening her mother became uneasy at her stay, and sat on the bench outside the door watching the return of her absent darling. Mary, on reaching her home, had strength enough to fall into her mother's arms, and exclaim, "Mother, I am dying!"

The sequel, though it admitted of some consolation, was an awful scene. After several hours of agony, she got an interval of ease; her mind even became calm, and collected. Her mother held her hand; the good clergyman sat on the other side. He exhorted her in the mild accents of religion to open her mind to him and her mother. Humbled, trembling, and fully awakened to a sense of her misery and guilt, she felt it a relief to pour out her whole soul before them. "Mother can you give me your pardon; if you cannot, I won't pray to God for his—it would be useless."—"May God bless, and forgive you, dear, unhappy child; how can your own mother reproach the darling of her old heart? Oh! try but to live Mary, and though the world, and every one in it is cold to you, my breath will be warm, and my love thinder, as if my heart was never scalded by this heavy, heavy sorrow."—"Father Murphy, will God forgive me?" cried the expiring victim. "Can he? for I am sorry, oh! how sorry! for I never knew a quite hour since I left him, as I may say: and for who or for what did I leave him?" A burst of agony relieved her. "My poor child," said the holy man, "he can, he will forgive the true penitent. If you be not sincerely, truly sorry, vain is all the comfort the minister of God can offer; but He who on the cross forgave his murderers can even forgive you, all unworthy as you are to expect it." Mary was comforted: she survived through the night.

We spare the reader her parting scene with her father, and poor Brian; the former never raised his head until he was laid beside her. Through the interest of the good clergyman, and the respectable neighbours it was arranged that Mary should be buried in consecrated ground within the precincts of the abbey. Her funeral took place on the third day after her death. On the loveliest evening that could be imagined the village train slowly and solemnly wound its way round the Abbey wall. As if in mockery, the last rays of the decending sun occasionally gilded the white garlands—the work of youthful hands—that ornamented poor Mary's coffin. The mortal remains were born to the grave by six village maidens dressed in white, their heads enveloped in hoods of the same colour. The ulcaun rose high on the gale, when its melancholy cadence was rudely and suddenly interrupted by the sound of laughter, and the trampling of horses. It was the "dragging home" of James Farilly, and his youthful bride—the latter dressed in all her wedding finery, and seated on a pillion behind her husband. By a strange coincidence James was married on the day of Mary's death. As the mournful procession passed by, the mind of Farilly misgave him. With a sudden

thrill of horror he threw the bridle over the horse's head, and asked the name of the deceased. "It's the berrin of poor Mary Maloue," said one near, "who was decaved by a villain an' poisoned herself for love." The conscience-stricken man clapped his hands before his eyes and fled from the spot; he went, as it was afterwards discovered, to a town many miles distant, where he enlisted with a party of recruits who were to be shipped next day for America.

It was at the close of a summer's evening, seven years from the time of Mary's unhappy death, that a worn and haggard man, dressed in an old regimental coat, and supported by a crutch, was met in the Abbey church-yard by an old woman who was returning from the pious task of reciting her "padreens" over the grave of her deceased husband. "God save you mistress," said the stranger.—"God save you, kindly Sir: what's your will?" was the retort courteous of the dame.—"Shew me I pray you, where Mary Maloue was buried," said the stranger, in a faltering tone. She pointed to the ruined arch,—"There, Sir, at the right hand side, lies the poor cratur. They say she walks every night round the abbey bemoaning herself, becays she was crossed in love; God convart the villain who laid her low, and bruck the heart of her poor father and mother." James Farilly—for it was he—could not say "Amen;" but he staggered to the grave, and knelt over it for a long—long time! He did not long survive this night: fatigue, and disease, and, above all, the continued torture of a conscience on the rack had totally undermined his robust constitution. The inhabitants of the village, moved at his repentance, buried him by the side of his victim; and the remains of the seducer and the seduced now moulder in the same grave.

VERSIFICATION.

It by no means follows that a certain number of lines, written one under another, and consisting of a certain number of syllables, or feet, should constitute poetry. The mere fact of versifying is not synonymous with the expression of those sublime sentiments which alone constitute true poetry. Poetry may even exist in a prose state; and versification is often nothing better than measured or metrical prose. The use of rhymes is only another shackle which the versifier deems necessary to impose upon himself, and which the true poet frequently eschews. But, in the present article, our business is merely with the mechanical part of poetry, —or, in other words, the form and versification. Our object is to explain, in a familiar way, the common rules of versification, and illustrate those rules with quotations. So much rubbish is now-a-days perpetrated, under the denomination of *Poetry*, that a little more general knowledge of the mere regulations and methods of composition is greatly to be desired.

Having chosen a subject, the form of the projected poem is to be next considered. Verse is either regular, or irregular. Regular verse consists of lines of uniform length of syllables; and irregular verse is, of course, the opposite to this rule. For instance, Milton's *Paradise Lost* is regular measure,—that is, all the lines consist of ten syllables each, or of such a grouping of syllables, that the pronunciation of them only conveys an idea often in each line: *ex. gra.*

"No more of talk, where God or Angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar us'd," &c.

The word *familiar* in the second line is only pronounced as three syllables,—thus, *fa-mil-yar*. Irregular measure may be illustrated by the following lines from Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

"The feast was over in Branksome tow'r,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bow'r,
The bow'r that was guarded by word and by spell,
Dreadly to hear, and dreadful to tell,
Jesu Maria! shield us well!"

Here the first line consists of nine syllables—the second of eleven—the third of eleven also—the fourth of nine again—and the fifth of eight. Be it remembered that in a poem, the plan of which is professedly regular, as in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, it would be improper to introduce passages of irregular metre; but in poems professedly irregular, such as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, regular passages may be safely introduced.

Regular metre is not confined only to couplets,—i. e. where every two lines rhyme with each other, as in Byron's *Corsair* or *Lara*,—or to blank verse, but also to alternate and other measures; but in these cases, the lines which rhyme must always be of the same length: *ex. gra.*

"Genius of Good! if still thy wing
O'er Albion's land auspicious soar,
Help to a falling nation bring,
And raise the drunkard up once more."

This is regular alternate-measure: the first and third lines, which rhyme together, are each of eight feet or syllables; and the second and fourth, which similarly correspond, are each of eight also. There are cases in which the second and fourth lines are each of six feet only in alternate verse.

Irregular metre does not admit of unbounded licence in respect to freedom from metrical shackle, but must be more or less uniform. It must appear to be purposely irregular, and not the result of the composer's sheer ignorance of metrical rules. For instance, in such a poem as Gray's *Elegy*, were the plan of it purposely irregular, it would not have been proper to

make one stanza of four lines regular and another irregular. Even in irregular metre, there is more or less method and consistency. Some versifiers have an idea that the metrical measures of ancient chroniclers are well imitated by a long line next to a short one, and so on: this supposition is ridiculous.

That metre, which is irregular in the stanza, is frequently regular in respect to various stanzas compared with each other. Thus if the last line of every stanza in Gray's *Elegy* consisted of only eight syllables, instead of ten, the stanzas would consist of irregular metre, but the poem, as a whole, would be a regular one. This is the case with his *Bard*, which is divided into eight or ten sections: the first section corresponds in metrical method with the third, fifth, and seventh; and the second section corresponds with the fourth, sixth, and eighth. The *Bard* cannot be therefore called an irregular ode, because its plan is uniform. If, however, this plan were departed from in respect to only one section, the author would not satisfy the critic by terming his production an "Irregular Ode," because such a deviation from a plan, otherwise uniform and consistent, would constitute a fault.

The reader will now understand that inequality should not exist, and cannot be excused on the plea of intention, in a poem where such irregularity is either a solitary deviation from another plan, or where a regular form was really intended to be adopted, but where the attempt failed in consequence of the ignorance of the versifier; and this is the case with all those wretched scribbles who, without education or inspiration, sit down, scribble something which looks like verse, and call their abortions by the name of *Poetry*.

In running measure, the poetry is frequently regular, when it does not appear so to the eye or the ear of the novice; and *vice-versa*. The former case needs not illustration; but the latter may be explained by the following extract from one of Moore's *Irish Melodies*:

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet:
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!
'Tis not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of gifts, her brightest of green;
'Twas not the magic of streamlet and rill;
Oh! no—'twas a something more exquisite still!"

These verses appear to be regular but they are not. All the four lines of the first stanza are regular; they consist each of twelve syllables, or feet. The first line of the second stanza consists of twelve feet also; but the other three are each composed of only eleven. These little discrepancies and irregularities in metre do not affect the ear of the individual who has no real taste for poetry, and who counts metres with his fingers; but they immediately strike the attention of the true poet. A defective line to the ear of a true poet is the same as a false note upon that of the real musician. The Latin poet was right, when he said, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*,—"The poet is born, not made." No study will inculcate a taste for poetry, nor a thorough knowledge of the rules which those, who are initiated into the mysteries of Parnassus by Nature, can alone know.

We shall conclude this article with a few hints upon rhymes. Similitude of pronunciation in words is the basis of rhyme; but there are several bye-laws in respect to this part of the art of composition, as well as with regard to metres. The rule establishes such rhymes as these,—*full, call—man, plan—seem, dream—play, they—invincible, tell*: the exception, as it may be called, allows such rhymes as *wrong, tongue—heaven, given—sun, on—liberty, sea*. The terminating letters of each word must be the same, or be pronounced the same, to rhyme. Thus *seen, dream—mate, rare*, are not rhymes; but *seem, dream—and mate, rare*, are rhymes. *O'er and lover* are rhymes; but not *lover and other*. There is more difficulty still in finding the double or rich rhymes. Thus *crown'd me, found me*, are rhymes; but *crown'd me, found thee*, are not rhymes. *Languish and languish* are not rhymes, because the former word is spelt with a *g*, and the latter with a *q*; but *languish and anguish* are rhymes. *Crown me, found me*, are not rhymes: the pronunciation of the *d* is required in the word *crown* to constitute the rhyme. Compound rhymes (such as many of those used in *Don Juan*) are also subject to rules which are evident after the above explanations. Thus *handle us and scandalous* may be used as a rhyme; but the rhyme would be defective were the word *handled* used: there would be the pronunciation of the final *d* too much. In order to be very correct in this species of rhyme, the rhymes in the first stanza of *Don Juan* should be read *new'un, true'un, Juan*—instead of *new one, true one, Juan*; and, in many of Walter Scott's poems, where he makes *man* and *one* rhyme, he intended that the former word should have the Scotch pronunciation *man*. Speaking of one of Gray's Odes, Dr. Johnson observed that a rhyme was frequently made where it was not found.

The Editor of this journal was once challenged to make two rhymes to Xerxes: he accordingly sat down and wrote the following lines, which he afterwards introduced into his *Pickwick Abroad*:

"If I were only half as great as Xerxes,
I'd rule the nations with a righteous hand;
But not on principles like those of Burke's. His
Reflections upon France none understand.
He takes a proposition—then he shirks his
Own chosen thesis which himself had plann'd:—
Through ev'ry page invariably there lurks his
Venomous hatred of a mighty land;
And when he enters on the theme, he works his
Arguments out on grounds where nought can stand.
His soul is far more grovelling than the Turk's; his
Logic resembles houses built on sand;

Bot fifteen hundred pounds a-year are stronger
Reasoning than sense;—and so we'll chide no longer!"

Burke received £1500 for his *Reflections upon the French Revolution*.

It has been said that there is no rhyme for scavenger, nor pottinger. Will any of our readers endeavour to refute that assertion?

AN ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON AT CRONSTADT.

CAPTAIN H——, an English trader to Saint Petersburg, had been for several years carrying on a system of smuggling to a very considerable extent. This being known to several of his brother-captains, it was often viewed with serious apprehension by them. In the year 1823, the consequences they had foreseen, became verified. An information being laid against Captain H—— his house in Saint Petersburg was surrounded by Police-officers in the dead of night, the doors broken open, and his books and papers seized: he was dragged from his bed, to the alarm of his wife, a beautiful English lady to whom he had only been married a few months; and he was placed in close confinement as a prisoner.

The circumstances of impeachment were these:—Having engaged a Frenchman as his cook, it was agreed in England that if the vessel wintered at Cronstadt, this Frenchman was to be franked back by some other vessel, or to have employment, or receive some pecuniary compensation. The ship wintered—the Captain refused to perform his share of the contract—and the Frenchman immediately laid an information against the captain, at the office of Girioff, the minister of finance. This information was soon followed up by custom-house officers appearing from Saint Petersburg in the mole at Cronstadt. The vessel was seized with all its contents; and the mate, who had charge of her was taken prisoner.

The respectable British viewed the circumstance as a national disgrace, as their character for dealing had hitherto been held by the Russian government in the greatest respect; but still they felt a sympathy with those of the lower grade that might have been entrapped into the business. The most active and scrutinizing enquiry took place on behalf of the government, as the Minister was fully aware that his own officers must have been implicated, to have allowed such things within the Mole, and under their own eyes. How many Russians were concerned, it is difficult to say; but, independently of the English captain and the mate, a clerk belonging to the British Consul at Cronstadt, and a Commodore R——, who had been forty years in the Russian naval service, were all found guilty by the council. The commodore was subsequently pardoned; but the captain was condemned to pay the sum of two hundred thousand roubles as a punishment for his crime, or, in default thereof, be banished to Siberia, along with his mate and the Consul's clerk. It being impossible for Captain H—— to provide so prodigious a sum, it was concluded that, however long the execution of the sentence might be delayed, Siberia would be the prisoners' eventual doom.

After a respite of a few months, during which time the culprits lay in the gaol of Cronstadt where they were tried, the distressing period arrived, and a day was fixed for their removal to Saint Petersburg. The only chance of evading the dreadful sentence, lay in devising some practicable mode of escape. The following plan was at length determined upon, and, by the efficient aid of the captain's wife, carried into successful execution. The Russians pay the greatest respect to the return of their marriage and natal days; and it was to celebrate the return of the latter, that Captain H—— invited the officer on duty to a little banquet. Quantities of wine and provisions were conveyed into the prison by the exertions of the captain's wife, who was allowed free communication with her husband during his incarceration. But the morning of the intended feast was that fixed upon for this last interview. The scene of separation between the husband and wife was such as could not fail to awaken in the breast of the officer on duty, feelings of the deepest commiseration.

The gates of the prison being now closed against the agonizing wife, arrangements were made for the evening's repast. The table was laid out in a manner to render the banquet agreeable; and the prisoner and the officer sat down to the feast. Much conviviality and mirth were assumed. At length, so much wine had been drunk that the officer allowed his prisoner to call in the guard, and pour out bumpers round. The bait took—the lulling influence of the wine was soon perceived—the officer and men fell prostrate upon the floor—and the Captain immediately proceeded to the cells of his mate and the Consul's clerk, to release them. They easily escaped from the gaol, and entered the town of Cronstadt. Though light at that hour, a solemn silence pervaded the town; and the footsteps of the three Englishmen were only heard, and occasionally responded to, by the dogs that kept watch in the enclosed places. They reached the fortifications—the usual demands were put by the sentinel and answered—and the gate of the town was passed. The dread of pursuit now added double speed to their footsteps. After a long journey, they reached a fishing village at which the consul's clerk was well-known, as he had frequently employed boats to push out to ascertain what merchant ships were approaching Cronstadt. His acquaintance with the inhabitants was a most favourable circumstance, as he

not only succeeded in obtaining a boat, but also in purchasing it for twenty-five roubles. Having provided themselves with the necessary oars and provisions, the three Englishmen pushed off into the trackless gulph, thanking providence for this extraordinary escape.

When the hour for relieving the guard arrived on the following morning; the escape of the prisoners was ascertained, and the soldiers were all found in a death-like trance. The greatest consternation immediately prevailed; and a report of the circumstance was sent to Saint Petersburg. Before the close of the day, orders were received to despatch the quickest sailing frigate down the gulph in search of the fugitives, whilst scouring parties of the police were sent in all directions to discover if they had taken refuge in any of the outlets of the river or the villages: in short, every possible means were employed to effect their re-capture.

Two days elapsed, and no tidings were heard of the run-aways. On the ramparts of Cronstadt groups of individuals were seen using their spy-glasses with the utmost intensity, as they were sure the frigate would soon return, bringing them back in triumph. Her flags were at length recognized in the horizon, and the frigate was soon seen pushing gallantly forward for the mole. The custom-house officers and all the spectators were on the tenter-hooks of expectation as she approached. Boat after boat put off to her; but it was soon announced that no prisoners were on board, and that the frigate had failed to overtake them.

The attention of the authorities was now directed towards poor Mrs. H——. Her residence being discovered, she was placed under arrest. Examination after examination took place; but nothing could be elicited from her; and, at the expiration of six weeks, she was set at liberty, to the joy of her friends.

But where was her husband during all this time? What was the fate of himself and companions? Of this, in fact, the poor creature knew nothing. To enquire of any of her friends was almost an act of treason: her very servant was even dreaded as a spy; and all her motions were watched with the most scrupulous attention. Time passed away, while she remained in this anxious state; and, although vessel after vessel had come up the Baltic, no tidings were heard, nor traces discovered, of the fugitives. At length, after a lapse of six months, news reached Saint Petersburg that the poor fellows had been picked up, after suffering the most horrible fatigues and privations, by a vessel bound for Elsinour, where they were lauded. From that place they took their passage in another merchant vessel, and once more reached their native land in safety. Mrs. H—— repaired to England, as soon as these happy tidings reached her; and her husband received her with the open arms of the most sincere gratitude and affection.

REVIEWS.

The Works of Flavius Josephus. Translated by W. Whiston. Published in Monthly Parts, with Illustrations. Super-Royal 8vo. London: G. Virtue.

At a period when the Jews appear to be themselves anticipating a general movement towards their native Palestine, and while the dreadful persecutions they have lately undergone at Damascus are still fresh in the memory, a new edition of the writings of their great philosopher is a most welcome publication to all classes of readers. The Jews have long been a people whom prejudice and habit have taught those of a different persuasion to abuse; but we must candidly admit that they possess many good qualities for which they have never received the credit. If they be fond of accumulating wealth, they are never deaf to the appeals made by suffering poverty upon their bounty;—if they be exclusive in their habits, have they not been rendered more so by the conduct of the world towards them than their creed has compelled them to be?—and if they have seldom produced any illustrious characters, who have signalized themselves in a literary point of view, let us remember that the prejudice of all ages has deadened the energies of those who, conscious of superior abilities, may have sought to distinguish themselves. The Jews were vilely calumniated when they were supposed to have assassinated Father Thomas at Damascus; and the whole Jewish nation will doubtless feel grateful to Sir Moses Montefiore and M. Cremieux (the celebrated French barrister) for their laudable exertions to ameliorate the condition of the persons of their own persuasion now residing in the East.

We cannot say much for the manner in which the present edition of the works of Flavius Josephus is translated. By endeavouring to preserve a scriptural quaintness of language, the translator has frequently disfigured entire sentences. The work, on the whole, is however a very valuable one:—the pictorial embellishments are of a superior kind; and the cheapness of the work (two shillings each monthly part) will enable it to obtain universal circulation. We extract from Part XI the following paragraph relative to the famine which prevailed in Jerusalem at the period of the siege by the Romans under Titus:—

"Then did the famine widen its progress, and devoured the people by whole houses and families; the upper rooms were full of women and children that were dying by famine, and the lanes of the city were full of

the dead bodies of the aged; the children also and the young men wandered about the market-places like shadows, all swelled with the famine, and fell down dead, wheresoever their misery seized them. As for burying them, those that were sick themselves were not able to do it; and those that were hearty and well were deterred from doing it by the great multitude of those dead bodies, and by the uncertainty there was how soon they should die themselves; for many died as they were burying others, and many went to their coffins before that fatal hour was come. Nor were there any lamentations made under these calamities, nor were heard any mournful complaints; but the famine confounded all natural passions; for those who were just going to die looked upon those that were gone to rest before them with dry eyes and open mouths. A deep silence also, and a kind of deadly night, had seized upon the city; while yet the robbers were still more terrible than these miseries were themselves; for they brake open those houses which were no other than graves of dead bodies, and plundered them of what they had; and carrying off the coverings of their bodies, went out laughing, and tried the points of their swords in their dead bodies, and, in order to prove what metal they were made of, they thrust some of those through that still lay alive upon the ground; but for those that entreated them to lend them their right hand and their sword to dispatch them, they were too proud to grant their requests, and left them to be consumed by the famine. Now every one of these died with their eyes fixed upon the temple, and left the seditious alive behind them. Now the seditious at first gave orders that the dead should be buried out of the public treasury, as not enduring the stench of their dead bodies. But afterwards, when they could not do that, they had them cast down from the walls into the valleys beneath. However, when Titus, in going his rounds along those valleys, saw them full of dead bodies, and the thick putrefaction rising about them, he gave a groan; and, spreading out his hands to heaven, called God to witness that this was not his doing; and such was the sad case of the city itself. But the Romans were very joyful, since none of the seditious could now make sallies out of the city, because they were themselves disconsolate, and the famine already touched them also. These Romans besides had great plenty of corn and other necessaries out of Syria, and out of the neighbouring provinces; many of whom would stand near to the wall of the city, and show the people what great quantities of provisions they had, and so make the enemy more sensible of their famine, by the great plenty, even to satiety, which they had themselves. However, when the seditious still showed no inclinations of yielding, Titus, out of his commiseration of the people that remained, and out of his earnest desire of rescuing what was still left out of these miseries, began to raise his banks again, although materials for them were hard to be come at; for all the trees that were about the city had been already cut down for the making of the former banks. Yet did the soldiers bring with them other materials from the distance of ninety furlongs, and thereby raised banks in four parts, much greater than the former, though this was done only at the tower of Antonia. So Cæsar went his rounds through the legions, and hastened on the works, and showed the robbers that they were now in his hands. But these men, and these only, were incapable of repenting of the wickedness they had been guilty of; and separating their souls from their bodies, they used them both as if they belonged to other folks, and not to themselves."

Supplement to the Discussion between James Bromley and F. R. Lees. Leeds: S. Jowett.

SINCE we reviewed this pamphlet in *The Teetotaler* of the week before last, we have received so many letters relative to the famous discussion between the Rev. Mr. Bromley and Mr. F. R. Lees, the Editor of *The British Advocate*, that we find it necessary to recur to this subject once more. We have been blamed, by one correspondent who writes in favour of Mr. Bromley, for the severity of our observations respecting this gentleman; we shall therefore make no further comment of our own at this moment, but allow the writer of the pamphlet under notice to speak for himself:—

"In a note appended to page 10, we observe another instance of 'FRAUD,' and 'FALSHOOD.' Mr. Bromley states that in the resolutions passed at the late Bolton conference, 'the consumption of alcoholic liquors' is denounced as 'sinful.' In quoting from these resolutions Mr. Bromley has wilfully suppressed a qualifying sentence in order to pervert the meaning: in other words, he has propagated what he knew to be false. The resolutions commence by referring to the physical and moral evils of alcoholic beverages, stating that the knowledge of the evils brings along with it the duty of abstinence—(and sure it is a duty to act up to our knowledge;)—and thus concludes—'the continued consumption of alcoholic liquors is, therefore, IN THE FACE OF SUCH ADMITTED FACTS, sinful.' Mr. Bromley has suppressed the word 'therefore,' and the reasons to which it refers, as well as the qualifying and restrictive phrase in capitals! What can be said of such gross perversions of truth—such glaring immoralities—committed to, for the express purpose of casting odium upon the teetotalers? The malice is equal

to the untruth. The scriptures declare that 'whatever is not of faith is sin.' The conference came to a resolution embodying the application of that maxim to the use of alcoholic poisons, affirming that it would be sinful in those who consumed them *in the face of their own knowledge or convictions*. Mr. Bromley leaves the latter clause out, and represents the conference as affirming, without qualification, that *every use, by every body, whether they had knowledge or not, is sinful!* Mr. Bromley rightly prophesied—"that the day of falsehood's arrest and exposure drew nigh!" It is even at his door."

On a re-perusal of this pamphlet, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Bromley is thoroughly exposed, as an ignorant, conceited, vain, and self-sufficient man, and one who is highly improper to preach the word of God—the real object and extensive interpretation of which he thoroughly misunderstands. We shall quote one more extract from this pamphlet, and then drop the subject altogether:—

"Two other specimens of Mr. Bromley's 'SOBRIETY' and 'VANITY,' and we have done with him. The Rotherham temperance society have just adopted the American form of pledge,—a form which, for its simplicity and comprehensiveness, we have ourselves advocated for years. The change was thought of before the 'speech' was made, and has been effected since. 'Come,' says this embodiment of EGOTISM, 'I have not laboured wholly in vain! Gentlemen teetotalers! I thank you for this concession!' The change which has been going on for years—the advocacy of the pledge in the temperance periodicals—all this is nothing—our consummate egotist 'lays the flattering unction to his soul'—that the change is the result of his speech! He will remind the reader of the fly which perched itself upon the axle of the chariot, exclaiming, 'What a dust I kick up!' Mr. Bromley knew, too, that there were a variety of pledges, and by consequence, that teetotalism was not to be tested by any in particular. He quarrels, in fact, with the reprobation placed upon his *port and sherry*, (which are about as like the Jewish wines as cheese to chalk.) this pledge is the mere excuse. The American pledge has no express exception in favour of the medical or sacramental use of wine; but merely expresses abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage; thus allowing them (though not expressing the allowance) in disease or the sacrament."

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

BURY (LANCASHIRE.)

THE *Fifth Annual Report* of the Bury Total Abstinence Society is now before us. It is a valuable and important document, inasmuch as it bears unequivocal testimony to the advantages and rapid progress of Teetotalism. We are happy at having this opportunity of laying an extract from the *Report*, before our readers:—

"Your Committee, in laying before their constituents and the public the *Fifth Annual Report* of the Bury Abstinence Society, feel that whilst there is much, the existence of which they have to lament, there is ground for encouragement, and cause for gratitude. They are aware of the unwillingness of the human mind to combat with opinions or prejudices which have obtained currency throughout all ranks, and have incorporated themselves with the actions and processes of thought of the community; and yet the legitimate object of Abstinence Societies is to combat, to oppose these, and the proceedings your Committee have to record exhibit a continued warfare with the opinions and practices of many. Your Committee are embarrassed at the very outset in contemplating the innumerable ramifications of the vice they have to expose, and the conviction that to enter into a discussion of these would lead them into a range far too wide for a report. The evils of Intemperance are too obvious, too manifest not to be known; and all are easily convinced that corrupted morals, depraved appetites, debilitated and shattered systems, neglected children and domestic misery, are among the direct effects of this prevailing vice. Sabbaths are broken, the house of God is neglected, and the benevolent objects of Sabbath-school teachers defeated, and their brightest hopes blasted; and these are seen to flow from the same prolific source of demoralization and misery. The object of Abstinence Societies is to abolish the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; believing that by banishing these, the sources of many of the evils just enumerated are stopt. Stop the fountain, and it will no longer send forth its streams of misery and death. This remedy they believe to be most *safe*; experience has proved that the daily or frequent use of these liquors, even in small quantities, exposes to the hazard of increasing the quantity till the habit of Intemperance is formed. This remedy is most simple: it involves no complicated machinery of human legislation; it is intelligible to all. It is most Scriptural: it is just the carrying out of the principle of the enlightened and devoted Apostle, who would not drink wine, if by his doing so a weaker brother was made to stumble or fall. Nor is its success of doubtful efficacy: many have found that by the adoption of the principle of the Society, and by perseverance in its

observance the appetite for strong drink has been weakened, if not positively destroyed."

MACCLESFIELD.

THE Catholic portion of the population of this town, are particularly favourable to the doctrine of Teetotalism. In one week alone, at the commencement of October, upwards of three hundred and fifty signed the pledge.

HALIFAX.

THE following paragraph occurs in the Teetotal news given in the last number of the *British Temperance Advocate*:—

"I am most happy to inform you that the cause of Teetotalism is going on gloriously in this town and neighbourhood. Many of our bitterest opponents are beginning to see that we are right. The publicans are also beginning to feel the effects of true temperance. At the present time I believe there are no less than a dozen of places licensed for the sale of intoxicating drinks to LET in this town, the present occupiers having struggled with the business until they have lost the little money they once possessed."

LEEK.

THE Teetotalers have been very active lately in this place, and have held several highly interesting meetings, the results of which have been most beneficial. They have also displayed their forces in several processions and tea-meetings. The REV. WRIGHT SHOVELTON, a Wesleyan minister, is an active advocate of the good cause at Leek. The Rechabites have also held several meetings, with considerable success, at this place.

BARNESLEY.

THE REV. J. BIGNY, a Catholic priest, has lately established a Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Society at Barnesley; and the germs of this society speedily shot up, to bear much fruit. This fraternity is organized upon the plan adopted by FATHER MATHEW with regard to his disciples in Ireland. The effects have already made themselves apparent amongst the Irish inhabitants; and the publicans are in despair.

WARRINGTON.

WE again refer to our excellent contemporary, the *Temperance Advocate*, for a piece of Teetotal information which will doubtless prove interesting and welcome to our readers:—

"A few years previous to the 15th December, 1834, a temperance society was instituted in Warrington, on the anti-spirit principle. The attempt did not succeed. A few individuals, convinced of the inefficiency of the moderation scheme, resolved to commence a society on the only safe principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Inauspicious as were our prospects, yet, nothing daunted, we perseveringly pursued our object, consoling ourselves with this reflection, that if we could only arrest one drunkard in his downward progress,—if we should succeed in rescuing only one family from want and wretchedness;—we should achieve an object worthy of our most strenuous exertions. Our object has been achieved, not in one solitary instance, but in many. The drunkard and his family have experienced the pleasing change from rags and wretchedness to decency and plenty; and from a life regardless of everything sacred, to a strict observance of moral and religious duties. With these fruits we are encouraged to persevere, and are now preparing to celebrate our *sixth anniversary*, proud of our position in the temperance world, if Mr. Beardsall, or some other gentleman, cannot furnish an earlier date than February 26th, 1835. We formed a committee on the 15th December, 1834, after Mr. Livesey's lecture on malt liquor, and four of the committee continue until this day. Hence we appear to have a claim to be recorded as the first regular tee-total society in the history of our cause."

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

THE Baptist Total Abstinence Society, which was established at this town three years ago, held its annual meeting a few weeks since in Tuthill-Stairs Chapel. The president, the REV. MR. SAMPLE, MESSIERS BRIGGS, and PORTS (Secretaries), and Mr. J. BRADATON (Treasurer) made the usual reports to the meeting. The following resolution was then put to the vote and carried unanimously:—

"That the beneficial operations of the temperance reformation, the importance attached to it by men eminent for intellect and piety, and the facilities for acquiring a knowledge of its principles and measures, call loudly upon every humane and christian man to give the subject a calm, impartial, and prayerful investigation."

The cause is altogether progressing most favourably at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the surrounding districts.

MANCHESTER.

THE Teetotalers of Manchester are now very numerous, and comprise amongst them many of the most opulent and eminent of the inhabitants. The REV. F. BEARDSALL has, after three years' experiment, succeeded in making a beautiful wine, which, being unfermented,

contains no alcohol, and may be used with perfect safety. We believe that this wine is guaranteed to keep for upwards of fifty years, without being subject to change by means of fermentation. As such a discovery is not only eminently calculated to forward the interests of Teetotalism, by supplying a luxurious beverage for the use of those who only object to sign the pledge, because they are unwilling altogether to abandon the habit of drinking something under the denomination of wine,—and as the argument that the wines alluded to in Scripture might have been unfermented, is now strengthened by this triumph on the part of Mr. BEARDSALL, we do not hesitate to suggest, to the leading Teetotal Associations, the propriety of adopting measures to present Mr. BEARDSALL with a suitable token of gratitude and admiration for his exertions in this respect. We do this entirely of our own accord, and shall be glad to record in the columns of *The Teetotaler* any echo to this idea.

NOTTINGHAM.

FEW towns in England are so much in need of the reforming doctrines of Teetotalism as this, where there is a large proportion (or rather disproportion) of the poorer class! During the late races, a particularly interesting meeting was held at Nottingham, Mr. W. ROWORTH, the mayor, in the chair. Mr. JAMES TEARE, of Preston, has also been lecturing at Nottingham within the last few weeks. In a word, a new impulse has lately been given to Teetotalism in this town, and the prospects are most charming. Indeed, at Nottingham, as elsewhere, the doctrine only required sufficient publicity to be immediately popular.

GREAT MARLOW.

A Teetotal meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, on Wednesday evening, the 2nd instant, when Mr. E. HUNSON addressed a numerous audience. The chapel was crowded to suffocation; and many were obliged to resign all hopes of obtaining admittance. A society was formed, on Tuesday last, at this place.

TOWN NEWS.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Saturday Evening, 28th November.

MR. BENSTEAD, upon being called to the chair, addressed the audience for about half an hour upon the subject of thinking, and proved that it was necessary to abstain from all intoxicating drinks to derive an adequate advantage from that important capacity of the mind.

MR. MURPHY, from Manchester, next addressed the meeting, and gave a very favourable account of the progress of Teetotalism in that place. He detailed in a very forcible manner the ravages of intemperance generally, and elucidated by his own experience the blessings attendant upon total abstinence. He then gave a statistical account of various poor houses and lunatic asylums which he had visited, to prove that intemperance was the most fertile cause of crime.

MR. PALMER from Hackney, and MR. FARMILAR from Chelsea, related the results of their experience; and the former, by his genuine wit, created much attention and risibility on the part of the meeting.

Wednesday, 2nd December.

MR. CRUMP, the registrar, upon taking the chair, enlarged upon the folly of the working classes expending so much money in drink, and thereby neglecting the education of their children and the improvement of their own minds. He proved that the adoption of the total abstinence principle would afford them the opportunity of attending to the welfare of their families.

MR. BETTS expatiated upon the different natures of water and beer, and the efficiency of the former for all the purposes of life, especially in respect to its invigorating properties, compared with the latter.

MR. BENSTEAD, with his usual ability, rivetted the attention of the audience for half an hour upon the subject of Teetotalism. He took a review of what it had done, declared that it had benefitted personal health, and the morals of the community, and proved that in an especial manner, it had produced social harmony, &c.

MR. BIDDLE spoke upon the importance of the doctrine to the welfare of the religious institutions and ordinances of the country.

WESTMINSTER AUXILIARY

To the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance.

IN our journal of last week, we incorrectly represented this important auxiliary to be attached to the New British and Foreign Society. An error also occurred in respect to the name of the lecturer engaged by this auxiliary: his name should have been printed DEXTER instead of DEALER. The lectures have attracted crowded audiences to the Hall, Prince's-street, Westminster.

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FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

ITALY.

(Concluded from last week.)

THE states under the absolute dominion of the Austrian family, were of course visited by the same inquisitorial persecution; and, at Florence, Parma, Placentia, Modena, were established anti-liberal and anti-republican tribunals with unlimited powers. Thus, Italy was condemned to suffer unmerited hardships in consequence of the horrors and cruelties that were perpetrated on the other side of the Alps by the furious members of the Convention. The blood, however, of the Italian political martyrs, flowing in streams throughout the peninsula, greatly increased the discontent and hatred of the nation against their tyrannical oppressors; and when Bonaparte, having effected his wonderful descent from the Alps, defeated the Austrians and all the satellites of the petty Italian despots, the patriots hailed his arrival with joy, and received him as the saviour of their country. But they were afterwards greatly deceived in their expectations; because Napoleon, by his promise of liberty and independence, and by his prompt exertions and sanction of the Cis-Alpine republic, had only in view the enrichment of France at the expense of Italy and the Italians. It is a fact, that every treaty which Bonaparte granted to the conquered Italian rulers cost their subjects millions of money, and the loss of the finest objects of art and curiously which they possessed as national property. With his characteristic policy and skill, the general of the French republican army contrived, by means of his numerous private friends, to keep always alive in the minds of the patriots the joyful hope that they would shortly obtain their national independence, and, in this hope, he even personally encouraged them by his positive assurance that he had the interest of the Italians at heart.

But when the republican hero, forgetting the principles which he had openly professed during his glorious military and consular career, became the dictator of the continent of Europe, under the title of the Emperor of the French, the Italians discovered, when it was too late, that he had deceived them. At length, when Napoleon elected himself King of Italy, and was crowned as such at Milan, all those Italians, who were independent, patriotic, and reflecting, deplored the fate of their country, certain as they were that it had now become a French province. In fact, within a period of scarcely ten years, Bonaparte enthroned several of his relations in the peninsula, and, through them, ransacked its treasures. Italy obtained a kind of religious toleration in consequence of the diminution of monarchical influence and of the almost total extinction of the temporal power of its ecclesiastical harpies; at the same time, civil and political liberty was entirely extinct under the lieutenants of Napoleon, whose depredations were suffered to continue with perfect impunity, so long as the choicest works of Italian art were forwarded to France.

It must, however, be admitted that, during the French administration, some important ameliorations were introduced into Italy, with regard to the instruction of the people, and to the financial and judicial departments; and that military habits, discipline, and valour, were again revived amongst its inhabitants, by forcing the Italians to become partakers of the toils, dangers, and glory of all the wars of aggression and usurpation which Napoleon—who, notwithstanding those acts of injustice, was the greatest man that the world ever produced—undertook against the potentates of the continent of Europe. It is a fact, that the Italians were among the best troops that the French army possessed during the long and destructive war of Spain, and at the epoch of the Russian campaign—that gigantic and disastrous undertaking—where they distinguished themselves by their discipline, their intrepidity, and their patience.

With the fall of the French empire, Italy, according to the dictates, good-will, and pleasure of the diplomatic sages of the Congress of Vienna, was replaced under the yoke of its ancient absolute masters, who, having learnt nothing during their long and well-merited exile, again commenced the career of misrule. The Pope and clergy, whom Napoleon had humiliated, resumed their former ambitious pursuits and irresponsible sway. The monks, and especially the Jesuits, whose order had been suppressed, were reinstated in their temporal immunities and possessions, and again received the absolute monopoly of the instruction and education of the nation; and

the Italians were moreover compelled to indemnify their returned princes for all the ravages which the French had committed in the royal domains and the national treasury.

Italy, being now freed from the iron but glorious sceptre of Napoleon, became the prey of despotic Austria and of intolerant Rome and of its royal Harpagoes. Austria possessed itself of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which comprised a surface of 17,800 square miles, with 5,172,000 inhabitants. The ex-empress Maria-Louisa, an Austrian Arch-duchess, obtained the states of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, with 6,324 square miles of territory, and 424,000 inhabitants. Ferdinand of Este, another Austrian Arch-duke, took possession, with absolute power, of Modena and Massa, which consist of 1,571 square miles, and contain 385,000 inhabitants. Tuscany returned under its ancient Austrian despotic masters, with its 6,324 square miles of territory, and its million and a half of inhabitants. Piedmont and Sardinia, with 17,800 square miles of territory, and 4,271,000 inhabitants, were again submitted to the despotic sway of Victor Emanuel of Savoy. The papal see received its patrimony and the legations, with 13,000 square miles of territory, and 2,600,000 inhabitants. Lucca, with its 312 square miles of territory, and 182,000 inhabitants, was given to the absolute ex-queen of Etruria and her heirs. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies, consisting of 31,800 square miles, and eight millions of inhabitants, was again submitted to the absolute sway of the ignorant and superstitious Bourbons. The small republic of Saint Marino, with its seventeen square miles of territory, and 8,500 peaceful and industrious citizens, was alone allowed to continue in the enjoyment of its patriarchal constitution.

In this wretched and oppressed state, Italy groaned under its rulers from 1815 until 1820; but in the meantime, the Italians were endeavouring to find some opportunity of shaking off their degrading yoke; and a secret conspiracy was formed throughout the peninsula. At last, in 1820, both from the south and north, a general movement took place with a view to liberate the country from the ignominious yoke of ignorance, superstition, and slavery. The Neapolitans unexpectedly effected a glorious but bloodless revolution, by compelling Ferdinand to sanction a constitutional government, which was not only officially acknowledged, but also solemnly sworn to by the King, the royal family, and his ministers. The Piedmontese, in the meantime, raised also the standard of liberty and civilization; and the present King of Sardinia, then Prince of Carignano, joined and openly encouraged the patriotic efforts of his countrymen in behalf of the future welfare of Italy. But the Neapolitan and Sardinian monarchs, although apparently satisfied with the extraordinary changes that had taken place in their possessions, were secretly intriguing and conspiring with the despots of the Holy Alliance, in order to restore their absolutism; and, as the Roman Pontiff is always ready to grant his absolution to crowned heads, whenever they may choose to perjure themselves, Naples and Piedmont were replaced, in 1821, under the yoke of their perjured tyrants, through the instrumentality of the bayonets of Austria. Then the unfortunate patriots, who had spared the lives and trusted to the oaths of their kings, were sacrificed to their despotic vengeance. Many suffered an ignominious death; and numbers avoided the scaffold by flying from their country, after having lost all their possessions.

These unsuccessful patriotic movements increased the oppression of Italy. Austria, which before had great influence over its destinies, now occupied almost the whole of the Italian peninsula with its devastating armies. As the short-lived constitutional government of Naples had been obtained chiefly in consequence of the efforts of the Carbonari, that sect was of course cruelly persecuted throughout Italy; and all those who were supposed to belong or to have belonged to it, became the objects of the thunders of the Vatican, were excommunicated by a Pontifical Bull, and were declared outlaws by the civil and military authorities. Carbonarism is a new political institution, and was originally founded in Calabria, in 1808, at the instigation of Caroline of Austria, then reigning in Sicily. The avowed scheme of the Carbonari of that epoch, who, with few exceptions, were sbirri, brigands, monks, and Sicilian assassins, was to expel the French from Naples, and to restore the exiled Bourbons to their former throne. Murat, who was then King

of Naples, was informed of this plan, and succeeded in frustrating all the projects of the Carbonari by keeping them well watched by the police, and continually surrounded by an imposing military force; and when, in 1819, during the Russian campaign, they were on the eve of attempting a counter-revolution in favour of the expelled dynasty, the greater part of their chiefs and agents were unexpectedly arrested, quickly tried, and condemned, some to death, and others to imprisonment for life; but as the execution of this sentence had not taken place when Murat, after the disastrous retreat of the imperial army from Russia, returned suddenly to Naples, those conspirators were declared by him to be insane. They were accordingly ordered to be kept in mad-houses until their return to reason; and, after a few months' incarceration, nearly the whole of them were restored to liberty by his command. In consequence of this political stratagem of that valorous but unfortunate king, the Carbonari changed their principles, expelled all the brigands, sbirri, monks, and assassins, and having admitted into their brotherhood many free-masons of all classes, re-organised their institution for the purpose of promoting national independence, and civil and religious liberty. When Murat, confiding in his personal courage and intrepidity, and relying upon the promises of his generals, marched an army against Austria in 1815, in the expectation that the Italians would espouse his party in favour of Napoleon, who had mysteriously returned to France, was conquered and expelled from Naples, Ferdinand I. and his satellites were restored to the throne. The reign of despotism and oppression then re-commenced with such stubbornness, that the nation soon became discontented, and Carbonarism was resorted to by all classes, as the only means of putting an end to the misrule of the tyrant: thus was it, as before stated, that in 1820 the object of the patriotic efforts of the Neapolitans was realized. Since 1821, notwithstanding the terror, vigilance, and persecution of the ecclesiastical and temporal rulers of Italy, Carbonarism has extended its ramifications all over the peninsula of Italy, and even into France; and, at present the number of the Italian Carbonari amounts to above four hundred thousand members. In 1831, the Carbonari of central Italy, instigated and encouraged by their brethren in France, followed the example of the Parisians, dethroned the petty tyrants of Modena, Massa, Parma, and Lucca, and put an end to the absolutism of the court of Rome. All the Italian despots would have soon experienced the same fate, had not Austria hastened to support them with her powerful armies.

During the last ten years, unhappy Italy has been in a state of unparalleled oppression. Upwards of a hundred and eighty thousand Austrians retain in a permanent state of siege all the great cities in their possession, and are always ready to assist their neighbours. Sardinia has eighty thousand men constantly under arms, and twelve thousand armed spies. Parma, Placentia, Modena, and Massa are watched not only by national troops, but by mercenary Swiss and German guards. Tuscany is well-stocked with national troops, and well supported by the Austrian camp at Verona. The Roman states are under the surveillance of Austria, and are watched by numerous papal soldiers and gendarmes. The kingdom of Naples is kept in obedience by seventy thousand national troops; and the king's person is thought to the fidelity of eight thousand Swiss mercenaries. The press is under the censorship both of the civil and ecclesiastical power. Only eight daily periodicals are published throughout the whole of Italy; and they are the organs of the government, for whose interest they are printed. The universities are almost deserted, the students existing in perpetual dread of being arrested upon suspicion. The monks and priests, who are excessively rich and wholly free from taxation, amount to nearly half a million of men, and, by living in idleness and ignorance, by their example, render the lower orders idle and superstitious. However, the middle and instructed classes of Italy, although apparently very quiet and passive, are all conspiring; and a constant correspondence is secretly kept up between the patriots of all the great towns. Italy will not therefore remain much longer in its present wretched, distracted and degraded state. It is now on the eve of momentous events; but its convulsions will be violent in consequence of the difficulties, to be encountered against. These difficulties consist of the deeply-rooted

ecclesiastical and monarchical systems of government, the blind ignorance and superstition of a vast number of its inhabitants, and a powerful military corps. The modern Italians, however, are by no means deficient either in the love of liberty or the feelings of patriotism; they will exert their natural magnanimity; and, availing themselves of their natural advantages, as one people, they will frustrate the intrigues of foreign powers. The Italian patriots, imitating the ancients—their noble progenitors—and recollecting that they have still in their veins some of the blood of those who imposed laws upon the universe, will at last unite under the same standard, in order to regala their national independence, their liberty, and their former grandeur.

But what will the Italians do if they succeed in shaking off their present yoke? is a question which the reader may naturally ask. We know it for a fact that the present fraternity of Carbonari, doubting the possibility of finding amongst their great men one who possesses those qualities which could render him worthy and capable of becoming the constitutional monarch of a nation of twenty millions of souls, have determined upon following the example of North America, and upon forming a confederation, whose Congress shall unite for the despatch of business at Rome. Turin, Cagliari, Milan, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Monteleone, and Palermo, will be the chief towns of the Italian United States; and the fundamental principles, which have been tested in the United States of North America, will be strictly adopted by the Italian nation. Civil and religious liberty, general civilization and prosperity, will be forwarded, from the highest to the lowest of the inhabitants, by promoting instruction, industry, and commerce; and its geographical position and extraordinary internal resources will render Italy eminently useful to the commerce and welfare of surrounding nations.

ANGELA AND ANGELO;

OR THE ITALIAN SISTERS.

THE springs of mortal suffering and misery have been visited not alone by thee, Reginald Mazzoni! That which thine ears have heard, and thy heart felt,—of passion turned to madness, love to hatred, joy to anguish, and the young hope to desperate despair,—has mingled with thy melancholy spirit, as the stream runs downwards to the valley. Sorrow loves sorrow, as the poor hare returns to its native brake to die. The kindredship of care and tribulation, is as dear as the name of father, child, or wife; the wretched meet and are brothers. So is it, that to me have come spirits that swelled with sullen memories and struggled to find vent and freedom; to me have hastened the guilty and the wronged; to me have poured out the homicide his history, and the penitent his crimes; for in me have they seen a soul broken with self-tortures.

Oh! could I weep, I would shed one passing shower, one tributary drop of human sympathy, to the memory of her whose sighs and fearful vengeance form the subject of the ensuing narrative!

The bleak and barren Apennines were crusted with snow impenetrably frozen even to the kindling beams of the mid-day sun; the whistling malester went slowly on his way; the north-east wind blew keen and bitterly, when I bade farewell to my generous host and brothers of the ancient monastery of Benedictines, and bent my steps through Maschieri and the village of Pietra Mala to the fair and flourishing city of Florence. The gates of St. Gallo received me, and, turning my rosary as I passed the cathedral of St. Duomo, I breathed a gentle benediction upon the state and people of the far-famed city of the Lybian Hercules.

Angela Mionetti was a Florentine; her family was wealthy and of great consideration; and it was esteemed a distinction of marked honour when I, Reginald Mazzoni, was chosen to administer ghostly consolation to the Count, her father. He was a man of great learning and sagacity, and deeply experienced in all the subtleties of diplomacy. His only children were two daughters; Angela was the younger, the elder was married. Mercy! when I remember the soft and sunny day when first I saw the lovely Angela, my heart turns sick with horror, as I now reflect upon the dark and lamentable fate, which accounts for her early death, and wove a sable chaplet about her name.

How many would have been nobly virtuous but for the force of circumstances! Many would have been sainted, immortalized and blest, instead of singing the hymn of penitence and tears!

The streets of Florence were one day thronged with curious multitudes; some in surprise, some in terror, crowding in hundreds across the bridge of the Arno, in the direction of the city jail. I thought I heard a repetition of a name I knew. I threw up the window and listened. "Who—what is it?" shouted some. "Where is she?" cried others; while all mingled in the concourse and pushed onward, led by—they knew not what. A horseman rode up the street, I called to him to inform me of the nature and occasion of the excitement; but amid the clamour of the populace, I distinguished only the words "Angela Mionetti." It

was enough; the next moment I found myself in the very midst of the crowd, and wildly asking, without waiting to hear, the reason of the universal stir and ferment. Darting down a narrow passage, I came into a large square, where at a distance I perceived a body of persons advancing, and a woman led by the gendarmes in the front. Was it Angela? no, it could not be. I looked again. A cloud appeared to come and go before my vision—alternate consciousness and incredulity! I stood as though struck into marble. The eyes of Angela were gazing in my face—her countenance was pale as the cheek of pestilence—and the full vials swelled on her forehead almost to bursting. I rushed from the portico where I had stationed myself, and in a moment was beside her.

"Holy Virgin!" I exclaimed, "what—what is this? Where are you taking her? and for what? Angela! speak!" but at that instant they turned into the huge gate of the prison.

Observing my sacred habit they at once admitted me. Bewildered, as one who is startled from a trance, I followed through a long court-yard to a dark apartment, where even in the day-time a lamp hung suspended from the roof; the jingling chains were drawn upon her wrists, and we were left together. But the door was scarcely closed, when, uttering a fearful cry, as though the last chord of her broken spirit had then cracked and given way, the poor girl threw herself heavily upon the floor of the cell, and lay as it were lifeless. I raised her in my arms; but all animation, warmth, and sensibility seemed to have fled for ever. A folded paper dropped from her bosom as I held her; and on it was written, "False, false, false, Angelo!" I tore it open, and found a quantity of dark hair curiously entwined, and fastened in the shape of a heart, the centre being inscribed with the words, "ANGELA—ANGELA." A faint sigh escaped her lips as I repeated the names aloud; and, gradually recovering, she gazed upon me with a mournful consciousness of her situation; until seeing the paper in my hand, she snatched it and pressed it passionately to her lips. From that moment she became calm and collected.

"Angela, my child," I said, addressing her, "it is I: rise up and be comforted."

"The Abbé!" she whispered, "then I am not quite without comfort."

"There is a hope even beyond despair, my child," I observed. "The golden edges of the horizon do not form the limits of all that the spirit may attain, and the soul aspire to. There is a clime beyond, a sweet and fertile land, to which the pilgrim of mortality, propped with the staff of faith, travels unfailingly through the great desert of the joyless world, a votary at the shrine of far eternity."

"Time and eternity alike to me are nothing," murmured Angela. "Give me your hand, father;" and she took my hand and placed it to her side, looking up with an expression I never shall forget, and saying, "It is there, mark you how it beats? It cannot endure long. Oh! for one little tear to ease my bursting brain;"—and she sunk her head upon my shoulder, and for a time was silent.

"Will they torture me for this, and expose me to the multitude?" she asked at length.

"For what?" I inquired.

"Have you not heard? O never hear! See you that hand, father? look—it is a cruel hand. Think you it was made for—ah! you start, and shrink from me. Great was the crime, but greater was the cause. Yet say, shall the stricken deer lie down and idly perish?—Shall hopes for ever banished, never be revenged?—Shall eyes see their fondest and all-moving sympathies scattered like weeds, and gaze upon them, and go hence and slumber? Can it be that the heart is quick with passion, violent as love, to be swayed by feelings indifferent as pardon? It cannot be."

"To revenge is mortal,—to forgive divine," I answered; and I then impressed upon her, with all the calmness I could command, the benefits of a strict and perfect disclosure of the causes and influences that led to her melancholy situation.

"Confess! yes, it is all that is left of duty to perform in this life," she replied; "for I feel that public justice will be too late to claim of me atonement for that deed which despair and hatred conceived, and madness realised; and heaven alone may demand and inflict that penalty, which wisdom, moved by the hand of mercy, may award me."

She then proceeded, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:—

"Not all the masses that were ever said could lift the weight that lies here in this breast, good father; nor edga with light that darksome cloud which hovers over my soul's futurity. Sit ye beside me, and from the lips of penitence hear the story of a broken heart, of one whose nature was as the gentle stream that courses through the meadows; but, deluged with the torrent of fierce passions it burst beyond its banks, and in its fury did such a deed as will astound the world. Listen to me, and prepare to crush me with your hate, —to execrate and spurn me. But for myself, it is done beyond revocation, beyond remedy."

"My earlier life was blest with all that could make existence agreeable. Delight came with the morning, and with the evening peace. The world appeared a fair and happy garden; pleasure and beauty seemed

to be its guardians, and all the creatures I saw about me the spirits of happiness and joy. So sprung I up to womanhood.

"It was on a Sabbath morning in June—Oh! the day, how fair, how fatal! the sunbeams fell alanting through the minster windows—the white-vested choir poured forth in solemn tones the sacred anthem—the rising incense, spreading in the air, scented the arched cathedral,—it is from that morning that I date my grief and misery! Leaning on his hand, his face turned in the direction of where I sat, stood Angelo Marotti. His name I knew not then; happy had I never known it! As I raised my eyes from my rosary, I perceived his were fixed earnestly upon me. His wild hair, hung negligently backward, exposed a face of enchanting beauty. I thought I had somewhere seen, at some time, a countenance resembling it: but it was only in my dreams. I need not describe to you the prepossessions of love; it may be sufficient to confess that little of the preacher's exhortations reached my senses; and when he had concluded, I would willingly be had prolonged his discourse to the fall of evening, so that the noble stranger might still have remained.

"With slow and solemn steps the congregation was leaving the cathedral, and, with my mother, I was passing by the chancel, when looking behind I perceived the stranger following us. Was I happy? Did my heart rejoice within me? Yes, with that indefinable joy that youth and love can only know. But when we gained the porch he was gone. What a vacancy fell then upon my spirit! A blessed flower seemed snatched from my bosom, and I felt a disappointment I had never before experienced. At what? What was he to me? I knew not, but I was sad; and when we arrived at home I flew to my chamber, and, concealing myself partially behind a curtain, looked from the window in hopes again of seeing him.

"He passed—yes—he passed, and turned back and back again. I was assured then he had noticed me. Smile not at the simplicity of love, you to whom the world hath left nothing but the liberty to rail, and laugh at what you never felt! I was happy, and the image of Angelo was printed in my heart.

"Call me not precipitate! I was led on by some power I could not control,—a power that held my spirit in a golden chain of blessed thoughts, ineffable, unseen. Oh! for one moment of that contentment which then possessed my soul,—one drop of that pure dew that fell from the fair heaven of my hopes on my ripening heart. Where is it now? Is there no peace, no consolation left to comfort me in my affliction?

"But I wander from my narrative. I longed to gaze upon his face once more, and for several evenings stole to the palace gardens in expectation of meeting him. The sun was sinking on the fourth day after that on which for the first time I had beheld him. I sat on a rustic seat—the fountain threw up its arching stream before me—my little spaniel pursued the insects over the grass—and the shining equipages went glittering through the distant trees. Suddenly a figure like the stranger's own, approached: it was he! The warm blood rushed into my cheeks; and I started. I held a nosegay in my hand, and in my agitation dropt it. He advanced, and taking it from the ground presented it to me. What could I say? I thanked him.

"If I might venture," said he, "I would claim one rose from this sweet assemblage of fair flowers, to keep and cherish in memory of the sweeter donor."

"You are welcome, sir," was my only reply, for I know not by what perversity of nature it was that I was unable to answer otherwise.

"Nay, then, I am content. Farewell sweet lady."

"He was retiring, and would have gone, but I drew him back with the sudden question: 'Have you been long in Florence?'"

"A fortnight, lady; but I have lived an age of joy since Sunday last;" and he explained in terms which I cannot repeat that he had watched me at the cathedral, and discovered my residence; that he had in vain attempted to meet me since till that moment, and declared himself eternally devoted to my service and happiness. I seemed offended at this declaration—but I was really happy.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" he added, "I shall not perhaps have another opportunity to—"

"Are you leaving Florence?" I exclaimed earnestly.

"I fear to-morrow," he replied.

"To-morrow! so soon!" escaped my lips, and my heart was rent with the intelligence. I could have spoken; but I dared not. I think he then saw that I loved him, but at that moment I perceived a servant coming in quest of me, for I had been long from home; and with a half promise (too gladly made on my part) that we should meet as the clock struck eight on the morrow evening at the same spot, he left me.

"About the time of which I speak, my sister Endocia returned to Florence. Her husband remained at Paris on a mission to the Court. You have seen her, and you know she was accounted surpassingly beautiful. Her buoyancy partook more of the artificial gaiety of fashion, and her cheerfulness of the unrestrained frivolity of a woman of the world. Yet in herself she knew her power well, for the same society which had taught her to conceal the knowledge of her own perfections, had taught her, likewise, the rule and sway

her charms might hear, when and wherever she might please, and over what and whomever her fancy might suggest.

"Every day and hour produced some new scheme of excitement, and we soon became, poor vanity! the much talked of flowers of Florence. The gaiety, mirth, and graceful ease, I witnessed about me, attracted and delighted me, and I entered fully into the spirit and fascination of the scene. Young and inexperienced, how could it be otherwise? but my feelings, thoughts, and dreams,—my hopes, my sighs, my heart, remained with one, and with one only!

"And where was he? I never met him in the idle circles; but every evening as the day declined, I glided from the garden gate, and hastened to an appointed spot, saw him and listened to his words, and drew into my soul the inspiration of his looks. He wrote me verses of sweetest tenderness, and every day we exchanged some token to perpetuate the remembrance of our interview, when parted. Do you wonder that I dwell upon these things? Wonder rather that the pilgrim, a-thirst, and bowed down with toil, hovers in saddest memory, over the freshening stream, where he last drew the grateful draught. Wonder rather that the sick sigh for their days of health, or that the exile turns to his native land one long and melancholy look ere he leaves it perchance for ever!

"Farewell dear Angelo," I whispered, as I turned one day, to leave him:—"to-morrow! do not forget, to-morrow!"

"Can I forget?" he exclaimed, as I took leave of him.

"I now bent my steps towards home, turning ever and anon, as I went, to see the last I could of him, ere I lost him for so many hours. I had not proceeded far, and was just emerging from a plantation of thick-growing trees, when hearing a voice, I looked, and perceived Eudocia.

"Whether there is some undefinable principle within us, that causes us to start at the sight of that which may at some time be our ruin or our torture, I cannot tell; but as I met Eudocia's eyes, a shudder shot through my frame. What had I to fear? what had I done? Was there harm in meeting Angelo? No, and yet I would not have had Eudocia privy to my secret, for worlds. She had, however, discovered me, and evasion was impossible.

"Oh! I have caught you, have I?" she cried, and I felt the blood mount into my cheeks.

"Eudocia, I pray you," I at length articulated, "I pray you, hint nothing of this to any one."

"I!" she answered, "I am delighted to find that you can feel and think for yourself. But how has some he is!"

"You know, dear sister," I said, "what the world is too apt to say on occasions of this kind."

"To be sure," she replied, "but where did you meet him first?"

"I will tell you all by-and-bye, but not now," I answered.

"Not even his name?" said Eudocia. "If that name were expressive of his form, it should be Apollo. Let me guess;" and she ran over a list of names, till she reached Angelo.

"You have mentioned it," I said, but the tone of his name, in her mouth, was harsh, and discordant to me; and I felt uneasy, and anxious to be alone again.

"We soon reached the gates of the palace, and, flying to my room, I became absorbed in my own thoughts. My apprehensions were soon allayed, by the apparent ingenuousness of my sister's solicitude for my happiness, and her often repeated earnestness to facilitate the means of correspondence between me and my lover. A thousand schemes were meditated and adopted, suggested, and rejected, by which Angelo should be presented to the family.

"Married, and a mother, Eudocia's motive could but be pure. I yielded myself entirely to her guidance, and at the theatre, and other public places, we contrived to see and speak with Angelo: in a short time, by the cunning intriguing of Eudocia, he was sitting at the table of the Count my father, a received and honoured visitor.

"The Count was charmed with the quick and various talent Angelo displayed, in all the exercises of the mind, and the subtle studies of philosophy and human nature. To me, his gentle disposition, and his fervid and eloquent love, were the sun of my life.

"All was as fair as summer, till one day, when the duties of my father, as a minister in the government, called him away to a distant part; and in his solicitude he fixed upon me to accompany him on his mission. A fatal hour suggested the plan: a fatal day confirmed it, and in the fatal moment, that I set my foot upon the chariot steps, ruin sang a requiem over the ashes of my hopes. On the evening of the previous day, I met Angelo in the gardens, and if human honour, and the oaths of mortals before heaven, were not as idle as the passing winds, he dared not to have perjured his thrice-bound soul or torn the seal from that thrice-plighted bond, which then our hearts contracted in the presence of the Great Supreme. Well remember I his words, for they were the last I ever heard of kindness from him!

"I departed; and oh! how sad the hours crept on!

The affairs on which the Count was despatched permitted him but little time to spend with me, and all my thoughts when he was absent were engrossed by that dear distant one. I received letters from Eudocia, and in those she expressed everything that sisterly friendship could expect; a warmth of sentiment that pleased while it surprised me. She informed me with what earnestness Angelo spoke of me, and jested on the change in his appearance since my departure.

"The sudden arrival of a courier with despatches for my father was the precursor of instant orders that the most prompt preparations for travelling should be made, as the Count was appointed to execute a secret mission at Vienna: and on the following day I received the grateful intelligence that I was to set out on my return to Florence. My heart leapt at these tidings, and the idea of again seeing my beloved Angelo was the source of unmingled delight to me. I pictured to myself the surprise my unexpected presence would occasion, and the inexpressible joy he would experience when he found me so near him once again.

(To be concluded in our next.)

INTEMPERANCE IN WOMAN.

By Mrs. REYNOLDS.

THERE is something truly sublime in the manner in which Milton describes Eve, and in those passages of our only real English epic poem, where the purity and graces of her mind are delineated. Milton has not lingered upon her personal charms: he imagined that the more real, as they are the more permanent, qualifications of women are those mental embellishments which are the choicest jewels for her adornment. Of a very beautiful, though more personal and voluptuous character, are Moore's delineations of female loveliness and grace in his oriental poems: and did we call the magic-lantern of our memory to our aid, and marshal in array, before the eyes of our readers, all the beautiful conceptions of female character with which we have met in poem or novel, we should evoke an endless train of heroines. We must however allude to a few, in order to impress upon the mind the delicate graces and fascinating qualifications of some of those beautiful creations.

First, let us call to mind the mysterious Esmeralda, in Victor Hugo's celebrated *Notre Dame de Paris*, that interesting and friendless girl, for whom the eye can shed tears, as if her sad destinies were those of no fabulous being. We know of no heroine of humble life that ever created so deep an interest in our mind as Esmeralda. The narratives of queens, and the biographies of great ladies teem with incidents which excite our imaginations: but none produces that soft and calm melancholy which seizes upon the mind, during a perusal of Esmeralda's woes. Again, there is a charm in the character and sorrows of Lucy of Lammermoor, in Sir Walter Scott's beautiful romance,—a charm which enlists all the sympathies of the reader in the hapless loves and tragical fate of that truly poetic creation of genius. Elizabeth, in the *Exiles of Siberia*, is somewhat too masculine a character to produce the same effect upon the mind; and, in *Paul and Virginia*, the interest is no sooner created in favour of the heroine, than the denouement puts an end to all suspense, the tale being so short. A most interesting character is that of Adeline in Mrs. Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest*—a book, however, belonging to a school which we do not regret to say, has long since exploded, with all its German mysticism, horror, and diablerie. A soft and melancholy halo hangs around Amy Robart in *Kenilworth*: the same may be said of Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. Some of the heroines of Paul de Kock are beautifully depicted, especially the unhappy dumb girl who gives her name to the novel of *Sœur Anne*.

We have now quoted enough for our purpose. Our object is to collect in one focus, all that is bright and all that is beautiful in the galaxy of qualifications ascribed, by courteous writers, to the heroines of their tales or poems; so that we may induce our readers to reflect upon that softness, that delicacy of character, that retiring, inoffensive, and tender feeling, which those writers have represented to be centred in the mind of woman. Certainly, all the associations which exist in the imaginations of poets and novelists, with the idea of woman, are pleasing and fascinating ones; and the name of woman has been used to represent, by personification, all the milder virtues described by the ancients. With them even Wisdom was a Goddess; and the arts and sciences were all supposed to emanate from the Parnassian heights, on which were the charming grottoes of the Muses.

Having now endeavoured to create in the imaginations of our readers a certain train of thought with respect to Woman, let us seize the favourable opportunity, and ask them with what feelings they can view the being, in whom so many graces and delicate qualifications are concentrated, degraded to an ineffable degree by means of a poison as morally subversive as it is physically injurious? Can it be imagined for one moment that the creature, who is supposed to be all modesty, reserve, and bashfulness, can imbibe a liquid fire which renders her boisterous, quarrelsome, and clamorous, forgetful of all the delicate attributes with which

ancient belief, the courtesy of the middle ages, and the assent of these civilised times, have vested her,—reckless of that opinion, the slightest word of which should be sufficient to call the red blush of shame to her lips,—and oblivious of the necessity of keeping a constant watch upon her words and actions. We might quote numberless instances of the brightest ornaments of the female world having been obscured by the dread habit of intemperance: but the misfortune of this style of compilation is, that all quotable authorities are of equal value; and that facts, the most apocryphal, stand forward in the same strong relief with those which rest on undisputed testimony, or the still better agreement with the undoubted principles of human nature.

The ideas of some persons relative to women are of so degenerate and gross a kind, that the sight of any particular evil habit amongst females does not disgust them more than it would do if seen amongst men. A writer in the time of Charles the First observed of a woman whom he especially wished to praise, "She knows how to make a pudding much better than a poem. I hate poetical and literary ladies at all times." This same writer would doubtless have been equally eccentric in his praises of a woman who knew how to make British wines and home-brewed beer. But the extent of female worth must not be only measured according to the standard of her domestic qualifications, but also by her domestic virtues. Abstinence in a woman, with respect to liquor, and abstemiousness with regard to rich food, are as necessary to maintain an elevated opinion of her taste, delicacy, and mental purity, in the mind of her husband, as her devotion to her children and attachment towards himself. If once the barrier, which separates the mind of woman from all notions of sensuality and grossness, in the estimation of her husband, be broken down, then adieu to real confidence—and real happiness. When the husband no longer feels a species of pride in his wife, but begins to regard her as "a common frail mortal like the rest," domestic peace has already received a severe blow. And the path to all this is prepared by intemperance on the part of the wife. If a woman can so far forget the elevated nature of her sentiments of modesty and reserve, as to incur the dangers of the inebriating glass, a severe blow is already levelled at her happiness. A man, be he never so degraded a drunkard himself, must feel a sentiment of deep disgust towards his inebriate wife. The helplessness of a woman, when inebriated, is more appalling than that of a man; and the association of the vice of intemperance with a being that belongs to the sex of those bright heroines of whom we were ere now writing, is an idea which is revolting to even the individual whose moral notions are not particularly nice on any subject.

The writer of this article has passed the greater portion of her life upon the continent. She left England early, and without having formed any impressions relative to the manners of the inhabitants. In France, Switzerland, and Belgium, where she has resided, there is scarcely such a thing heard of as an intemperate woman;—and even the few instances, which came beneath her notice, were those of females of a very advanced age. To say that no woman ever drinks on the continent, would be to utter an absurdity; but so little is the habit of intemperance there prevalent amongst the female sex, that when the writer arrived in England, she was astonished at the numbers of distressing instances of the evil habit in women which meet the eyes in the public streets, and of which we read in the newspapers. What is the result? The women of the poorer classes in England afford a sad and heart-rending contrast to the wives of the Flemish, the French, or the Swiss, in a parallel situation of life. The squalor, the filth, the misery, and the want, which are but too evident to the wanderer amidst many districts of London, are unknown on the continent, even in the suburbs of the most crowded cities. If ever the vice of intemperance be more loathsome and hideous to contemplate at one time than another, that period is when its victim is woman. Well might Burke exclaim that the "age of chivalry is gone!" when all inducements to true chivalry—the purity and stainlessness of woman's character—have been so materially subverted amongst so large a portion of the English female population! But, thanks to the good genius of Teetotalism, the establishment of Female Total Abstinence Societies will regenerate the mass now alluded to.

LIFE IN THE DECCAN JUNGLES.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

AT the close of a long day's march, we camped on the banks of a river in one of the great forests of Canara. My principal object in this expedition was to shoot bison, which we found in great numbers along the whole range of the Western Ghats. This fine animal, the largest of the genus *Bos*, is still so little known that its existence has even been doubted by many modern naturalists; while its form and habits have been imperfectly and erroneously described by others. In India, its gigantic size and formidable appearance has invested it, in the superstitious minds of

the natives, with fabulous attributes of supernatural strength and ferocity, which the credulity of travellers has published; and these vague accounts, with the slight notices extracted from a sportsman's *Diary*, were then, and, I believe, still are all that is known of the Indian bison. I had previously engaged the services of an old African Shikaree, who had spent his life in the forest. He met me on my arrival at our little encampment; and, after making arrangements for the next day's sport, I turned in to dream of to-morrow.

The moon was still shining on my solitary tent, when I awoke next morning, startled by the roar of a tiger returning to his lair at the approach of day. No other sound but the rushing fall of waters disturbed the stillness of the jungle. I looked out, and saw that the first streaks of light were dawning through the haze occasioned by a white cloud of vapour, which rose curling from the dark stream, and dispersed in a cold damp mist stretched like a veil of gauze across the endless maze of trees. As day began to break, the silent forest seemed suddenly aroused into life. The scream of the restless parakeet answered the carol of the brilliant mina; and the cry of the spotted deer was heard at intervals, mingled with the bellow of the great Rusa stag, which came faintly, like the sound of a distant trumpet, from the remote thickets. Far above all rose Mahommed's "Whooh!" intended to summon the hopeful scion of his house, who emerged from a ruined hut in the shape of a woolly-headed young monster, blowing a cloud of smoke from a pipe which had seen some service. Having transferred the luxury to his father, young Quashee crawled back to his den; and the old savage, throwing a greasy blanket over his shoulders, squatted before my tent while I dressed. This man was famous for his skill in tracking bison: he had scarcely an idea connected with any other subject. The chase of the bison was the business of his life: he talked of the peculiar habits of the *Koolgher* (the name by which the bison is known amongst the natives) with the familiar intimacy of long acquaintance, and mentioned, with contempt the pursuit of an inferior animal. Even the tiger was treated slightly, as unworthy of his notice. "My son," he used to say, "sometimes kills one; but he knows no better—he is but a boy." Mahommed was then nearly sixty years of age; but he still possessed the activity of a lad; and his hawk-like eye flashed with animation when the brown hides of the bison appeared through the green bamboos as he stole upon their trail. He rarely left the forest, being the village-chief of a small cluster of huts, inhabited by a few poor families, who, like himself, gained a precarious livelihood by the pursuit of wild animals. Here the half-naked savage reigned like a patriarch over his subjects. He was looked up to as the most skilful of his tribe in all that related to wood-craft, and had been constantly thrown into intercourse with the English sportsmen, who usually selected him as their guide; and from them he had acquired, in addition to his other accomplishments, the fatal taste for brandy, which must be indulged before he could show a head of game. His sole clothing was a piece of cotton round his loins, and a grey blanket, each corner of which contained some such dainty as a deer's kidney or a bison's heart. With his long black match-lock upon his shoulder, and his well-worn knife at his side, his grey hair streaming behind him while he silently followed the track of his game through the pathless forest, and his keen eye glancing with the bold confident look of one who knew his danger, but feared it not, old Mahommed was no mean object of admiration. Much that is unnoticed by the philosopher, speaks to the mind of the savage. Thus was it that the cries of birds, and the howl of the large grey monkey, often guided him to the spot where the bison haroured. The ruffled bark and nibbled shoots of the bamboo, told him where the deer had been feeding; he knew each spot where the Rusa loved to scrape its bed in the shady thickets, impervious to the sun; and where the boughs of the Pagnell tree were laden with the wild-honey, he was sure to find the awkward bear climbing for his food.

We crossed the river in a canoe, and proceeded in silence along its banks. The forest was in beautiful order for stalking—hardly a leaf upon the ground; and the long rank grass, which grows to the height of nine feet in the open glades where the timber had been cleared, was now burnt down. Showers of rain early in May had made the young verdure sprout in little green patches, which were quite cut up by the tracks of the axis deer. The bison were now leaving the strong covers for the grassy plains near the river, where they were less tormented by the swarms of insects which come forth at the commencement of the rainy season; and the shy solitary Rusa, which dreads the sun, now ventured to leave its usual gloomy thickets, as the rays shone dimly through the gathering cloud of the monsoon. We had not advanced a mile into the jungle before Mahommed hit upon a fresh trail. He pointed without uttering a word to a broad foot-print, like that of an ox; and then, rolling his blanket over his shoulder, he stooped to it, and followed it up at a trot. Deer frequently crossed our path, but he never noticed them even by a look; and the rustling of the leaves, as some heavy animal rushed past him, caused but this cool observation,—"It is only a tiger!" As the trail became warmer, the old

man grew excited like a blood-hound, running into his game. He ran it up without a check for at least two miles, thrusting his toe occasionally into the droppings to judge by the temperature how far the bison might be a-head. At last he stopped; and laying his ear to the ground, listened with profound attention, and then, turning up his grim visage, whispered,—"They are drinking in that ravine beyond the teak tree; you will have a good shot; but, mind, the shoulder must be the mark." We crept softly up the bank,—and there they were, a noble herd, often stopping over the stream. Their size appeared enormous, as they stood without a branch to conceal their gigantic proportions. Head after head dipped into the water; and the small fierce blue eye, unconscious of danger, often met mine watching them from the high bank where we lay concealed. Alone, at the distance of a hundred yards, stood the old bull on a rising ground, snuffing the air, and looking unconsciously towards us. He smelt us, and stamped violently upon the ground, producing a hollow sound like that by which a rabbit spreads alarm in a warren. In an instant every head was raised with distended nostrils; the bull advanced close to the cows, and, while he stood hesitating, I fired at the point of his shoulder. The large beast sank on his knees, with his broad muzzle buried in the sand; and a crash like thunder followed the sharp crack of the rifle, as the terrified herd dashed through the jungle, everything yielding to their enormous strength. In this position, the disabled monster lay groaning, till I fired a ball into the back of his skull, when he fell on his side. I was running up to him; but Mahommed grasped my arm, and bade me listen before I moved. A low growling bellow was audible from a thicket at some distance; and an occasional snort, with a rustling of boughs, explained the cause of this caution. "Keep still," he whispered, "the herd is close by. They have not seen us yet, and if the bull have life enough to give one roar when he feels my knife, they will be back upon us like a troop of mad devils. But I shall start them." With these words he clapped his hand to his mouth, and raised a yell so wild, so unearthly, that when it was returned by a hundred echoes, the forest rang as if inhabited by demons. No Indian war-whoop could have raised more terror; the herd dashed through the cover at their utmost speed; and we could catch occasional glimpses of their dark bodies forcing themselves through the closely interwoven bamboos, and then trace their course by the crackling branches, till the sound died away in the distance. "The Koolghas know my voice," observed Mahommed. My first feeling in approaching the fallen bison was amazement at its size. It far exceeded what I had imagined: no animal, except an elephant, having ever given me the same idea of muscular power. My eye could not scan the whole of his great muscular dimensions at a glance. As he lay on one side, the hump of his shoulders and the dark ridge peculiar to the Indian bison being concealed, he looked not unlike an overgrown Highland bull. But a nearer investigation removed the resemblance, and the distinctive marks of the guare gave a character to the animal which marked him as one of a totally different genus.

Having satisfied my curiosity by a minute examination and accurate measurement of the bison, we left him to the vultures, intending to send next day for the head to preserve as a specimen. My principal object being attained, we turned towards a ravine on the side of a thickly wooded hill, where Mahommed promised to show me some Rusa deer, and he kept his word. We saw two herds in some close bamboo thickets, without being able to obtain a shot; and it was evident, from the tracks in every direction, that this was one of their favourite haunts; but the crackling of the dry branches under foot rendered it impossible to stalk them. After a long sag through this sort of jungle, the earnest crowing of some crows hovering over a shady spot attracted Mahommed's attention, and, after watching their motions for a few seconds, he turned round with that peculiar grin which always foretold that game was near, and said with an air of decision that there was either a tiger, a solitary bull, or a stag at the spot. Most probably one of the two latter, as the monkeys over head were not chattering with alarm, as they generally do when a tiger is near them. We crept to the edge of the ravine, and looked over. A fine stag with immense antlers was lying stretched on his side by a pool of water, lazily brushing off the flies with his sweeping horns, and flapping his long ears in a state of indolent security. He was within eighty yards, and his shoulder beautifully exposed; so I took him as he lay, and hit him in the fatal place. He rose slowly, looked wildly around him, and with the life-blood swelling from the wounds, staggered forward and dropped dead. The old savage proceeded to break the deer on the spot, and having deposited a few dainties for immediate consumption in the ample folds of his blanket, left the carcase to be brought in the next day. Heavy rains obliged us to return to the tent, and so ended my first day in the Casara forest.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HUMAN DESTINY.

By Mrs. S. Miles.

"Thou'rt mine," said Grief, as on the wave-worn strand
A mortal stood; "thou'rt mine, and mine for ever."
"Not thine alone," return'd the whistling sand;
"That being first was formed beside a river:
There did affliction with her ebon wand
To trace his lineaments the bright grains sever;
And Jupiter the Good infus'd a ray
Of fire immortal through the lifeless clay."
Then Grief replied, "I will no more oppose
Your claims, poor humble daughter of the sea,
Nor ask what elements the God-head chose
To mould this creature of mortality;
But let me only of his hours dispose,
His earthly part will fall again to thee;
And when the soul has left its shatter'd frame
It may return to Jove from whence it came."

ALL MUST LOVE.

By W. T. Moncrieff.

The high-crown'd queen on her canopied throne
Of love must the anguish bear:—
She feels it a sadness to reign alone,
And her kingdom vain would share.
The lady in her warded tower,
Must passion's votary prove;
And the Jewell'd dame, in her courtly bower,
Resigns her gold for love.
Can, then, a simple heart go free?
No—'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low—of each degree—
All must love!
The gallant knight, from the serried throng,
Must to love a vassal bow:
The minstrel, most renowned in song,
Will to beauty pay his vow.
The solemn judge and the scholar grave
Can neither exist alone:
The pedant becomes fair woman's slave—
Love's power they all must own.
Can, then, a simple heart go free?
No—'twas decreed by heaven above,
That high or low—of each degree—
All must love!

TO THE WIND.

By M. A. M.

Sing on, thou dreary-moaning wind,
Resume that solemn strain;
It stirs up thoughts of by-gone days
That utter e'en come again:—
Of when all fiercely thou hast bowld'
The old oak trees around;
And I have shudder'd as I heard
Thy solemn—changeless song.
Yet have I listened unto thee,
Until thy tones grew dear;
And I have watch'd, and often wish'd
Thy marm'ring voice to hear;
And, as I sat upon the hearth,
With merry faces round,
Have more admir'd thy hollow moan,
Than all their laughter's sound.
To my lone heart thy murmurs seem'd
In sympathy to flow:
I thought that thou wast telling me
The sorrow I should know.
How often have thine echoes held
Dull intercourse with me,
And thou hast still a magic power
To make me welcome thee!

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

The past is God's—and his alone;
'Tis, like the Present, seen
By him who views from Heav'n's high throne
What is, and what has been.
The Present is the Lord's—and we
A moment cannot claim;
For, if we did, Eternity
Would disappoint our aim.
The Future a sure title gives
To realms unseen—unknown:
Eternity, which both outlives,
Is and will be our own!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We sincerely thank our correspondent at Shrewsbury (*Once a Spirit-Dealer*) for his communications. His good opinion of *The Teetotaler* is flattering to us. We shall always be glad to hear from him.

G. O. of Glasgow is thanked for his very welcome letter. We coort the correspondence of the secretaries of provincial societies, and always avail ourselves of such communications.

Mr. Mingay Syder's letters are received at 167 Fleet-street. We feel convinced that this talented gentleman will readily answer Mr. J. Anthony's question.

To Mr. John Kirton, of Newcastle, we reply as follows:—I. The literature of France is and long has been the first in the world; II. If moral pieces be produced upon the stage, we consider theatres to be worthy of encouragement; III. The writer of the opinion relative to Shakespeare and Byron, forgot that there were such men as Corneille and Racine.

We agree with J. J. that the want of Temperance Coffee-houses in the very heart of the city is greatly felt. Certainly, such an establishment, if well conducted, would succeed in the vicinity of the Bank of England.

To M. N. we reply that a report of a meeting, if received on Monday morning, is in time for insertion in the ensuing number of *The Teetotaler*.

We intend shortly to publish a list of the various TEETOTAL PERIODICALS in the United Kingdom: will the proprietors thereof have the kindness to send us the names of their journals?

We beg to request the secretaries of all PROVINCIAL SOCIETIES, to forward us their printed REPORTS as often as they are published, or favour us with a letter to intimate where these documents can be purchased.

The Secretaries of the AUXILIARIES and BRANCHES of the UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION are requested to forward us more frequent reports of the proceedings of their societies.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Eighth Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1840.

We have before observed, that if all appeals to the sympathies in favour of the doctrines of Teeto-

talism, should fail to produce results proportionate with the magnitude of the question, an appeal to the reasoning faculties should be immediately resorted to. In the first instance, we require the world to sacrifice a fascinating indulgence to the welfare of society, by assisting in the work of moral reform and social regeneration, and strengthening the arguments of Teetotalism by the force of example; but, in the second place, we urge the necessity of embracing the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, on the score that those liquors are of the most pernicious kind. The long-established error that they are nutritious, has been undermined by the lucid explanations of such writers as DOCTOR RUSH, MESSRS. GRINDROD and PARSONS, and a host of medical authorities; and the fact that they are unnecessary in times of arduous toil and severe labour, is borne out by the experience of millions of men. The working-man may imagine that he cannot perform his task without the aid of malt liquor; but, has he given the plan of total abstinence a fair trial? The first hours or days of departure from an inveterate or deeply-rooted habit will be probably characterized by certain feelings of uneasiness; but this sensation soon wears off, and the beneficial effects of total abstinence speedily manifest themselves. The working-man will then discover that he had all along mistaken an "artificial state of excitement" for an "increase of ability to labour and toil;" whereas that unnatural excitement has in reality been constantly undermining his physical powers and capacities. Strong drink disposes the body to the reception of several diseases from which the total abstainer escapes; it wears away the constitution as the perpetual dash of the billow rounds off the asperities of the rock; it neither produces permanent heat in cold weather, nor mitigates heat in the sultry season; it leaves a fearful lassitude of both mind and body, when its effects have passed away; and its influence upon the digestive powers is equally pernicious. If alcohol passed out of the human frame by the same process as other fluids, it would not produce such peculiarly evil results as it is shown to do; but it does not undergo the process in the stomach to which other matters are subjected. It becomes emancipated from the materials with which it is mixed up, by means of the digestive operation, and is then diffused throughout the frame, affecting every membrane, and settling over the whole system like a subtle and insinuating poison. It produces general excitement, and attacks the brain with unrelenting virulence, the medullary mass being essentially adapted to receive such attacks with less possibility of resisting them than any other part of the body. The nerves are operated upon by this insidious poison in a manner calculated to shake them to an extent which disposes the frame to that state of irritability which ends in madness; and, if any part of the human frame be more liable to one particular disease than another, the effects of the alcohol are invariably felt in that region. Inflammation is speedily engendered; and, every time a fresh quantity of inebriating liquor is received into the system, that inflammation is kept up and encouraged, in the same way as fuel assists the raging element of fire.

The reader has doubtless heard the anecdote of the fatal boots, in which the fang of a serpent's tooth was found to lurk. An Indian was bitten in the leg, through one of his boots, by a venomous snake; and from this wound he died. His eldest son inherited the boots, and was visited with strange symptoms upon the first occasion of wearing them. He died also; and the same fate overtook his brother, who became the third proprietor of the fatal boots. An investigation of the boots took place; they were ripped up; and a piece of the serpent's tooth was found imbedded in the seam of one of them. The fate of the two sons of the first victim was thus explained: the father had unconsciously bequeathed to them a gift that sent them to an untimely grave. Thus is it with respect to the intoxicating cup. It is handed down from father to son, and in it lurks the poisonous alcohol which decides the destinies of those who come in contact with it. Equally certain in its results, though not so speedy in its operation, as the venomous tooth of the serpent, it never fails to plant in its victim the germs of premature decay. The cup may be examined when too late—and the dire effects of the evil habit of intemperance may then be recognised by an afflicted family, from whose domestic circle

one member has been snatched away; and yet the surviving relatives are incautious and reckless enough to continue those potations which proved fatal to him whose loss they deplore. How strange and yet how general is this idiosyncratic imitation of a pernicious example! With these facts constantly in view, let the moderate-drinker resign his one glass; and the example will be speedily followed by him who takes two glasses.

We set out by saying that we should appeal to the reasoning faculties of those who still persisted, in spite of all demands upon their sympathies, to reject the doctrines of total abstinence, and who adhered to the evil habit of drinking, whether moderately or intemperately. We have stated sufficient to show that alcoholic liquors are both unnecessary and pernicious; and these arguments hold good, even when the liquors containing the alcohol—such as beer, wine or spirits—are pure and unadulterated. But when we proceed to reflect upon the frightful ratio in which the naturally pernicious qualities of strong drinks are augmented and increased, in power and number, by the process of adulteration, we know not whether we should most execrate the villainy of the fabricators and transmuters of these liquors, or pity the deplorable ignorance of those who partake of such deadly poisons. It is useless to suppose that pure liquors of any kind can be obtained, even at the establishments of the most respectable venders. All wines are made to suit particular markets,—all malt liquors are adulterated with narcotic poisons and mineral substances either as correctives or preservatives,—and all spirits are subjected to similar processes, for the purpose of supplying an article at a rate which may suit the practice of competition. A reference to the daily journals, now that the Court of Excise is once more open, will furnish our readers with pretty specimens of the iniquities of publicans. The invariable excuse of these slow-murderers is that "others do it, and so must they, if they do not wish to sell at a loss." From this admission, it is evident that honest dealing in the wine, spirit, and malt-liquor trade, is an absolute impossibility. In respect to beer, when no other materials are used by the publican, large quantities of sugar and water are invariably mixed with the liquor; and, in the first instance, this beer has been well-doctored by the brewers, before it was sent to the publican's cellars. There is no trade in which so much competition to under-sell a rival establishment, exists as in that of the publicans. All such placards as "THE NOTED STOUT-HOUSE," "FINE ALES," "THE BEST CORDIAL GIN," "FINE OLD JAMAICA RUM," &c. &c., are most vile falsehoods, and bear undeniable testimony to the depraved character of the individual who puts them forth. If we were to visit a public-house at all, we certainly should choose one which did not resort to such base designs as this miserable art of puffing. Wherever those placards are seen, they are certain proofs of the iniquity of a landlord, who endeavours to obtain a sale for his doubly-adulterated liquors amongst the unwary and ignorant. When it is, therefore, shown that all intoxicating liquors are greatly adulterated, and that every illegitimate plan is put into force to conceal this fact and entrap the uninitiated, will not the reasoning faculties of intelligent beings prompt them to abstain from the poisoned liquors, and avoid the dens that sell them? We know that our time is short enough in this world: should we seek to abridge our existence by partaking of the most deleterious compounds and mixtures? Reason—religion—morality—happiness—and common sense, all exclaim against the use of intoxicating liquors; and unwearied should be our exertions to impress these truths upon the minds of those upon whom the light of Teetotalism has not as yet shone.

MARIAMNE.

A FRAGMENT OF A STORY.

"MARIAMNE, it must be to-morrow."

"Nay, nay, dearest Edmund, grant me but one other day to look upon the innocent proof of guilt!"

"It cannot be, Mariamne; the blight of mortality will be upon him ere then, and why feed the canker on that dear heart, longer on morbid unavailing sorrow? To-morrow it must be."

"Oh! Edmund, grant me but a little respite; I cannot—cannot, yet see him go down to the grave. Oh! to commit his little form to a cold bed of ice and snow, when I had hoped that this bosom would have been his resting place for years!"

"Mariamne, these regrets are natural, are honourable,

are amiable; but they have no power over corruption. Answer me not again; to-morrow, half an hour before the gates shut, I will be here with all that may be necessary—farewell, dear Mariamne, farewell!"

The next day set in with a still intenser cold than before, accompanied with strong gales from the north, that swept over the level plains of frozen waters with inconceivable force and keenness. At the appointed time I left my lodgings, bearing under my arm a small box of elm, and the book of Common Prayer, and then proceeded to Mariamne. On entering her sitting-room, I looked round it for her in vain, and it was not until after some time that I found her in a corner of her inner room bathed in tears, and wrapt in a half stupor of grief. At first she did not perceive me; but on my laying my hand upon her arm, and calling her by her name, she rose gently, and laying her hands upon my shoulders, wept upon my neck, while I in utter reverence to the piety of her tear-dimmed eye I ventured to kiss the fair cheek that was presented to me in modesty, gratitude, and silence. Thus we stood for some minutes, till Mariamne broke the stillness in a low murmuring kind of voice of woe, that made the darkness and occasion doubly dreary.

"Oh! Edmund," said the poor sorrowing girl, "oh! my kind, generous Edmund, how have I tasked you for this night—this bitter—bitter night—bitterer even than that in which I woke to guilt—bitterer even than that which bore his little unscathed soul from the contamination of his wretched mother—nay, bitterer even than that in which I shall stand in shame and dishonour before the face of him who led me up the path of life with affection and pious counsels. Look! look, Edmund, on the sweet little innocent face—look on it, Edmund, and depict it to me in after days, when the worms have despoiled my rosebud. Oh! death! death! Well, I'll be calm; but who could think to look upon that little angel's countenance, that it could ever bring sorrow with it! See, Edmund, his tiny fingers once played upon my bosom, and their little motions soothed it. Oh! that they should return me no pressure now! Oh! that those lips, those eyes should give no look or kiss to comfort my broken heart, in its desolation! You never saw him, Edmund, when he looked from my heart to my face, and his little mouth to smile at me, and soothe his little happiness like a dove—and, yes, yes! he might have lived to be what his—what others of his sex are, and then could I still have loved him: he might have lived too, to despise his mother's frailty—but no, no! that is a bitter thought—I would have nurtured him so kindly, that he dare not have done that!"

"Mariamne," said I, interrupting her, "you are wearing yourself out, and have much yet to go through—be comforted; those whom the gods love best die young."

"And therefore," answered she, "do I live—live on, and cannot die."

"Speak not thus, Mariamne," I replied, "but be thankful to God for his mercies, and be calm."

"Yes, yes!" she said, "I am thankful; at least I will try to be so, and I can now be calm."

"Then leave me, Mariamne, for a few minutes."

"Leave you—leave you, Edmund? and for what? Would you, too, play me false? I know you would fling this innocent clay from me, but you shall not—he shall not be laid in the earth to-night; he shall receive my tears this one night more; he shall not, dear Edmund? Hear, hear, now, how the winds blow, and the snow comes down in frozen lumps!—you would not, could not give him to the grave on such a night—don't, Edmund—don't dear, dear, kind Edmund!" and she placed her arms round me, and laid her cheek to mine, and there was silence while our tears mingled.

"Be still, Mariamne," I said, as I led her drooping and silent, into the inner-room, "your honour, and happiness, and peace are all I consult—whatever I do be calm, or at least remain here, and pray that you may be so. No answer, Mariamne: my purpose is unalterable as 'tis necessary;" and I left her sighing meekly on her knees, to seek the God she had forsaken and offended.

On returning to the other room, I commenced my melancholy preparations. The box I had brought with me was to be the last habitation of the little innocent wreck of mortality that lay before me. It was the first time I had looked on death, and calm and beautiful to a troubled mind from its calmness, as it appeared to me, I shuddered to contemplate it; it is a weakness inherent in our system from our education, and the world will be better and braver when we are taught in childhood to look with nerve on the most harmless of all objects—inanimate humanity. Tears of sorrow, and tears of pity trickled down my cheeks; and why did they? what was there to grieve for, if we could rid our nature of its selfishness? Some childish smiles—some infantile prattle—some few playful gambols—some accession to the momentary happiness that is all that ever has been mine—were here denied me. But what were these compared with all that was spared to this poor infant—the unrequited affection—the broken friendship—the heart's ache—the spirit's suffering—and the body's pain—the blight cold that falls from day to day upon the weak, till it

cankers the existence, or the sudden foils that fall roughly and bluntly on the resolves of the bold—the pains that flesh and spirit both are heir to—all, all were spared to him; and yet I grieved, and Mariamne sorrowed madly. Why is this, metaphysicians, philosophers, or schoolmen? expound to me the rational vagaries of the human mind; and I too will have faith in you.

Poor Mariamne, meanwhile, was loud in her supplications to eternity; and in her sobs, little as the world had given her of joy, and much of woe, as had been her undue lot—she could mourn the short existence of her woe-born progeny.

When I had completed all but the last efforts of my task—all but for ever closing the light of the world on the lifeless, I sought her, and kissing the heart's dew from her cheek, raised and conducted her, trembling and faint, to the humble bier I had prepared. Lonely and sorrowfully, and silently we bent over it, and our tears fell fast and thick upon it; then placing it on the floor we knelt by its side, and as well as I was able I read over the unchristened babe the sublime service, the Church of England would have denied it, that ended, Mariamne blessed the fair corpse with convulsive sorrow, then throwing herself on the sofa, hid her beautiful face and wept, while with infirm hands I ended the act I had commenced.

With heavy but hurried steps, we wound along the ramparts and issued through the east gates—Oh, it was a bitter and fearful night! Heaven seemed to denounce us and our task! It was February, but the frost had already reigned four months with uninterrupted keenness, and the snow had fallen some feet within the last four and twenty hours, and was still falling thickly and rapidly, while a cold, loud, biting gale blew it in freezing clouds into our faces: it was perfectly dark too, and the way so choked that it required us often to halt on our painful journey, to enable us to regain the road we had strayed from, and which was now only to be known by the little height the drift left above the plains that skirted it. It was late before we arrived at the plantation where our task was to conclude. I had on the previous night prepared the grave; but the snow and frost had since then destroyed all traces of my work. Resting the coffin on the ground, therefore, I hastily struck a light, and commenced a search among the trees for some marks I had cut in them to guide me; which having at length found, I left the lantern on the spot to direct me on my return, and hastened back to Mariamne. The poor girl was in almost lifeless torpor from cold, sorrow, and fatigue, but even in it the loved remains were pressed to her aching bosom, and cherished by her arms from the air. I called upon her, but she could make me no answer. I looked in her face, the paleness of death was there, and her eyes were closed, but she breathed.

"Heavens!" said I madly, "not all—not all at one fell swoop!" and releasing the box from her embrace, I chafed her hands and temples with snow till she again showed signs of animation, and at length recovered, when I put round her the cloak which I had hitherto worn to conceal my burden.

"Oh, let me die, dear Edmund!" she exclaimed faintly, "it would have been mercy to have let me glide into eternity with my babe in my arms. I cannot indeed go on; I cannot witness it. Receive my blessing with my last breath and the thanks and deepest gratitude of a broken heart, but oh! let me die here, and now, and be laid with my babe."

"Nay, nay, dear Mariamne!" I answered; "rise, rise! take my arm, and let us move forward. You must live—I hope long and happily; but you must live to make peace for your broken and contrite spirit, for the sake of those to whom you are most dear. Come, let me assist you; the night wears apace, and the storm is coming stronger. Come, Mariamne, have hope and courage!" And with the coffin slung round me, I supported her almost unmoving frame to the sad spot.

"Sit here, Mariamne, on this tree," I said, "while I seek to complete what is wanting."

"No, Edmund!" she answered: "I will kneel down and pray for blessings on you and forgiveness for myself!" And in spite of my entreaties she knelt down, hardly suffering me to place my friar's capote between her and the snow, and prayed and sobbed out the tearings of a warm though withering heart. Long was it ere I could rid the earth of its inclement covering, and prepare the narrow house of death for its young and guiltless tenant. But I accomplished it, and sighing one deep sigh over it, and shedding one cold tear into it, I turned to Mariamne, who gazed through her devotions unseemingly upon my work.

"It is done now!" said I, "it is done!"

"Done!" said she dreamingly, "Oh! then, the moment is now come! Farewell, my bootless, lifeless, care! Farewell my dearly loved, dearer bought child of sorrow and guilt. My hope, my shame, my joy, and my disgrace, farewell! Never again will the sun play upon thy little brow of innocence; thou art death's! and the grave and corruption will soon be thine! But at least the world cannot now point at thee, and taunt thee with thy mother's frailty! Thou art saved the pangs of living on the charity of hatred, and being a mark in the world for the cold and the rain! Fare-

well! thy spirit is with its kindred angels; and the chill of the world's neglect, colder far than the cold bed that will enwrap thy little frame, will never fall upon it. But oh! it is bitter—bitter to miss thee from the breast that has borne so much for thee! But it is bursting! bursting! my poor babe! and I will rejoice thee, and we will be separated no more! Death cannot compass the grave! Yes, I will nurture thee again in these arms; and see thy smiles, and love thee, and watch over thee, where the world cannot rail, nor the finger of scorn be pointed!"

"For God's sake, Mariamne!" I exclaimed, "be calm," for I feared she was raving. "Morning will soon be here; let us finish!" And she answered me—coldly and wildly, "Be it so!" Then I knelt by her side, and placing the coffin on the brink of the grave, we laid our hands on it; and amid the waving of the wind, the hissing of the snow as it was blown among the trees, and the groans of the disconsolate mother, I prayed a short prayer in poor Mariamne's own Frieslandic. "Amen!" I said, and she tried to repeat it, but her voice failed her; and while I lowered the little ark into its cold chamber, and hastily covered it with the frozen mould and snow, Mariamne, the most beautiful of the Frieslandic relics of the Grecian women, fell senseless on my bosom, and was pressed, unconscious, to a heart bleeding and breaking for her.

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

NO. VII. AND LAST.

In seasons of peril the energy of a superior mind is an inspiration all men willingly obey. Smith now became virtually the director of the Colonists, diffused his own activity about him, and by his persuasions, remonstrances, and example, stimulated them to pursue the measures requisite for their safety, with somewhat of his own intrepid zeal. Leaving them to convert the rank grass they had been mowing into thatch, to build houses, and to cover them, he undertook to descend the river in a boat, with six men, in quest of food. Arriving at a village on the water's edge, they began to parley with the savages, who, in scornful allusion to the miserable condition of the colonists, offered handfuls of corn in exchange for their muskets, swords, or apparel. A show of force became necessary; at the report of a musket the natives vanished into the woods, and Smith and his crew entered their village to search for corn. While busily employed in collecting it, a band of sixty savages, their bodies painted with divers gaudy colours, and armed with bows, huge clubs, and round targets made of bark, was seen advancing with frightful yells and a decided step, bearing before them their Okee, "an idol made with skins, stuffed with moss, all painted, and hanged with copper." A volley of musketry, charged with small shot, wounded several, and so alarmed the rest, that in their panic they abandoned their Okee, which Smith was fortunate enough to get. A messenger soon appeared to offer peace and redeem the idol, but Smith would only consent to the latter, provided they would send six of their people, unarmed, to load his boat with provisions. The condition was complied with, the Okee restored, and Smith returned to Jamestown with ample stores of corn, venison, and wild-fowl. Having secured this important object, he next turned his attention to the discovery of the surrounding country, and the opinion of friendly communication with the savages. On his return from one of several excursions undertaken in this view, he was shocked to find the colony, for whose benefit he was exposing himself to so many toils and dangers, brought by its own distractions to the very brink of ruin. Wingfield and Kendall, taking advantage of his absence, and the insubordination and discontent caused by the president's inefficiency, had formed a plan to seize the pinnace, which Smith had fitted out for a trading voyage, and escape to England. At this critical moment the latter appeared with his characteristic promptness; he turned the guns of the fort upon the pinnace, and threatened to sink her, if not immediately surrendered by the crew. Kendall lost his life in the affair, and the rest, overawed by Smith's determination, immediately submitted. The winter had now set in, bringing with it, not privations, but unwonted luxuries to the colonists, who regaled themselves on the prodigious quantities of wild fowl which crowded the creeks and rivers, besides venison, "good bread, Virginian pease, pumpions, putchamins, and fish." This good cheer, a most tranquillizing rhetoric in all circumstances of life, operated so kindly on the spirits of the colonists, that not even the most "Tufastific humourists desired to goe for England." Still their querulousness was not entirely soothed; for though they had been mainly indebted to the foresight and firmness of Smith for their actual prosperity, no sooner did this indefatigable man relax a little from his wonted activity, than murmurs and "idle exceptions" followed. Even the council condescended to adopt them, and complained of his not having explored the head of the river Chickahaminy, which he had recently discovered. The idea of finding a communication with the South Sea was not only a dominant one with the company at home, but engrossed the attention of the colonists much more than the far more important concerns which their own safety and even existence prescribed. Yielding to a feeling which, if repugnant to his better judgment, at least accorded with his love of enterprise, Smith manned the

barge, proceeded up the river as high as the bushes and overarching trees would let him, and then went on shore with two of his men, and two Indians to serve as guides. He had previously moored the barge in a safe spot, and given strict orders to the crew on no pretence whatever to leave it. No sooner, however had he gone than some of the men landed. The consequence was, they were surprised, one of them made prisoner, and forced to reveal the direction in which Smith had gone. A party of three hundred natives, headed by Bepechamcough, their chief, was sent in pursuit of him, and surprised his two companions and slew them; in this dilemma, Smith, calm and intrepid as usual, had recourse to a singular expedient. Seizing one of his guides, he tied him with his garters to one arm for a buckler, while with the other he cut down his pursuers. Unhappily, in attempting to reach the barge, he slipped with his savage into an oozy creek, where he remained until completely benumbed, and incapable of farther defence. After receiving a promise that his life should be spared, he threw away his arms and surrendered.

THE BEDOUIN ARABS OF THE DESERT.

So many romantic and contradictory tales have been propagated about these Arabs, that the following faithful narrative of an eye witness, M. Deportes, Equerry to his Majesty the King of the French, may be acceptable to our readers; for many travellers have only copied from others, and few have actually lived amongst the Bedouins, as it requires more than ordinary courage to do so.

The arrival of an Arabian horde in the desert is a very extraordinary sight. First appear a few horsemen on their mares sweeping along like the wind, armed with long lances, encircling in a gallop the place where they intend to halt; and each individual chooses a particular spot, according to his own fancy, and immediately drives his lance into the ground, in order to fasten his horse to it as a sign that he will pitch his tent there. A great many Arabs are then seen advancing in the distance, some on horses, but most on camels; and, farther off still, is a formidable army, marching along, *pêle mêle*, and at a rapid rate. These are the Arabian families and the main body of the tribe, with their tents, baggage, and camels. Those camels which convey the families are accounted according to the wealth of the owner. That of the Sheik carries a sort of palanquin in the shape of a canoe, placed at length, open in front to direct the animal, and containing three or four women and children in a state of nudity. Each family proceeds to the spot where the *avant-courier* has pitched his lance; and in a few moments afterwards a town appears to have been built. Naked children are seen running about, and gambolling in the water wherever they can find a ditch.

The camp is pitched without the least regularity; save that the tent of the Sheik is in the centre, and is distinguished from the others by its magnitude. They are all made of camel or goat skins, without elegance or neatness, and fastened each upon two poles about six feet high. The interior is divided by a carpet—one side for the women, and the other for the men. The furniture consists of a few carpets: straw or reed mats, which serve as a bed; and rude stools. The most necessary articles for cooking are a large iron pot, wooden plates, zinc cups, copper coffee pots, and casks fabricated of camel-skins.

Their toilet is as simple as their cooking utensils. The men wear a long wide shirt, until it actually becomes rotten; nor do they take it off save at night, when they lie upon it. They go bare-footed, and never leave their tents unarmed. Their weapons consist of a sword, a bad gun, and a lance,—or axes, hammers, clubs, and anything with which they may destroy life.

The women wear a long shift of blue linen, and a black veil, drawn in a knot under the nose, and falling down upon their body. They often let it fall to exhibit a large ring drawn through the right nostril, and fastened with a chain to the temple. They are fond of showing their lips, which are painted with blue colour; and they have several figures daubed upon their chins and necks. They never leave their tents uncovered. They are above the middle height, and walk majestically: their black eyes are very beautiful; their nose is well formed, but the remainder of their face is disfigured by scars and different marks. Their hands and arms are well-modelled; but their feet are rather wide, never having been compressed with shoes.

The children walk about naked, the boys only wearing a narrow leathern belt tightly laced round their bodies. This custom originated in the idea that the girdle makes the boys strong and fast runners, and that they do not require so much food as they would without it. The men also wear this belt. There are few instances of deformity amongst the children of the Arabs. They are very hardy, are exposed to a burning sun, without injury, during the whole day, and practise the use of the lance and athletic exercises.

The women direct the household, and weave or spin the cloth; but the economy of the kitchen does not occupy much of their time as the Arabs, although particularly voracious when they have an opportunity of exercising their gluttonous propensities, mostly live upon meagre fare, their meals usually consisting of a pilau of red rice with melted butter. During the dinner, sour milk, dates, honey, &c., are sometimes added. The women grind the grain in clumsy handmills: the

bread is baked upon iron plates, and resembles a flat cake. The women have also to fetch the water, which is sometimes procured from a great distance; but the Arabs are disgustingly economical of this article in respect to its outward application to their flesh.

They are very superstitious, but much less religious than the Ottomans. Many, however, observe the Ramadan; they all pray in company, ranged in a long line, with a leader at their head; and this individual makes the most horrible grimaces that can be conceived. Their wealth consists of camels and horses, but no cows; they have however a few herds of sheep and goats, which, together with their camels, supply them with milk.

The Arabs certainly possess the finest race of horses known to us; but such a mass of nonsense, such erroneous and romantic stories have been promulgated with respect to the Arab's horse, that it would be difficult to enable the reader to see through the dark mists of untruth; plain facts shall therefore now be alone stated.

The Arabian horses in general come from the district of Nedjid, and are generally called *Nedji*. A more noble race is called *Koelan*; and this is divided into five different families, supposed to have sprung from the five Blessed Messias of the Prophet: their names are *Tonnand*, *Gilpha*, *Maregina*, *Pedia*, and *Seclacoa*. Besides these, there is a number of other equestrian families too difficult to enumerate. There are no certain signs by which the distinction between a *Nedji* or *Koelan* is to be recognised; and the most intelligent Arabs have declared that they themselves cannot tell the difference, unless the origin of the dam be known to them. The Arabs have no strict record, as has been asserted in the English Sporting Magazines; nor do they summon a number of witnesses when a foal is born.

The Arabs generally ride without a bridle: a halter, with a nose-band covered with iron, serves them instead; and, in lieu of saddles, their noble coursers have only pieces of wadded linen upon their backs, with two nooses for stirrups. The horses are, moreover, seldom shod on the hind feet. At night, so far from being admitted into the tents of their masters, the poor animals are fastened by one leg to a string communicating with the poles that support the frail tenement.

A few of the Arab horses remind the European spectator of English thorough-breeds, and are much more active and pleasant to ride, when broken in a little: but the hyperbolic extremes to which it is the fashion to extend in describing the good qualities of the Arabian horses, are perfectly absurd. The real value of an Arab horse is doubtfully ascertained when under the hammer at Tattersall's!

REVIEWS.

The Temperance Messenger. No. XII. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THE first volume of this excellent periodical is now complete, with preface, title-page, and copious index. The current number contains some good papers, amongst which "A Hint to Temperance Societies" is the best. We cordially agree with the writer of this article, "that some means should be adopted for the employment of that spare time which was formerly spent in the public-house." Altogether, this is an useful publication.

Temperance Rhymes. By THOMAS DEXTER. [London: J. Pasco.

THE dedication to the Right Honourable Earl Stanhope, President of the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, is the best part of this publication. The sentiment expressed in the words, "When your Lordship shall be called upon to lay down your earthly coronet, it shall only be by way of exchange for one that is incorruptible," is highly creditable to the writer. We wish we could pass the same eulogium upon the hymns, which are miserably defective in the mechanical combinations necessary to constitute even mere verse. Some of the ideas are good; but the incorrectness of the metre, and the defective state of the rhymes, ruin their embodiment in verse. If Mr. Dexter would confine himself to prose, he might prove of considerable service to the cause of Total Abstinence.

Lee's Book for all Seasons; a Holiday Offering for Youth of both Sexes. 1 Vol. 16mo. pp. 200. London: J. Cleave.

THIS pretty little "Forget me not," for the working classes, contains some beautiful literary contributions, and a number of embellishments very neatly executed. "The Preacher's Widow" is a sweet tale: "The Man Hunter" is a narrative of soul-harrowing interest: and "The Love-Devil" is a pleasant Scandinavian legend. The work is well-got up, and its extreme cheapness—eighteen-pence—will doubtless ensure it an extensive sale. We extract the following tale as a specimen of the nature of its general contents:—

THE THREE THIEVES.

A FEW years ago there were three thieves in the vicinity of *Lan*, whose joint talents had for some time put both laity and clergy under contribution. Two of them were brothers, called Hamet and Bernard. Their father, who had followed the same profession, ended his days on the gallows, the common fate of talents so

employed. The name of the other was Travers. One thing in their favour was, they never committed murder, but were satisfied with picking pockets, and such like depredation, in which their address was almost incredible.

One day, when they were all three walking in a wood, near *Lan*, their conversation fell on their own exploits; and Hamet, the elder of the two brothers, spying a magpie's nest, with the bird in it, at the top of a large oak, said to his brother Bernard, "If any body were to propose to you to take the eggs from under that bird, without disturbing her, what would you say?"

"I should say," replied the young one, "he was mad, and required an impossibility."

"I would have you to know then," replied Hamet, "that one not able to do that must be an awkward hand at picking a pocket; look at me."

So saying, he immediately climbed up the tree, got to the nest, and opening it gently at the bottom, caught the eggs one by one, as they slid out, and brought them down, boasting that not one was broken.

"Faith it must be owned that you are an incomparable fellow," cried Bernard: "and now if you can put the eggs under the bird again, as you took them out, you may fairly call yourself our superior."

Hamet accepted the challenge, and mounted again; but this was only a trick of Bernard's, for when he saw him at a certain height, he said to Travers,—

"Now you have seen what my brother can do, you shall have a touch of my art," and instantly mounted after Hamet, followed him from branch to branch, and while the other glided along like a serpent, with his eyes intently fixed on the nest, watching the slightest motion of the bird, that he might not frighten her, the adroit rogue untied his drawers, and returned with them in his hand, as a trophy of his victory. In the meanwhile, Hamet, having replaced the eggs, came down, expecting the praises due to such an exploit.

"That's a good one," said Bernard, laughing, "to attempt to impose upon us! I'll lay a wager he has them hid in his drawers."

The eldest looking down, found they were gone, and immediately knew it was a trick of his brother's. "He is a clever thief indeed who can rob another."

As for Travers, he so equally admired the two heroes, that he was doubtful which merited the palm. But so much address humbled him; and, mortified to think he was not qualified to enter the lists with them, he said,—

"Gentlemen, you know too much for me, for you would escape twenty times, where I should always be taken. I see I am too awkward ever to succeed in this occupation, therefore I will renounce it, and take to my own again, live with my wife, and work hard: and I hope, by the blessing of God, we shall not want."

He really returned to the village, as he said; his wife was very fond of him, he became a very honest man, and worked so hard, that, in a few months, he was able to buy a pig, and fatten it at home. At Christmas he killed it, and as is usual, hung it up by the feet against a wall, and went to his work in the fields. It had been lucky for him if he had sold it, and saved all the trouble and anxiety it gave him, as you will see.

Just after he had gone out, the two brothers, who had not seen him since the day they had parted, came to pay him a visit. His wife was alone, busily employed in spinning. She told them that her husband was out, and would not return till the evening. You may well suppose that the pig did not escape their watchful eyes; and when they left the house they said to each other—"So, so,—this rogue has a mind to regale himself, and not invite us. As that is the case, we must carry off the pig, and eat it without him." They then laid their plan, and went and hid themselves in a neighbouring hedge till night.

When Travers returned in the evening, his wife told him of her strange visitors. "They were such ill-looking fellows," said she, "that I was frightened, being alone, and durst not ask either their names or business. They pryed about everywhere, and I don't believe a single nail escaped them."

"Alas! these are my two roguish companions," cried Travers, dolefully. "The pig is gone, that's certain:—oh, that I had but sold it!"

"There's still one way to save it," said the wife, "let us take it down from the hook, and hide it somewhere for the night. To-morrow, as soon as it is light, we will consider what further to do with it."

Travers followed his wife's advice, took down the bacon, laid it on the floor at the other end of the room, and put the kneading-trough over it. He then went to bed, but not without anxiety. At midnight, the brothers came to put their scheme in execution. The elder kept watch, while Bernard bored a hole in the wall opposite the place where piggy had hung, but he soon found out there was nothing left but the string.—"The bird is flown," said he,— "we are come too late."

Travers, whom the fear of being robbed kept in continual alarm, and hindered from sleeping, thinking he heard a noise, awakened his wife, and ran to the trough, to see if the pig was there. It was: but having also fears about his poultry-loft, he set off thither, armed with a hatchet. Bernard, who heard him go out, took advantage of it directly to pick the lock of the door; and going softly up to the bed, said to the wife, counterfeiting the voice of the husband,—

"Mary, the bacon is not on the wall—what have you done with it?"

"What have you forgot," replied the woman, "that we hid it under the kneading-trough!—has fear turned your brain?"

"No, no," said he; "but I had forgot it,—do you lie still—I'll go and take care of it." Saying this, he took the pig on his shoulders, and carried it off.

When Travers had gone his round, and well secured all his doors, he came back.

"It must be owned," said his wife, "I have a husband with a poor memory! Why you forgot just now, where you had put the pig?"

These words made Travers roar again—"I said it would be so! I knew they would steal it! it's gone! I shall never see it more!"

In the midst of these lamentations however, it struck him that the thieves could not have gone far with their prize in the time; so he posted after them directly, with some hope of recovering the pig. The rogues had taken a bye-path across the fields, that went straight to the wood, where they hoped to hide their prey more securely. Hamet went first, to make sure of the road; and his brother, who walked slower, on account of the weight, followed at some distance. Travers soon overtook him, and, knowing him immediately, said, imitating the tone of voice of the elder brother—"Come, you must be tired; give it me to carry in my turn."

Bernard, who thought it was his brother, gave Travers the pig, and went on in front, but had scarcely gone a hundred paces, when, to his great astonishment, he met with Hamet.

"Zoons!" said he, "I have been trapped: that rogue Travers has played me a trick. But never mind, you shall see I know how to repair a blunder."

So saying, he stripped himself put his shirt over his clothes, made up something like a woman's night-cap on his head, and thus equipped, ran full speed by another path to Travers's house, and waited for him at the door; but when he saw him coming, he went forth to meet him, as if it was his wife, and, counterfeiting her voice, asked him if he had got the pig again.

"Yes, yes, I have," replied the husband.

"That's well! Come, give it to me, I'll carry it in; and do you run to the roost, for I have heard a noise there, and am afraid they are breaking in."

Travers himself put the animal upon his shoulder, and set off a new round, to see that all things were safe. When he returned he was surprised to find his wife in bed, crying, and very much alarmed; and then found out that they had deceived him again. He determined, however, not to be baffled so; and, as if his honour was concerned in the affair, swore not to give it up till some how or other, he was victorious. He rather doubted if the thieves, this time, would take the same road; but rightly suspected that the forest being for them the nearest place of safety, they would go there, as before; in fact they were there already; and eager to taste their prize, had lighted a fire at the foot of an oak to broil some steaks: the wood was green, and burnt ill, so, to mend it they went to pick some dry leaves and sticks. Travers, who had easily found the rogues, by the light of the fire, took advantage of their absence to strip himself entirely, climb up a tree, and suspend himself by his arms like a person hanging: and when the thieves returned, and were busily employed in blowing the fire, he roared out, in a sepulchral voice,— "Wretches, you will end your days as I did!"

They firmly believed it to be their father's voice, and, frightened out of their wits, thought of nothing but running away. The other took up his clothes and ran in great haste, and returned in triumph to relate his victory to his wife who embraced and congratulated him on this bold and dexterous exploit.

"Don't let us flatter ourselves too soon, the knaves are not far off: and as long as the pig remains here I shall be in a fright, so heat some water, we'll cook it; then let them come—I'll defy them to get it."

One lighted the fire, and the other cut up the pig, and put it in the cauldron in large pieces, then they both sat down in the corner to watch it. Travers, who was much fatigued with his labour and anxiety all night, soon became drowsy, and his wife said to him, "You go to bed. I'll watch the boiler, and as every place is well secured, there's nothing to fear: at all events, if I hear any noise, I can wake you."

On this assurance he threw himself on the bed in his clothes, and soon fell asleep. His wife continued to watch the cauldron for some time, but at last grew drowsy, and fell fast asleep in the chair.

During this time the thieves recovered from their first alarm, had returned to the oak, and not finding either the man hanging, or the pig, easily divined the real truth of the matter. They would have thought themselves disgraced for ever if Travers, in this skirmish of stratagems, had gained the victory, and went back again to the house, fully determined to exert their utmost dexterity in the art of thieving, in one great final effort.

Before they laid their plan, Bernard looked through the hole he had made in the wall, to know if the enemy were on their guard. He saw on one side Travers stretched upon the bed, and on the other his wife, with a ladle in her hand, and her head waving backwards and forwards, asleep, close to the fire, and the bacon boiling in the pot.

"They are willing to save us the trouble of cooking," said Bernard to his brother, "though after all it is no—"

hing but their fear of us made 'em dress it. Do you remain quiet; I'll engage you shall eat some of it yet." He then went and cut a long pole, made it sharp at one end, and, getting on the roof of the house, thrust it down the chimney, stuck it into one of the pieces of meat, and drew it up. It happened that Travers at that moment awoke, and saw the manœuvre. He considered that, with such skillful enemies, peace was better for him than war; and finding it would be useless to contest any longer which had the most cunning, he opened the door, and invited them to come in and feast; so they all sat down to table, quite reconciled and cordial together.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

SHREWSBURY.

In No. 23 of *The Teetotaler* we noticed the first meeting which was held by the friends of the doctrine of Total Abstinence, at the Mechanics' Institute, over the Corn Exchange, at Shrewsbury. The second Teetotal Assembly took place a short time since, and a gentleman of the name of BAXTER, delivered a most excellent lecture upon the subject. A most disgraceful scene however occurred upon the occasion, the particulars of which are thus related by a correspondent of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*—

"For nearly an hour the audience seemed very attentive, and to enter much into the views of the speaker, when some voice was heard towards the lower end of the room, attended by a striking of the partition wall, evidently with the intention of disturbing the meeting: then several voices were heard, and a commotion commenced so loud that the speaker was obliged to sit down, and Mr. Brown, the chairman, stood up and requested them, in a respectful and friendly manner, not to disturb the order of the meeting, stating, that if they had any objection to make he would be glad to hear them at its close. This reasonable proposal had not the desired effect then, but after a little, order was again restored, and Mr. Baxter proceeded to conclude his lecture. Meantime I was informed that the parties who had given the annoyance had retired to the Plough public house, to prepare for another rally on the meeting, by supplying themselves with intoxicating potations, some menials and such weapons as would best suit their disgraceful purpose: when another interruption, still more disorderly than the first took place." The whole party linked together at the door of the Hall, and made a violent rush towards the platform; the voice of the Advocate was completely drowned in the noise occasioned by the upsetting of benches, the tumbling of persons trying to get from them, and the screams of females rushing towards the chair for protection. Fortunately I had advised my wife to remove to a front bench a few minutes before, knowing her nervous disposition, or the consequence to her might have been more serious. The most intense enquiry was then making, in order to ascertain who were the promoters of conduct so brutal, immoral, and illegal. One said 'the Factory lads,' another said 'they were sailors,' but what was my surprise when I learned that the chief movers in the scene were persons who, if they are not the defenders of peace and order, at least, I presume, they would wish to be thought respectable, from the stations they hold in society. will here give their names, and leave the public to decide:—Mr. John Eddowes and Son, booksellers; with Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Hunt, their servants; Mr. Hughes, wine merchant; Mr. Scoltock, grocer; Mr. Devereux; and other persons employed by them as lacqueys. At the conclusion of the meeting the Christian Doxology, which is always sung at Temperance Meetings, was chorussed by the intruding party with the profane song—'Well all get drunk together,' alternately swearing and using most impious execrations. How those gentlemen feel after such an outrage on common decency, I leave to their own private reflections; but this I would wish them to know, that those very factory lads and sailors who were at first expected to have been the cause, to their honour be it spoken, cried 'shame' at their conduct." It appears that three of the drunken brawlers are opulent tradesmen:—viz, Messrs. J. Eddowes, Hughes, and Scoltock. A few days previous to this disgraceful scene, Mr. Hughes had followed the remains of his brother to the grave. If these fellows (for we can call them by no other name) imagine that their brutal and degrading conduct can be justified even by the plea of difference of opinion, they are very much mistaken. No respectable persons, however much they may be opposed to the doctrine of Teetotalism, will countenance such proceedings as these; and we only hope that the inhabitants of Shrewsbury will testify their disgust at the behaviour of these shameless individuals.

YORK.

The Temperance cause progresses most favourably in this city. A tent of the United Order of Female Rechabites has just been opened there by Mr. C. F. HANBY, chief ruler of the East Riding District, whose noble exertions in the cause of Teetotalism cannot be too greatly extolled.

LAUNCESTON (CORNWALL).

Several highly interesting meetings have been held at this place, since we last noticed the proceedings of its Teetotal Society. Mr. MUDGE, a surgeon of Bodmin, has taken a most active part in these assemblies, and has delivered, amongst others, a powerful lecture upon the evil effects of the use of tobacco. Mr. THRELKONER of Falmouth, also lectured at Launceston with considerable success. He took an opportunity of especially praising the Independent order of Rechabites, one of the first tents of which fraternity was established at Launceston. The advocates of the Teetotal Society of this town, have commenced the winter campaign, by dispersing themselves amongst the adjacent villages and hamlets, where they successfully wage a war of extermination against the principles of intemperance.

The Literary and Scientific Institution, connected with the Teetotal Society of Launceston, has concluded its course of lectures for the summer. The progress of these lectures has been productive of the most beneficial effects.

CALLINGTON (CORNWALL).

Mr. PEARSE, a surgeon of Launceston, lately delivered a lecture upon the physiological effects of intemperance, to the teetotalers of this place. A gentleman, whose name has not reached us, rose to oppose him, and was completely beaten. Mr. Pearse is a gentleman of considerable intellectual acquirements, and a staunch friend to the cause of Teetotalism.

GLASGOW.

The rise and progress of Temperance in this city afford a strong proof of the inefficacy of mere moderation doctrines, and the excellence of the principles of total abstinence. The Temperance or Moderation Society of Glasgow, after numbering eight thousand members beneath its banners, fell off, and died of pure inanition about a year ago. Societies on the principle of total abstinence have been founded, and their numerical strength consists of fifty thousand members; viz, thirty-five thousand Roman Catholics, and fifteen thousand Protestants. The city is divided into districts, in each of which one or more weekly public meetings are held. The weekly increase of Protestant members is about two hundred and fifty, and that of the Catholics five hundred. There are about fifteen or sixteen large Temperance Coffee-houses in Glasgow, which can now boast of upwards of two thousand reformed drunkards. Occasional soirées are given for the benefit of the funds of the Teetotal Societies. On the whole, the cause is progressing as favourably at Glasgow as in any other part of the United Kingdom.

SUNDERLAND.

Mr. W. PEARL, the Deputy District Ruler, has lately opened a tent of the Independent order of Rechabites in this town, where Mr. T. WILKS has also founded a similar institution with considerable success, and to the unfeigned satisfaction of numbers of the resident miners. A female tent has also been opened at Sunderland, under the denomination of the "Rising Sun." The Arcade Temperance Hotel, at the same place, can moreover now boast of its Rechabite tent, which was lately founded there by Mr. R. P. Kay, the District Chief Ruler.

LEICESTER.

The December number of the *Temperance Messenger*, which represents the South Midland Temperance Association, contains the following interesting article, by which it will be perceived that a Bazaar, for the benefit of that society, is to be shortly established at Leicester. Speaking of the next delegates' meeting, it says:—

"We no sooner close our report of one of these most delightful and important gatherings than it becomes our duty to call attention to its successor. While the happy feelings engendered by the Wellingborough convention still animate our souls, we are also inspired with new hopes in reference to the contemplated LEICESTER assemblage. We have only time to remind all our brethren that Tuesday, the 29th of December, is the day fixed for the meeting, and that we are to meet, 'for dispatch of business,' at nine o'clock in the morning! We are not in a capacity to say what arrangements will be made by our Leicester friends, but rejoice to know that they are alive to the importance of the occasion. A large number of ladies are 'busy as bees' preparing for the Bazaar, and our 'brethren' too, are 'wide awake' about the matter.

"In other places the matter has been taken up with considerable zeal. We believe that it is intended to engage the New Hall in Wellington-street for the bazaar and other meetings; and we would just suggest to our Leicester friends, the propriety of getting up a very large Tea Party on the Tuesday Afternoon. As we begin business early, there will be more time for a recreation of this kind; and if a grand concert is got up, it may be made to realize a good sum towards the expense of the hall. The bazaar should be opened on Tuesday morning, and kept open, if possible, the remainder of the week; and, in order to keep the town teetotally alive, it would be well if a series of public meetings could be held to the close of the week."

WIGAN (LANCASHIRE).

A BRANCH of the Rev. T. MATHEW's society has been formed in this town by the Rev. THOMAS DILWORTH

and the Rev. EDWARD MORRIS, who have accepted the offices of Vice-Presidents. This new Catholic Association already numbers about twelve hundred members; and it is expected that these will have increased to two thousand by Christmas.

TOWN NEWS.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 9th.

Mr. BENSTAD, upon taking the chair, observed that the honour of so frequently presiding at the meetings of that society, at the Aldersgate-street chapel, was rather forced upon than sought by him, although he was ever ready to exert himself to the utmost in the cause of Teetotalism, which was the only doctrine calculated to effect the regeneration of a degraded nation. He had now been a Teetotaler for upwards of six months, and most unquestionably had experienced the good effects of the principle in himself, and had witnessed its cheering results in others.

Mr. CRUMP (the registrar) gave an account of his campaigns in the Peninsula, and narrated how his hopes of promotion had been frequently defeated in consequence of his intemperate habits at that period. He interspersed his history with a variety of interesting anecdotes and observations, and declared that he had never fully experienced the true enjoyment of the *mens conscia recti* until he had become a convert to the doctrines of Total Abstinence.

Mr. FULLER, a large landholder in the Isle of Ely, said that he had come up to London for the express purpose of hiring some Teetotal servants and labourers. He gave an interesting account of the Teetotal Irish labourers who dwelt in the vicinity of his property, and delighted the audience with a description of the kind feeling which existed between them and their employers, who were also disciples of Teetotalism.

Mr. BENWELL addressed the meeting upon the generally beneficial effects of Teetotalism.

Mr. MAX (of the Kensington Branch) made an admirable speech upon the happy application of the doctrine of total abstinence to the interests, the health, the patriotism, the morals, and the religion, of the community at large.

Mr. DEXTER promised to address the audience at greater length at the next meeting, as it was then late. He however made a few striking remarks upon the progress and utility of the principle he had come thither to advocate.

"In obedience to the wishes of our respected friend, Mr. BENSTAD, we beg to suggest to the members of the United Temperance Association, the propriety of assembling a little earlier at the Chapel, on the Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

Saturday, Dec. 12th.

The meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, was as usual, well attended on this occasion.

Mr. CRUMP (the registrar) upon taking the chair; expressed his regrets that certain individuals, who called themselves Teetotalers, should oppose the United Temperance Association. He said that such men could not possibly have signed the pledge from purely moral motives. They had evidently done so from interested views. He then ably expatiated upon the effects of alcohol, which he denominated a slow but certain poison.

Mr. G. W. M. RAYNOLDS next addressed the meeting. He regretted that for the past few weeks he had not been able to attend the meetings at the Aldersgate Chapel; but stated his intention of regularly appearing upon the platform in future. He then addressed the audience in a speech which forms the subject of the Leading Article of this week's number of *The Teetotaler*. (See LEADING ARTICLE).

Mr. HOCKINGS observed that the object of the United Temperance Association was a good one, and would ultimately succeed in accomplishing all its aims, if properly conducted. He then took a general view of the direful effects of spirit-drinking, and stated many instances which had come under his own immediate knowledge.

Mr. JOHNSON next addressed the audience with his usual eloquence and spirit. He impressed upon the minds of those present the necessity of renewed exertions in the Teetotal cause, and pledged himself to support the principle until his death. He concluded an energetic address, by enforcing the necessity of union.

CATHOLIC SOUTH LONDON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

This Association will hold a grand meeting in the Temperance Hall, Saint George's Road, near the Elephant and Castle, on Tuesday evening, December 22nd, on which occasion, Mr. G. C. SMITH, whom we are happy to find emancipated from the Queen's Bench, will deliver a lecture upon the drinking customs in prisons. The chief design of this lecture will be to induce Teetotal societies to memorialize the Home Secretary in order that the laws against the introduction of spirituous liquors into prisons may be strictly enforced.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE;

DEVELOPED IN THE LIFE OF A WORKING-MAN.

Such is the title of the series of illustrations presented gratis with this journal. And what subject is fraught with more important considerations for the moralist, the politician, and the philanthropist, than the welfare of the working classes? Until the light of Teetotalism shone upon this nation, the existence of the working classes was characterised principally by one demoralizing and ruinous habit—intemperance; and the life of one man told that of another, so few were the exceptions from the general rule,—so rare were instances of sobriety,—and so very, very scarce were examples of total abstinence. The lives of the working-men and their families were passed away in the necessary toils of their occupations, and the drunken revelry of the tap-room. Intellectual pursuits were almost unknown among them; and their ignorance was as fertile a source of immorality and actual crime, as their intemperate habits. Then came the well-meaning but mistaken men, who founded the old Temperance Societies, with their moderation-doctrine, which aimed only to check and not to extirpate the evil. Experience soon demonstrated the inefficacy of this principle; and the philanthropists of Preston founded those Teetotal Associations which have already reclaimed so many thousands of degraded drunkards, prevented such multitudes from becoming so, and taught a doctrine which will supersede even the chance of rising generations falling into the erroneous ways of their ancestors.

To advocate this grand principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors,—to prove the truth of the doctrine "that nothing but Teetotalism can cure the drunkard, or prevent the moderate drinker from becoming one,"—to impress upon the minds of men that inebriating potations neither afford nutriment, health, nor true happiness,—to keep before the eyes of our fellow-countrymen the appalling fact that intemperance alone supports the scaffold, the hulks, the penal settlements, the penitentiaries, the hospitals, the lunatic-asylums, the workhouses, and the pawnbrokers' establishments—and to induce the world to abandon a habit which possesses principles of evil a thousand times more than commensurate with the trifling pleasure afforded at the time by the unnatural excitement and brutal recklessness produced by intoxicating liquors,—for these objects has *The Teetotaler* been established. The aim of the journal is purely philanthropic,—the morality it teaches is in strict accordance with the ethics of the Christian religion,—and the information it seeks to convey through the medium of its columns, is of an useful and beneficial kind. Its tales of fiction invariably contain some moral of utility; and every branch of the great question of Teetotalism, whether in reference to science or to the nature of humanity, is in its turn considered and explained. But the tastes of all classes of readers incline to variety; and that journal will prove the most effective and the most truly useful, which, by skillfully adapting itself or its circumstances to the inclinations of its audience, in a proper manner, conveys its opinion or its doctrines in the most striking forms. The praiseworthy taste for pictorial embellishments,—a taste which argues well in favour of the improved state of intellect brought about by the principles of Teetotalism,—suggested to us the propriety of placing the evils of intemperance in a striking and popular shape before the public, and hence the series of six plates, which have already been published with this journal, and which have borne the title at the head of these observations. Let us consider those six illustrations of the career of the drunkard *seriatim*, and in reference to the train of thought which those lithographic drawings are calculated to awaken in the mind of all those whose intellectual capacities are not altogether destroyed by the habit of inveterate intemperance.

PLATE I.—We are here introduced to the hero of the pictorial narrative, in the printing establishment where he is an apprentice both to the business he has selected, and to the scenes of human life. We can conceive how his early days have been passed beneath the control of moral and industrious parents, otherwise he would not manifest that unfeigned aversion which we behold him display to the tempting liquor which is proffered him. Had he (which is too often the case) imbibed in his childhood a relish for the inebriating dram,

either from the example or mistaken indulgence of his parents, he would not now have so strenuously resisted the persuasions of the wretches who are enticing him to take the first step towards years of intemperance. Here, then, we have a youth of sixteen or seventeen years of age—endowed with a personal appearance, which is a considerable auxiliary to success in this life, and possessing a countenance beaming with intelligence,—placed in the way of men whose vicious habits speedily communicate their pestilential infection to the pure and unsophisticated mind of that promising young man. While the more aged sinner, of the two tempters, is urging the poor youth to partake of the glass at which his innocent mind revolts, a younger but not less dangerous votary of intemperance assails his most vulnerable point, and attacks him with gibe and jeer. "Come, come, lad," says the former, who is probably the overseer in the establishment, "only just put your lips to the glass, it can't kill you, and is sure to do you good."

"I had much rather not," replies the youth. "I do not like the liquor, and am convinced that I am better without it."

"How do you ever expect to get on, unless you do as others do?" asks the second tempter. "Why, you will never be a man until you can take your glass with the best of us. A good-looking young fellow like you would soon be sought after, if you only got rid of these silly ideas and stupid squeamishness which your mamma and papa most likely taught you. Now then, be a man, and don't play the school-boy." These taunts produce the desired effect,—the vulnerable heel of Achilles is touched with the arrows which rebounded from every other part of the body,—the youth is laughed out of his good resolutions, from which no persuasion would probably have driven him, and that power is found to exist in ridicule which never would have been produced by entreaty. The youth is anxious "to be thought a man, and to do as others do," and he falls!

PLATE II.—*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte*,—"It is only the first false step which is accompanied by remorse," says the proverb; and the experience of individuals and of nations justifies the truth of this aphorism. Driven from the strongholds of his good resolutions by the almost irresistible weapons of ridicule, the effects of which are materially aided by his own conceit, the subject of our narrative is now seen wasting the most valuable time of his life in a skittle-ground attached to one of those vile dens, which bear the denomination of "public-houses." When the youth had once imbibed the first glass of intoxicating liquor, he was easily induced to repeat the dram on the following day. On the third he took it as a matter of course; on the fourth he inquired after it; and by the end of the week he himself went to the public house to fetch it. The road to ruin is rapid and easy; and when the first barrier is over-stepped there is none other to oppose the progress of the victim to the dark abyss to which its downward way conducts his steps. When once the youth is induced to enter the public-house, one half of his ruin is accomplished. He there hears obscene language, in which he joins because he is told that such conduct is manly. He is encouraged to drink with one and with another, who call themselves his friends: and he is taught to laugh at those who will not follow the same example. The publican himself affects to admire his proceedings. "This young fellow can take his glass with the best of them," will the wretch say; and this compliment obtains an order for "drams round." A game of skittles is proposed: the day is warm, and several pots of infamous beer are ordered. The stipend allowed the youth by his parents or his master is expended for the benefit of the publican; and another step towards the destruction of the victim is thus accomplished. The disgraceful scene is only interrupted by the entrance of the youth's master, with an officer of justice, to drag him away from that den of iniquity.

PLATE III.—The solemn lecture addressed to the youth by the magistrate into whose presence he is conducted, for having neglected his work, produces a good effect for a period. The lad is not hardened in crime; and were he removed from his dissipated companions, would still have retrieved his character and prospered. But he is sent back to the same workshop, where he meets with the same individuals who led him astray. "Evil communications corrupt good morals;" and

the force of example once more induces our unfortunate hero to relapse to his former habits. He gradually becomes a more frequent visitor to the public-house, and the fawning civility of the landlord flatters his weak mind. "Oh! I felt convinced that you would not desert us," says the publican. "Come—I must stand a drop of something on this occasion. Give you like, and I know it's of no use to give you anything but the very best. It isn't every one that's no good a judge as you." These compliments, so admirably thrown out as a bait by the publican, and the proffered "treat" produce the desired effect. The youth considers himself bound in honour to return the landlord's civility; and fresh glasses are ordered. One or two of the youth's fellow compositors drop in at the moment; and the landlord is soon busily employed in drawing liquor for the whole party. When our hero's brain is heated by the inebriating draught, he begins to talk about the unkind treatment of his master in having him taken before a magistrate. The landlord instantly takes the youth's part. "Ah! it was a burning shame," he says, "and if he'd only dared to have served a son of mine so, I'd never have let my boy go back to the place again. Just because one chooses to take a little innocent recreation, one is to be treated in this way! It is shameful!" Our hero cordially assents to these observations of the landlord, who invariably encourages apprentices and subordinates to rebel against their masters; and fresh supplies of liquor are ordered. After having wasted two or three hours of valuable time and two or three shillings of useful money in the public-house, the young man returns to that work for which he has unfitted himself by his numerous potations. He then becomes a regular attendant at the public-house between twelve and one every day, and invariably has his seat kept for him in the parlour of an evening. The landlord allows him to incur a weekly bill, and when he alludes to him, calls him "that gentleman." The young man becomes pale and thin—the effects of gin and tobacco: he loses the fresh colours of youth, and is nervous and suicidally melancholy of a morning. He cannot commence his daily toil without a dram; and his eyes are red, his mouth parched, and his limbs quivering from the previous night's debauch. At length he is turned away from his place; and, with the few shillings remaining in his pocket, he hurries to drown his cares at a public-house. The landlord who has heard of the loss of his situation, requests payment of the current account, and declines opening a new one. He also forgets that the youth used to be desominated "a gentleman;" and when a pot of beer is ordered, he simply says, "Here, young fellow," and holds the pot in one hand until he receives the money for it in the other. The youth perceives this change of behaviour, and is galled by it: he accordingly spends all his money at the bar out of sheer bravado. The publican sees that all the young man's coin is rapidly cooing away, and only increases in early idleness. The young man remonstrates, and becomes turbulent. "Now I just tell you what it is, young chap," says the landlord, "I won't have any disorderly people in my house, and I have long disapproved of your conduct. A fellow like you, coming and giving himself such airs—I never heard such a thing! What the deuce do you think my house will be thought of, if I tolerate such worthless characters as you here?" Our hero recriminates in louder tones, and even his old associates, the very men who originally led him away, raise the cry of "Turn him out!" the hint is no sooner given, than the landlord hastens to put it into execution,—not, because the youth is really noisy, but because he has no money left in his pockets!

PLATE IV.—Two or three years we suppose to pass away between the episode described in the last plate and that which forms the subject of this. The altered appearance of the young man convinces us of this fact. In the mean-time his parents have probably died of a broken heart, occasioned by his vices and intemperance, and he is now expending the little they have left him in public-houses and with the most depraved characters. His associates are blacklegs, thieves, and women of the town, whose flaunting garb cannot conceal the deformities of minds abused by the horrible trade to which they have devoted the charms of their youth. Dressed out in the meretricious apparel, these depraved females exercise a certain magic over the minds of the young men who are unfortunate enough to fall within the scope of their spells, and our hero has now suffered himself to be drawn and within the reach of that fatal influence.

various species of bad company with which it is possible to associate, that of profligate women is the worst, because they have a direct interest in cheating the victim into a belief of their affection, and then of plundering him at favourable moments. They will not desert him as long as he possesses the means of satisfying their extravagant wishes; but when his purse is empty, then—good-bye love,—good-bye, delusion!

PLATE V.—Our hero is now about five or six and twenty. For some years he has been leading a life on which he is himself ashamed to retrospect. The property left him by his parents was speedily dissipated, and when poverty again stared him in the face, he was constrained to seek for employment. He, however, continued to frequent the public-houses, where he expended his earnings in liquor. He seldom partook of a good and wholesome meal; but he was clamorous against the "corn-laws" and the "taxed state of the country which rendered provisions so dear," and yet he imposed a far greater tax upon his own income by means of his dissipated habits. Bread was a luxury to him—meat an article with which he was almost unacquainted—and the money with which he purchased potatoes was doled out with reluctance; and then he complained that every thing was so dear! But it was his dissipated conduct which made every thing a hundred per cent. dearer to him, because he expended in drink that which would have purchased bread and meat, and coffee, and bacon, and cheese, and butter. If he ever did pay a visit to the butcher or cheesemonger, he endeavoured to drive a bargain for the articles he required; and the idea that "every thing was so dear," was perpetually in his imagination. But at the public-house he never beat the landlord down in the price of his liquors, nor did he exclaim that gin, or ale, or rum, was dear! It is impossible to say how he contrived to exist during the interval above alluded to. Sometimes he worked with tolerable diligence, when an empty pocket and a failure in credit closed the doors of the public-house against him; and then, when he earned a little money, he would abandon his employment, and return to the public-house. He seemed only to exist for the public-house, and all his ideas of happiness in this world were measured according to the amount of liquor he could procure. A good man in his estimation was one "who would stand his glass," and the landlord was the most estimable individual with whom he was acquainted. His views of the world were limited to the four walls of the tap-room; his recreations were the changes of scene afforded by visiting different gin-palaces and low places of entertainment. Such must we suppose to have been the tenor of his existence during the interval between the scenes represented in the fourth and fifth Plates. The subject of the latter is his marriage, which, when the religious portion of the ceremony was over, was celebrated in one of those sinks of infamy denominated *tea-gardens*. Those places of entertainment are bastard public-houses where morality is seen on the lowest scale. It is at such a place that he assembles with his friends, and drinks deeply in honour of the virtuous and amiable young woman who has bestowed her pure affection upon so unworthy an object. Reeling beneath the influence of his potations, the bridegroom hastens to present a glass of the destructive liquor to his young wife, but she refuses it from a motive of intuitive propriety and female delicacy. There is a lamentable mockery in the custom of associating so holy a ceremony as that of marriage with the abhorred, the demoralizing, and the degrading habit of drinking. And yet, in the upper, as well as in the lower classes of society, it is the custom to provide banquets or entertainments on these occasions. The breath which utters the tender language of love, should not be rendered pestilential with the fetid odours of strong drink; the sighs, which emanate from the breast where affection dwells, should not be accompanied with the hiccoughs of the drunkard, nor should the aspirations of the sacred ceremony be mingled with the shouts of bacchanalian revellers. The drinking songs and the boisterous toasts which characterise such scenes, seem but little suited to the mysterious solemnity of wedded love; and the staggering gait of a drunken husband is but a sorry substitute for the graceful activity displayed in the cheerful dance.

PLATE VI.—We now arrive at the last plate in the series which traces the progress of the drunkard. Were it not the object of the artist to develop in six successive pictures, the improvement and prosperity of our hero's circumstances, under the genial influence of Teetotalism, he might have represented him now ending his days upon the gibbet, or toiling in chains in the penal colony. As it is, we have before us the domestic scene to which the preceding one necessarily prepared the way. Not contented with having reduced himself to misery and degradation by his dissipated habits, he has associated a young and loving female with him in his poverty. Every thing did she share with him—his sorrows, his want, his wretchedness,—save his crimes! Behold the denuded condition of their chamber, reader,—and remember that it is not the representation of a solitary instance in the great drama of human life; but that it is the faithful portrait of an episode which occurs in the existence of all drunkards! How appalling is it to meditate upon the wretched state of that poor young woman—a wife, and a mother—who sees her husband and her child starving near her, and feels herself the bitter, bitter pang of want. Oh! what a heart

must the man possess, who can observe without remorse the wreck his own vices have occasioned! That affectionate young woman left her parents, her family, and friends, to follow the fortunes of the man whom she loved,—she still adores him in spite of his harsh treatment to her during his drunken moments of intellectual aberration,—no word of complaint issues from her lips, although he has reduced her to the limit of starvation,—and still would she lay down her life to benefit him. Cold, hungry, and unhappy,—not daring to contemplate the past, and dreading to conjecture relative to the future, the miserable husband himself is alone saved from ending his days as a miserable suicide by the attentions and caresses of that faithful creature. As he has formerly been maddened by drink, he is now maddened by the contemplation of the horrible state of destitution to which he has brought himself and his family. And where are now the friends who flocked around him in the tap-room,—the boon companions who have often sworn that they would never desert him? Not a soul comes near him—not a human being will give him a loaf for his little one! He dragged himself to the public-house, where he had expended scores and scores of pounds, and requested the loan of sixpence. "Never lend money," was the brutal reply. Could he have a pot of beer and some bread and cheese on credit?—"Nonsense! get along with you; don't come bothering here!"—"For God's sake, lend a few half-pence to a man who is only anxious to obtain a morsel of bread for his family!" he urged, in a piteous tone of voice.—"If you don't get out of the place, I shall call a policeman to put you out; we don't want beggars here!" was the brutal answer. He rushes home in despair,—flings himself upon a seat, and remains absorbed in the most bitter reverie into which he had ever fallen from the moment of his birth. This scene is well described by the sixth plate.

MEMOIRS OF A WAG.

THE subject of these memoirs was a Mr. Jesse Weevil; and a contemporary chum has described him as a very little man, with a very little head, and a very little in it. At an early age he indicated a disposition for practical jokes, industriously planning without the requisite ingenuity and adroitness to carry the projects into execution. Jesse had barely attained his eighth year, when he accidentally witnessed the extrication of a half-guillotined mouse, whose predatory exploits in the larder were most ignominiously closed by a trap, baited with toasted cheese on the over night. His tender parent, as she raised the iron bar, and liberated the mangled body of the nibbler, endeavoured in a very feeling speech to impress upon his infant mind the wickedness of self-appropriating the goods of others, and the punishment which attended the infringement of the law of *mum and tum*. Jesse opened his mouth, and stared, and exhibited many other amiable expressions of attention, at the same time shily pinching the tail of the deceased mouse to induce "a last kick,"—but in vain; and just as his self-satisfied mamma had concluded her moral deduction, her interesting offspring had succeeded in attaching a string to the aforesaid tail of the victim, and was dragging it about the floor.

She turned angrily upon him, and chided him for his cruel disposition; and snatching away his "plaything," made him toast a piece of double Gloucester, for a fresh bait. Jesse went sulkily to his task; and his affectionate mother, in order to light a smile upon his innocent countenance, and implant a taste for mechanism in his mind, explained the construction of the trap as she set it.

In the afternoon (it was a half-holiday) he was allowed to invite little Sammy Wilkins to tea.

"Now for a bit of fun," said Jesse to himself. "I say, Sammy," he added aloud, "did you ever see a trap?"

"What's a trap?" enquired his friend.

"What! don't you know?" said Jesse, delighted at his ignorance; and mounting upon a chair, he drew the mouse-trap carefully from the shelf. "Do you see that cheese?"

"Is that cheese?" said Sammy.

"Touch it, and try."

"What for?"

"For fun, to be sure," replied Jesse anxiously. "Now, look here—just put your finger at it so—don't you see how I do it?"

"No," said Sammy, blundering forward, and running against Master Jesse's elbow, so that the said Master Jesse's finger was poked into the trap, whereat he roared out most lustily.

Such an early impression would have endured, and been a wholesome warning to many during the rest of their lives;—but Jesse Weevil was a strange compound; and the incident had no more effect on his mind than a pebble cast into a pond, which is now wrinkled and ruffled (like an old dowager), and almost immediately becomes smooth and glossy again.

The old proverb of "birds of a feather flock together," was verified in Weevil's selection of his friends. They were all devotedly attached to the same elegant pursuits, and generally met weekly (Weevil was now of age) at a certain house of entertainment, where they smoked cigars and each other simultaneously, and discussed Welch rare-bits. The ingenious Weevil was unanimously elected their president; and many a way-

farer was startled by the boisterous chorus of "We won't go home till morning!" &c., as he passed the windows of the room where the young men were performing their Bacchanalian orgies.

It happened one day that a basket of game was left at this rendezvous, addressed to "JESSE WEEVIL, Esquire, —Carriage Paid." It soon attracted the notice of one of his companions, who dexterously reversed the card, and wrote thereon the name of Walter Trott, who was another member of the intelligent clique. Weevil arrived soon afterwards.

"What sport?" demanded he.

"No sport," was the answer, "but here is some game."

"Say no more!" exclaimed the delighted Jesse, slapping his forehead. "I've an idea: now, mum's the word! Fetch up Griggs."

Griggs was summoned, and he entered with a grin.

"I say, Griggs," cried Weevil, cutting the string of the basket, and producing the game, "we want you to dress this hare and these two pheasants for supper, and serve them up in your best style."

"Leave it to me, sir," was the reply, as the host walked off with the spoil, just as the whole crew began to drop in.

The conversation soon became general, noisy, and interesting. At last the cloth was laid.

"Halloo!" enquired Walter Trott; "what's in the wind now? Here is an unusual display!"

"Only a snack," said Weevil, "and we must beg you to take the chair on the occasion."

"I!" ejaculated Mr. Trott. "Yes,—you," answered Weevil.

"Well, I'm sure—the honour—but I'm always ready to do anything that will conduce to the harmony of the company," replied the by no means reluctant Trott.

The supper was served forthwith; and, upon the removal of the cloth, Jesse Weevil arose, and, in an elaborate mock speech, returned thanks for the very handsome entertainment the chairman had provided.

"What? eh? how do you mean?" cried the astonished Trott.

By way of explanation, the basket was handed to him amidst peals of laughter.

The unconscious entertainer looked blank, and pretended to read the card; but, in twisting it in his hand, he turned it over, and discovered the original address.

"Gentlemen," said he, rising, "nothing, I assure you, would be more gratifying to my feelings than to entertain my friends (hear! hear!)—but I cannot allow (shouts of laughter)—that praise, which is due to another, to be bestowed upon myself. Instead of returning you my thanks, allow me to call your attention to the founder of the feast—Mr. Jesse Weevil—to whom (I speak by the card) it appears to me that this basket is addressed; and to him therefore let our thanks be paid."

Weevil seized the basket: the trick was too obvious to be misunderstood, and the facetious Jesse, unable to support the jeers and laughter of his friends, flung down the basket, and rushed from the convulsed assembly.

A few days after this incident, Mr. Walter Trott, who was rather an exquisite in his way, was standing with his back to the fire in the room where the friends met, and was relating a prime adventure of which he was the hero when Mr. James Dawson (one of the clique) drew Weevil aside, saying, "We shall have a novel dish to-night."

"How do you mean?" demanded Jesse.

"Why, don't you see that Trott is roasting his kid for our entertainment?" returned Dawson, alluding to the beautiful new gloves which Trott carried in his hands.

"Admirable!" cried Weevil; and he ran out of the room to procure a pair of scissors. When he came back, he said to Dawson, "Keep him in conversation, and you shall see how I'll carve the kid."

Weevil accordingly beat about the bush a little time, and then approached his victim, from whose delicate hands, which Trott held behind him, dangled the fingers of a new pair of lemon-coloured gloves. Adroitly clipping off the fingers, Jesse deposited them in his pocket, and then wheeled round to the front, to join in the laugh that was created by Trott's story.

"And then putting out my hand in this fashion," continued Mr. Walter Trott, extending his right fist, and at the same time producing the curtailed gloves in his left: but he stopped short in his exciting narrative, and eyed the clipped articles with a look that produced a simultaneous roar.

"Now, 'pon my word," cried he, "this is really too bad!"

"Nay, don't whimper about it," said Weevil, scarcely able to utter a word for laughter. "Don't whimper, Trott: I'm sure the amusement is worth a dozen pairs of the best that ever came from France."

"I wouldn't care a pin about the matter," said Trott; "but the fact is—"

"They are the gift of your sweetheart, I suppose?" interrupted Weevil.

"But the fact is, the mirth is not at my expense," resumed Trott, "for in a freak, I extracted these same gloves—"

"Call 'em mittens now," said Weevil, with tears in his eyes.

"From the pocket of our excellent friend Weevil," continued Trott, handing him the mitts.

The fun, which ensued, may be easily imagined.

The "deeds which were done" by Weevil and his facetious friends of dark nights were as innumerable as they were annoying to every inhabitant in the vicinity. If a board were placed in the front garden of any house to intimate that lodgings were to let, it was sure to be transferred to some crusty neighbour's, who was well known to have too much pride to offer such accommodations. Impertinent applications and angry altercations were the consequence. Bells were rung alarmingly—the knockers were twisted from the doors—and the night-caps of the drowsy inhabitants who ventured to peep from an open window were the chosen marks for the well-directed pea-shooters of this irregular troop.

Having read an account of how the Marquis of Brandyford and the Earl of Maldegrave had daubed a sign-board various colours in one of their nocturnal exploits, Weevil proposed "to get up a similar entertainment;" and a large pot of white-wash and a brush were accordingly provided for the operation. The appointed hour arrived, and the young men sallied forth, Weevil carrying the pot and brush, and six others bearing a light ladder, borrowed from the stable-yard of the inn where they held their meetings. Their first attempt was made upon the *Black Boy*, which having completely daubed over, Weevil declared that he deserved the thanks of the world for having discovered how to wash the *Black-an-moor* white. The *Red Rose* next grew pale under his able hand; and having accomplished this transformation to his taste, he ordered the troop to proceed to the *Red Lion*. This was to be the crowning feat.

Having mounted to the ledge whereon the representative of a real lion was fixed, he began to apply the white-wash with considerable vigour, and had already completed the half of his task, giving the animal the appearance of a shared puddle, when he was startled by a fearful roar—not from the lion, but from his affrighted companions, who beheld a detachment of police close upon their heels. Pot and brush fell from the grasp of Weevil; and our hero, who thought with the redoubtable Falstaff that "discretion was the better part of valour," made for the ladder: but, alas! his dear friends, in their confusion, had kicked it down!

His situation was by no means enviable—hope of escape was vain,—detection was certain—and—but we shall beg leave to quote from the columns of the *Morning Scourger*, as we feel by no means competent to give so lucid an account of the catastrophe:—

"**POLICE OFFICE.**—A gentleman about three and twenty, with fair hair, and of a slight and rather genteel figure, was yesterday brought before Mr. Mitimus, the sitting magistrate. He was dressed in a fashionable suit of black; but this was so ridiculously daubed with white, that a zoologist would have unhesitatingly pronounced him to be a species of that party-coloured bird called a magpie.

"What is the charge?" demanded Mr. Mitimus.

"Please your worship," said a policeman, "I discovered this gentleman, about one o'clock this morning, in a very suspicious situation."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Mitimus. "He looks very much like a man who has just come from the Insolvents' Court, where he has undergone a process of white-washing. Pray describe the situation, in which you found him."

"He was crouched on the ledge of the *Red Lion* inn, in ——— Street," was the answer.

"Very suspicious, indeed," said Mr. Mitimus. "What is your name?"

"Henry Jones," was the reply.

"What are you?"

"A gentleman at large."

"Not at present," remarked the facetious magistrate. "And, pray, what did you on the ledge of the *Red Lion*?"

"Only half of what I intended, sir."

"What was that?"

"Why—I intended to paint the *Red Lion* white, and only did half before the police came up."

"Well, you are candid at any rate," said the magistrate. "But what induced you to make the noble animal change colour?"

"The fact is, I was elevated at the time."

"Yes, and you were found so too," laconically observed the magistrate.

"And then," continued the prisoner, "the policemen interfered, and took me up."

"Took you down, you mean," said the magistrate.

"Exactly," rejoined the accused.

"Well, you must pay five shillings for being elevated," said Mr. Mitimus, "and make an arrangement with the people whose property you have disfigured."

Such was the account of the transaction.

A dull, damp, foggy night, in November, offered a favourable opportunity for the exercise of Weevil's peculiar talents. A dark lane leading to the town where these ventures took place, was the chosen spot for his exploit. The muddy state of the road was a source of particular gratulation to our hero; and he sallied forth inwardly rejoicing at the anticipation of his charitable intentions. Carefully affixing a cord to the stump of an old tree, he drew it scientifically across the muddy road, and fastened it to a fence on the opposite side of the thoroughfare, making it form a straight line about a foot and a half from the ground. Concealing himself, with a chuckle behind the projecting an-

gle of a shed, Weevil anxiously awaited the issue of his stratagem.

Presently the voice of a passenger came singing up the lane. Louder and louder grew the voice, as the singer approached, but still the thickness of the fog prevented Jesse from beholding the form or figure of his unconscious victim. He was indeed to him *vox et præterea nihil*. Weevil scarcely breathed, although his heart panted almost audibly. Nearer and nearer the stranger approached; and, at last, a stumble, a splash, and a sudden exclamation, indicated to the critical ear of Weevil that the "singing bird" had fallen into his trap.

Several people attracted by the cries of the floundering youth, ran to the spot; and Weevil having cut the treacherous cord, joined the group.

"Here's a precious go!" exclaimed a whimpering boy of about fourteen, with a clothes-basket in his hand, the contents of which basket were fearfully scattered in the road.

"Nerer mind, my lad," said Weevil, in a half pitying, half consolatory tone.

"It's easy to say 'never mind,'" replied the boy, jamming the linen all pell-mell into the basket again: "but shan't I get a leathering?"

Every one of the by-standers charitably endeavoured to comfort the unfortunate boy.

"Have you injured yourself?" demanded the kind-hearted Weevil.

"Injured myself!" repeated the boy, "no—I should think not! There ain't no chance o' breaking one's bones in tumbling into such a puddling as this here. But I ain't in a mess, am I?" continued he, half sobbing, and half laughing.

"The more dirt, the less hurt," cried Weevil; and at the same time the boy inadvertently shook off the liquid mud, with which the too curious Jesse was splattered from top to toe. The crowd, of course, laughed heartily; and Weevil aware that any remonstrance on his part would have been jeered at, pocketed the affront, and walked quietly home.

His suit of black was quickly thrown off, and his limbs enveloped in an elegant dressing-gown. He then seated himself by a blazing fire, and indulged in reading until nine o'clock, when, ringing the bell, he ordered his housekeeper to bring up his clean things, as he was going to dress, preparatory to starting for an annual ball given at the principal inn in the town, and at which all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood were to display their attractions.

"Directly, sir," replied the obsequious servant, and retired.

Meanwhile, Weevil began to practise his new steps, and try over some concerted phrases intended for the ear of the delectable Miss Jane Souggins, at the same time extending his hand in a right line from his heart to the looking glass, and grimacing in a manner which he concluded must be perfectly irresistible.

"I think that's a killer!" said he to himself.

"Oh! mercy on us!" cried the housekeeper, breaking in upon his physiological studies.

"Eh! what—is the house on fire?" demanded he.

"Worse nor that, sir," said the dame: "such a pickle—such a misfortune—who could ha' thought there was such a set of wicked people in the world? Only to think—"

"What is the matter?" demanded Weevil.

"The shirts, sir—frills, ruffles, and all—not one to put on! Every man John of them rolled in the mud. The poor mangle boy has been thrown down by some mischievous villain, and almost killed. His mother—poor dear old soul—has just been here, and is ready to cry her very eyes out."

Weevil whistled so loud, and long, and shrilly, that the housekeeper was startled; and when he calmly declared "that he must stay at home," the old woman retired—wondering at his equanimity!

Jesse Weevil, unfortunate as he was in his jokes, was no less so in his serious attempts. His whole career was one grand mistake! He eloped with a "sweet young lady" (no other than Miss Jane Snuggins) who was reported "to be a fortune," and he discovered when too late, that she was the portionless daughter of an extravagant insolvent. To add to his disappointment, Mrs. Weevil proved an incorrigible shrew, whose eloquent tongue annoyed him unceasingly.

Proud, however, of his boasted tact and abilities, Weevil resolved to tame her; and, after pondering for some months upon the subject, he resolved to put in force the following novel and extraordinary experiment.

Having purchased some white arsenic, "upon the paper of which was duly printed 'ARSENIC—POISON,'" he consigned the deleterious mineral to the flames, and replenished the envelope with white sugar. Watching his opportunity, when Mrs. Weevil was in her tantrums, he calmly proceeded to the cupboard, and pouring out a cup of milk, mixed up the sugar with it.

"Jane," cried he, in a melancholy tone, as he stirred up the potion with the fore-finger of his right hand,—"Jane, listen to me for a few short moments—I shall not long be a burthen to you."

His look and impressive manner silenced the storm. Quaffing the draught at one gulp, he cast the cup into the grate, and threw the paper upon the ground.

"What have you done?" shrieked Mrs. Weevil, snatching up the paper, and turning pale as marble.

"Poison!" muttered Jesse, with the most thrilling tragedy-look he could assume. He then buried his face in the sofa. A shriek, followed by an awful silence, ensued. Jesse ventured to peep between his fingers, expecting to see his rib extended on the hearth-rug in a swoon—but she had vanished.

"Where the dickens has she gone?" cried he, rising. "Jane!"—no answer. He rested upon his elbow, and listened. A trampling of many feet upon the stairs, roused him from his posture; and the next moment his better half rushed wildly into the room, followed by three men and the servant-maid.

"My dear Mr. Weevil," said the foremost gentleman in black, in whom Jesse recognised a neighbouring apothecary,—"what could have impelled you to this rash act?"

Weevil was really alarmed by the crowd which had so unexpectedly brought about him.

"What act?" demanded Weevil.

"You have swallowed poison!"

"Nonsense—nonsense—" said Weevil.

"Where is the cup, ma'am?"

"He has thrown it away," replied Mrs. Weevil: "but—here is the horrible paper!"

The apothecary looked at the paper, shook his head, and then looked significantly at his assistants, who immediately laid violent hands upon the disconcerted Weevil, and threw him at length upon the sofa.

"What are you about?" demanded Weevil, glaring wildly upon the medical operator, as he drew a stomach-pump from his coat pocket.

"You must submit, sir," said he: "in a case like this, I am bound to act with firmness. Resistance shall avail you nothing."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense—'pon my word, 't was only a joke—a mere ruse—don't be a fool," cried Jesse, struggling. "May I die if—"

The forcible introduction of the admirable machine put an end to further opposition. Weevil kicked and plunged in vain. The whole operation was speedily performed; and, feeble, spiritless and exhausted, the unfortunate patient was left extended upon the couch. The apothecary promised to send a composing draught immediately, and left him in the meanwhile to the tender care of his wife, who alternately wept and scolded, winding up her hysterical harangue with a bitter remark "upon his cruelty in wishing to leave her unprovided for."

PRINTING.

PRINTING is the art of producing impressions from characters or figures, moveable and immovable, on paper, linen, silk, &c. There are three kinds of printing; one from moveable letters, or stereotyped plates, for books; another from copper-plates for prints, and the last from blocks or wood-cuts. The first is called letter-press printing; the second rolling-press printing; and the third calico-printing. The principal difference between the three consists in this—that the first is cast in relieve in distinct pieces, the second engraved, and the third cut in relieve on the surface of wooden blocks.

The origin of printing is completely enveloped in mystery, and an art which commemorates all other inventions—which hands down to posterity every important event—which immortalises the discoveries of genius and the exploits of greatness—which has been the most effectual instrument in banishing the darkness and overturning the superstition of a bigoted age—and which, above all, continues to extend and diffuse the word of God to all mankind,—this very art has left its own origin in obscurity, and has given employment to the studies and researches of the most learned men in Europe to determine to whom the honour of its invention is due.

The art of printing combines such a number and variety of branches that it would be absurd to suppose any one could have invented the whole. In its present state of perfection, it is divided into eight or ten different kinds of manufactures; and, even in its most pristine state, must have required such an extensive acquaintance with mechanics, chemistry, and other branches of science, as would not be supposed to fall to the lot of any one or two men. The simple idea may have originated with a single individual, but a second person may have made such an important improvement as almost to eclipse the value of what his predecessor had accomplished. The honour of the invention has been appropriated to several places,—Mentz, Strasburg, Haarlem, Dordrecht, Venice, Rome, Florence, Basle, Augsburg, &c. Three only of these places, however, deserve any very serious consideration; viz. Haarlem, Mentz, and Strasburg. At the latter place many attempts appear to have been made towards the discovery and completion of the art by John Guttengberg; but as there is no evidence to show that he brought his experiments to bear in the publication of any work at Strasburg, nothing more need be said of this city.

Hadrian Janus, in his *Batavia*, which was published more than a century after the supposed invention of the art, assigns the honour of that invention to Laurence Coster, a native of Haarlem. The substance of the narration of Janus is as follows:—"It is now about a hundred and twenty years since Laurence Coster, of John, a citizen of Haarlem, and paragoned Coster, amused himself during his walks in the broad market city, with forming letters of the letters of the alphabet."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should gladly comply with the wishes of our Shrewsbury Correspondent, and insert the extract forwarded to us; but the opening of the establishment alluded to, occurred too long ago to warrant us in laying it before our readers.

Q in the corner is thanked for his letter. The Roman Catholics of the United Kingdom could not possibly feel offended at our allusions to the Roman Catholics of Italy, in the two articles just published in *The Teetotaler* under the head of *Italy*. We esteem and respect the Catholics of the United Kingdom, and invariably report the proceedings of their Teetotal Associations when sent to us. With regard to the remaining portions of *Q in the corner's* letter, we beg to inform him that other plates are to be given, Grates, with our Journal, when the present series is complete. We fear no competition, and are alarmed at no opposition on the part of the malignant enemies alluded to.

Mr. Mingay Syder's Letter on "BRANDY AND SALT" in our next.

E. F.'s rhymes are not correct. Let him look at the rules we laid down in the article entitled *Verification*.

NOTE.—A portion of our impression of last week was issued with NUMBER 25 instead of NUMBER 26 at the head of the Journal.

ERRATUM.—In the tale of *Angela and Angelo* fifth line from the commencement, read *deepest* instead of *desperate*.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1840.

In an account given, some days since, by the *Morning Herald*, of "The First of the Present Mayoralty-Dinners," it is stated that "a good deal of execution was done with the decanter by half-past ten o'clock;" and, in a speech relative to the birth of the princess, the LORD MAYOR is represented to have observed, in reference to an illumination to celebrate the event, that "those who could not sport their tallow-candles might, with equal loyalty, express their feelings over their pot of porter."

Thus, while so many thousands of disinterested and philanthropic individuals are exerting themselves to prevail upon the poorer classes to relinquish in toto the evil habit of intemperance, the first civic magistrate gives utterance to language calculated to render those strenuous endeavours abortive. And yet this same magistrate sits in judgment upon those unfortunate or degraded wretches who are brought before him, charged with having been found intoxicated in the streets or creating a disturbance in public-houses, and are punished by fine or imprisonment. Here is an authority, whose principal duty is to prevent, correct, or punish crime, absolutely encouraging the poorer classes to enter upon those very ways which, by a circuitous route, conduct them to his tribunal. If ever there were cause for public outcry against the deliberate wickedness or the deplorable ignorance of an individual, who is raised to an eminence the principal honours of which he imagines to consist in giving entertainments where "great execution may be done with the decanter,"—that occasion now exists in respect to the new Lord Mayor. By recommending an illumination, he manifested a selfish regard to his own interests, because he is himself a dispenser of oil and candles; but what purpose he had in view, when he gave utterance to the vulgar and demoralizing wish relative to the "sporting of the tallow-candles," and the "pots of porter," we cannot rightly understand. We should be sorry to imagine that sheer wickedness instigated him thus to propagate a recommendation to the people to partake of that liquor, which is one of the curses of the land; and we cannot suppose him to be so ignorant of the doctrines now professed by five millions of men, as not to know that the moderate use of strong drink of any kind leads to the abuse thereof. We neither envy the hearts nor the heads of those civic gentlemen, who imagined that there was so much cause for self-felicitation in the revival of those gluttonous feasts at the Mansion-house, "where so much execution is done with the decanter."

THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION was founded at the commencement of January, 1840; and the anniversary of its establishment is to be celebrated by a grand Members' Meeting at the Chapel, in Aldersgate Street, on Wednesday, the 21st of January, 1841. On this occasion it is expected that the worthy and esteemed President, Mr. BILTON, will take the chair. Measures will be adopted by the Executive and General Committees of the Association to ensure the attendance of the most able Advocates of the Teetotal cause upon this memorable occasion; and we have no doubt that all the real friends of the society, and of the glorious principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, will be present. For the honour of the great cause, and to convince the disciples of those drinking cus-

by means of which he printed upon paper some verses and short sentences, for the instruction of his grandchildren. With the assistance of his son-in-law Thomas, the son of Peter, he afterwards invented an ink more viscous and tenacious than common ink, which was found to blot and fill the letters: with this new ink, he printed in the Flemish language, the *Speculum Nostræ Salutis*—a work composed of images and letters. The leaves of this book being printed on one side, only the pages, which were left blank, were afterwards pasted together. After this, Coster abandoned the use of wooden letters, and adopted metal ones, forming them at first of lead, and latterly of tin, which metal is rather harder than the former. The great profits, which the inventor derived from this new art, induced him to increase his establishment, and, with this view, he took some workmen into his family. One of these was called John, surnamed Faust: and he, after having learnt the art of arranging and casting types, as well as all other matters relative to the art of printing, seized the opportunity of his master being at mass one Christmas eve to carry off all the types and implements used in the printing office. He went with his plunder to Amsterdam, in the first instance; then to Cologne, and finally settled at Mentz, where he established a printing-office!"

This account has been questioned by many writers of great eminence; and it certainly appears a most wonderful circumstance that no Dutch writer, nor any work of the fifteenth or of the beginning of the sixteenth century, has made the least mention of this fact.—not even the celebrated Erasmus, who from having been long at Rotterdam in the year 1467, could not have remained ignorant of so remarkable an event, and con so creditable to his native country. We must however believe that Lawrence Coster carried the art of printing from impressions cut upon blocks, to a greater extent, and applied it to a greater variety of purposes, than any person in Europe who had preceded him, though the merit of even this part of the art is not due to himself, but had been practised in many countries for centuries, especially in China, where it continues to the present day, with scarcely any variation or improvement.

It may be advisable to divide the progress of the art into four stages. The first was the mode of striking impressions from signets, seals, and other emblems cut on wood or other substances, the origin of which is totally lost in the ages of antiquity. The second stage is that which introduces us to the name and labours of Lawrence Coster, who applied this block-printing to the publications of books, and of which his *Speculum Nostræ Salutis* is said to be the first of his works. He may also have the merit of printing from separate wooden letters, cut so as to fit one another when composed together, with no doubt the small words of most frequent use cut upon one block, to save the time and labour of the compositor! This occurred between the year 1431 and 1443. The third stage of the art was the adoption of cut metal instead of wooden letters, which is doubtless to be traced to the labours of John Geinsfleisch, Junior, who was distinguished by the name of Gutenberg. This person, with the assistance of his father Geinsfleisch, the elder, first invented cut metal types, with which was printed the earliest edition of the Bible. This edition appeared in 1450; and the completion of it occupied seven or eight years. The fourth and last stage of the art which brought it to almost as high a state of perfection as it attained for two centuries afterwards, was the mode of casting types in matrices, which was invented by a servant of Gutenberg's of the name of Peter Schœffer. For this valuable service he was admitted into the family of his master, Faustus, and espoused one of his daughters. This Faustus was not the person who was supposed to have communication with his Satanic Majesty; that individual lived at a much earlier period than the printer.

In the year 1462, the city of Mentz was taken, plundered, and deprived of all its ancient rights and franchises; and the art of printing, in the general ruin, was made public, and quickly spread itself over a great part of Europe. Haarlem and Strasburg practised it very early; and thence it proceeded to Paris, to Rome, and to Constantinople, and to most of the principal towns on the continent.

The date, as well as the mode of its introduction into England is a subject involved almost in as much mystery as the original invention of the art. It was a constant opinion delivered down by our historians that the art of printing was introduced and first practised in England by William Caxton, a mercer and citizen of London, who, by his travels abroad, and a residence of many years in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, in the affairs of trade, had an opportunity of informing himself of the whole method and progress of the art, and by the encouragement of the great, and especially by the Abbot of Westminster, first set up a press in that Abbey, and began to print books soon after the year 1471. But a chronicle is in existence, bearing date of 1468, several years previous to Caxton's return from the continent, and printed from wooden types by Corseles. It is therefore doubtful to whom the honour of initiation, with respect to England, must be accorded.

It was not long before types were cast in other characters besides the ordinary Roman letters. In 1480 the Italian artist cast a set of Greek types, and the same ingenious artist also cast Hebrew characters. It was not until 1477 that titles were printed on detached leaves: titles

to chapters were first used in 1470. In the infancy of printing, capitals were not used in the beginning of sentences; there were no breaks or divisions in the pages: no stops were used save the full stop, and the types were of various sizes, so clumsily were they executed. Catch-words, and letters or figures at the bottom of the sheets, for the guidance of the binder, were also subsequent improvements.

In 1642 a Hebrew Bible was printed at Mantua, under the care of the most learned Jews in Italy. This Bible was not at that period known among the Christians in this country, nor perhaps in any other, though the nature of it is very extraordinary. The text is nearly the same with that in other modern editions; but at the bottom of each page are various readings, amounting on the whole to about two thousand, and many of them of great consequence, being collected from manuscripts, printed editions, copies of the Talmud, and the works of the most celebrated rabbies. In one of the notes is this remark:—"In several passages of the Hebrew Bible, the discrepancies are so many and so great, we know not which to fix upon as the true reading." Dr Kennicott declares that the first printed Bibles were far more correct than the latter ones; and thus the variations between the first edition printed in 1488, and Vander Hoot's of 1705, at Amsterdam, in 2 vols. 8vo., amount in the whole to above twelve hundred.

Printing presses were first made of wood; but by them an immense deal of time was lost. They are now of iron, and are so beautifully contrived that much labour and time are saved. The power of the iron press is almost incalculable at the time of making the impression, so admirably arranged are the levers. The late ingenious Earl Stanhope effected several important reformations in the press; and his improvements have contributed materially to the excellence and beauty of the workmanship. Passing from these simple machines, we must now mention a new species of invention—the steam-press: the wildest flights of Persian fiction would scarcely have been considered more incompatible with the results of sober science, than would the productions of this extraordinary instrument, if they had been described prior to the commencement of the present century. This machine self-inks the types, supplies the paper, and prints the sheets at one operation. To convey some notion of the extraordinary speed of this machine, it may be enough to state that two strong men working with the ordinary printing-press can only complete one thousand copies of *The Teetotaler* in a day, whereas the steam-press, by which it is printed, will perfect ten thousand in half that time.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

By Mrs. Reynolds.

When through th' expanse of heav'n the thunders roll,
And the fork'd lightning flashes o'er the main;
When the floods sweep the hamlet from the plain,
And Nature seems convuls'd from pole to pole;
And when the forest bends beneath the blast,
That like the desert-hurricane sweeps by;
'Tis then the reminiscence of the past,
Aray'd in terror, meets the sinner's eye;
While his imagination ponders o'er
The deeds of former days, and marks the time
Stain'd with the memory of a hundred crimes,
For which he ne'er was penitent before.—
Oh! in such hour, the guiltless martyr's doom
Were enviable for him who fears the tomb!

THE BONNIE LASSIE.

By Matt. Micah.

Oh! met ye Mary in the glen?
Then have ye seen the dearest lassie?
An' little care I wad may ken,
To me she's the sincerest lassie!
Her cheek o' bloom, and e'e o' light—
Was e'er the like in onie lassie?
By a' that charms the soul and sight,
My Mary is a bonnie lassie!
Sae sweet as summer's morning smile,
As gentle as its eve, my lassie;
An' friends may frown, an' wealth may wile,
But never make me leave my lassie!
By ilka grace o' mien and mind,
That e'er e'er evall'd onie lassie,
Oh! she's the wale o' womankind,—
My Mary love, my bonnie lassie!

A LYRIC OF HIGH-LIFE.

By Thomas Ryan.

We're just come to town for the season:
Next Thursday we give a grand rout—
The week after, an Exquisite's ball,
At which I am sure to come out.
Last winter my sister Augustus
A sleight and a common-place girl,
By the aid of my dext'rous mamma,
Manœuvred, and married an earl.
My ma, and some wisdom-fraught mother,
Have made out a list, quite complete,
Of younger and portentious brothers
We're certain in "high life" to meet.
I know, from these names, whom to shun,
And whom to be bippant and pert with;
Mamma, too, has mark'd every one
Whom 'tis fit I should ogle and flirt with.
My fortune, 'tis true, is a trifle—
Of the real-rob but little remains;
But then I am highly accomplished,
And I've very high blood in my veins.
My hopes are, at least, to secure
Some dandy of wealth, rank, or station,
Who has gain'd a delightful estate
By his pot-p at the last Coronation!

toms, which have proved so fatal to so many millions of individuals, that the army of staunch Teetotalers is divided into numberless powerful and important sections, we entreat the members of the United Temperance Association to attend this meeting; and we shall then put to a fair test the superiority of the Teetotal legion over the publican's phalanx. The enemy is active and strenuous in its exertions to defend the strongholds of tyranny and vice; and, as all the legitimate means of opposition have failed, it is exercising the most degrading and iniquitous measures—not to reconquer its arbitrary sway over the habits of millions, because *that* it knows to be impossible—but to prevent farther desertions from its ranks. In common parlance, the publicans are adding to their establishments every attraction calculated to impose upon the weak-minded and the credulous. Bands of music are procured for their parlours, and flaming placards are posted at their doors, announcing the attendance of "eminent vocalists." They are patronizing anti-teetotal lectures, and purchasing large numbers of anti-teetotal publications. They take every opportunity to abuse the votaries of the principle that is rapidly undermining their trade; and, while they strive to conceal the ruin that menaces their dens from those who frequent them, they cannot close their own eyes to the too-palpable fact. Each day are numbers of their establishments closed; and each day do they find it necessary to increase the practice of adulterating their liquors. It is, therefore, natural that men in so desperate a situation should have recourse to the most probable means to avert the impending blow; and their natures, which are thoroughly degraded and debased by their dishonest, murderous, and immoral trade, do not experience the least compunction as to the species of the measures to be adopted. For these reasons the Teetotalers should arm themselves for the fight with more alacrity and courage than ever: they should look upon past advantages as the prognostics of future success, and as proofs of the righteousness of their cause; they should not now relax in their exertions because they have already accomplished much, for *much* yet remains to be done; and they should remember that many a campaign in real warfare has terminated unfortunately, because the victors in the first instance have neglected to follow up their advantages. No Fabian system of campaigning will now suffice for the interests of Teetotalism; we must not be content with merely watching the motions of the enemy, and of attacking when we ourselves are attacked; but, in imitation of the tactics adopted by NAPOLEON, we must beat the enemy in detail. The defeat of one squadron should be immediately followed up by an assault upon the next; and by these active and unwearied measures, we cannot fail to accomplish all our ends.

The greatest source of delight to the publicans and their supporters, is the indifferent attendance at any Teetotal meeting-house which once was filled. This must not be the case upon the 21st of January, 1841, when the anniversary of the establishment of the United Temperance Association is to be celebrated.

One of the principal features in the English character is the extreme tenacity with which ancient prejudices are adhered to. We may daily hear men declaiming most violently against foreign institutions and customs; and if the cavillers be questioned relative to the grounds on which they found their objections, they are totally incapable of returning an efficient reason. They have never visited the country against which their invectives are levelled; and if they have sought to enlarge their minds upon the subject by consulting books, they have most probably referred to those which were written by individuals as prejudiced or as ignorant as themselves. These observations apply equally to the opponents of Teetotalism. These opponents are for the most part totally unacquainted with the nature of the arguments adduced by the friends of this great doctrine; and they prejudice the question upon a consideration of what they conceive to be its fundamental principle. The idea that alcoholic drinks can be either strengthening or nutritious, is an absurdity that no one would attempt to support, were he conversant with the nature of alcohol itself; and to attempt to defend the use of intoxicating liquors on the score that our ancestors partook of them, is to argue against the possibility of new discoveries either in mat-

ters of science or morals. Our ancestors believed in the Ptolemaean system of astronomy; viz. that the earth was flat and that the sun moved round it: and the doctrines of Copernicus, who taught that the earth was round and revolved round the sun, were opposed on the ground that such a belief contradicted the account of the miracle performed by Joshua, and related in the Old Testament. In the same way do the enemies to Teetotalism exclaim against us, founding their objections upon the presumed fact that our SAVIOUR sanctioned the use of fermented wine. Now, with respect to the miracle performed by Joshua, we may observe that, as the Jews at that time believed that the earth was stationary and that the sun revolved round it, Joshua spoke in terms which they comprehended, and which were consonant with their belief. With regard to the presumed sanction given by our SAVIOUR to the use of fermented wine, we have two replies to make to the assertion:—I. We believe that there is sufficient evidence to show that the wines of the Hebrews were generally un-fermented, and consequently not intoxicating; whereas there is no testimony to support the idea that our SAVIOUR in any way sanctioned the use of fermented wine;—and II. We believe that a system, which, like Teetotalism, has the reformation of the world in view, must be consonant with the doctrines of Christianity. Deeply rooted must be that prejudice against the salutary principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, which could find a justification for its own existence in the belief that the extirpation of a crying evil is contrary to the doctrines of Christianity!

ANGELA AND ANGELO:

OR THE ITALIAN SISTERS.

(Concluded.)

"In the morning the Count took his farewell of me at the carriage door, and as he touched my forehead with a paternal kiss, I saw that a tear stood in the old man's eyes, as though some prophetic spirit had whispered in his ear, 'Never shalt thou see her again as now she is, but wronged and lost, a sacrifice and a shame!'"

"In the evening of the second day I found myself within two leagues of Florence, and another hour brought me to the palace gates. I leapt from the carriage with a breast full of joy, and hastened to the room where my childhood had been nursed and my girlhood developed. No one was there, but, looking from the window into the garden, I perceived my sister and Angelo issuing from the arbour at the extremity of the great walk. They were hand in hand! Eudocia suddenly stopped, took a rose from her bosom and placed it on his breast, with a look of admiring pride, which he returned with a passive smile; and as they approached the fountain I concealed myself to surprise them. Nothing did I feel then of jealousy, not a thought, or the shadow of a suspicion; but my blood turned cold in my veins when, as I then entered the room, I observed Angelo's arm was encircling Eudocia's waist! I then heard her, yes, *her*, addressing him in the tender language of love. They started when they saw me, and a flush mounted into Angelo's cheek; but, after the first moment, Eudocia seemed unmoved. Could I have been mistaken? Might I be misconstruing the easy familiarity of friends? I feared to believe, and believed not. I would not believe that he was false, it could not be. I arose and ran to him, but the smile, the look, were not the same; some wizard's charm was upon him, he spoke, but his voice unkindly turned; and a cloud immediately passed athwart the heaven of my hopes.

"What was the issue? Nature that adapts all senseless things unto their uses, and all creatures to their climes, leaves, more or less, the development of the human mind and the feelings and the passions of mortals to the influence of that power which we name circumstance. In me the whole tenor of my soul was turned by this one decree of fate; and in one night the golden tresses of my youthful joys were grey and withered. I was as gentle in my disposition as the fawn in the wood; I became more desperate and more implacable than the tigress of the waste. I was calm and timid; I became restless and thoughtful. I was sensitive and fond; I became bitter and revengeful.

"The pitiless Eudocia pursued her triumph with remorseless diligence. The appearance of continued affection was soon thrown off by the betrayed and thoughtless Angelo. The cruel eyes and wicked heart of my sister had bound him to injustice, and though he struggled to relieve by temporary declarations of his unaltered love the wound his fond deceit had caused, he was caught in her net, and to recover himself was impossible.

But not long, not long, can the afflicted bosom hush up its wrongs, nor can philosophy find a healing anodyne for a broken spirit. In the day time, I wandered to and fro, like a creature bereft of her young; and so was I bereft, for the dear children of my heart,

were perished and torn from me. At night no sleep visited my eyes; or as a shadow of slumber passed across my senses, there arose but a vision of vanished happiness. Many were the times that the perfidy of the once loved Angelo was too palpably manifested to afford the meanest foundation for a doubt; and Eudocia on her part delighted to multiply those occasions, as frequently and effectively, as her wretched artifice could devise.

"But little was wanting now to complete the ruin of all I had ever hoped of love and joy, and it was soon afforded me. You know behind the palace is a fair and verdant grove, and there, when I was happy, did Angelo and I wander together, on many a sweet and joyous day. With slow steps and mournful I would through the shadowy trees, stopping here and there, I knew not why, filled with sad thoughts and melancholy. Through the green alleys and tangled boughs, I still went on, when my ears were saluted with the sound of a woman's voice: I heard Eudocia speak in a subdued tone, and Angelo reply.

"'Angelo does not love me, then; he does not love me now,' said Eudocia, in a tone of happy fondness. 'Where are his smiles, his looks, and kindness? Is he angry? Oh! now he is kind again. Those eyes! what joy to gaze on them.'

"'How greater far the joy to gaze on thine,' replied Angelo. 'Eudocia knows what tyranny she bears in both, a double despotism of two such beautiful sovereigns, so fair, and lovely, that to be free, were to be worse than dead.'

"'As last night, I sat at my window,' proceeded Eudocia, 'gazing upward at the moon, I was suddenly startled by a noise, and thought I heard your voice, Angelo; I called to you, and besought you to fly for my honour's sake. I paused for an answer, but the soft breeze sweeping through the grove was the only reply. —It was not you, Angelo, was it?'"

"Angelo hesitated for a moment, and seemed to smile: I marked his guilt, and my face burnt with shame and indignation.

"'And if it had been, Eudocia,' said Angelo, 'would you not have screened me from the swords of the vile vassals who might have set upon me?'"

"'I have often returned later, and gazed up to your windows, and sighed, he continued; 'but Eudocia was lost in dreams, in which Angelo was partially forgotten.'

"'Ah, Angelo, do you not think Eudocia loves you? What makes her love you so? Did she love you less, she were perhaps more happy.'

"I then heard an appointment given and arranged. How I reached the palace I know not, for I was bewildered. My mother met me and remarked how pale I looked.

"The night was fair and beautiful, as soft and as serene as my spirit was dark. I looked around me, and all things seemed to mock me with indifference and calmness. But a tempest tore my agitated bosom, my brain was hot as melted lead, and I wandered forth to cool my brow, but the sod burnt beneath my feet and I fell upon the earth. Heaven! what vision oppressed my spirit! I saw, or thought I saw, Angelo stealing through the branches. I turned towards Eudocia's window; and she beckoned him, and whispered, and smiled. I then saw her in his arms! My bosom was on fire: I leapt from the ground, and, seizing a dagger from my vest where I had concealed it, hastened to her room. I knocked, there was no reply. —Again I knocked, her voice spoke, and I answered her.

"'Who is there?'"

"'It is I.'

"'Angela?'"

"'The same, admit me;' and I heard her mutter something indistinctly within.

"'Nay, Eudocia, do not deny me,' I cried; 'though the door between us were of ten-inch iron, I would reach you;' and with the energy of madness, I burst open the door and stood before her.

"'Where is he?' I exclaimed: 'where is he? You have hidden him, but you shall not escape me.'

"'What, what?' she cried. 'Of whom speak you? Heavens! I do not look so wildly on me, Angela. What have you there?'"

"'Revenge!' I answered: 'and it shall reach you. —You have seen him to-night, here.'

"'Who, who?' she cried.

"'Angelo, Angelo, my Angelo,—mine no more,' were my words, and the blood seemed bursting from my temples. 'Where is he?'"

"'Mercy!' she shrieked; 'are you mad, sister?'"

"'Am I mad, ask ye? Yes, I am mad. Have I not cause. Ask of my widowed heart where is its comfort, peace? Yes, I am mad,—I am,—I am;—and I flew towards her with the poniard in my hand. She ran from me, but I was resolved. Madness was in my brain; and I plunged the weapon straight into her breast. She screamed and fell. Her child awoke but never more should it draw life from its mother's breast! A few minutes passed, and she was silent. Her eyes began to lose their lustre, and her cheek grew pale, her lips trembled, her hands were clenched, her breath came quick and irregularly, and her low sighs grew weaker and more weak. Another moment and she was gone.

"'Miserable! miserable!' I exclaimed, and flinging my-

self upon the body, I swooned, and fell into forgetfulness of all things.

"How long I remained in that state of mental torpor I know not; but the first sense of returning life and apprehension was awakened by the repetition of the name of Eudocia. I heard a voice call Eudocia thrice. It struck upon my soul like the elegy of one departed, or the voice of sorrow for one that is afar off. I heard, and I was not deceived. It was Angelo.

"Eudocia, Eudocia!" he called in a subdued tone; and the whole truth rushed across my mind, and a new source of retribution suggested itself to my tormented spirit.

"Who is it?" I whispered from the window.

"Angelo," he answered; "it is I, Eudocia, I have been long calling to you, but you have not heard."

"I have," I replied, "but I, dared not come to you before. There is a stir in the house, hide yourself behind yonder tree, and in a moment—"

My voice was hushed in my throat, and I could say no more. My bosom was torn with anguish; and, turning from the window, I raised Eudocia's body in my arms, and stretched it upon the couch. The blood came trickling cold upon my bosom as I laid it upon the bed. I then parted the tresses over her brow, and drew the sheet upon her. The tears fell rapidly from my eyes, as I performed these sad offices, and my heart swelled to bursting within me. But I soon became collected and calm. I was moved by some inward spring,—I know not what.

"Eudocia," cried Angelo again.

"I come," I whispered; "one moment." But Angelo leapt up to the balcony of the window. I seized the curtain, drew it over him, and thus hid the rays of the moon that fell direct into the chamber. He held my hand, and kissed it: but a statue had been more fervent and more glad than I.

"My sweet Eudocia," said Angelo, "how you tremble."

"It is with joy," I replied.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, dear—" I could not pronounce his name. "But hark! some one stirs." I added. "Heaven send it be not Angela, she sleeps in a chamber near."

Angelo was silent, and I thought I heard a faint sigh break from his bosom.

"Angela!" he said at length, "Is she so near?"

"A breath will reach her. Poor thing! she sleeps but lightly, as they do all whose hearts have been betrayed."

"Why speak you of her?" he said with vexation, "your love, Eudocia, at least is mine?"

"But how soon may it be lost! how soon!" were my words. "When you reflect on whom you have set your affection,—from whom withdrawn it; when you consider how bound I am by the oaths of wedlock, and how I thus am perjured: may you not, and will you not turn from me, in disgust at a being so poor and valueless, cast me away, and hate me, as now you love?"

"I never will," he replied.

"Then we will love each other marvellously well."

"I perceived that he was alarmed. He began to feel it was not Eudocia who addressed him; and he startled when I placed my hand upon his arm.

"Why do you shrink?" I resumed. "Will you not let me love you? I see! your heart is still with Angela."

"Why do you torture me?" exclaimed he: "would that I were away!"

"What! from your own Eudocia?" I said, "A! I see that you love me not!"

"Away!" he cried, "do not approach me. My mind is haunted by a hundred fearful thoughts. Who art thou?"

"I am thine own," I answered, "she who has broken a sister's heart! Angelo, behold!" and I led him to the couch. "Stoop and kiss her frozen lips. Thus, and in this posture, doth she await you," and I drew the curtain aside, and the moon fell direct upon Eudocia's face. "There, there," I cried, "clasp her to your heart, for she is yours—and Angela is avenged!"

"Heaven's!" cried the traitor, "what a sight is this! Blood! who has done it?"

"I!" was the answer. "Thou knowest not with what fatal certainty the passions may be warped into despair!"

And how did Angela die? My foot had scarcely retired from the gate of the jail when a person in the habit of a priest presented himself at the wicket, and, with a blessing upon the poor inmates of the place, desired to be shewn to Angela's cell. A rosary hung from his neck, and though young, his face wore the traces of thought and rigid piety; and they led him, at his request, to Angela's dungeon.

"Heaven prosper your holy duties," said the warder, closing the door behind him.

An hour elapsed, and the weary warder was slumbering on his bench; but starting up suddenly, he took his keys, hastened along the echoing gallery, and drawing the bolt, entered the cell, where such a sight was presented to him, that even his obdurate

bosom shuddered; and for an instant he stood dumb with amazement!

Side by side lay two bodies, dead but scarcely cold. The one was Angela, the other Angelo. On a table was a phial, the fatal contents of which had frozen the currents of life; and with that pardon which their clenched hands betokened, they had expired, forgiving—but unforgotten! Their lips were black with the poisonous juice; but their features were unmoved, save by a soft smile that lived amid the ruin of their mortality, like a rose in a charnel-house, the mockery of death!

For myself, erring and evil, I can only wish rest to them. To judge is not for me. To breathe the tender tones of charity; to smooth the angry jars of nature; to wipe away the tear of suffering, are man's best ministrations, and be they mine!

PICA.

TO THE RECLAIMED DRUNKARD.

MAN of Temperance! you have done much. You have achieved a conquest over passion, and a deliverance from the power of lust. Having thus defeated the desires of the flesh, and established the supremacy of your mind over the cravings of appetite, you prove yourself to be an intelligent being. Although you have done much, you have far more to do. Standing now upon higher ground than you did formerly, it becomes you to act in a way befitting your exalted position. There was a time in which you were regardless of yourself and others; and then how many duties were neglected! Seek not to forget your former days:—look at them well; and from such retrospection as this you will gather new strength for the contest with passion, and acquire renewed hope for victory. Look at the past; and, as you look, mourn over the follies of that epoch. The heavy clouds of darkness rest upon that night: but now that the light of morn has dawned upon your path, thank Heaven for your blessings, and spend your day well. Never let it be seen that conquest over one evil has rendered you careless to the existence of others. Remember the past; and let your future life in some measure atone for your former transgressions.

Many are now looking upon you: they expect something good from the man who has dared the frowns and ridicule of the world in the cause of virtue. Much is expected from you!

Remember the sufferings your wife has endured on your account. Call to mind her watchings, her anxieties, her tears, her wants. Think how you have embittered her past hours and her past thoughts. How oft have you excited her brain almost to madness! Have you not debased her noble faculties, blunted the feelings of her heart, and made almost a ruin of her nature? Such has been the influence of your conduct. You are now a reclaimed and sober man! O, how much have you to do! Raise up that fallen creature—strive to awaken her soul from the torpor into which it has fallen, converse with her rationally, that her reasoning powers may be exercised—lead her to feel herself a being that shall live for ever! If Temperance have brought you to receive the holy truths of Christianity, labour earnestly that your partner may know their ennobling influence. Inspire her with a longing after more enduring joys and happier hours than earth can yield. But this is not all: let tenderness and real affection henceforth be exercised towards her. If you have caused a wrinkle to appear upon her brow, strive to smooth it down again. Should she occasionally give proofs of the sadness of her spirit, or the harshness of her temper, believe yourself the cause, and let your smiles dispel the rising cloud. Perhaps the spring and summer of her life have been like winter to her troubled breast; let then the autumn of her days be passed in peace, serenity, and happiness.

In your selfish days your children were neglected. The morning shed no smiles upon them; and the evening had no joys. The eye that should have watched them, the hand that should have guarded them, the lips that should have taught them, were otherwise engaged. Perform now your duty. If they fly your presence and your counsels, be not harsh with them, but win them by your kindness into confidence again. Watch over their morals, neglect not the cultivation of their minds—personally examine into the character of the schools in your neighbourhood, that your children may receive an effective and useful education. How much pleasure have you lost in forsaking the society of your little ones! Be with them more frequently: their artless language will afford you continual delight, and the gradual development of their minds will produce pleasure in your heart. Be much at home—look after the little wants of your family—and, above all, remember your exalted position as the head of a household. Great are your responsibilities. The future and the eternal destiny of your offspring depends upon your conduct towards them.

Your friends have been degraded by your late conduct. Take every opportunity of showing your affection towards them, and your sympathy in all their circumstances. They expect that, by the future rectitude of your conduct, you will confer honour upon your name and connexions. They have a right to expect this. Seek, therefore, the elevation of your mind by knowledge. Read works calculated to strengthen your intellect, and improve your heart.

Your neighbours once beheld you in a state of fool-

ishness and recklessness: may they now perceive wisdom, humanity, and uprightness in your conduct. They know that you have placed yourself beneath the banner of Temperance, and they expect from you great things. An unflinching adherence to honesty, a faithful performance of the duties of social life, and an affectionate earnestness for the well-being of others, must be exhibited in the sight of all men. Regard your erring and unheeding neighbours with an eye of pity, and use strenuous efforts to awaken them from their state of self-degradation. Bear with their unkind remarks, and strive to release them from the thralldom of their prejudices. Let your language toward them be the language of friendship and persuasion, not of ridicule and reproach. Then will the expectations of your neighbours be realized; and, while your conduct will excite their admiration, your principles will receive their attention and respect.

For a long period you were an obstacle to the improvement of society. As an individual, you opposed, by your conduct, the progress of virtue; and, the influence of your example hindered the labours of philanthropists. But you have now cast aside the shackles of slavery, and stand forth a free, unfettered man. You have gained a victory—a glorious victory, over the tyranny of maddened passions. Now, therefore, your country expects much from you. You are called upon to aid the cause of benevolence, to assist in the work of ameliorating the woes of your fellows, and to spread around you light, liberty, and peace. You owe this to society: you have to retrieve your past folly and neglect. You, who have so often been a source of disquietude to good men, are now called upon to join the ranks of these, who seek to bless their fellow-subjects with knowledge and happiness. Awake! and put on your strength! Be a zealous advocate for truth and Temperance. Seek not merely to make your countrymen sober men, but good men. He is the true patriot who is actively employed in bringing peace and comfort to the dwellings of his countrymen. Up, then, and be diligent in your labours for the good of mankind.

A LOVER OF MAN.

LATUDE'S ESCAPES FROM VINCENNES AND THE BASTILLE.

A SILLY attempt at imposition upon the Marquise de Pompadour plunged Latude, at the age of five-and-twenty, into the dungeons of the Bastille. There he was lodged in the Tour du Coin. The day after his incarceration, Latude was interrogated by the Lieutenant of police; and so deeply did the prisoner work upon the feelings of that functionary, that his sufferings were alleviated by the society of a comrade, a Jew of the name of Abuzaglio, whom the lieutenant suffered to dwell in the same apartment with him. A close friendship speedily sprang up between the fellow-prisoners; and as both had more or less hopes of liberation at an early period, they mutually agreed that the one who should first taste the delights of freedom, should immediately exert his influence in favour of the other. Four months elapsed; and Latude was one morning informed that he was free. Abuzaglio embraced him, and conjured him to remember his promise. But no sooner had the joyful Latude crossed the threshold of his prison when he was told that he was only going to be removed to Vincennes. Abuzaglio was liberated shortly after; but, believing that Latude was free and had broken his word, he ceased to take an interest in his fate.

Latude, on his part, believing that Abuzaglio had forgotten his engagement, determined to effect his escape from an imprisonment which the Marchioness of Pompadour destined to be perpetual. No less than nine long weary months passed away, ere he could find the opportunity. The moment at length arrived. One of his fellow-prisoners, an ecclesiastic, was frequently visited by an abbé; and this circumstance he made the basis of his project. To succeed it was necessary for him to elude the vigilance of two turnkeys, who guarded him when he walked, and of four sentinels, who watched at the outer doors—and this was no easy matter. Of the turnkeys, one often waited in the garden, while the other went to fetch the prisoner. Latude began by accustoming the second turnkey to see him hurry down stairs and join the first in the garden. When the day came on which he was determined to escape, he, as usual, passed rapidly down the stairs without exciting any suspicion, his keeper having no doubt that he should find him in the garden. At the bottom was a door which he hastily bolted, to prevent the second turnkey from giving the alarm to his companion. Successful thus far, he knocked at the gate which led out of the castle. It was opened; and, with an appearance of much eagerness, he asked for the Abbé, and was answered that the sentinel had not seen him. "Our priest has been waiting for him in the garden more than two hours and a half," exclaimed Latude; "I have been running after him in all directions, to no purpose. But, egad! he shall pay me for my running!" The sentinel and door-keeper, thinking that he was a lackey employed at the convent in the vicinity, allowed him to pass. He repeated the same enquiry to the three other sentinels, received similar answers, and at last found himself beyond the prison-walls. Avoiding as much as possible the high road, he traversed the fields and vineyards, and finally reached Paris, where he shut himself up in a retired lodging.

From that seclusion he addressed a petition to the

King, acknowledged his fault, humbly solicited pardon, and mentioned the place of his concealment. But instead of experiencing the clemency he so fondly anticipated, he was again arrested and consigned to the Bastille. At the expiration of about a couple of years, he was once more allowed the society of a fellow-captive; and, as on the former occasion, a perfect communion of feeling instantaneously sprung up between them. Circumstances soon convinced them that Madame Pompadour was inexorable; and in spite of the almost insuperable difficulties to be overcome, the two friends resolved upon effecting their escape. In order to do this, they must either pass through gates ten-fold guarded; or else ascend, through the strogly-grated chimney, to the top of the tower in which they were confined—descend from that dizzy height of more than a hundred and fifty feet, into the ditch—and then break through the outer wall, in order to obtain their liberty. Great were the dangers to be encountered; but Latude and Dalégre trusted to time and perseverance, the efficacy of which has often been proved.

The first step towards the execution of their scheme was to discover a proper hiding place for the tools and materials which must be employed. Circumstances soon convinced Latude that there was a hollow space between the floor of his chamber and the ceiling of the one immediately beneath; and calculation enabled him to ascertain that the depth of that vacuum was from four to five feet and a half. There, then, was sufficient room to conceal their implements. "But of what were those implements to consist?" Such was the question of Dalégre,—and such doubtless is the interrogatory of our readers.—"What!" replied Latude; "have I not in my trunk a vast quantity of linen—nearly fourteen dozen shirts—many napkins, stockings, night-caps, and other articles? Will not these supply us? We will unravel them, and shall have abundance of rope."

The first attempt at tool-manufacturing upon which the two prisoners entered, and to which they devoted all their energies both moral and physical, was to extract two hooks from a folding-table, and grind them to an edge on the tiled floor. They had converted a portion of the steel of their tinder-box into a knife; and with that useful instrument they made handles for their hooks, by which latter agency the tiles of the room were shortly raised; and it was thereby ascertained that Latude's calculations relative to the vacant space were correct. The threads of two shirts were then drawn out, one by one, tied together, wound into small balls, and subsequently formed into two larger balls, each composed of fifty threads, sixty feet in length. These were ultimately twisted into a rope, from which was made a ladder of twenty feet long, intended to support the captives, while they extracted the bars by which the chimney was closed. Six months of unremitting toil were bestowed upon this single object.

Having opened the passage up the chimney, they proceeded to construct the ladders. Their fuel, which was in logs of about eighteen or twenty inches long, supplied the rounds for the rope-ladder by which they were to descend from the tower, and the whole of that by which they were to scale the outer wall. More tools being required to cut the wood, Latude converted an iron candlestick into a saw, by notching it with the remaining half of the steel belonging to the tinder-box. To this implement he afterwards added others. They then set to work on their wooden ladder, which it was necessary to make of the length of about five and twenty feet. It had only one upright, three inches in diameter, through which the rounds passed, each round projecting six inches on either side. The pieces of which it consisted, were joined together by fixing one end into the space cut out of another, and each joint was fastened by two pegs to keep the whole perpendicular. As fast as the pieces were finished, the rounds were tied to them with a string, that no mistake might occur when they were put together in the dark. They were then carefully concealed in the space under the floor.

It now remained for them to make the principal rope ladder. This was an arduous and almost endless task, as it was more than a hundred and eighty feet long, and consequently double that length of rope was required. Latude however commenced his enterprising work by unravelling all his linen, and when he had thus acquired a sufficient quantity of threads, he and Dalégre employed themselves in twisting them into ropes. To be brief, the whole of their manufacture amounted to more than fourteen hundred feet of rope, and the preparation of this and other materials essentially necessary to ensure the practicability of their flight, occupied another year and a half. Such perseverance, ingenuity, and almost unparalleled courage, were indeed deserving of eventual success.

All was now prepared for their flight, and they had only to decide upon the day for attempting their hazardous enterprise. The 25th of February, 1756, was the day which they chose. A portmanteau was filled with a change of cloths; the rounds were fastened into the rope-ladder, the wooden ladder was got ready, the two crow-bars were put into linen cases to prevent them clanging, for they knew that they should have to work in the water, on account of local circumstances. The Seine had overflowed, and at that moment there were from four to five feet of water in the moat of the Bastille, and ice was floating upon it.

Latude was the first to commence the perilous un-

dertaking. With pain and difficulty he clambered up the chimney, and, on his arrival at the summit, let down a rope by means of which he drew up the ladders, portmanteaus, ropes, and other implements fabricated for the occasion. Dalégre shortly followed his friend, and in a few moments, they breathed together the fresh air of heaven on the platform of the Bastille.

As the Tourd Tresor appeared to be the most favourable for their descent, they carried their apparatus thither. One end of the rope was made fast to a cannon, and the other was gently let down. The safety rope was next passed through a firmly fixed block, and it was tied securely round the body of Latude. The daring adventurer now recommenced his fearful descent of more than fifty yards, Dalégre meanwhile slowly letting out the rope. It was well that they had taken this precaution, for at every step that he took, Latude swung so violent in the air that it is probable he would have lost his hold, had not the safety rope given him confidence. In a few moments, which must however have seemed hours, he reached the ditch unhurt. The portmanteau and the other effects were then lowered to him, and he placed them upon a spot to which the water had not risen.—Dalégre himself followed, and, as Latude applied all his strength, to steady the ladder, the descent of his companion was effected with less annoyance and hazard than his own had been. As they heard a sentinel pacing along at the distance of ten yards, they were compelled to relinquish the scheme of climbing the parapet, which they had still cherished a hope of carrying into execution. There was therefore no resource but to break a hole through the wall. They accordingly crossed the ditch of the Bastille, to the spot where the wall separated it from that of Porte Saint Antoine. Unluckily the ditch had been deepened here, and the water on which ice was floating, was up to their arm pits. They nevertheless set to work with a vigour which can only be inspired by circumstances, like those under which they were placed. Scarcely had they begun, when, about twelve feet above their heads they saw lights cast upon them, from a lantern carried by a patrol-major: they were compelled instantly to put their heads under water, and this they had to do several times in the course of the night. The wall at which they were working was a yard and a half in thickness, so that although they plied their crow-bars without intermission, they were nine mortal hours in making a hole of sufficient size for them to creep through. Their task was at length achieved: they passed through the aperture, and were speedily beyond the walls of their prison. But at the moment of exultation, they had a narrow escape from perishing. In their way to the road by which they were to go, there was an aqueduct: it was not more than six feet wide, but it had ten feet of water and two of mud. Into this they stumbled. Fortunately, Latude did not lose his upright position, having shaken off his companion, who had mechanically grasped him, he scrambled up the bank, and then drew out Dalégre by the hair of his head.

The clock struck five as they entered the high road.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

COVENTRY.

In a recent number of *The Teetotaler* we published an account of a disturbance which was created at Coventry, and, since that period we have received a letter from Mr. THOMAS MACLEAN, the individual principally complained of, which communication sets us right in several points. We concluded, from the report forwarded to us, that this Mr. MACLEAN got up an anti-teetotal meeting, whereas we find that he has been a staunch Teetotaler for upwards of five years. It was this wrong impression which induced us to vituperate, in the strongest terms, the supposed conduct of a man who had experienced such beneficial results from the principle of Total Abstinence. We now deeply regret having made use of the language in which we clothed an account of his conduct, and, by way of convincing him of our impartiality, shall publish the following extract from his own printed circular:—"At the conclusion of the meeting held in the Mechanics' Institution, on Tuesday evening, November 10, 1840, I there informed the audience that I had assisted in the formation of a second Total Abstinence Society, on account of the misapplication of the public money on the part of the Committee of the pre-existing association. I have now stood before the public for five years in the character of a Temperance Advocate, and, I trust, unspotted before the world, as every disinterested individual will admit."

Signed,
T. MACLEAN."

We make no comment on the cause of dispute, inasmuch as we do not wish to interfere with local dissensions: we have merely made the above observations from a sense of duty incumbent upon impartial journalists.

SHREWSBURY.

The greater portion of the members of the Mechanics' Institution of this place consists of Teetotalers. The lectures, which have lately been delivered there, have been devoted to Electricity and Galvanism. Our

correspondent at Shrewsbury commences his last communication with the following admirable remarks:—

"Destroy the national appetite for intoxicating drinks, and the national propensity for assembling at those places where they are vended, by affording elsewhere amusement and instruction of the most elevated kind, and then we may say good bye to the blazing gin shop lamp, the large plate glass squares in the windows, their costly mahogany doors, and the other gorgeous attractions. Boz has humourously alluded to the lying inconsistency of many of the Metropolitan publicans in thus puffing the wonderful magnitude of their stock and trade.—'In the lower windows which were decorated with curtains of saffron hue, dangled 2 or 3 painted cards, bearing reference to Devonshire Cider and Dantzic Spruce, while a large black board, announcing in white letters to an enlightened public, that there were 500,000 barrels of double stout in the cellars of the establishment, left the mind in a state of not unpleasant doubt and uncertainty as to the precise direction in the bowels of the earth in which this mighty concern might be supposed to extend.' The prodigality of the Kings of the Gin Palaces is perfectly ridiculous, but we hope that the fall of their palaces and their application to better and more rational purposes, are near at hand."

LEADS, YORK, LINCOLN, &c.

Very great pleasure has been caused to the friends of Temperance in the large towns of the north, by a series of scientific and physiological lectures, delivered by Mr. L. H. LEIGH, whose humorous and original manner of laying bare the abominations of the traffic in intoxicating drinks,—the filthy and poisonous ingredients used by the dealers in adulterating them,—the iniquities of the licensing system,—and the desolating effects of Intemperance to all classes, has attracted crowded audiences. Great numbers have signed the pledge of Teetotalism, during and subsequent to Mr. LEIGH's visit. This gentleman was honored with repeated votes of thanks by many very large and respectable meetings. Several eminent medical men (amongst whom was Dr. BEAUMONT of Bradford), presided at some of Mr. LEIGH's lectures, and bore their public testimony to their truth and excellence.

WAKEFIELD.

The Scientific Temperance Lectures delivered in this town, in the Friends' Meeting House, and in the splendid room of the Court House, and also in neighbouring towns, by Mr. L. H. LEIGH, have roused a spirit of enquiry amongst the better educated classes. For nine evenings (at Wakefield) Mr. LEIGH's eloquence won the applause of highly respectable and crowded audiences. His physiological lecture carried conviction to the minds of all, and won hundreds of converts to the Teetotal Pledge. Several medical men of high standing were present; and to these Mr. LEIGH gave a respectful challenge to contradict anything advanced by him; but from the manner in which Mr. Leigh handled the question, it was utterly impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than, that, all intoxicating drinks are not only useless but injurious, and therefore ought to be altogether abolished. The effect of these lectures have already silenced opposition, and prevailed on many leading individuals to give their decided support to the Teetotal movement.

BARNESLEY.

The Teetotal societies of this place are becoming strong in number. The greatest harmony prevails between the members of the Catholic Society and the original Teetotal Association; and the members of both societies amount to one thousand or more. Not less than five hundred individuals are practising Teetotalism who have not joined the society. So energetic has been the crusade in this town, that no less than seventeen publicans have been compelled to relinquish their dishonourable calling, and many others are in a fair way to follow their example. There are also several of the old established public-houses "To Let," and some of the others have been under the necessity of letting part of their buildings to persons who are following a more honourable trade. The only public brewery in the town is closed and on sale. We understand that where a brewer's dray formerly came twice into the town, it only now comes once, and that a miller's waggon, which came once a week, now comes twice; so that the business of the brewer is falling into the hands of the miller.

NEWCASTLE.

On Monday, December 5th, a meeting of delegates from the different tents of the Independent Order of Rechabites was held at Brother Macdonald's Temperance Hotel, Royal Arcade, for the establishment of a Widow and Orphan's Fund, and it was unanimously agreed to commence the fund immediately, and for the government of which a code of rules were adopted, and an executive committee of nine members appointed to act in conjunction with the district officers in superintending its establishment and operations. The payment for the support of this fund will be trifling, and the benefits considerable for the assistance of the objects of its care. The establishment of this fund will be one of the leading features in the operations in recommending this useful order to the attention of the benevolent, for what can be more noble, what more humane, what more beneficial both to the giver and

receiver than to afford relief to those who, in too many instances, are slighted and neglected, the widow and the fatherless.—*Northern Temperance Advocate*, GATSBYMAN.

The *Northern Temperance Advocate* of December 12th, contains the following passage:—"Our Gateshead friends have commenced open air meetings, which we hope may prove as useful as they have been in Newcastle in spreading the principles of Teetotalism. On Sunday week, an interesting meeting was held at the Head of Pipewellgate, at two o'clock, which was addressed by Mr. W. WALTON. At three o'clock another meeting was held at Swan-street, when several addresses were delivered."

STAFFORD.

The Teetotalers of the Stafford, Plinton, and Bow Auxiliaries to the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, have been highly delighted by attending a course of Five Scientific Lectures, delivered last week, by Mr. L. H. LARON, who has just returned from a most successful northern journey, and was especially engaged by this society to deliver these lectures.

The first lecture gave birth to a mass of entirely new and deeply interesting information, respecting the abominations of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The second showed that the stagnation of trade, bankruptcies and distress so generally felt throughout the kingdom, are entirely occasioned by the enormous sums annually expended in the consumption of intoxicating drinks. The third lecture adduced some powerful arguments to prove the immense advantages of Teetotalism to the trading and manufacturing classes, and to farmers and landowners. The fourth, or scientific physiological lecture, was the most lucid and practical of all. The nature and properties of alcoholic drinks, and their effects upon the human frame were fully explained. The fifth lecture was looked forward to with a good deal of anxiety, in consequence of its having been announced that the lecturer would prove from the Holy Scriptures that God had prohibited the use of intoxicating wine. The lecture commenced with arguments to show the untenable doctrine of moderation; and after a severe castigation on the inconsistency of the members of the old Temperance Society, the lecturer proceeded, from one text of Scripture, most convincingly to demonstrate the truth of the doctrine he had propounded.

TOWN NEWS.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The meetings at the chapel, Aldersgate-street, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, have been well attended lately, in spite of the inclement nature of the weather. We are compelled this week to omit any lengthened report of the proceedings; but shall next week give a detailed account of the usual meetings held by this flourishing society.

HACKNEY.

The Christmas Festival of the Teetotalers of Hackney will take place at the Hackney Temperance Hotel, on Tuesday, December 29th. It will commence at five o'clock; and, after tea, a Public Meeting will be held. DR. OAKLEY will take the chair at eight o'clock precisely. The Rechabites are expected to meet their brethren of the *House of Shalom* tent on this occasion. Several popular advocates will attend this Festival, which is expected to prove one of the most brilliant ever given in or near the English metropolis. Let the friends of total abstinence remember that "they cannot meet too frequently to celebrate the glorious onward movement of the cause."

GRAND MEETING AT EXETER HALL

TO WELCOME THE RETURN OF J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ., TO ENGLAND: FROM AMERICA.

The New British and Foreign Temperance Society held a Grand Meeting at Exeter Hall (in the large room), on Monday evening, December 21st, to welcome the return of Mr. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM to England, from an American tour which had lasted for upwards of three years and a half. It will be remembered that this gentleman was the originator and the Chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons, which was appointed, in the year 1834, to enquire into the causes and effects of Intemperance in the United Kingdom. Mr. BUCKINGHAM is therefore one of the most eminent advocates of the great Teetotal movement now going on; and his entrance into the Hall was welcomed by a numerous audience with the most unequivocal demonstrations of joy.

The chair was taken shortly after seven, by Mr. W. JANNON, the President of the Society; and this gentleman introduced Mr. BUCKINGHAM to the audience in a neat and complimentary speech.

Mr. BUCKINGHAM commenced an eloquent and most interesting oration with several observations upon the cause of Total Abstinence, which portion of his speech we are compelled, from want of room, to omit. We have however retained the most interesting features of his oration. He observed that, on his arrival at New York, he was received by Mr. DELAVAN, that true friend to the cause of Teetotalism,—by whom he was introduced to a grand public meeting, where he was most cordially welcomed. No question of nationality interfered with the

cordiality of that reception; and certainly no American was ever received with more kindness in this country than he was there. At New York he found the cause of Temperance in the most flourishing condition; the principle had been progressing there with as much success as it had here. Like all moral reformations, the cause of Teetotalism (in America, as in England) had emanated from a few individuals. As a cloud, which, from the size of a man's hand, upon the ocean, expands over all the earth,—so did the Temperance reformation rise, and so did it extend its influence. All reformations begin in that way; but the cause of Teetotalism was peculiarly fortunate in respect to the rapidity with which it had spread. As all present doubtless well knew, Moderation Societies were first established in America; and then, although people left off drinking spirits, they indulged the more copiously in various potations. At length Societies upon the total abstinence principle were formed; and in England the name of the new principle was Teetotalism. He (Mr. Buckingham) did not however admire that denomination, and he hoped another would be eventually found for so grand a doctrine. He however admired and loved it, whatever might be its name. To return to America;—the numbers of the total abstinence association rapidly increased; and no principle is there so popular as this. Without exaggeration, he could safely declare that *not half* of the American population professed and practised the doctrine. One great advantage in America was that the clergy were far more influential with their flock, than they are in this country: the American clergy were neither so well paid, nor so dignified as the English clergy; American pastors knew their flocks; and the flocks were well acquainted with the shepherds; and all the American clergy, if not total abstinents themselves, were not at least opposed to the doctrine. In America the ladies advocate the pledge upon public platforms; because the American woman fully comprehends the dread fact that the effects of a husband's or a father's intemperance redound upon herself. Although New York is a very gay city, he (Mr. Buckingham) dined at upwards of fifty houses, where the most costly and luxuriant viands were provided, but where the only beverage was water. The Americans will not provide for others that which they know to be pernicious to themselves. At Philadelphia he (Mr. Buckingham) was present at an entertainment given by one of the most wealthy merchants of the place to Mr. CLAY—that illustrious statesman, who will doubtless occupy the Presidential chair after General Harrison. At this entertainment there were about six hundred of the most eminent politicians of the same class of opinions. The house was a magnificent one—all built of marble; and the repast was in accordance with the splendour of the dwelling and the wealth of the host. But no beverage of an alcoholic kind was introduced. There were hospitality and conviviality, without any artificial stimulant. He (Mr. Buckingham) hoped that some worthy individual in London would give a similar entertainment one of these days. The custom of drinking (he observed) is merely preserved because it was handed down, with many other absurdities, from our ancestors. It is a most disgusting habit for the gentlemen to sit at table an hour or two after the ladies have retired, and there fill themselves with wine. The ladies consider the interval a long one, and still dread the moment when the gentlemen will join them in the drawing-room, because they may be a little overcome with wine. In France a higher respect is paid to the ladies; and the gentlemen leave the table with them. If water only were drunk, English gentlemen would follow this example. During his (Mr. Buckingham's) stay in Philadelphia, a Temperance entertainment was given at the theatre of that place; and twenty dollars' premium were given upon hundreds of tickets of only one dollar each. Four hundred pounds sterling were thus added to the funds of the Association at Philadelphia. There is also at Philadelphia a Temperance Society, to which the members of Congress belong. It would be a vain attempt (said Mr. Buckingham) to induce the House of Commons in England to follow such an example. When he was a member of that House, there were not above two or three water-drinkers in the House; and he should feel surprised if that number had increased to twenty. Why—strong liquors were absolutely to be obtained in the premises of the House of Commons itself! The present audience (he continued) would be astonished when he informed them that he had addressed a Temperance meeting, from the Speaker's Chair in the American House of Representatives, on the anniversary of the birth of the great Washington. At Quebec, in Canada, he had also addressed a Temperance meeting held in the senate-house, and sat in the chair lately filled by Papineau, the Speaker. From Philadelphia he proceeded to visit the falls of Niagara, and the city of Vermont. Every week he delivered a Temperance address. The churches in America are the seats of Temperance lectures, no time nor place being considered improper to agitate the great principle. For fifty consecutive sabbath evenings did he (Mr. Buckingham) lecture upon Temperance from the pulpits of various churches. He went into the southern states of the Union, where he found the cause flourishing, though scarcely so much as in the north. The extreme heat of the climate induced people to drink in the south. He would here occasionally relate an anecdote that had oc-

curred at Boston. A frigate and two sloops arrived there from the Mediterranean, and were paid off. He had never seen such handsome, respectable, and cleanly sailors as those on board these ships. They were a thousand in number altogether. Each man had about a hundred pounds sterling to receive. The moment their pay was put into their hands, they were induced to drink (in many cases against their will) by the crimps, or land-sharks, who accosted them. On the third day after their arrival, they were lying, drunk, in heaps in the public streets. This circumstance induced him (Mr. Buckingham) to propose the foundation of a Sailors' Home, or boarding-house where no alcoholic liquors should be used. Twenty thousand dollars were immediately subscribed to build this establishment. In the south, he visited Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans. At Charleston he projected the establishment of an institution similar to that founded at Boston. He proposed that a sum of money should be raised by every merchant subscribing one cent upon each barrel of rice, and two cents upon each bale of cotton, which he might ship. Thirteen thousand dollars were thus raised. At Savannah a similar proposition was made: the merchants there subscribed two cents upon a barrel of rice, and four upon a bale of cotton. At New Orleans a spirit of rivalry enlarged upon this munificence. One gentleman declared that he would give five dollars upon each bale of cotton he might ship, if the other merchants of the place would each give one. Some one seemed to quibble at this arrangement. Another gentleman accordingly got up, and said he would make up any deficiency that might occur by the niggardiness of any merchant of New Orleans. Mr. Buckingham then said that he proceeded in a westerly direction, towards the mighty lakes of Michigan and Huron; he saw the "far west" which is visited by emigrants. The principle had not produced great effect in those vast districts. Emigrants are generally men who have been unfortunate in their own country, and are consequently addicted to drinking, to drown care. Those districts are also moist and marshy; and this is another excuse for the use of strong liquors amongst the emigrants. Mr. Buckingham however succeeded in making an impression amongst them. He lectured at Saint Louis and Chicago, where the doctrine has since progressed favourably. The steam-boats, upon the rivers and lakes of the west, are accustomed to race with each other; and dreadful accidents sometimes occur. No accidents arrive, however, to those which are managed upon principles of total abstinence. During his sixteen days' voyage home in the *President*, he had seen more intemperance than during any sixteen months of his residence in America. The last time he was at Exeter Hall, Earl Stanhope occupied the chair; and the hall was occupied by the Moderation Society. He himself (Mr. Buckingham) would not however "touch, taste, nor handle" nor supply alcoholic liquors to others. The Moderation, or Temperance Society was now all but extinct. When he returned from India, he saw the dreadful evils of intemperance in this land; and he thought that the best means of opening the eyes of the nation to the crying evil, was to bring it before the House of Commons. At this time, although he had long before given up spirits, he was accustomed to take an occasional glass of wine. He however abandoned the use of alcoholic liquors altogether, in order to agitate the question with propriety. Dr. Armstrong, his medical attendant, assured him that he would be much better without any strong liquor whatever. In a short time he began to like water—he acquired the taste for it—and he has never been visited with ill health since that period. At dinner, in America, he invariably asked ladies to drink with him—but the beverage proposed was water. On landing in England, he immediately received cheerful tidings relative to the progress of Teetotalism here. He was delighted to find that in London there were three parent Societies*, with auxiliaries and branches in all directions. He intends to remain in England until the month of May; and during this interval, he will exert himself to the utmost of his endeavours to promote the great cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

Mr. BUCKINGHAM was much cheered during the delivery of this speech, which occupied about an hour and a half. He appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, and had every reason to be satisfied with his reception by the Teetotalers of London.

* The New British and Foreign Temperance Society.—The British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance.—and The United Temperance Association.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Ninth Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION,

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 28.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PREJUDICE AND HABIT.

It is necessary in a journal like this, to recur frequently to the effects of habit and prejudice; because by these two phenomena almost all the world is governed. It is only by very gradual progress that water can wear away holes in rocks: it is only by the same imperceptible degrees that the flood of reason can undermine the useless masses of absurd custom, that now at all moments are seen whichever way we look. When any new moral or political system is propounded, the venerable desires of society exclaim, "What! does the supporter of this doctrine intend to brand as absurd that which we have always revered as the height of wisdom? I, for one, am determined not to change my sentiments." Good unchangeable old persons—how we deplore his ignorance and obstinacy! It seems to be ordained that the ability to undo ideas and arrange them anew should pass when such ability would be of no general benefit: the minds of very few elderly persons, who have been men of indolent habits all their lives, become active towards the close of existence, when infirmities of every kind—blindness, deafness, &c.—would disable them from effectually enforcing on others any thing that would strike them as fit to be imparted. This is a merciful dispensation: for by it old people are enabled to be at peace with themselves and the world a few years before they leave it. As this is evidently the will of heaven, it is to be observed that the utmost delicacy should be used in attempting any particular conversion with respect to an individual of advanced age.

The Indian Fakir, whose right arm, with the hand clenched, has been kept in the same elevated position above his head during perhaps forty years, is an example of the effect of habit, as the old man is an instance of prejudice. However absurd and unnatural that habit may be, the arm grows very firmly fixed in its inconvenient position; and instances have been known amongst the Fakirs, where both arms have been thus raised, and the hands clasped tightly together over the head. It is possible by slow degrees, by means of friction and constant efforts, to bring down to his side the arm of the Fakir; but this would not be rendering him an immediate servant, because his other habits have become modified to an accordance with the position of his arm—unnatural harmony has existed so long, that nature itself, in respect to him, is no longer natural. When, after perhaps a length of time and a vast amount of trouble, the limb or limbs, thus rendered to use, have again become servicable, old age may have rendered him too weak and feeble to avail himself of their powers. The effects of habit upon the body are precisely similar to the effects of habit upon the mind, which—through the actions that warp its action be of the most strange, absurd, and foolish description—after a lapse of some years, is past redemption. Very few mortals take the trouble to reason, examine, and reflect as they ought to do; and as old age advances, it becomes more and more difficult, unless those operations of the intellect have been in constant activity, to settle the mind to continuous and useful rumination. Thus was it that no physician past fifty years of age, would believe in Harvey's system of the circulation of the blood. If men of science, who have gone through a certain course of mental exercise, will not take the trouble to acquire a certainty when they entertain a doubt as to the truth or falsity of that which is novel, what can we expect from individuals who do not comprehend the meaning of reflection, but have been content to take everything for granted all their lives? "The errors of the human race are universal," says a celebrated French philosopher, "because experience preceded reason: those errors have become sacred, because they have never been thoroughly investigated; and they have appeared respectable, because they have endured for so long a period."

Having thus afforded the reader some familiar ideas of the effects of prejudice and habit, he will easily perceive how great is the amount of obstacle existing in the way of all advocates or propounders of new systems. The doctrine of Teetotalism has to contend against those who are prejudiced, and those who are the slaves to a vicious habit. The prejudiced individual quotes the acts or sentiments of his ancestors as an authority for his own opinions; and he cannot be readily brought to understand how his forefathers could have laboured under an error for so many centuries. The fact is, that the error

only existed so long as it remained without investigation. We may suppose that on some occasion a person, being cold, took a glass of brandy, and declared that it produced a lasting and genial warmth, useful both to comfort and health. Here was the experience preceding reason. That individual felt a certain excitement which seemed pleasurable, communicated his discovery to his friends, and thus laid the foundation of an error which was only established upon his simple assertion. This error has existed for centuries; and all the successors of that individual, down to a few years ago, adopted the opinion he had originated, and took it for granted, without ever giving themselves the trouble to think or enquire whether it might not be wrong. Then, accident more than anything else, detects these kinds of errors. The advocates of Teetotalism began to preach; and some opponent might have observed, "Well—but if you take away from me my glass of brandy, what shall I have to warm and comfort me on a cold night, outside of a stage-coach, or elsewhere?" This question, we will suppose, puzzled the reasoner for a moment; and he then set himself to work to think whether brandy would really produce that effect, or not. Here was the idea of suspecting the error suddenly encouraged in his mind. He began to meditate, and he soon perceived that ardent spirit, imbibed to expel the cold, certainly produces a feverish and unnatural glow of heat for the moment—or rather an improper excitement; but that its effects very speedily wear off in that respect, and the re-action produces on the frame a greater degree of cold than was experienced before the liquor was drunk. This same line of reasoning also showed him that a glass of cold water, if taken in the midst of the most severe frost, although extensively chilly to the lips and palate, will speedily accelerate the circulation of the blood to such a degree as to produce a pleasant, a permanent, and a natural heat throughout the body.

Here was an error, which had existed for many centuries, suddenly refuted and explained, in spite of all the authority and sanctity conferred upon it by the opinions of millions of our ancestors. We do not assert that these were the circumstances of this particular error; we merely adduce it as affording scope for a proper illustration of our line of argument. But prejudice, as stated at the beginning of this article, is principally entertained by old people, who are wedded to antiquated notions and opinions, and whose incessant impression is that they cannot be in fault if they only adhere to the examples set them by their forefathers. They dread all innovation and change, timid lest such variation prove a detriment instead of a benefit. They saw their parents partake of their wine at dinner and their hot spirits and water in the evening; and they suppose that those parents would not have done so if they had not known that they were doing right. The fact is that those parents adopted the same system of reasoning as their silly children; and the parents of those parents had no better reasons for their conduct, before them. If we tell an old man that he is only abridging his short existence by partaking of alcoholic liquors, he will most probably observe that he has always felt so well with them, he shall not leave them off. But did he ever try how he would have felt without them; and if he have been so well with them, how very—very much better would he not have been without them! Instead of living to eighty, he might reach ninety or a hundred; instead of losing half his intellectual faculties at seventy, he would preserve them till ninety; instead of requiring spectacles, a walking stick, and soft cushions or foot-stools, at sixty, he would have remained stout and hearty until eighty. This is the species of reasoning to be brought against prejudice, and the only one which, with elderly individuals, stands the slightest chance of success.

We observed, in an article in this journal some time ago, that there is one thing which keeps people more in error, than all the rest put together; viz., the giving our assent to common received opinions, as if the first propagation of them could not have been wrong. Error principally proceeds from false impressions made upon the mind when young; and all prejudices are founded upon error. We see a great part of the ignorant portion of the community, and even persons of cultivated understanding, afraid to go into a church-yard at night, for fear of ghosts; and yet these same persons will traverse the same place in the day-time without the least fear. This must certainly be an error; for, if ghosts really ap-

pear, there assuredly is no more reason to be afraid of them in the night than in the day-time, or in a church-yard more than in any other place. This error is owing to being told by somebody of ghosts being seen at night: Yet we never hear of them being seen in the day time. Now, we hearing these tales when young, the ideas of darkness and the fear of those frightful apparitions, are so closely connected and imprinted in our minds, that all the reasoning in the world can scarcely separate them; so that when darkness appears, the ideas of these frightful apparitions also accompany it.

We have now shown, by argument and illustration, the force of that prejudice against which the advocates of any new system must expect to have to contend. Let us then devote an equal share of attention to the power of habit; and, by rightly understanding the nature of these formidable enemies, the supporters of Teetotalism will know how to attack them in their most vulnerable points. Habits are trains of ideas fixed by repetition, and are lost in the same way as they are acquired—by repetition. Thus, they are caused by external objects, example, sympathy, or our own industry; and they are lost by a discontinuation of their causes, or from working out different channels. The results of habit are as extraordinary as their causes are varied. The cataract of Niagara is so very loud, that foreigners, who visit it, are compelled to stop their ears for fear of being deafened; but the inhabitants of the adjacent country can hear one another in a whisper. The beating of the heart takes place with the force of some thousand pounds' weight; but habit in this case has destroyed the perception of the fact. The circulation of the blood inside the veins is not so soon perceived as warm water poured down the flesh, from the same cause. There is also an association of idea from habit, which should be here noticed. Thus, when a girl begins to learn the piano-forte, she first has to look at her notes, then at the instrument to find the suitable key, then to put her finger upon it. But when she has practised for a time, by the help of associations the sight of the note almost spontaneously direct her fingers to the corresponding key. By dint of habit, our appetites become associated with times and places. A man, who is accustomed to dine at five, feels an inclination for his dinner at that hour, even though he may not know what o'clock it is; and in reference to place, if a robber has accustomed himself to get drunk at a particular public-house, he cannot go by the door without his thirst for liquor returning; whereas, if he were at his work, he would not once think about it. Such is the force, and such also is the eccentricity of habit; and from these explanations, the reader will comprehend the necessity of adopting that firmness of resolution which may enable him to triumph over evil habits, and adhere to good ones. Evil habits are generally attractive, and are therefore more or less difficult to shake off; but perseverance will soon enable an individual to forget that he ever entertained a bad habit, which he has abandoned.

A person gives himself up to drinking, and, from mere habit, longs for his glass of liquor at stated hours every day. He then flatters that he cannot do without that liquor; whereas he is merely the slave to a habit which he might abandon and exist without, in the same way as he existed before he had imbibed it. Habits grow upon us, and become deeply rooted in our minds or system; but some are so permanently fixed that they cannot be extirpated. If a person, who for years has been accustomed to dine at five, suddenly change his hour to one, he will for some time feel a certain inconvenience and uneasiness at this alteration; but in process of time, he will forget that he ever required his dinner at five. By habit we accustom ourselves to all situations in life; and the habit of knowing that death is something which we cannot avert, reconciles us to meet it. The drunkard is the willing slave to a habit which he can abandon by firmness of purpose and perseverance; and in process of time he will learn to hate the mere mention of the habit to which he was the slave. The opponents to Teetotalism must not therefore urge that the habit of an evil indulgence is against the common sense or logic of the doctrine; because every reformation triumphs over some bad habit in some quarter or another. Happy is the man who has few habits of any kind,—who eats only when he is hungry, sleeps only when weary, and rises when refreshed. Nothing is more envying than a peevish

series of habits, because it induces us to accord the same amount of sleep to a night succeeding a day of no fatigue which we devote to that following hours of arduous toil. Regularity and habit are not precisely the same things,—or ought not to be. Regularity depends upon a consenting will; but habit fixes inclination in many cases.

It is therefore against prejudice and habit that the advocates of Teetotalism should direct their chief assaults. Undermine prejudices, and eradicate evil habits; and the work is achieved. These aims can only be brought about by appeals to common sense, and not by prayers addressed to the sympathies. A man may be induced to weep at imaginary evils; but his common sense will not be deceived by similar delusions. If he weep for an evil, he will not long remember the tears extracted from his eyes by that appeal to his tenderness; but, if his reasoning faculties be exercised in the consideration of broad and substantial grounds of argument, a deep impression will be made upon his mind. It is not only necessary to implore him to lay aside a certain habit: he must be first convinced that that habit is really injurious. In the same way, we must not endeavour to root out a man's prejudice by ridicule or declamation; we should endeavour seriously to convince him that it is founded upon an error.

THE MATRIMONIAL SPECULATOR.

A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

WHY should I break into the family vault of the Cobbs? Will it not be sufficient to state in solemn whisper, that Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb was the son of the late Mr. Joseph Cobb, who, some years ago, was kicked into eternity by a cow-hoof, to which he was perhaps too weakly attached,—and who still lies (it is to be hoped so) on the east side of 'Saint Magnus' Church?

Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb was a tobacconist and snuff-manufacturer, occupying a house in a street appertaining to the parish of Saint Magnus, and who by dint of scraping, and screwing, and pinching, had contrived to amass as much property as justifies a respectable man in slightly elevating his eyebrows when he condescends to look upon his less fortunate neighbours. It may readily be believed that Mr. Cobb had his faults. Some few human errors had indeed fallen to his share. His chief foible, however, was an insatiable thirst for specie. To the attainment of riches Mr. Cobb sacrificed his time, his talents, his health, and, at last, himself into the bargain;—and a bad one he made of it, after all.

It was a mistake when Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb united to the pectoral department—or, in plain language, when he took to his bosom Mrs. Martha Murgatroyd. The woman had a look of stability certainly;—there was a solvent appearance about the widow that augured well of present assets, if not of contingent remainders. It is painful, however, to be compelled to observe, that Mr. Cobb, was, on this occasion, quite out of his reckoning; and that, beyond a four-post bedstead—an impracticable clothes-press too long for the door-way, and a complete drug in the upholstery market—several bandboxes of various hues and sizes—and a portrait of one Mr. Hodgkinson, there was nothing (except the lady herself) on which Mr. Cobb could justly or conscientiously pride himself.

This was a legitimate cause of irritation—a justifiable source of discontent to the tobacconist. But however deeply the reader may be inclined to sympathize with Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb, it must nevertheless be remarked—however startling in these times and in this metropolis the observation may appear—that the attainment of capital was not originally contemplated as the end and aim of marriage. Are the cardinal virtues to go for nothing? Are the domestic qualities at a discount? What puppy shall tell me that all sentiment is gone to the dogs? What periwig-pated fellow shall presume to doubt the existence of ties? Why therefore should coin be potential—wherefore bullion paramount?

Unfortunately, however, the newly-created Mrs. Cobb was no better provided for on the mental, moral, and amiable score than she was furnished with the secular; and hence her temper and her temporalities were equally despicable. To say that Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb was hen-pecked, would be to go to the poultry-yard for an illustration which might be more fitly sought in a menagerie. He was vulture-torn—he was condor-clawed. St. George had an easy task cut out for him; he had only a dragon to deal with,—and that was most probably a green one. Mrs. Cobb was nothing like that colour: it was he, alas! who had been green!

That Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb survived this calamity is only another evidence of the partial and unfair dealing which has been so often attributed to the grim feature. What was life to him? He would not give a pinch of his own snuff for it! What pleasure could he derive from his domestic hearth, when the house was too hot to hold him? What happiness from a better half, from whom he could obtain no quarter? Is it a wonder, then, that he would rather have been under the ribs of death, than under his own living rib? I should think not.

Must it be inferred that Mr. Cobb bore his heavy affliction with patience? No—that were a wrong inference. Sometimes, indeed, he asked himself a few

questions, which he could by no means satisfactorily answer. For example,—Why should he, figuratively to speak, be under the thumb of a woman whom he could twist round his little finger? Why should he be always on the domestic side of the street-door, while she so frequently was gadding about to places of amusement? And lastly, why should he be so staunch an observer of the Teetotal pledge, whilst Mrs. Cobb had the spasms every day after dinner?

Although Mr. Cobb dared not himself make use of the cudgel, the prescribed thickness of which for visitation upon a wife's shoulders is laid down by law, it was nevertheless a perfect delight to him to behold the generous indignation of Punch, when, hugging one end of a sensible staff to his bosom, he applied the other to the skull of Judy. And how his eyes were lighted up, when he perused, in the newspapers, those police-cases that were headed—"Brutal conduct of a husband," "Savage assault upon a wife," &c. It is also astonishing to reflect how often he beheld himself, in his mind's eye, clothed in black, with a white cambric handkerchief at his nose, stepping sedately into what has been sarcastically denominated a mourning coach!

Three years rolled—or rather, grovelled on under the weight of Cobb and his afflictions, when an event fell out which had taken precedence of all others in the breast of the tobacconist. Mrs. Cobb had been long ailing, and, although no jury sat upon her body when she *did* die, it was very well known that she had killed herself with the drop of gin in the morning—her thimble full at eleven—her little dram just before dinner—her hot grog after it—her gin and bitters before tea—her rum in her decoction of Bohea—her beer at supper—and her second edition of hot grog before she went to bed! It is but justice to state that Mr. Cobb bore his bereavement with extraordinary equanimity: he neither laughed nor cried, lest the world should ascribe his laughter to phrenzy, or the tears to mirth of a crocodile kind. He only said that "it was a happy release,"—and people believed him.

It is well that a man should overlook his destiny from as elevated a position as possible, that he should as it were "see, as from a tower, the end of all,"—that he should take a bird's-eye view of his own prospects; but it is not so well that the bird taking such survey should be a goose. Whether it was that Mr. Cobb argued, as the doctrine of chances, that he must necessarily have better luck next time,—or whether he thought, since two negatives make an affirmative, that two bad wives would form one good one, cannot be ascertained: certain it is, however, that very soon after the death of the first, Mr. Cobb began to apply himself to the search after a second wife. I fear the truth, after all, is this, that pounds, shillings, and pence were the three witches that stultified his fortune.

Mr. Griskin, the pork-butcher, lived in the next street, just round the corner. Griskin was one of those plain, straightforward gentlemen of the old school who gloried in being an Englishman, and did not care who knew it, or knew anything else for that matter, since that could not interfere with him. Had hogs been erudite, Griskin had been a most learned man: as it was, he was content to slaughter and sell pigs enough to make a Jew stare or a Christian happy; and he was, or appeared to be so; for after business he regularly smoked three pipes of tobacco purchased at Cobb's comptoir, and had his nap in the arm-chair.

Griskin had one daughter—his only child—who, ensconced in a kind of sentry-box in the shop, received and disbursed such sums as the complicated nature of her father's swinish transactions might render necessary. Some have given it as their opinion that she was not beautiful. Beauty is only skin-deep, to be sure; and yet I have known many fastidious judges who do not admire a skin the more for being a whitey-brown, with a slight tinge of yellow ochre for its complexion. The devastations of small pox are thought by a few to detract from loveliness, although they may impart expression. It is frequently considered that two eyes should concur to the distinctness of one glance; and there is a prejudice (it cannot be denied) against a too pointed nose. But these are merely matters of taste, which love cannot and must not recognise. Besides—the passion of Mr. Cobb was for booty, not beauty.

It was ostensibly to cheapen a sucking-pig, but in reality to ascertain the value of Miss Betsy Griskin, that the tobacconist one day looked in upon the pork-butcher. He found him, in conversable cue, and quite prepared to go into matters at large, and to enter upon affairs in general. But, touching the *one point*, although Cobb glanced at it in the most salient manner—although he hopped about it, advanced towards it, and receded from it, with a most diplomatic finesse, he found the parent of his prey close—plaguy close; indeed, he afterwards said, "uncommon close." He was a cunning old rascal, that Griskin—a sly old fox, with lots of money, no doubt; but he did not wish all the world to know it. And he was right—perfectly right.

So thought Cobb;—he however gained something by his motion—he received an invitation to come frequently and take tea with the pork-butcher. That was a point gained, at all events. It was a clear case too. Griskin wanted to entrap him into the match: Cobb could not help smiling at that, he who had prepared

such a spring for Miss Betsy! It was ridiculous certainly. He had his eyes open now. He should like to catch any one catching him. No more Cobb-webs for him! And, then, Griskin of all men! He was decidedly monied. Why, the hoarding old sinner!—but then he wanted to see his daughter respectably settled. That was judicious. He was a good—sensible—honest fellow. It showed a fatherly feeling.

Impressed by these convictions, Mr. Cobb renewed his ancient intimacy with Griskin. During his visits, which soon became pretty frequent, the tobacconist observed so much, and to such good purpose—saw so much to approve, and so little to condemn—was altogether so satisfied as to essentials, and so tolerant of minor objections, that (Griskin being by this time ripe for such communication) he took the liberty one night of opening the question after the hypothetical method.

"Suppose the case, that a gentleman should take a fancy to Miss Betsy, and should propose marriage, and suppose he should prove agreeable both to father and daughter—what then?"

Griskin did not appear to be taken by surprise: his reply was nearly in these words,—"Why, you know, I should be sorry to lose the girl: you know she's my only chick and child, you understand;—but, if any respectable man should take a fancy to her, then, of course, you know—"

Griskin hesitated and smoked his pipe. Mr. Cobb pressed the subject something to this effect:—"But then marriage is a serious thing. In an artificial state of society, money was an object—a consideration. In the case of death, therefore—his (Griskin's) death—how then?"

The swine-slayer looked rather blue at the contingency hinted at.

"Why—you know, what I have, in the event of death, would go to her, you know—of course."

"But then—in these cases, it was usual—very common indeed, on the day of marriage,—did Mr. Griskin perfectly comprehend his meaning?—it was usual, he said, that there should be a certain sum—money down, eh?—dowry, it was called."

Griskin laid down his pipe, and gazed at his companion. The tenor of his reply was this:—Did Mr. Cobb consider him mad? Did he (Griskin) want his daughter to leave him? Was he going to give any thing to a person for fetching her away? Could he entrust his money to a man, until he had had experience of his worth? Not he! He didn't like that system; and, when Cobb was about to argue the matter coolly, and to show how much better *now* was than *then*, he was cut short by the peremptory dissyllable, "Gammon!"

Cobb pondered intensely upon the extractable matter to be gathered out of Griskin's discourse. One thing was at least certain,—he could obtain his daughter, if he pleased. But the main point was still open. The old gentleman might still come round. He tried him again, therefore, and often; but the old gentleman—perhaps because pigs were the staple of his thoughts—had become pig-headed, and would not listen to reason, or what Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb believed to be so. The tobacconist concluded in his own mind that all wealthy people will have their own way; and, having taken a sober and sedate view of the question, he decided upon submitting himself and his pretensions for Griskin's acceptance forthwith. He did so, and was referred in due form to the daughter.

Cupidity is as powerful as Cupid; and, if Mr. Cobb did not enter upon the business with very sentimental palpitations, he was quite as successful as the lover who pleads his suit in the most impassioned blank verse.

This little matter was settled, every thing went on smoothly enough. Mr. Cobb surveyed and estimated his wardrobe with a view to ascertain whether any and what additions might be made thereto. A strange little woman, who seemed formed for the purpose, was engaged by Miss Griskin, at so much a day and her meals, to complete the wedding-paraphernalia; and ladies elbowed each other at church, when Cobb appeared—some thinking how funny, others how strange, and others again how unfortunate, that he should have made such a choice.

One morning Mr. Cobb was sitting behind his comptoir, pondering on his anticipated change of condition, when the entrance of Mr. Larkins into the shop, to have his box replenished, recalled his wandering thoughts into their most legitimate channel—business. Mr. Larkins was an old gentleman who had been for many years past stamped by the neighbourhood as the most inveterate newsmonger extant; and the wonder was that he had not long ago been required to get himself stamped every morning at Somerset House and to pay the duty. Upon this occasion, however, he came to imbibe, and not to convey intelligence.

"Well, going to be married again, Cobb?" said Larkins.

"I am about to be united, certainly," answered the tobacconist.

"To Miss Griskin?"

"To that lady."

"Ah! I wish you joy—ahem!"

"Thank'ee," said Cobb; but there was something which he could not but consider strange in the tone adopted by Larkins.

"Money in that quarter, I fancy—isn't there?" enquired Larkins.

"Why, yes—a little," replied the other.

"Ah! I wish you may get it," said Larkins.

"Eh!"

"I wish you may get it, I say. Money is a scarce article—very scarce. I find it so."

"True—very true," said Cobb, somewhat relieved.

"Did you know the mother, eh?" enquired Larkins.

"I had not the pleasure of knowing the mother," was the reply.

"She was a nice woman," said Larkins—"a very nice woman. Strange you don't find children take after their parents, sometimes. But tempers will vary. We are all frail creatures, Cobb. Pity you didn't know when you were well off. Good morning, Cobb;" and ere the tobacconist could arrest his retreating steps by speaking a word, the old gentleman had departed.

Shortly after this conversation, Cobb left the shop to the care of the assistant, and retired to his little parlour. Here was a terrible suspicion raised in his mind. Cobb loved money, to be sure; but life was precious also, and he did not choose to be saddled by or bridled with a second Martha Murgatroyd. But stop! Larkins was the most calumniating old fellow in the whole parish!

In the midst of these ruminations, a lady entered the shop, with a bonnet like an inverted black japanned coal-scuttle. It was Mrs. Draper!

"Ah! Mr. Cobb," said that lady, as the tobacconist returned to the shop to serve her, "I'm so glad to see you. What do you think I heard just now? That you were going to marry Griskin's girl. It can't be true?"

"My dear Madam—"

"Oh! I never believed it," interrupted Mrs. Draper; "such an infamous temper never would suit you. Besides, her manners is so vulgar, she'd never be fit for the bakkiniat's business."

"Will you have the kindness—"

"Oh! I told Mrs. Malony down by the pump there, that it was all nonsense; but she had heard it from Mrs. Grubb, who was told of it by the pot-boy at the Dog's Nose—"

"Here is the snuff—three pence," said Cobb, doggedly.

"Well—well—good bye," rejoined Mrs. Draper; "I see as how you're vexed at the report as is got abroad; but I never was afeard it was true. I know our neighbourhood too well for that, since I've lived in it goin' on for fourteen year now, come next Christmas!"

Mrs. Draper departed the shop, and Mr. Cobb nearly departed this life—the former with her snuff, and the latter with his vexation. As he gazed round his shop, it seemed to him as if the little negro on one side of the door was veritably leering maliciously at the Highlander on the other; and when he retired to bed that night, the portrait of Mr. Hodgkinson, which had for some years officiated as a chimney-board, appeared to wear a quizzical expression about the eyes which he had not heretofore remarked.

Next morning Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb walked to his small desk in his small counting-house, and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote the following letter.

"Sir,—An unforeseen distressing circumstance compels me to relinquish the hand of your amiable daughter. Be assured, I shall, during my existence, entertain a lively sense of her excellent qualities. I will explain more hereafter. Meanwhile, believe me to be, &c.

"DRINKWHISTLE COBB."

Having despatched this laconic epistle, Mr. Cobb sat down to felicitate himself upon the measure which he had adopted. He was however slightly startled when he saw Mr. Griskin's boy enter the shop, and hand him a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb,

"Sir,

You wants to edge off; but it's no go. You shan't play upon the girls feelings in this here unperwoked manner. I'll tell you what I mean to do: it's a thing I can't abear, but I must. I shall put the bisness into the hands of Rackem and Wrench; and if they don't serve you out, my name's not

"THOMAS GRISKIN."

Here was a precious piece of business! Cobb said advisably, that it was "an uncommon rum go." To be plunged into a vortex of litigation, was deplorable: he should certainly lose his all, and get nothing. That must not be:—but how could he escape? Cobb sorted together his multitudinous thoughts, and at length selected the following:—Griskin was rich! He (Cobb) therefore had a reversionary interest in Griskin. Griskin was more than sixty, was afflicted with asthma, had a short neck, and was no bad subject for apoplexy. And, then, Miss Griskin herself was no chicken—and was very delicate. No actuary at a life-office would have withstood this reasoning: Cobb therefore put on his hat, and hastened towards the house of the pork-butcher.

He found that gentleman on the point of going out, and he stopped him by saying, "My dear Mr. Griskin, hear me for one moment."

"I won't hear nothing, you know," said Griskin, "without a witness."

"My dear Sir—"

"Here, Chitterling," cried Mr. Griskin, calling his man into the back-parlour, where this colloquy took place; and the man accordingly rushed in with his abirt sleeves rolled up to the shoulder-blade, and looking like a gymnast prepared for combat.

"There, sit down there, Chitterling," continued Mr. Griskin, pointing to a chair: "the sassage machine 'll mind itself for a few moments; as I want you to listen to wot this here gen'leman may have to say."

Chitterling intimated that the sassage machine was well supplied and he then leant his great brawny arms upon the table, and fixed his frightfully extended eyes upon the countenance of Cobb, with a look of profound attention. Cobb was fain to state, with artful solemnity, that he had recently met with a severe pecuniary loss, which he thought might prevent him from entering into a contract otherwise so highly desirable.

"And so it was nothing you heard about me?" said Mr. Griskin.

"My dear sir, how could that be?" replied Cobb; "so respectable an inhabitant of the parish—"

"Why, then," said Griskin, appeased, "enough of that, you know. But do you think I think worse of a man because he's poor? I should be a despicable wretch, if I did. Why, you don't—do you?"

"Not I," said Cobb. "But let me hope that Miss Griskin has not been informed—"

"Not a word, all right—ain't it Chitterling?" said Griskin, and he shook Cobb's hand with great cordiality. And that business was settled.

And here I would willingly drop the pen, and leave it to the reader's imagination to conceive what sort of a marriage (which, by the bye, Griskin urged on with strong rapidity) Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb made of it. But it may be as well to say that Miss Griskin made him a much better wife than from all he had heard of her, he had expected, and, from what the reader has seen of him, he deserved.

And perhaps it is necessary also, to mention this trifling incident. On the very day week after his marriage, Mr. Drinkwhistle Cobb, taking up the newspaper and casting his eyes casually on the columns, found his vision magnetically attracted by the following words, printed so plainly that the compositor must have selected new type for the occasion:—

"THOMAS GRISKIN, Pork-butcher, 73, — Street. To surrender at Basinghall Street, Dec. 6, and Jan. 11, Solicitors, Rackem and Wrench. Official Assignee, Mr. Tucker."

A little above this announcement, and in a bolder letter, were the words—"LIST OF BANKRUPTS."

THE TEETOTAL "CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

We have often observed in the columns of *The Teetotaler* that the whole system of drinking alcoholic liquors is based upon a delusion; and on looking for the fiftieth time, a few days ago, over Mr. Grindrod's admirable work *Bacchus*, we were delighted to find the numerous authorities he had quoted in support of this opinion. The delusion consists in the belief that there are certain times and conditions when alcoholic liquor is either useful or necessary; but it appears that, with the exception of a very few cases where it may be prescribed in medical treatment, there are no circumstances under which it can be termed useful or necessary. Frederick Hoffman says, "Pure water is the best drink for persons of all temperaments; it promotes a free and equable circulation of the blood, on which the due performance of every animal function depends. Water-drinkers are not only the most active and vigorous, but the most healthy and cheerful." Michaelis says, that "man is naturally a water-drinker; and when he is so, seldom fails to be cheerful and happy. His first step in the descending scale is to become a drinker of wine."

Mr. Grindrod himself assures us that "intoxicating liquors merely stimulate or accelerate the vital actions, and do not increase the actual strength of the physical powers." The celebrated American writer, Dr. Rush, in his *Inquiry into the Effects of Spirituous Liquors*, positively declares that no error is greater than that which supposes "that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of cold upon the body. On the contrary," he adds, "they always render the body more liable to be affected and injured by cold. The temporary warmth they produce is invariably succeeded by chilliness." In Rees' *Encyclopædia*, under the head of "Cold," there is a most interesting account of the results of a number of attempts to winter in the arctic regions: and from that account we select the following extract:—"The three principal circumstances which distinguish the fatal attempts from those which succeeded, are, that in the former instances, the men fed on salt provisions, drank spirituous liquors, and lived in indolence; whereas, the men who survived the winter, and were but slightly affected by, or altogether escaped, the scurvy, fed upon fresh animal food, or at least preserved without salt: they drank water only, and used much exercise. On the value of fresh meat and exercise as preventives of disease, it is unnecessary to comment. With respect to the use of spirituous liquors, the preceding facts are extremely important and satisfactory. These pernicious liquors, indeed, are now generally understood to be prejudicial during severe and continued cold, although they may afford some support against the

temporary effects of cold and moisture. The brief elevation of spirits which they produce is a very fallacious token of their good effects, as it is always succeeded by the greater depression, and therefore tends rather to exhaust than to invigorate the principles of vitality."

The individual, who has not embraced the doctrines of Teetotalism, nor studied its elementary principles, is perfectly unaware of the importance and the extent of the testimony that can be brought against the drinking usages which have entailed so much misery upon the world. "Coachmen," says Mr. Grindrod, "who travel both by day and night during the most severe frosts of winter, are enabled the better to withstand the effects of cold, by entirely abstaining from all kinds of alcoholic stimulants, and partaking only of tea, coffee, or simple water." With respect to the idea that spirituous liquors diminish the effects of heat upon the body, we have numerous authorities to refute it. Dr. Mosely declares in his work on tropical diseases, that from his own "knowledge and custom, as well as from the custom and observation of others, those who drink nothing but water, or make it their principal drink, are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience." Dr. Rush observes that "half of the diseases which are said to be produced by warm weather, are originated by the spirits which are swallowed to lessen its effects upon the system." Speaking of France, Lady Morgan says, "The very trifling abuse of spirituous liquors which occurs in France, and the little intercourse which subsists between that country and the West Indies, very much exempt the inhabitants from that class of liver complaints which are so abundant in England, and which, masked under various insidious forms, extend to a vast many complications of disease. The same abstinence also operates to simplify fever, and to render its connexion with visceral obstructions less common and less violent."

Speaking of the effects of alcoholic liquor upon the frame, with regard to enabling it to support fatigue, Dr. Beddoes has the following remark:—"I shall go far towards convincing every thinking reader, and it may stagger the most obstinate, if I show that the hardest out-of-doors summer work is in some places perfectly well borne without a single drop of strong fermented liquor. The drink of one day exhausts the frame more than the sober exertions of three; though without such a help as strong liquor, a hot sun and a long day's hard labour are sure to produce fever enough. This fever should never be fomented by such things as drive on the heart to beat with fresh fury, although in so doing they may give the spirits a momentary excitement: it ought, on the contrary, to be kept down by diluting drinks." M. Grindrod concludes his chapter upon popular errors in respect to alcoholic drinks with these words:—"On a candid review of the preceding observations and facts, it will surely be acknowledged that the delusion in question has been one of the most fallacious, as well as deeply-rooted and fatal, that ever took possession of the human mind." Let us add, in conclusion, that Mr. Grindrod's *Bacchus* is decidedly one of the most talented productions of the age.

COMPOSITION.

THE article, which appeared in our columns, under the title of "Versification," a short time since, seems to have given such general satisfaction, if we may judge by the letters we have received from various correspondents, that we have thought it incumbent upon us to lay down the fundamental rules of Composition, either in respect to prose or verse. In undertaking this task, our chief aim will be to correct those errors which most frequently occur in the compositions of persons whose educations have not been conducted upon very extended principles.

One of the principal faults usually observed in such cases is the redundant use of the conjunction *and*; for example,—"Drinking is very injurious to men, and ruins them mentally and bodily, and destroys their families, and creates domestic unhappiness; and therefore drinking should be altogether avoided." A little care in the composition of this sentence would have arranged it thus:—"Drinking is very injurious to men: it ruins them mentally and bodily; it destroys their families, and creates domestic unhappiness. Drinking, therefore, should be altogether avoided."

The proper use of the pronouns should be learnt with accuracy. Many persons say or write, "There are men which hold such opinions;" or "There are able advocates which will now address you." The word *who* should be used in such cases: which is neuter, and applies to inanimate things, or those living species that are not human. "The snake which stung me,"—"The house which he built," are correct. Which may also be used when relating to a noun of multitude; as,—"The audience which he addressed,"—"The crowd which dispersed,"—"The meeting which applauded,"—"The army which was conquered," &c. &c.

With regard to nouns of multitude, the verbs, which they govern, may be either singular or plural. It is as correct to write, "The multitude were dispersed," as "The multitude was dispersed;" or "The committee were addressed," as "The committee was addressed."

Great care should be taken in placing the pronouns in such a way as to leave no doubt concerning the particular antecedent to which the relative may refer. In such a sentence as the following, this care is not taken:—

"The national opinion with regard to the evil effects of intemperance, which no individual can control, &c." The pronoun *which* may either refer to the national opinion or to the effects of intemperance. It is however very easy to remove all room for doubt. If the writer of such a sentence intended the pronoun to relate to the national opinion, he might place his phraseology thus,— "The national opinion with regard to the evil effects of intemperance,—that opinion which no individual can control, &c." And if he required the pronoun to allude to the effects of intemperance, he could compose his sentence in this manner,— "The national opinion with regard to the evil effects of intemperance,—effects which no individual can control, &c." A second instance of the necessity of care in the proper use of the pronouns may be illustrated by this sentence,— "The man in the power of a creditor, who knows not what course to pursue, &c." If the pronoun *who* should refer to the man, the sentence should stand thus,— "The man in the power of a creditor, and who knows not what course to pursue, &c." The conjunction *and* may here be used, because the pronoun *who* is understood in the first part of the sentence, which ought, strictly speaking, to be written in this manner,— "The man, who is in the power of a creditor, and who knows not what course to pursue, &c."

Great difficulty is frequently experienced by those who have not received a perfect grammatical education, in discriminating between the proper times to make use of *were* and *was*. *Were* is not only the plural in one mood, but also the singular in another. When a sentence is simply indicative, as "A man *was* going to London," then *was* is used; but if the sentence expressed a condition or a wish, then *were* should be used,—thus, "If a man *were* going to London,"—or, "I would that some man *were* going to London, &c." The conditional mood always requires the use of the word *were*; *ex. gra.* "Although he *were* a man of good character, I would not employ him;" but if no condition, but an absolute affirmative should be expressed, then the sentence would stand thus,— "Although he *was* really a man of good character, I did not employ him."

The word *that* is frequently used as a pronoun, but should be so used with caution, and only to vary a sentence, for the sake of euphony. Thus, instead of saying, "The man went to the chapel, *which* is in Aldersgate Street, and signed the pledge, *which* is so conducive to real happiness,"—we should say, "The man went to the chapel, *which* is in Aldersgate Street, and signed the pledge *that* is so conducive to real happiness." A member in the House of Commons once made the following observation,— "I declare most positively that that, that that man said, is false!" He should have said,— "I declare that that, which that man said is false." Had he studied euphony of expression, he would have varied the remark in some way like the following one,— "I declare that the statement, *which* was put forth by the man, to whom allusion has been made, is false." Here the same pronoun is only used once, and there are only two pronouns in the sentence. In the sentence where *that* is repeated four times, the first *that* is used as an adverb, and the other three as pronouns.

The verb is invariably used, with its plural termination, in cases where conditions or real doubts are expressed. Instead of saying, "If my father *does* go to Canterbury to-morrow," we should say, "If my father *do* go to Canterbury to-morrow." A second example of this rule is afforded by the following sentence:—"Although he *requires* the document by Monday next, it will not be ready for him:"—to say, "Although he *require*s the document, &c.," would be incorrect. In the same way, it would be improper to say, "If I *am* decided to address you again;"—the sentence should stand thus,— "If I *be* decided to address you again, &c.;" and, farther, "If there *be* no more to write, we may fold up the letter,"—instead of "If there *is* no more, &c."

In the English language two negatives make an affirmative. Thus, if we say—"I did not mean to do him no injury,"—or, "I did not intend to do nothing to him," it is the same as saying the precise contrary. To speak correctly, these sentences should thus be arranged,— "I did not mean to do him any injury,"—and "I did not intend to do anything to him." In the Greek language, two negatives strengthen the denial or refusal; and for this reason, Milton, availing himself of poetical licence, has once or twice employed the Greek idiom in his poem. But this usage of two negatives is really improper in English composition. "Nor do I not deny th' ambitious aim, &c." is to say, properly speaking, "I do deny the ambitious aim;" the word not should have been left out to constitute correct phraseology. Poetry, however, admits of many licences, amongst which the transposition and total omission of words are the principal.

Even men of education have imbibed certain errors with regard to the proper use of words,—errors which cannot be too promptly corrected. "I *deign* to look upon you," is to say "I *condescend* to look upon you," and not (as is intended) "I *disdain* to look upon you." Again,— "I would not demean myself in such a manner," does not express this sentence—"I will not *degrade* myself in such a manner;" but simply, "I will not *conduct* myself in such a manner." The verb *demean* signifies to *behave*, to *conduct*, and not to *degrade* one's-self. To use the word *Temperance* to express

total abstinence, is incorrect. *Temperance* signifies a temperate, or moderate use, of anything. For this reason, the globe is divided into zones, named according to their relative degrees of heat; viz., the Frigid Zone, the Temperate Zone, and the Torrid Zone. The Temperate, or Intermediate, or Moderate degree of heat is here expressed. The readers of this journal will observe that we make use the word *Teetotalism* upon almost all occasions to express total abstinence, which idea is not represented by the word *Temperance*.

Many words have been borrowed from the French, and other languages,—or are formed of compound words in the English languages; and, however these words may be pronounced, care should be taken to write them correctly. There is a species of cherry which was originally imported from Médoc, in France: when alluded to, we should write *Médoc cherries*, and not *May-duke cherries*, although the latter be the pronunciation of the first word. Instead of writing a *Welsh Rabbit*, we should say, a *Welsh rare-bit*. A *Bay-window*, and not a *Bow-window*, is correct. To show the reader how words may be corrupted, we need only observe that *Curmudgeon* is formed of the two French words *Cœur Méchant* (a "bad heart.") The exclamation of the crier in the courts of justice in England,— "Oh! yes! oh! yes! oh! yes!" is a corruption of the French word *Oyez* ("Listen!") The word *Bourgeois* (the name of a particular kind of type) is a French word, the pronunciation of which is Anglicised: *Long Primer* (another name for a peculiar species of type) is a corruption of the French term for the same article—*Longue Premier*. Nearly all the words used in military drills, or evolutions, and in fortification, are either pure or corrupted French; viz., *Echelon*, *deploy*, *march*, *manœuvre*, *alignement* (*Echelonner*, *deployer*, *marcher*, *manœuvrer*, *alignement*); and *Counterscarp*, *escarp*, *demilune*, *bastion*, *glacis*, *fascines* (*Contrescarpe*, *escarpe*, *demilune*, *bastion*, *glacis*, *fascines*), &c.

One of the principal errors into which unstudied composers fall, is the repetition of the same word so closely to each other, as to destroy the euphony of the sentence or paragraph. This is called *tautology*: the composer must therefore exercise his memory, and find, on the second occasion, another word of the same meaning, or else adroitly express the first by means of a relative. Long sentences and a great redundancy of verbiage are striking defects; and a nice discrimination is required in the use of very metaphorical language, for fear it should verge into bombast. There is but so small an interval between the sublime and the ridiculous—between high-flown language and absurd twaddle, that the young composer had better avoid rhetorical flourishes as much as possible. When an English poet writes—

"Oh! for a lay, loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore"

—he committed to paper a most ridiculous idea, instead of a sublime one, at which he aimed.

The next article we shall publish upon the subject of literary study, will relate to the CHOICE OF LANGUAGE IN PROSE AND VERS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AMBITION.

By Mrs. Reynolds.

Oft does th' unconscious vessel fly
To distant coasts where billows high
In dread confusion roar;
And, of the danger unaware,
Hoping to find a refuge there,
She splits upon the shore;—
So does ambition urge us on
Inviting power to gain!
And when our highest hopes are won,
We find our happiness undone
By that we would attain.
Ambition bids us stoop to crime,
And bears unto the latest time
Of frailty many a token;
The wisest often fall away,
And chiefs regret their peace decay.
When honour's laws are broken,
Ambition is the nurse of woe,
And hastens to the grave,
Of life the evanescent glow,
And bids the crimson current flow
From them it cannot save!

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

By Mrs. Reynolds.

Hast ever mark'd the fading spirit fly—
The parting of the body and the soul?
There is a kind of mental agony,
As it would seem, that often thrills the whole
Of the decaying frame, as to its soul
The vital breath is ebbing sure and fast:—
Perchance a secret dread, beyond control,
During brief retrospection of the past,
And shudd'ring what may be th' eternal doom at last?
O! let this be the virtuous Christian's stay,
When he remarks a parent's race is o'er,
That though the vital tide be pass'd away,
And the soul fled to a far distant shore,
Yet they shall meet again, for evermore
To dwell in happiness, and in the sleight
Of Him who bids the stormy ocean roar,
Who made the world, the darkness, and the light,
And dwells omnipotent in regions infinite!
Sopremely blest shall be their state above—
For ne'er the virtuous can have roll'd in vain,
Or liv'd for ought in vanity and love
With those on earth! When they shall meet again
All they held dear, in the celestial train,
Joy shall transfigure its radiance to their eyes,
And they shall reap reward for all their pain,
What time the trump shall echo through the skies,
And earth and sea shall render all that in them lies:

And when the boasting Sadducee shall hear
The knell of future woe for him to be;
And when the proud Idollater shall mark
The ruin of his false divinity!
And when the truth upon the Pharisee
Shall break in all its terror, that his prayer,
Array'd in guises of hypocrisy,
Has fail'd to save him from a long despair;
For heav'n is won by truth,—no hypocrite is there!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that G. A. R.'s article will not suit our columns, as it contains remarks upon subjects which have already been treated of in this Journal. We however thank him for his kind intentions.

Mr. W. Rodhouse, of Coventry, is thanked for his letter. He will perceive that we have anticipated the subject of his communication in our Journal of last week.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Tenth Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1841.

THE real and avowed object of Teetotalism is to extirpate the vice of intemperance from the earth, and to propagate the salutary doctrines of unexceptionable abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. It would therefore seem natural that the advocates of Teetotalism should adopt all possible measures, that are honourable and legitimate, to accomplish their object; and that they should hail, with unfeigned joy, the establishment of new Societies and new journals upon similar principles. The increase of Teetotal Associations, and the extension of the Teetotal press, should be considered the certain evidences of triumph and success; and should encourage pre-existing associations and journals to renewed exertions. But, alas! such is not always the case. There are certain individuals who style themselves Teetotalers, and who probably practise the doctrine from interested motives, but from whose tongues emanate the most cordial expressions of hatred against those societies which they are pleased to consider the rivals of their own. All their ideas seem to be centred in the words "opposition" and "competition;" and some of these persons have not hesitated to declare, upon public platforms, that they hoped "such-and-such an Association would speedily fall to the ground." They have prophesied such a fate for several organized bodies of Teetotalers now in flourishing circumstances; and their heart-felt wish has been the parent of the prediction.

We regret to be compelled to notice such conduct in our columns: we regret that we should be compelled to expose it to those of our readers (and we have some thousands) who have not as yet joined Teetotal Associations;—but we are only fulfilling a duty, albeit a painful one, which circumstances have imposed upon us. What can we think of such individuals as those to whom allusion has been made above? Are they not, in fact, as inveterate enemies to the real interests of the cause as the publicans and vintners themselves? To exult over the fall of any Teetotal society, or to predict such an occurrence with savage glee, is to divulge the real sentiments which originally induced such men to join the ranks of those who are embarked in this great work of moral reformation;—and these sentiments are interest and views of pecuniary advantage. We earnestly entreat all Teetotal audiences to express, in the strongest terms, their disapprobation of such disgraceful conduct as that to which we have ere now alluded, whenever they see it displayed upon any platform. The cause sustains the greatest injury from these paltry discussions and feuds; and the world beyond the sphere of Teetotalism imagines that "we are split amongst ourselves." If such an opinion be suffered to gain ground, the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors will not experience that rapid popularity which its true friends hope to see realized.

While we are recording our observations upon this very important subject, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to make a few remarks upon the disgraceful attempts set on foot in certain quarters to injure the circulation and reputation of *The Teetotaler* journal. At the commencement of this publication, its enemies declared that its price and its plan were against its success. It was argued that a journal, which admitted tales and light matter, would not suit the Teetotal world. But these opinions were

speedily refuted. The Teetotal world liberally supported the publication; and the variety of its matter ensured it immediate popularity. Its enemies saw that it was prospering; and their wits were set to work to imagine a means of injuring it. With a policy more infernal than that which suggested to Khalil Tschendereli the establishment of the corps of Janizzaries,—with a malignity more despicable than that which prompts the vindictive wretch to throw vitriol upon the countenance of his enemy,—and with a restless energy, well deserving a better cause, did the opponents of *The Teetotaler* circulate a report that its columns contained matter of an infidel and irreligious tendency. This execrable falsehood was industriously circulated, and produced more or less effect upon weak minds. And yet, we can safely challenge our enemies and the whole world, to select one sentence of an infidel or irreligious tendency from the pages of *The Teetotaler*, from its commencement up to the present day. On the contrary—yes, reader, mark—on the contrary, the spirit of the matter contained in this journal is, and always has been, of a purely moral tendency, having the Christian creed as its firm and unalterable basis. In the third Number of *The Teetotaler*, the Leading Article contains the following words,—“A word shall never appear in its columns which may call a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious, or militate against the religious sentiments of the most punctilious.” In the fifth Number, also in the Leading Article, we observed that “we do not believe that any minister of the Gospel would have the unblushing effrontery to come forward, and maintain, by implication, that the Saviour of the world would advocate that habit which has destroyed more lives than the sword” (alluding to the miracle performed at Cana in Galilee). “God alone can replace Man, by man destroyed,” says the Article entitled “The Mechanism of Art and of Nature” in the sixth Number. The Article called “Instinct and Reason,” in the seventh Number, is written expressly to prove the immortality of the soul of man. In the Leading Article of Number XVI, the following passage occurs:—“The principles of total abstinence have turned men away from the paths which lead to the ale-house, and taught them to pursue those that conduct their steps to the shrine of the Almighty.” These quotations will at once give an unequalled denial to the base calumnies of our enemies; and, in addition to this evidence, we may call the attention of the public to the readiness with which we have always extracted from religious publications, when connected with Teetotalism. We again repeat, that we defy the world to produce one passage in the columns of any Number of this journal, which at all “militates against the religious sentiments of the most punctilious.”

To stab a man in the dark is not a more dastardly act than to raise against him the cry of infidelity. Men of rightly-constituted minds are not swayed by such infamous calumny; but those individuals, whose imaginations are weak and prejudices strong, readily imbibe the scandalous opinion, and retail it again. Despicable indeed must be the characters of those wretches, who have recourse to such means of petty vengeance as these.

We commenced our editorial superintendence of *The Teetotaler*, with the determination of providing for our readers not only a journal which should inculcate and support the doctrines of Teetotalism, but which should also afford them general information and amusement at the same time. The immense circulation which *The Teetotaler* now enjoys is the best test of the success of our plan; and our continuous endeavours shall still be to supply our readers with a good family journal, the variety of whose contents shall relieve the mind from the monotony attendant upon one particular study. We have received hundreds of letters acknowledging conversions from habits of intemperance or moderate-drinking to those of total abstinence,—conversions effected by this publication; and the fearlessness with which we have exposed abuses where abuses exist, and where they seem to regard the principle we advocate, has obtained for us general applause. *The Teetotaler* is, moreover, at this moment the cheapest periodical of the day, when the illustrations given with it are considered; and, placing them aside, it is still the cheapest, *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal* alone excepted. It is for these several reasons that the public has generously and nobly accorded us its patronage; and, so long as we please generally, we shall not do

otherwise than smile at the impotent attempts of a few envious individuals to injure us.

Supposing that those aforesaid envious individuals had succeeded in swamping this journal, as they hoped and predicted, would they not have inflicted a grievous injury upon the cause of Teetotalism? Would not the publicans and anti-teetotalers generally have hailed the fall of a Teetotal publication as a sign of their own victory? Most assuredly would such have been their boasting. But the malignant enemies, who raised the false cry of infidelity against us, would not have felt one pang at the blow thus struck at Teetotalism, so long as their own selfish views were accomplished, and their nefarious plans proved successful. This observation shows how sincere are they in the Teetotal cause, and how much of their own private interests they sacrifice for the welfare of that principle of which upon public platforms they declare themselves to be so deeply enamoured. At the outset of this article, we had intended to have published the names, occupations, and residences, of several of the envious calumniators here alluded to; but we shall demonstrate in this respect the forbearance which is taught by the Christian creed,—that creed which we practise without affectation, and which they affect without practice.

We certainly have a right to mistrust the sincerity of the Christian professions of those who deal in the vilest and most uncharitable of all scandal. “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,” is a precept which should have its weight not only in a public tribunal of justice, but also in private life. But how can they attempt to follow so divine a command, whose hearts are not free “from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.” Back in their own teeth do we hurl the accusation of infidelity: upon them rebounds the barbed and poisoned arrow they aimed at us. It is not by simply declaring themselves to be Christians, that the world will regard them as such. Interested motives will induce millions to proclaim their religious piety; but we may be permitted to doubt its sincerity, unless its assertion be supported by actions. If the individuals, who assailed ourselves in the manner above described, wish to acquire the characters of Christians, let them practise the doctrines of Christianity;—let them act openly, honourably, and fearlessly, and not endeavour to encompass their aims by a system of back-biting, scandal, and vilification. These are the deeds of true Christians;—but words are too frequently considered before actions in the minds of the weak and uneducated. Let it also be remembered that those who negligently suffer themselves to be biassed, to the prejudice of their fellow-creatures, by the wicked calumny of others, are only one degree removed from the original propagators of the slander themselves; because it is the duty of every honourable and just man to weigh well and investigate the attacks made upon the characters of third parties, before he allows them to make any impression upon his mind.

AURINIA, THE VICTIM.

BY JOHN WILSON ROSS, AUTHOR OF “NINIAN.”

I.

It was in those ancient times when foreign conquest had not yet given to the west of Europe the dubious advantages of civilized slavery in exchange for rude independence, that Gallia, which the hands of the succeeding generations have ploughed, and tilled, and cultivated, offered to the sight nothing but dreary forests, vast marshes, and wide waste plains studded with innumerable villages, and now and then a few cities surrounded by the walls which no Vauban or Cormontaigne had yet systematized.

The men, whose manners were barbarous though simple, were tall in stature, and the beauty of the women was in strict harmony with the majesty of their wild nature. Such were those noble people the Gauls and Celts, now so often confounded under the same name—those fair, blue-eyed Gauls, who when the period of their warlike colony had passed away, traversed the whole of Europe, penetrated into Asia—the cradle of their race—and afterwards took by assault the haughty Rome.

In spite of the names of Barbarians which was given to these ancient Gauls by the Greeks, and their foes the Romans, they nevertheless surpassed those miserable people who exist at the present day in a savage state in New Zealand, and who are so immersed in moral obscurity, that bodily strength among them constitutes a title to consideration, and consequently a more cruel servitude is inflicted on the softer sex, inasmuch as woman, on account of her physical debility, is placed under the brutal dominion of man.

Far different was the lot of women among the Gauls, in spite of their sanguinary religion, and the warlike habits which somewhat augmented the severity of their character; esteem and affection for the female sex seemed innate in this heroic race. The Gauls made them not their companions like the Cavaliers of the middle ages, merely for the purposes of passive adoration, oftentimes tyrannical in proportion as it was contrary to their divinity. Women in those ages were much superior to women in the middle ages; their advice was listened to, and their opinions taken; their countenances were auxiliaries, and their voices fraught with inspiration to the warrior in the field of battle; they were regarded as the prophetesses of his destiny. Their mystical exaltation, their unexpected inspirations, and their sublimity, which sufficiently compensated for a less vigorous intellect, induced these people to attribute to them supernatural faculties. They imagined that their gods had revealed to this sex the mysteries of reading the future, and even the power of commanding the elements.

Hence originated enchantresses, of whom traditions, much disfigured, it is true, have nevertheless served to allure our infancy.

Besides these extraordinary women who exercised for a long time a strong influence over the destiny of the Gallic and Teutonic nations, there were colleges of Druidesses organized throughout different parts of Gallia, like those of the Druids, the formidable priests of the Celts. The most renowned of these assemblies, dedicated to the worship of the Gallo-Celtic deities, was in the island of Syesia, situate at the mouth of the Manica, between Armorica and Britain.

Such was for many ages the state of Gallia, till the Romans, already masters of the province of Rodano, ventured to penetrate into Central Gallia, favoured by the dissension of its own inhabitants. These united, not before it was too late, against the common foe, and soon the reports of the Roman victories spread to the remotest extremity of the country.

II.

It was the last night of the year. From a dark grove of the forest of Armorica were seen the flashing of a thousand torches, and a long procession of phantoms clad in white garments moving slowly in death-like silence. It was the band of the Druids and the people of Lemorrici coming to seek in the barks of their oaks the Sacred Mistletoe of the New Year. By the rays of the moon and the lustre of their torches, they sought and resought in vain, regarding each other in silent sadness, for their fruitless search announced the wrath of Heaven. Suddenly the dry leaves rustled beneath some hasty steps, and a breathless warrior rushed into the midst of the band.

“Woe! woe!” he cried, “woe to our country! Alas! that the gods protect us no longer! The great city Alessia is destroyed; and after a two years’ siege, its walls are now crumbling before Julius Cæsar. The leader of the Gauls is the conqueror’s prisoner, and the deputies of Cæsar are marching towards Armorica.”

A fearful shudder passed through the crowd.

“Silence!” exclaimed a voice; and in silence the priestess Aurinia advanced; her eyes sparkling, her brow garlanded with vervain, and her dark hair streaming in the wild breeze of the night: “Alas! ye gods, reveal to us our impiety! Woe to you, Armoricans, if you appease not the gods that have vowed vengeance against you in their anger! You have neglected their worship; you, Gauls, stand harassed by the very bands of Gauls: behold, thence, our Alessia taken! behold, thence, the sacred tree concealed from our search! Pacify the mysterious power! Dedicate to Hy-ra-Bras* the first strangers that shall profane our solitude, and Armorica shall yet be safe from invasion. He that shall defraud the Great Spirit of his victims shall be given alive to the flames, slain for the black Teutates—the god of vengeance!—Do you swear?”

“We swear!”

III.

There was heard the sound of rustling arms in the frontiers of Armorica. The Romans, governors of the country of the Cenomani, had entered the peninsula of Brittany, and were waiting from day to day the approach of the victors.

Aurinia was wandering beneath the grove of oaks, pondering on her terrible vow, and the fate of her country, when a distant noise sounded through the forest. The Celtic troops were disturbing the sacred place with the voice of mirth. Immediately afterwards a numerous band of Armoricans presented itself to the sight of the priestess, dragging along, bound two by two, a hundred men of dark complexions, covered with foreign armour.

“Rejoice, prophetess Aurinia,” exclaimed the victors, “for you are about to fulfil your vow to Hy-ra-bras. A party of Roman knights are captives in our chains; hither they approach, we have preserved them for our Great Deity.”

Aurinia answered not—she leant against a tree—her heart beat violently—a mist covered her eyes. When she raised her head, she met the full gaze of the van-

* Hy—the great—the great God

quished chief contemplating her with admiration. Uttering something in an unknown language, he lifted up his bound hands towards her, but with an inhuman shout he was dragged across the grove with his unfortunate companions.

Aurinia could not drive from her mind the form of the pale and bleeding youth, noble, and even engaging, in his adversity. She now no longer commanded that maddening sacrifice which her fatal vow required of her—contending emotions agitated her breast—the inexorable Druidess had become a woman.

She passed into the deep wood, where in her terror she accused herself of impiety, for she felt the horror of her vow, and cursed the victory which had so soon caused its fulfilment. When her functions were called for at the dark ceremonies, she assisted not, for her thoughts were too profane. She fled across the Blavet into the county of the Veneli, thinking thus to escape in flight the pangs of misery and remorse which racked her bosom. Here she soon lost herself amid the thousand paths of the forest. And the next morning found her reduced by fatigue, sleeping at the foot of a young oak. A confused remembrance seized her when she awoke, but the first glance showed her, alas! her sad solitude.

Behind her extended a vast lake, and over against it stood a dense crowd of gigantic trees girt everywhere by immense rocks of granite. As she was strolling beneath these rocks, she fancied a high meinhir or Druidic column, uttered an exclamation of surprise, which induced her to take flight, but a kind of fascination attracted her towards the trees. Darting into a shady path, she pursued her way till she suddenly discovered herself to be in a small plain that stretched circularly in the middle of the wood. Some enormous stones were placed upon the sands in a mysterious order: in the centre a grand Dolmen elevated itself above four columns; and a granite table, stained in many places with human blood, met her eyes.

It had the appearance of such a terrible altar that it caused a cold perspiration to creep over Aurinia's brain, and made her reel as if she had been struck by lightning. Extended along the plain, lay a figure almost buried in the ashes of the burnt oak, his hair floated down upon his broad shoulders, and his captive limbs seemed to quiver with remaining life.

Aurinia recognized the sacred Dolmen which was to have been burnt with the human hecatomb. For a long while she stood motionless, with her eyes fierce and fixed, as if the sight of that colossal image had transformed her into a statue.

Reanimated with superhuman energy, she sprung forwards, and staid not her course till she arrived in the midst of the council of the Druids. There was an exclamation of surprise at her approach.

"Listen" she exclaimed, "since the capture of these prisoners, wonderful mysteries have passed my mind. I had received warnings which bound me to abstain from the sacrifice, and I sought to abandon the earth, but, behold, an invisible power hath reconducted me against my will to this sacred wood! Priests of Hy-ra-bras, the Great Spirit hath refused our victims: give the Romans their lives!"

"Is that indeed the voice of Aurinia that has struck our ears?" replied Ur-enzio, the chief of the Druids, "Has Hy-ra-bras deserted her, or has she conferred with some hostile god? It was but yesterday she dictated to us the sacred vow, like one inspired by the Great Spirit; and now she sues for these Romans with the fury of a maniac! We listen to Aurinia's yesterday's voice, and not to day's! The victims shall be sacrificed to-morrow."

"They shall be sacrificed," shouted the crowd of priests.

Pale and melancholy, Aurinia left the assembly with lingering steps. As she passed by the statue she beheld the young Roman Tribune. There was a manly resignation, and proud, though sorrowful look, upon his countenance. The sight passed through her heart like the lightning's flash. What a terrible contrast between the feelings she then experienced for her God and the stranger! How much stronger were they in favour of the latter! Humanity and compassion for him alone engaged her thoughts, and perhaps a more powerful sentiment yet.

At the return of night the prisoners observed with wonder that the soldiers who guarded them were suddenly seized with a species of delirium. Their passionate gestures were not those of a war-dance; they ran and leaped about, with howls and unintelligible cries, and brandished their weapons in such a manner that the prisoners thought that the period of their existence was arrived. But this violent paroxysm of rage soon ceased as it had begun, without apparent motives, and the Gauls, overwhelmed by fatigue, sank one by one into a deep sleep.

At this instant, a figure clad in white appeared between the distant trees, and passed quietly through the midst of the slumbering guards. Those that chanced to be awake, believing it to be Cerid-guen, the guardian goddess of Amoric, closed their eyes and muttered an invocation.

The figure approached, and the Military Tribune recognised the beautiful Druidess. She made a sign of silence, and cutting down with an axe the entrance by which the prisoners had been conducted into the body

of the image with which they were to have been consumed, unbound their shackles, and bade them depart in silence.

"Art thou, then, the chaste Diana, goddess of the night and of this grove?" asked the Tribune Septimus, when they had passed from without the sacred wood.

"I am only a mortal inspired by the gods, who have prohibited me to let you perish. To afford this easy escape, I mingled the seed of the inebriating henebane with the food of your guards. You may now rejoin your countrymen, if you will solemnly vow, never to set your feet again upon the land of my forefathers."

IV.

Septimus on his return to the camp of Cæsar's lieutenant-general, was anxious to keep his promise, but his companions accused him of cowardice. To a soldier of Julius Cæsar the gods were nothing—military glory was all. He yielded and served to conduct the legions into the bosom of the forest of Lemoric, the inhabitants of which were so disheartened at the escape of their prisoners that they were vanquished in the first onset, and retired to another part of Gallia, abandoning their sacred wood to the conquerors.

V.

It is night! The cries of the people, the chiefs of the soldiers, the heads of the priests, are assembled beneath the dark rocks that border the boundless ocean—the last asylum of the still free Americans. As they are pondering on the battle which has thus put an end to the safety of their country, in the midst of them suddenly stands Aurinia. Her eyes sparkle with a wild inspired phrenzy; her brow is crowned with heroism; and her dark hair floats behind her as she passes on.

"Why are ye thus desponding, Armoricans?" she exclaimed. "Think you that no power can yet appease the wrath of Hy-ra-bras?"

And sorrowful silence was the only reply.

"People! an evil spirit hath deceived the soul of your prophetess. I am she who gave the Latins their liberty. He that shall defraud the Great Spirit of his victims, shall be given alive to the flames, and, shall die for the black Teutates!" Do you remember who uttered these words?"

A thousand arms were extended towards her, and a loud, and terrible murmur accompanied the motion.

"You have said it. I am she that hath pronounced them. To your work then, ye priests of Teutates. I die to redeem my country, and I die for the salvation of my people."

And unbinding her garland and tearing the sacred fillet from her hair, she resigned her hands to the cords of the executioner.

VI.

Such a horrible and magnanimous sacrifice as this failed not to revive the fanatic enthusiasm of the Lemorici. They marched against the Romans, and sought an engagement on the uncultivated plains of Cornuallia. Septimus, desperate at having been the cause of the fatal sacrifice of his liberatrix, found in battle a wished for death; and the hostile legions were driven for many years from the American peninsula.

The Romans, however, eventually obtained possession of Gallia; but the image of Hy-ra-bras tottered not before the altar of Jove; the sanguinary divinity of Armorica vanished only before the glory of the Cross.

A WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.

DRUNKENNESS expels reason, drowns the memory, defaces beauty, diminishes strength, inflames the blood, causes internal, external, and incurable wounds; is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, the beggar's companion, the wife's woe, and the children's sorrow. It makes a strong man weak, and a wise man a fool. He is worse than a beast, and is a self-murderer, who drinks to other's good health and robs himself of his own. He is worse than a beast, for no animal will designedly intoxicate itself; but a drunkard swallows his liquor well-knowing the condition to which it will reduce him, and that the draught will deprive him of his reason. By the effect of liquor his evil passions and tempers are freed from restraint; and while in a state of intoxication, he commits actions which when sober he would have shuddered only to have thought of. Many an evil deed has been done, many a murder has been committed, when those who did those things were intoxicated. Scarcely an assize passes, without some unhappy prisoner attempting to excuse his guilt by the plea that he was under the influence of liquor. This excuse the law allows not, and most justly; for if men voluntarily deprive themselves of their reason, surely they cannot be innocent of whatever evils they commit in their ebriety. Tremble, O drunkard, remember that you are about to make yourself ready to commit every crime to which an evil nature no longer checked can incite you, and that you may awake from this state guilty of offences against the laws of your country, sufficient to draw down just vengeance upon your head. While suffering the punishment of your evil deeds, or reflecting on the harm you have done, perhaps to your best friend,—what consolation can the remembrance of your worse than beastly enjoyment give you?

REVIEWS.

A Letter to Parents upon the Education of their Children. By JAMES BRUNSWICK and THOMAS TURNER, pp. 12. London: Harvey and Darton.

THIS valuable little pamphlet deserves universal patronage. It is a sound, moral, and religious system of admonition to parents who really feel interested in the welfare of their children. The work is divided into three parts. The first gives some excellent advice relative to the *Physical Education* of youth, under the several heads of Good Air, Food, Exercise of Muscle, Clothing, Cleanliness, and the Exercise of the Brain. From this division of the pamphlet, we select the following extract as a specimen of the authors' style:—

"*Food.*—We would urge the importance of your children using the most simple food. Let meals be regular. Let animal food be taken at dinner, but not in great quantities. Do not encourage an inordinate desire of food for the mere purpose of gratifying taste. Never let your children have strong tea or coffee, as the stimulus would be injurious. Allow no intoxicating liquors, for their injurious effects upon the nervous and circulating systems more than counterbalance any small quantity of nourishment that may be derived from them; such nourishment, also, could be obtained from other sources, without that accompanying evil. No great exertion of mind or body should be taken immediately after meals; for the active operations of the brain cannot go on with those of the digestive organs, without both greatly suffering thereby: this is the fruitful cause of insanity in America."

The next section is devoted to the consideration of the principles of *Moral Education*; the principles of which may be thus classed,—Love, Justice, Prudence, Courage, Desire of Employment, Sense of Order, Respect for Superiority, Desire of Praise and Hope. These various manifestations of moral education are descanted upon with an ability that shows how intimately the authors of the little pamphlet under notice have made themselves acquainted with their subject. They write without pretension, and yet with a vigour and earnestness which cannot fail to impress their lessons upon the memories of their readers. We quote a paragraph from this second division of the publication:—

"*Sense of Order.*—By an observance of such, your children will be able to accomplish their objects without bustle or confusion. Let them know not only the beauty of order in place, but order in time; that is, make them to value punctuality. By noncontrol of this useful sense of order, we become excessively attentive to method, and nervously irritable at irregularities. The consequences of a neglect of this, are, a carelessness of person, extra labour in occupations, and continual mishaps from loss of time. Guard your children from roughness of conduct, coarseness of language, and vulgarity of habit. Let youth act upon these maxims:—*a place for everything, and everything in its place; a time for everything, and everything in its time.*"

Intellectual Education forms the third division of the pamphlet, and the most interesting one of the three. It classes the several movements of mind under the denominations of Application to Senses, Arrangement of Ideas, Memory, Reasoning, and Employment of Ideas. The authors show the dependence of mind upon the senses, and thence succeed in proving the necessity of educating the mind by attention to the objects of sense. A portion of the means to accomplish this grand aim is explained in the annexed paragraph:—

"Let, therefore, a number of objects be presented to your child for examination. Engage not the action of one sense only, but allow all to be brought into active co-operation. See that your children well understand the peculiar form, and relative situation of objects. Allow their eyes to be long and attentively fixed upon anything. Take them to the fields, and there train their eyes and their ears. Strive to give them a perfect distinction of sounds and of colours. Put a pencil into their hands and early train them to sketch from nature: nothing tends to give so accurate a habit of observation as the power of drawing. INFANT SCHOOLS, when properly conducted, are well adapted to improve the mind in observations, and also to furnish the child with a good selection of useful ideas. According to the object presented to the senses, so will the mind be affected. Hence we learn the great need of caution in the presentation of objects of sense. O parents! guard with extreme jealousy the eyes and ears of your offspring. Let them go into no society in which these organs may be exposed to evil influence. Beware of your own behaviour in their presence. Let not their eyes behold a countenance convulsed with passion, nor their ears be assailed by the language of foolishness or impiety. As reading is an exertion of one of the senses, take care that your children read no books which are calculated to injure them. Lastly, teach your children to have self-command over their senses."

We strongly recommend this admirable publication to all parents, and to those persons who are engaged in the education of youth. Many of the ideas and suggestions contained in it are calculated to enable the schoolmaster effectually to work out the principles of instruction laid down by the great Pestalozzi.

The Children's Temperance Magazine: A Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction for Young Teetotalers. Vol. I. pp. 368. London: Houlston and Stoneman; Market-Harborough: T. Cook;

THE first volume of this admirable little publication is now neatly bound, and forms a suitable present for parents to bestow upon their young children. The Preface informs us that "the little work was commenced under a deep impression of the importance of an early inculcation of Temperance principles on the minds of the rising generation." The conception of such a publication does honour both to the publisher and editor; and we sincerely hope that both are rewarded for their labours by an extensive circulation. The literature and the pictorial embellishments of the work are both of a superior order, when we consider the cheapness of the magazine, and the class to which it is especially addressed. We shall make a few extracts to corroborate the truth of our opinion relative to the merits of this publication:—

"There is a Rabbinical tradition related by Fabricius, that when Noah planted the vine, Satan attended and sacrificed a sheep, a lion, an ape, and a sow. These animals strikingly symbolize the gradations of inebriety. When a man begins to drink, he is frisky and cheerful as a *Lamb*; then he becomes as bold as a *Lion*; his courage is soon transformed into the foolishness of an *Ape*; and at last he wallows in the mire like a *Sow*."

We proceed, with great pleasure, to lay the following article, entitled "Bad Company Ruinous," before our readers:—

"Bad company, and especially drunken company, is the greatest evil to which young persons can be exposed. Millions of unhappy young men and women have had to attribute their ruin to this source. Allow me, then, dear friends, to warn you of this danger:—

"I. The *property* of a companion of fools will be destroyed; for they will lead him on to various excesses, until his purse is drained, and he is left penniless and helpless. Those who spend their wealth in riotous living are generally the companions of fools. We ought to remember the command, 'Occupy till I come!'"

"II. His *health* will be destroyed. Fools lead their companions into excesses which destroy the constitution. It is a lamentable fact that lads of a dozen, or even less, years of age, make a practice of visiting public-houses for the purpose of gambling and drinking. It is with sorrow I reflect that, at the age of twelve years, I was led by vicious companions to these places of ruin, where we played at the bagatelle-board, and frequently got intoxicated. It is admitted on all hands that drinking is ruinous to the health—that best of all earthly blessings.

"III. His *reputation* will be destroyed. Though he may refrain from many of their evil doings, he will suffer with them in public estimation: the old proverb will be applied, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' The wise man says, 'A good name is better than riches.' May my young friends not share the reproaches of the foolish, by being found in their company.

"IV. His *soul* will be destroyed. If he live and die a companion of fools, he will not be a fit subject for the society of the wise in glory. God's word declares that 'the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.' May all my young friends 'escape the foolish and live.'"

The Temperance Messenger. Vol. I. pp. 184. London: Houlston and Stoneman; Market-Harborough. T. Cook.

ALTHOUGH we have several works before us, all claiming our attention—and a probable right to our preference, by priority of arrival,—we nevertheless throw them on one side for the moment, to make room for a notice of works professedly devoted to the Teetotal cause. The periodicals issued from the South Midland Depot are a credit to the Teetotal press. In casting our eyes over the first volume of the *Temperance Messenger* (which, like the *Children's Temperance Magazine*, is a monthly publication) we perceive many papers of sterling worth and interest. In the July Number there is very admirable article, called "A Friendly Message to Field Labourers, with Hints to their Employers." From this paper we shall make a few extracts:—

"The amount of your labour is increased by your drinking habits, and you are also deprived of that rest which Nature requires, and which God has provided for you. You begin to drink the first thing in the morning, and thus lay the foundation for a day's thirst. You cannot eat with a good appetite; but every hour you must be running to the bottle, to slake your raging thirst, and raise your sinking powers. You fancy that the beer revives and strengthens you; and for a time after you have drunk it, you work like horses that are goaded by the whip and spur. If the beer should happen to be very strong, and you take plenty of it, you mow an acre, or reap a rood in 'no time'; and you go to the task with these energetic feelings until the spirit begins to die within you; and then you seem as if you were in a dying and drooping

state also. When night comes, you are fairly fagged out; and when you lie down upon your bed, every limb aches, and you are in a burning fever; then you complain of the hot weather and hard labour. Your repose is broken; you doze and dream of the field and bottle, and are not easy until you get to the farmer's kitchen early in the morning, for the first pint. * * * I need not say much about the causes of the numerous accidents which take place in the harvest field. You know that nearly all of them originate in drinking. It is this too which disposes men to quarrel and fight; and, in some instances, the scythe of the mower has been converted into the scythe of death! But, notwithstanding all these things, you no doubt still think ale to be NECESSARY. I think it is not; and I will give you the very best reasons for thinking so. I will furnish you with the opinions of an eminent medical gentleman, and the experience of some who have tried the abstinence plan; and they are men who are not ashamed of their names being attached to their declaration of the benefits arising from Teetotalism. You may enquire of them, or of their masters, if you like, for the truth of what they assert."

Then follow the medical testimony of Mr. Higginbottom, an eminent Surgeon at Nottingham, and the testimonials of several Agricultural Labourers, Brick-makers, Quarrymen, &c. From the medical testimony we quote the following extract:—

"There is neither strength nor nourishment in ale, porter, cider, or in any alcoholic drink, to produce proper vigour for labour in the harvest field: the artificial strength thus obtained is only of a transitory nature, and followed by an increased weakness and fatigue. This may be easily understood, when we know that alcoholic drinks stimulate the nervous system—quicken the circulation of the blood—increase the labour of every organ of the body—injure the quality of the food, and of course lessen the nourishment, and materially impede digestion or assimilation. By this fourfold process the body is weakened, and consequently not so fit for labour. Alcoholic drinks are altogether unfitted to repair the deficiency produced by the great waste from perspiration caused by labour in the harvest field, &c. The most natural and the only drinks necessary are those of a cooling nature, as water, milk-and-water, weak tea or coffee. Such drinks will not unduly increase the action of the heart."

The Border Herald of Temperance. Numbers I. to IX. Carlisle: Hudson Scott.

THIS excellent monthly journal is conducted with great ability and discrimination. Its editors have adopted the wise plan of introducing agreeable and moral fictions into their columns, for the purpose of amusing, as well as instructing their readers. This plan is sure to succeed, if properly worked out; and, in this instance, the scheme appears to have met with its due share of encouragement, if we may judge by an announcement in this month's Number, stating that the journal is to be enlarged, and the price increased to two-pence. We hail this advertisement as another instance of the success of the cause of Teetotalism, and are glad to proclaim the prosperity of a contemporary. The following extract is the conclusive passage of a very powerful tale, which has lately appeared in *The Border Herald*, under the title of "The Destroyer Destroyed":—

"She went to service,—and those delicate hands, that while her father was a sober man, knew not what work was, for two years performed the hardest drudgery. Her uncommon beauty attracted the notice of a fellow, who passed under the disguise of a gentleman; he assiduously and perseveringly addressed the most marked attentions towards her—and supposing that I was dead, not having heard from me for two years (my letters had miscarried) she listened to the promises of the

"Liar—betrayer—false as cruel,"

and—Mary was but mortal—was deceived, and fell. The sequel is soon told, after spending four months of splendid misery, she was basely deserted by her seducer, and left destitute of the common necessities of life; she had no means of providing for herself, she was without friends, no one to give her a character, and in London. She almost starved for a week, and then in the last gasp of moral and physical wretchedness—the poor outcast had expended her last trifle in GIN AND OPIUM, and senseless and stupefied with the drug, was going when I saw her to end her earthly horrors with her life in the Thames. Poor Mary! thy sad history is but a transcript of that of thousands of 'pale romances of the night,' whom society spurns, and whom we shake off contemptuously, perhaps insultingly, in the streets, little thinking that probably they are drunkard's daughters, whom their parents' crimes have driven to vice and folly—but thou wast not like them, for thou choosdest death before continued dishonour.

"In three weeks Mary died—a true penitent, resting on the mercy of that Merciful Saviour who said to the expiring thief on the cross, 'This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise;' and I believe, that her repentant spirit—which was even, 'more sinned against than sinning'—through the merits of her Redeemer has found rest where the 'wicked cease from troubling.'"

"I attended her to the grave, and as the cold earth fell heavily upon her coffin lid, its echo seemed to

smite upon my heart like the knell of death. I stood upon the edge of that low narrow bed, and felt that the only ray of hope I had was quenched in perpetua night, and that I was alone—a solitary being in the world—bereft of home, of friends, of every sympathy, which sanctifies our nature, of every tie which binds the heart to life and its enjoyments. I asked myself, what had caused all this—and what had made my father a bad and unfeeling man—what had driven me from home and broken my best of mothers' heart—what had cut my sorrowing parent off in the middle of his days—and most cruel of all, what had driven my Mary from her father's home to ignominy, wretchedness, and the grave? Who has been the Destroyer, and what has caused this mighty wreck? The answer, as from a thousand voices, was 'STRONG DRINK.' And then—gazing upon the last broken link of all my joys—I vowed never to let the destroying agent pass my lips again.

"I placed a plain marble slab over the tomb, and in— church you may see the following simple memorial:

M. P.
Aged 22 years.

"I left England immediately, and five years have elapsed and I am still a wanderer upon the face of the earth. From that time until now

'I have breathed not her name—it has slept in the shade Where cold and unnoticed her relics are laid.'

"I have told it now; not so much because it was asked, but because I thought it might do good. I am a stranger to you, and in a few days we separate. You go to your friends and your homes; bright smiles and fond welcomes await you. I, when I step upon the shores of England, shall feel that I am a stranger and an alien in the land of my fathers. I shall go again over the path of the DESTROYER, and again visit the grave of Mary."

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

WORCESTER.

There is a Primitive Methodist Total Abstinence Society in this city, the meetings of which are well attended. The following paragraph appears in the *British Temperance Advocate* for December:—"The chaplain (Rev. J. Adlington,) of the county gaol, and of the House of Industry, alias union workhouse, has recently started a Church of England total abstinence society at Worcester, holding meetings once a month for the public advocacy of its principles, on the first Wednesday evening, at the Girls' National School-room. This society is distinct as to management and funds, but not antagonistical. Thus you will perceive there are some signs of life among us, although I feel, for one that the cause is not taken up in our highly professing city as it ought to be. We hold meetings three times in the month for the promotion of total abstinence, embracing all persuasions, but excluding sectarian usages in conducting them; in the first and third Monday in each month at the Primitive Methodist meeting-house, and each second Monday in the month at the Friends' meeting-house, for temperance members only. Upon the whole there appears to be a lively interest kept up. A constant addition of names to our members indicates progression.

UXBRIDGE.

The cause of Teetotalism progresses most favourably at Uxbridge. At a late festival which was given there to reclaimed drunkards, a brickmaker declared that when he was addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, he was once so denuded of all his clothing, that he absolutely gave chase to a dog which had a hat affixed to its tail, and was glad to avail himself of this opportunity of obtaining a tegument for his head. There are between forty and fifty members of the Total Abstinence Society of Uxbridge, who have been reclaimed from the most degraded habits of drunkenness, and who are now rendered worthy and useful members of society. These individuals all bear their testimony to the fact that nothing but Teetotalism can cure the drunkard, or prevent the moderate drinker from becoming one.

BADLINGTON.

We are indebted to *The British Temperance Advocate* for the following pleasing news respecting this place:—"The Temperance cause in this town, in spite of all the persecution exercised last year, still continues to prosper. Indeed, so great and beneficial is the change, that nearly all the ministers of the gospel in the parish are engaged in its favour. The Rev. ROBERT HARRISS, Baptist, signed the Teetotal pledge. We have one minister belonging to the establishment, one of the Independent Church, two Baptists, two Wesleyans, and six Primitive Methodists: total, eleven ministers, pledged Teetotalers, as well as most of the other ministers in the parish who are favourably disposed towards us. The religious bodies are now adding to their churches constantly such as, it is hoped, shall be eternally saved. To the Baptist church twenty-seven members have been added in the space of a few weeks, while the other denominations have received a propor-

tionate increase. At the last fortnightly temperance meeting, held in the Friends' Meeting House, four ministers took their station on the platform, and another would have done so, but he was prevented by urgent business at the time. Preparations are being made on a grand scale, for the annual festival, to be held on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of Jan. next, and which we trust will be attended with desirable results. A very promising juvenile temperance society has been established upwards of a year, and conducted chiefly by Mr. THOMAS C. TROTTER, and which, if properly supported, must prove of immense service to the rising generation."

ROTHERHAM.

As the discussion between the Rev. Mr. BROMLEY and Mr. F. R. LEES took place at this town, we quote the locality for the purpose of introducing a very powerful passage, which appears in *The British Temperance Advocate*, in a letter addressed by the latter gentleman to the editor of the *Bristol Temperance Herald*. The passage alluded to is the following:—

"In the second place, before you argue that intoxicating wine is never condemned in the Bible, (which is not true,) and that the errors of patriarchs, priests, and prophets hereon are not corrected, or infer from thence that there were no errors in judgment or practice to correct, you are first bound to show that such was the object, or came within the province of revelation, or, to adopt your own language, that 'in regard to everything essentially sinful, it is prohibited totally and unconditionally.' In fact, your theory is a revival of Mr. Jordan's, who, at the Masham discussion, summarily argued thus:—'There is no eleventh commandment to abstain from alcohol; therefore the use of alcohol is sanctioned and cannot be wrong!'"

"In the third place, when you refer herein to the authority of any one in the Bible, you must prove, first, not only inspired, but inspired on the qualities of intoxicating wines; and, second, that being so, his own supernatural knowledge must necessarily be recorded in the form of an unconditional prohibition. 'Judas went out and hanged himself.' Now, this may be in the Bible, and yet no part of its inspired contents, much less is it an authority to go and do likewise. Noah became intoxicated, which you quote. Did his ignorance of what was going to happen form a part of his inspiration? Noah thought that in using a certain quantity of wine there would be no harm, probably not knowing that it had become strongly intoxicating; yet he was fearfully mistaken.

"And now, my dear sir, if you dare venture on this important argument, step by step, I shall be happy to discuss it with you, in a patient and Christian spirit, looking only for the truth; and in case my invitation be accepted, (not to refer to polygamy, divorce, and slavery under the Mosaic dispensation,) I at one refer to a case in the New Testament, as furnishing material for discussion, and an illustration of my views.

"I maintain, then, that the same principles which would prove alcoholic wine to be sanctioned, would identify CHRISTIAN SLAVERY with the sanction of God! In the early days of Christianity slavery was common and legal, and in no part of the document of our common faith do I find the institution expressly repealed or 'totally prohibited.' The apostle Paul, on this very subject, says—'Masters, or rather lords (*kurion*) and despots (*despotes*), render to your slaves what is just and equal.' And you, slaves, that have believing despots, do not despise them, because they are your brethren; but rather do them service,' &c. 'Again, are you called, being a slave? Care not for it; but if you can be made free, use it rather.' In these passages, in which the apostle is promulgating directions or laws in relation to Christian slavery, he assumes that institution to exist: he does not repeal it, and say—'Eman- cipate your slaves, and, on entering the church, put an end to this essentially sinful relation;' but, as far as he is concerned, it is 'allowed' to continue, and, upon the assumption of its 'allowed' continuance, he goes so far as to give direction to the slave and the slaveholder how to fulfil what he regards their respective duties! In this case, to employ your own words, and apply your own principles, 'there is no qualification in the matter—nothing conditional.' Now, had the apostle been speaking of a practice essentially sinful, it cannot for a moment be supposed he would have thus expressed himself. But you see, my dear sir, he did so express himself, and hence, upon your principles of interpretation, it follows that slavery is not essentially sinful, but, on the contrary, sanctioned by the word of God!!! 'Such is the frightful and revolting conclusion which unavoidably follows' the application of those principles by which 'it is proved that the use of intoxicating wine is sanctioned in scripture. That principle may be allowed in the latitude of Virginia, where even ministers hold slaves! or it might accord with the notions of *Mohammed Ali*; but I greatly err if it be adopted to convince an honest Englishman, who, notwithstanding the silence of the apostles, reprobates, and will continue to reprobate, all slavery as essentially iniquitous! For myself, 'in common with many of our friends,' adopting your own language, I would say—'We cannot suppose that our (Bristol) friends ever contemplated such a conclusion as consequent on their theory. Here, however, it is—clear and distinct enough! We ask, then, if it does not best consist with the true interests of the

cause, to point out this heresy, and to endeavour, by every means, to purge our camp from such defilement. Will not the infidel (who is sharp-sighted enough,) represent such dogmas as part and parcel of Christianity, if our periodicals do not utterly disavow and repudiate them as unsound and dangerous.'"

TOWN NEWS.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 19.

We merely refer to the meeting of this date, which was held at the Aldersgate Street Chapel, for the purpose of giving an outline of an admirable speech made on the occasion, by Mr. MINGAY SYDER. This gentleman spoke for one hour and a half, to the great delight and edification of the audience. His speech abounded in wit, amusement, instruction, and original argument. He explained wherefore the cause of Teetotalism spread so much more rapidly in Ireland than in England. In Ireland the priests themselves adopted the principle; and, as they enjoyed the confidence of their flock, they inculcated the good doctrine with success. In England the clergy were for the most part opposed to Teetotalism. Some of the dissenting ministers themselves (said Mr. Syder) sold intoxicating liquors, and many of the trustees of dissenting chapels were either maltsters, brewers, or wine-merchants. These individuals of course would oppose the progress of Teetotalism with all their energy. He (Mr. Syder) had travelled a great deal about England, and he said that he should shortly publish a work called "Temperance Libels," which would make some of these worthies blush and tremble. He then argued that if the drinking customs in the country were a physical evil, they must also be a moral evil, and he illustrated his arguments with a number of interesting anecdotes and examples.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 23.

At the meeting at the Chapel on this occasion a numerous and most respectable audience attended.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, upon taking the chair, entered upon a narrative, historical and chemical, of alcohol, and described its various peculiarities, its combinations, and its effects. He concluded a lengthened speech with some allusions to Christmas day, observing that the Teetotalers would enjoy their roast beef and plum pudding as well with potatoes of water and coffee, as if they indulged in the most exquisite (so called) wines. He wound up his remarks by declaring that no deed of irreligion could be more abominable than the fact of celebrating with a drunken orgie the anniversary of the birth day of the Saviour of mankind.

Mr. H. W. WESTON also alluded to the approach of Christmas Day, and, after commemorating the various blessings enjoyed by those nations only which professed the Christian religion, he enjoined those present to pass the day rationally and soberly, and not suffer themselves to be led into the temptations so often thrown in the way of Teetotalers by unprincipled drunkards.

Mr. BENSTEAD, in commenting upon the speech of the chairman, said that although such details as those into which Mr. Reynolds had entered, were instructive and amusing, it was still not necessary to be acquainted with them in order to arrive at the conviction that alcoholic liquors are physically and morally prejudicial. Mr. Benstead then expatiated, with his usual eloquence, upon the necessity of abstaining from those liquors which destroy the intellect beyond remedy.

Mr. CAUMP (the Registrar) observed that he should pass a widely different Christmas day from that which he had spent two years ago, on which occasion he was taken to the station-house in a dreadful state of intoxication. He then addressed the audience upon the efficacy of the principle he stood there to advocate.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 26

Mr. DEXTER delivered a most instructive and entertaining lecture, at the Chapel, Aldersgate Street, upon the following subject:—"Teetotalism is in accordance with Reason and with Revelation; and we have before us the most cheering prospects of its ultimate success." The Chapel was well attended; the audience was most respectable; and the lecturer produced a deep impression. We regret that we have not room this week to give an analysis of it.

ISLINGTON YOUTHS' TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The meetings which the members of this admirable society have lately held at Adelaide Square, have been well attended. Amongst the best advocates of the Association are MASTERS GILBERTSON, CHALMERS, HYDEARD, BROOKS, COTTELL, &c. Much good is effected by the able advocacy of these youths; and, altogether, this is one of the most flourishing of the metropolitan Teetotal Societies for youths.

HACKNEY.

On Tuesday the 29th of December, the Hackney Christmas Festival took place at the Hackney Temperance Hotel, which is placed under the superintendence of Mr. H. W. WESTON, the late Secretary to the United Temperance Association. Dr. OXLEY presided

on the occasion; and after an excellent tea, the Chairman and several popular advocates addressed a numerous audience with considerable effect. On the whole, this entertainment was highly creditable to Mr. H. W. Weston, who deserves the support of all who are desirous of seeing good Temperance hotels flourish in the country.

HATFIELD HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

HATFIELD HOUSE was opened as a place of Teetotal meetings on Monday evening, the 21st of December; and a numerous audience attended.

Mr. BENSTEAD took the chair. He explained the motive of the meeting, and declared that the question of Teetotalism was intimately connected with the proper observance of the Christian religion; inasmuch as no intemperate man could possibly practise Christian doctrines.

Mr. HOCKINGS of Blackman Street, Borough, told a most affecting tale, the particulars of which had come beneath his own cognisance. The subject of this tale was a lady, who was accustomed to purchase opium and other narcotics when she could not obtain alcoholic liquors, to sustain the excitement of intoxication in her system. She was the wife of a surveyor of high respectability, and was the mother of several children. She was however separated from her family, and subsisted upon an allowance accorded her by her husband. Although this allowance was most ample, Mr. Hockings found, upon visiting her abode, that she dwelt in a wretched and filthy apartment, denuded of all comforts. Mr. Hocking discovered the chemist's shop at which she purchased the opium, and hastened to remonstrate with the dispenser upon allowing the female to obtain it there. The chemist contented himself with replying, that she had now arrived at such a pitch, she could not do without the drug. Mr. Hockings, who felt deeply interested in the unfortunate woman's fate, hastened to call upon one of her daughters in a fashionable square at the West End, but this young lady declared that nothing could reclaim her mother. It was in vain that Mr. Hockings suggested Teetotalism as a remedy: all his arguments to persuade the daughter to allow her mother to enter his house, and dwell with his family, were abortive. There was a wretched instance of a most respectable lady becoming a degraded drunkard, into which state she had passed from the preparatory condition of a moderate drinker!

MESSIEURS SMITH, WILLIAMS, and BENETTO, (Members of the Committee of the new society, whose locale is Hatfield House) then addressed the meeting, each in an appropriate speech upon the occasion of opening the new Teetotal Hall.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

This society will hold a grand public TEA FESTIVAL on Wednesday evening, January 6th, on which occasion the members of the Committee will exert themselves to the utmost, to render the entertainment as agreeable as possible to those present. Tea will be upon the table at five o'clock precisely. Cards for admission, one shilling each, to be had at the door of the New Temperance Hall, 56, George Street, Chelsea. A public meeting will be afterwards held; when the attendance of MESSIEURS G. W. M. REYNOLDS, CRUMP, BENSTEAD, POCKNELL, WESTON, and other advocates and officers of the Parent Society is expected. The hall will be decked with banners, &c.

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

On the 16th of October, this Society held a meeting at the Chapel in Castle-street, Turnmill-street, when the Rev. H. REED presided; and addresses were delivered by MESSRS. ANDERSON, LATEY, and BUTLER; by MASTERS BROOKS, MULLARD, and PAYNE; and by the Secretary, Mr. R. P. BAKER. On the 20th of the present month, a similar meeting was held at Aldersgate-street Chapel, when the Rev. C. STOVEL occupied the chair. Very admirable and suitable speeches were delivered.

NAPOLÉON.—For some time previous to his death he had considered himself attacked by an internal disease, which would speedily prove fatal to him. He often mentioned it, accompanied with sombre presentiments; but it was supposed to be nothing but the wanderings of an active imagination left unemployed. Some weeks before his death, he laboured with a spade in his garden so long and so severely as almost to faint from fatigue. Somebody suggested to him the probable injury to his health. "No," said he, "it cannot hurt my health—that is lost beyond all hope. It will but shorten my days." He gave but little time to the composition of the memoirs of his life. Bertrand one day urged him to labour with more assiduity. "It is beneath me," said he, "to be the historian of my own life. Alexander had his *Quintus Curtius*, and I shall have mine. At all events, my life is recorded in my achievements."

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 29.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE; DEVELOPED IN THE LIFE OF A WORKING-MAN.

IN a former article we traced the career of a working-man through the six various stages of intemperance, as those stages are represented by the first half-dozen plates of the series of illustrations now given with *The Teetotaler*. We left the hero of this pictorial history in the last stage of destitution and misery. Misfortune finds a means of solace in conscious innocence, but when it arises from our own imprudence or vices, how galling is its sting! The category of human sufferings has scarcely any degree of mental anguish upon its dark list so acute as that which attends upon poverty brought about by our own folly or turpitude. The ray of conscious guiltlessness can penetrate, with cheering influence, into the darkest cells of the human mind, and will dispel much of the gloom occasioned by adversity; but no sunshine can find its way to the heart which has woven for itself the cobwebs of that despair which surrounds it. The word "Starvation!" sounds in the ears like words heard in a dream—one of those dreams of prisons and of cold which fill up the sleep of the friendless—painful dreams which linger the live-long night, and are yet regretted when the morning has dispelled them! Oh! cold and hunger make heavy dreams! but even these are light beside the waking pangs that realize the visions! Everything yields to the strife of hunger; vanity—chastity—innocence—and honour, all succumb beneath the irresistible force of that sensation! There is a beautiful Arabian fiction, which strikingly illustrates the weakness of humanity beneath the maddening impulses of hunger or of thirst. A venerable Sheik, who was renowned for his piety, had been on several occasions tempted by the Evil One. Wealth, Beauty, Grandeur, and all the inducements which Satan could hold out to man, were proffered to the Sheik, on condition that he would deny his God. But, with the sternness of resolve manifested by St. Anthony in a similar state of temptation, the Sheik preferred his flint-strown grotto, his ascetic habits, and pious devotion, to all the pomps and vanities which the Evil One proposed as the price of his defection from the paths of virtue. In the course of time, the Sheik undertook his tenth pilgrimage to Mecca; but the caravan, with which he journeyed, was attacked by the Arabs, and its members dispersed in various directions. The Sheik only succeeded in saving his life by flight; and he found himself, alone—wearied—and without a guide, in the midst of the burning desert. Presently he was seized with an intolerable thirst, the acuteness of which was increased by his fruitless wanderings about to discover a spring. In that hour of mental despondency and severe physical suffering, all his boasted courage gave way,—the tempter came,—and for one drop of pure water did the Sheik abjure that creed from which, in times of ease, all the blandishments of the earth failed to draw his footstep aside!

Hunger and thirst are also good moral teachers, even if they, on the other hand, frequently prepare the paths of crime. By hunger and thirst are the eyes of the spendthrift alone opened to the folly of his ways; and the same cogent arguments compel the drunkard to reflect upon the causes of his destitution and ruin. Some individuals, in these situations, are tempted to exclaim against their "evil fortune"—"their stars"—or their "tide of bad luck;" but they forget that these are merely conventional and figurative terms; and that the real principles of men's success or failure in the affairs of this life, exist in their own conduct, abilities, and pursuits. When, by years of dissipation, neglect, or evil behaviour, we prepare the way for irretrievable ruin, should we not rather blame ourselves, than endeavour to soothe our consciences by attributing our difficulties to our "bad luck?" That men do experience real misfortunes in life, over which they have no control, is certain;—but ruin and disgrace are to be attributed far less generally to this source than to misconduct and irregular habits. The road of pleasure and dissipation is sufficiently pleasant, so long as reflection is drowned in a vortex of excited passions, hurried scenes of revelry, and the thousand and one measures adopted by rakes, rakes, or drunkards, to stifle the whisperings of conscience, and banish the presence of care; but, when the goal of ruin is at length reached, and when naught is perceived at that termination of the paths of vice and intemperance, save the hideous haunts of poverty and want,—

Oh! then is sober and serious reflection forced upon us against our will. We cannot then fly from the questions which Remorse will put to us; for, with the pertinacity of a judge or a counsel, will Remorse require unvarnished answers—answers denuded of all metaphorical disguise—to its dread interrogatory. It is then that the victim of dissipation must look his prospects and his present condition in the face; for, avert his head to whichever side he will, the lean and haggard countenance of Starvation will meet his eyes.

Urged by such impressions as these, the hero of the pictorial narrative before alluded to, is resolved to turn from his evil ways, and enter upon a career of honesty, sobriety, and domesticated habits. His life, as a total abstainer from all intoxicating liquors, forms the subject of the last six plates of the series of twelve which details his whole existence. We have now three before us; and shall endeavour to explain their import, their narrative, and the ideas with which their subjects are severally associated, in the same way as we treated the first six illustrations. We shall, therefore, have to expatiate upon the three first scenes in the Progress of Temperance, which are comprised in the seventh, eighth, and ninth plates of the present series.

PLATE VII.—The hero of the pictorial drama is now signing the pledge of total abstinence. His garments are tattered;—in a word, he wears the "drunkard's livery." He has however entered upon the only path which will lead him afar from his ancient haunts, to future felicity and peace. He will soon learn to abominate those vile customs to which he has so lately been the prey;—he will feel that he is a renovated being; he will ascertain the value of his intellectual capacities; and he will know how to appreciate the blessings of an existence of sobriety and virtue. His conversation will become altogether changed. He will no longer delight in obscene talk, in bacchanalian toasts, and in filthy jests. Without falling into the opposite extreme, and assuming an aspect of demureness and rigidity which is as unnatural as it is ridiculous, he will become gay without boisterous mirth, lively without turbulent excitement, and happy without an artificial effervescence of the spirits, which exhaust themselves by their extreme buoyancy. He will marvel at his folly in having passed so many years of his past existence in the dingy atmosphere of filthy public-houses, where all ideas—all interests—and all pursuits are centred in one single object—the gratification of an unnatural craving! He will become a constant attendant at the house of God; and from the produce of his earnings he will be enabled to subscribe to a circulating library. If a man possess principles really virtuous, and an inclination to earn his livelihood respectably and honourably, his views will be materially aided by the doctrine of Teetotalism. Honesty, perseverance, and cold water will raise him to rank and fortune.

PLATE VIII.—The previous observations, connected with the seventh plate, have all been necessarily recorded in the future tense, inasmuch as the subject of the drawing only permitted us to indulge in a speculation with regard to the future destinies of our hero. The eighth plate seems to corroborate all that we have prophesied concerning the individual who may sign the pledge of total abstinence. In this illustration, we are introduced to a comfortable apartment, neatly furnished, and with various indications of the improved state of the finances of the Working-Man. As he opens the door, on his return from his day's toil, he is immediately welcomed by the smile of an affectionate wife, and the artless joy of his children. When he was a drunkard, his first-born child cowered beneath his glance, so wild and unnatural was it, under the influence of liquor; but now that innocent and interesting being hastens forward to receive from the hand of her father the orange which his paternal love has induced him to bring home for her. His tender wife has prepared his little domestic comforts with the pleasure arising from the happiness she enjoys in consequence of his reformed habits; and, while his supper is being served up, he will seat himself before a cheerful fire, and either amuse himself with his children, or cast his eye over the Temperance journal which lies upon the table. Even the very cat upon the hearth-rug proclaims, by its sunny and sleek appearance, the change that has taken place in the victualling-department of our hero's dwelling. How interesting is this happy group! The word TEETOTALISM seems to be

written in every part of the room, as well as on the countenances of all its occupants. Contrast that apartment with the one in which the drunkard and his starving wife were sitting, as represented in the sixth plate. The home of a drunkard boasts of no book-shelf: he does not require food for that intellect which is not in a condition to enjoy it. The home of a drunkard never contains a clock: he has but one lounge—the public-house—and no regular meals, and therefore has no appointments to keep. The home of a drunkard does not exhibit such a substantial article of food as a ham, hanging from the ceiling: he never has enough money at one time to spare for the purchase of such a thing. In a word, there is a vast and essential difference between the home of a drunkard and that of the Teetotaler;—the one is dirty and denuded even of necessities; the latter is the picture of cleanliness and comfort; the one is the scene of starvation and misery; the latter is the abode of plenty and of joy! The regularity, with which the Teetotaler keeps his accounts, and thus avoids debts, is demonstrated by the file of papers hanging against the book-shelf. On that file are the receipts for his rent, and taxes, and rates; and all his tradesmen's bills, with the pleasing monosyllable PAID upon them, are there also. In person, he himself is neat and clean: his family is well provided with decent attire; and the young mother can now take a proper pride in attending upon her children. Oh! who would exchange the smiles of an affectionate wife, the happy countenances of healthy and fond children, the comforts of a cheerful home, and the blessings attendant upon a virtuous course,—oh! who would exchange these for all the demoralizing and obscene revelry, the applause of dissipated friends, the fawning compliments of the landlord, the wretched home, the starving children, and the terrors of a jail, which form the existence of a drunkard? What individual can be so enamoured of all that is degrading, revolting, and ruinous to the mind of man, as to prefer the bacchanalian orgies of a tap-room to the comforts of his own fire-side?

PLATE IX.—The frequenter of the tap-room knows not the beneficial results of the doctrine of Teetotalism—that doctrine which he abuses, while he does not comprehend it. A few years have passed away since the hero of our narrative signed the pledge of total abstinence; and his affairs have prospered in no moderate degree. He is now a master-printer, owns a large establishment, and is on the way to make a rapid fortune. This is the anniversary of the day of his regeneration—the day on which he abandoned his dissipated habits—the day when he awoke to a sense of duty and virtue—the day, in fine, on which he placed his hand to that pledge whose principle he has never once broken. With him this day is always a holiday: it is the one to which he looks back with emotions of the most heart-felt joy. His men are, on this occasion, allowed a suspension of their labours; and, as he employs none save those who have adopted the same salutary principles, they partake of some amusement as innocent as that in which their master and his family are now indulging. To what happy days—save those of spotless childhood—can the drunkard look back? But how bright a day is that to which the votary of the great doctrines of total abstinence can turn his eye, and hail it as the one whose distinguishing feature was the foundation of fortune, happiness, and domestic prosperity. Oh! if Teetotalism be wrong, let not its opponents destroy these bright and glorious visions! With pride and admiration the fond parents behold their children disporting in the field from which the new-mown hay is not yet removed; and the mother, raising her eyes from the volume which she holds in her hand, surveys those pledges of affection with emotions of joy and gladness, because she needs now no longer tremble for their future destinies. She knows that their after-condition in life will be ensured and provided for; and she thanks—oh! how unfeignedly does she thank the happy day the anniversary of which she and her family are so cheerfully celebrating. As the path seen, beyond the stile, in the distance, winds up the hill, on the summit of which stands the temple of Jehovah, so does the road of Teetotalism conduct the traveller's steps to a scene of joy, and plenty, and peace, where the jars and turmoils of this life are deprived of nearly all their rancour, and where the holy ties of wedded affection are not loosened or altogether severed by the devastating hand of Intemperance!

In the course of a few weeks we shall lay before the

reader our observations upon the three remaining pictures, which will complete the first Series of illustrations accompanying this journal.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ARTIST:

OR, RAILINGS AGAINST PORTRAITS.

My mother—and I state it with confidence—was a woman possessed of a moderate share of female beauty, and endowed with an immoderate share of *presence* of mind—the which has been handed down to me—by the bye, the only *presence* of mind or anything else I ever had from her, except advice, which, not being an article in great demand, is generally given with exceeding liberality. It will take too much time to enter into all the minutiae of my childhood's history. I did as other children did and do; and, in process of time, my outward man was clothed in corduroy unwhisperables, and ditto jacket, with a double serpentine row of buttons thereon. In early youth I was much addicted to waste my time by playing at marbles with the little boys in the streets; and as my father and mother were not at all times aware of the cause of my protracted absence—or, to use more modern phraseology, "my mother not knowing I was out,"—they watched me. My pursuits were discovered; and my kind parents determined to give me—a profession? No.—Money? No.—a good thrashing! But this had the contrary effect to that intended; for it only made me obstinate. I played till I lost all my marbles, all my money, then my father's protection—next, my mother's advice; so I determined to run away from home, and launch my human bark on the ocean of chance. Having arrived at my nineteenth year, and being deprived of my home's society, I began to yearn after a companion; and so, as I could not keep myself, I resolved to see if I could not keep a wife. I loved Mary the moment I first saw her: our destinies seemed similar—so did our tastes (except that she did not play at marbles); and she had even the same sum of money as myself. So we clubbed our fortunes together, and found ourselves possessed of the vast floating capital of four pounds, sixteen shillings, and ninepence halfpenny; out of which we paid the fees which belonged to the ceremony that made us one.

As it became necessary at times to follow the vulgar practice of eating, I found that unless occupation were obtained, we should soon be enjoying our state alone, leaving the vulgar to feed, whilst we enjoyed the fashionable resort of Duke Humphrey. My first essay was at letter-writing—I don't mean a polite letter-writer, but a writer for transparent blinds; and although I often wrote, "Five Coronals may be had *within*," I always found that food could not be had *without*—the money! Scarlet borders and designs of all descriptions for marquees, I also did; and whatever any unkind person may assert to the contrary, if I disliked "port," I certainly was accustomed to "tent." Many a "Crooked Billet," "Goat and Tinder Box," "Pig and Whistle," "Puss in Boots," &c., &c., now swing and creak in the vicinity of Portsmouth (whither I and my better half proceeded) painted by my hands, and whatever and however politicians may argue, those are the "signs of the times," after all!

But, although I wrote a great many letters, I received very few notes in return. All the *inn-signs* being finished, I thought of corporal sufferings the major part of the week, fell into a general despondency, and felt assured that I still had many a hard nut to crack before I could get at the kernel. But whilst my energies were flagging, my wife's spirit rose superior to every thing; and, as she felt the ground slipping from beneath our feet, she clutched at the boughs of perseverance for support, till at last—when all the blinds were painted, all the signs finished, and my wife's fingers were worn to the bone by needle-work—gaunt poverty, a cold piercing winter, and dire disease (a goodly trio) burst at once over our threshold, and took joint possession of our lukewarm hearth, whose dying embers threw a pale jaundiced light on the fading cheek of Mary. It was then that Heaven gave us a son. Yes,—without a shilling—without a penny in the wide world, in hand or in expectation, and with the cold wind whistling through every crevice (I feel it now at my heart) did my Mary give birth to our first-born. She did not complain,—she taught me to endure—to thank! for with the first return of her strength, she beckoned me to her; and at the bed-side, (a straw-pallet), with the pale moon above, and the white snow beneath, the poor artist and his Mary knelt and gave thanks to Heaven. Her little sickly voice seemed to roll in thick volumes to my heart. I rose happy—aye, happy! for in that prayerful moment I felt I had a guiltless conscience—I knew and felt we had a protecting God!

A few years passed away; and after many ineffectual struggles again to obtain settled employment, I yielded to the solicitations of a friend—the captain of a small craft—and sailed, accompanied by my wife and two children, for Jersey, in the vain hope that in another land my star of fortune might rise in the ascendant. Although Portsmouth had refused to support me—although it had been the scene of all my misery and wretchedness, I could not help feeling some pang at the separation from that scene of my first efforts and of the birth-place of my two eldest children. A short voyage found us solitary in a joyous country, where every thing

seemed to grow for others, and naught for ourselves. On our arrival, the season was at the coldest; but, through the kindness of the captain, we were introduced to a very humble lodging. The least shelter and the coarsest food are made by imagination palaces and banquets. By degrees I got introduced to a set of jolly fellows, who held weekly meetings at an inn in Saint Helen's.

"It is a very long lane that has no turning," said I, and every moment of my life, I endeavoured to reach the end of it. Well, time will go on at Jersey, as well as at other places—and with it went the few shillings I had on my arrival. Still there was a decided disinclination on my part to let others know that I was penniless—and starving—that my wife and children were sick—and that the open country would soon be free for us to choose our bed in. It was at one of these meetings where I was an established favourite for my vocal abilities, that I was gaily singing a merry ditty with a smiling face, whilst my heart was well nigh bursting, and the laughing chorus I had to lead came from my heart as hollow and as empty as my pockets, that I so far lost mastery of myself as to burst into tears. I had been thinking of my starving babes and enduring mother—and—and—I wept from my heart. I had dined with my friends, but dared not tell them that my wife had had nothing the whole day to eat—I could not tell them—no, I could not relieve my mind of its burthen; and it found vent in grief. During the confusion, a French gentleman, by the name of Le Breton, a right noble fellow, left the room; and, having declared that I had merely suffered from an attack to which I was often subject, I also speedily departed, on the plea of indisposition. I shall never forget the struggle I had with my honesty on passing the larder of the inn. There stood joints cut and uncut, bread wasting in heaps,—fowls, and every thing in profusion and confusion, and no one to guard them. I hesitated—stopped—threw my eyes cautiously around,—my pulse rattled in my wrists with excitement,—my hands were taken from my pockets,—I advanced,—thought of my barren home,—my dying wife,—my sickly babes;—my hand was on the lock,—the door was opening,—when I stayed to listen! That delay restored my reason—I withdrew my hold—and whilst a deep, deep groan burst from my breast, I rushed for plenty to my bowl. I could again face my wife, for I had saved my honour!

Judge of my astonishment, when, on reaching home, I found them all seated at table, with the identical leg of mutton before them which the club had sent from table: there was no deceiving me, for I had gloated on it as it was placed for me to carve. I had envied every morsel as it had been devoured. There was the same joint on my deal table, with my own wife and youngsters eating from it. I knew I was not either drunk or mad; but she told me a friend had left it, but who she knew not. I afterwards discovered that Le Breton had found out my secret, and purchased provisions for my family. That was a noble act! The next morning Le Breton after having strongly recommended me to one or two of his friends, left the island, and returned to France: had he stayed in Jersey, the lane might have soon turned; but it was a great deal longer than I had imagined.

When I considered that every chance had failed, I was sitting late one night, supporting Mary's head on my knees, whilst my hands were pressed firmly on her fevered and throbbing temples, and the dim light of our solitary candle waxed fainter and fainter—the children (now three) sleeping from sheer exhaustion in one corner of the room, whither they had been induced to retire on the promise of food for the morrow,—that a knock came at the door. There was no surmise as to what or whom it might be—no thought, save the bailiff's visit, holding possession of our minds. With a firm voice I bade the stranger enter, whilst Mary clung to me with that nervous agitation which so soon numbs even the bravest. The stranger did enter; but instead of the unwelcome messenger of the law, he was the bearer of a letter from a friend of Le Breton's, appointing seven the following morning to have his portrait taken. With a cheerful voice I bade him "Good night;" and, sinking on my pallet, with the prayer of thanks on my lips, I slept the sleep of hope—deep—thick—heavy! Not so with Mary; again the drowning man's straw was within her reach; and, fearful lest my long suffering from fatigue and poverty might cause me to sleep beyond the time appointed, she sat at my side, with one hand clasped in mine—her hollow cheek being supported by the other; and, when once sleep had assumed its empire over me, she crept cautiously away; and gathering together all the sticks of which we were possessed, she lighted a fire, and made her poor but loving preparations for my breakfast, covering my plain deal table with all the scraps she could collect to cheer me on my road; then when the first streaks of daylight appeared through the latticed broken casement, it discovered the constant, starving, heart broken, but enduring wife, seated to receive her pauper husband, who lay still wrapped in the delicious forgetfulness of his past sufferings and his present first appointment. Oh! all this is true—while her brain was whirling into madness, she refused to sleep—to rest—whilst one solitary shadow of a hope remained of my earning bread. "Mary, God bless you, Mary," was my opening prayer; and God has since answered it.

To pass over the appointment, which of course I kept, until the finishing stroke was put to the portrait, I will jump to my delivery of it at the house of him who ordered it.

The man for whom I had painted it, was in his heart a good-natured man, when left alone, but was always so swayed when others were present that he blew hot if they liked—cold if they wished it, or, if they were unanimous on the subject, he wouldn't blow at all. My portrait was home—his friends were there; and when I first placed it in the most favourable light, there was not a single exclamation but of praise. "Striking!"—"Speaking!"—"Exact!"—"To a nicety!"—"The very nose!"—"The identical eye!"—"The lips themselves!" &c., &c. To say that I did not feel pleased would be to say untrue: of a verity I did, and in imagination rattled the coin I was to receive. My patron was, and would have remained, very well pleased: only one began to think, "on second examination," that the eyes were rather large; another, "bowing to my better judgment," that the face was rather too full; a third, with timidity, presumed that the hair was too light; a fourth confidently asserted that it was too dark; in fact, they collectively agreed that it was a striking likeness, and yet individually picked it completely to pieces. At last my patron, who saw with their eyes and not with his own, in the blindest manner in the world, refused to take it.

All this was bad enough; but I would have endured it all, had it not been for the presence of one Gubbins, an English artist. Ever since I saw that man, black tights have been my horror—he wore them! O good angels protect me from old Gubbins' tights! In a full suit of black, with a gold-mounted cane in his hand, he stood hewing the ground from under me. As an artist his opinion had weight, and he did what he wished,—viz. to get my picture refused and to paint one himself; and whilst I returned to my expectant wife and starving children, penniless, he rattled home in his chariot: but all things equalise themselves in this world. So it has been with Gubbins and myself: he now rents a solitary garret, while I enjoy luxuries! But I must not anticipate.

Some little time after this incident, I was induced to enter into a partnership with a man by the name of Roberts, in the manufacture of *papier maché* trays—I to do the designs, he to find the money. All promised well. Mary laughed—the children screamed—I sung, and we confidently believed that the long, dark, barren lane had turned at last. But I never was more out in my life, and yet was let precious in for it. My part of the agreement was performed; but, owing to some trifling mistake on the part of my partner (unintentional, no doubt,) he omitted to advance the money; but, as he was known, the houses with whom he did business did not hesitate to supply the materials, provided we gave bills to the amount. So far, so good; but again an unpleasant obstacle obtruded itself—Roberts could not write—unfortunately I could. This ended by my accepting for all goods in the joint names of myself and Roberts.

Things all went on for a time, swimmingly, the children's cheeks again assumed the ruddy glow of health—Mary's step again became elastic—and sunshine seemed again destined to warm our bosom. The trays did not sell as fast as we could wish, but we lived in hope that a better season might carry off the supply we had on hand; and so perhaps it might, had not the bills been inconsiderate enough to fall due, the holders to grow clamorous, and as anxious for Roberts' appearance as I was. He left on pretence of forwarding the sale of our manufactures in England, and, as a matter of course with all men of the world, forgot to return. I battled with the creditors single-handed as long as I could—urged upon them the utter destitution of my lot—placed them at once in view of my shattered home—offered to paint portraits to the last day of my existence to liquidate their claims—but no—nothing would satisfy them save the "bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill!" They seized—ha! ha!—what a seizure! down to the very cradle—stripped us of everything, and would have also seized me had I not been warned by my friend the captain, who had just arrived from Portsmouth, that the bailiffs were after me. I took a hurried leave of my now desolate wife, pressed my ragged children to my heart, and promised to return or send for them as soon as possible, jumped into Jack the Captain's boat, and pulled at midnight, on board his craft, leaving for the first time all I held dear! Bankrupt at heart and pocket, I waited with streaming eyes for Jack's appearance with the ship's clearance, not feeling any degree of safety till the ship had obtained a good offing.

We arrived safely at Southampton; and I once more set foot in England. I walked step by step to Portsmouth, and, jaded as I was, trod the streets of my own town with a light step. I made for my home, saw my mother, had some supper and advice, and retired to bed. Finding after a short stay, that the fine arts were in the same amiable state as at my departure, and procuring supper and advice, and that only from my friends, I started on foot for the metropolis, in company with an old schoolfellow, who had no more cause to be afraid of thieves upon the road than myself. In London we arrived, care-worn, barefooted, and with the extravagant sum of 2s. between us.

"It's a long lane without any turning," said I to my companion.

"So it is," said he; and 'twas a long way from Portsmouth to London."

In this I agreed. Well, here we were, solitary in a great and crowded city—superfluous in a luxurious country; and all this with health, will, and strength to work! But, as it was necessary to have some slight repast however trifling, we turned into a place over the door of which were the words, "House of Call for Painters." In the sanded room, lighted by one melancholy tallow dip, we sat down apart from a large group of men; but whether they were painters waiting to be called, we left to time, chance, or their conversation to determine.

Our bread and cheese, two pints of coffee, and the world, were before us; and we ate heartily and thankfully.

"I tell you, Jem," said a man in a fustian many-coloured suit, evidently continuing the conversation, which had been interrupted by our entrance, "he can't get them any where in town or out; thirty now are wanted. None of us can do any more than we do—and yet the work must be finished."

Our masticatory operations were suspended. I listened with open mouth and greedy ears, for a continuance of the conversation; but it changed to other topics, and we remained in darkness. I fumbled my one shilling in my capacious pocket, and wondered when I should have another to jingle against it; till at last I summoned courage, and addressed the first speaker.

"You were speaking just now," said I.

"Yes, sir, I was—and what of that?"

"Why—we are in want of employment, and——"

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"We are painters—portrait painters."

"Ha! ha! ha! only artists—that's all!" roared all the men present.

"Well," said I, colouring (I don't mean painting), "we are honest, and have walked all the way from Portsmouth to earn a crust. I was anxious for employment; but if I have offended——"

"Psha! man," said he whom I had first addressed; "you didn't offend, only it's the custom of our branch of the profession to laugh at your's. Why, we get more in one week by painting railings, than you do in a month by painting portraits."

"Well," said I, "we have no objection to paint railings."

"Give us your hand my fine fellow. I see you have a proper feeling for the arts—and, without being ironical, I will back railings against portraits any day."

To cut the matter short, on the following morning we went to the large master, as he was called, recommended by the men, and in the afternoon we might be seen in Piccadilly, properly equipped—work tools, green paint and all, busily occupied in painting the railings of a mansion there;—and, if the strict observer did detect the big tear rolling down my face, it was not that I felt degraded—but that I was crying for joy, when I thought I might soon clasp my Mary in my arms, which I soon did—and she was as happy as the journeyman painter's spouse as if I had had R. A. to my name, and a carriage for her convenience.

"The lane has turned at last," said I, but it hadn't: no—it was as straight, as long, and seemingly as untrollable as before.

When the daily work was done, I painted pictures, which I raffled amongst my fellow workmen, but at last I agreed with my introducer in backing 'railings against portraits,' the one was a certainty the other not; the one brought in some grist, the other none. The jobs were all finished, and the men all discharged save a few, who were painting the interior of Covent Garden Theatre; and amongst these I was included. Chance threw in my way one whom I imagined might prove a lasting friend: he promised, but he performed afterwards—but only as an actor. I was ordered to prepare the groundwork of a *basso-relievo*, representing tragedy and comedy over the proscenium, for the artist who was to complete the work. The ground-work I finished; but no artist arrived, and, wishing to employ my leisure, I proceeded to execute the work designed for him. In my progress, Fawcett, the then manager, arrived—commended my performance, and authorised me to proceed. I did, and entirely to his satisfaction: he promised to help me forward; but, like my partner Roberts, he forgot.

This time I thought the lane had turned—but it hadn't indeed. After finishing painting a house in Montague Square, I, with many others, was dismissed, and was again adrift upon the metropolitan ocean, and poverty once more entered my domicile. We were again without food, with another addition to the family; but heaven having preserved us so long, we felt we had no right to presume we were deserted now. When hope was at its lowest, and spirits at the ebb, without food of any sort, and without any settled object in view, I, one foggy, cold November morning, wended my way along the New Road, building castles in the air, as they are much more speedily erected and with far less expense than earthly tenements. On I went, with my head buried in my breast towards Portland Place, wrapped in my thoughts—not having a great coat—and was in the act of incautiously crossing, when a gig rapidly turned through the Park-gates.

"Hi! hi!" cracked in my ears.

"Holloa!" said I, "do you mean to run over me, sir?"

"No, my good man," said the gentleman. "But—you should be—surely you are—but you're very much altered—you must be—Mr. Maceazar."

"It must be," said I, and looking up, I beheld—Oh! horror, the face of a doctor who had attended upon my wife, and to whom I owed six guineas. But I thought it was better to put a good face upon the matter; so I speedily offered to put his good face on canvas, in part payment of the demand. He agreed to have his likeness taken, but objected to have it in part payment—was glad to see me, made me jump into his gig, and gave me the money to buy the canvass for it.

"The lane has turned at last," said I, and so it had.

I painted his portrait, was successful, secured his patronage—was continually employed, and that which was at first considered a horror, proved a blessing on me and mine. Had I not taken to paint railings, the chain of circumstances would have been broken that thus led me on to paint portraits with success.

I cannot however conclude this sketch without mentioning a singular coincidence. On one occasion I received a note desiring me to proceed to a house in Montagu Square. I went—and it was the identical one I had painted from top to bottom. I was asked to dinner, and was seated as a gentleman in the very room where I had toiled as a journeyman.

It was thus that I rose to my present eminence. I have now a splendid mansion—servants—horses—carriages—and all the luxuries and comforts that wealth can purchase. I have also more work on hand than I can well accomplish, and for all of which I shall receive princely payment. I can nevertheless spare an hour to sketch my autobiography for the benefit of young artists, and I hope that I shall have no cause to regret the publication of my "RAILINGS AGAINST PORTRAITS."

EXAMPLES OF INTEMPERANCE.

Men are said to be drunk when they go to the pump to light their pipes; when they can not see a hole through a ladder; when they lie in the gutter and call out to be tucked up; when they go home, and, not being able to put the key in the door, swear that somebody has stolen the key-hole; or when they attempt to wind up their watches with the fire-tongs. But the effects produced by intemperance are not always of a laughable character: they are more frequently of a most deplorable nature.

It was under the influence of wine that Caligula, the Roman Emperor, perpetrated all those cruelties which have attached so terrible a renown to his hated name. In the paroxysm of his drunken insanity, Caligula was lavish of the blood of innocence and virtue. It would be superfluous to enumerate and disgusting to specify his cruelties. Rome was stained with wanton murders, monstrous in their character, in their numbers infinite: the security of high and humble life was utterly destroyed by an insidious system of abrupt, but secret massacre: natural affection, for a season, seemed to be extinct; and the very blessing of domestic confidence receded before a gloomy spirit of mistrust. Yet the copious bloodshed of the citizens was insufficient to assuage the sanguinary thirst of Caius Caligula, who was heard at a bacchanalian orgie to exclaim, amidst the lamentation and terror of the people, that "he wished the Romans had but one neck, that he might exterminate them at a single blow."

It is a remarkable fact that on the night previous to the battle of Hastings, which gave William the crown of England with the distinguishing title of "The Conqueror," the victorious Normans passed the interval between sunset and the morning of the engagement in fasting and prayer, while the English, who were routed, wiled away the hours in bacchanalian revelry.

Selim I. Sultan of the Ottomans, dishonoured all his brilliant qualities by the cruelties and tyrannical acts of which he was guilty, when under the influence of wine or opium, in both of which he indulged to excess. On one occasion, this monarch commanded his Grand Vizier to change all the Christian churches of Constantinople into mosques (or places of Mussulman worship), and to put to death all those Christians who would not abjure their creed and embrace that of Mohammed. The Grand Vizier knew that when the influence of the wine which the Sultan had imbibed, should have passed away, he would regret ever having expressed so dreadful a wish; and the order was not put into immediate execution. On the following morning Selim was delighted to find that the Grand Vizier had thus ventured to disobey the imperial decrees of the preceding day.

The histories of many literary men furnish memorable examples of the miseries arising from the possession of extraordinary talents, unaccompanied by habits of temperance and self-control. Amongst these individuals must be mentioned Robert Burns. As the talents for conversation of this distinguished poet were powerful and striking, he soon became an acceptable guest in the most fashionable circles of Edinburgh; and Edinburgh at that period contained an uncommon proportion of men of considerable talents devoted to social excess, in which their talents were wasted and debased. It

was amongst characters of this description that Burns imbibed that fatal habit of intemperance which operated so strongly upon him, both physically and morally. He frequently saw his danger, and at times formed resolutions to guard against it; but he had embarked on the tide of dissipation—he possessed but little control over his own passions—and he was borne along with the fatal stream! It is true that in his case the temptation was strong. He had been reared amidst poverty and toil; and he had been suddenly introduced to a state of idleness and to a train of extreme and unusual luxury. Still, had he been a man who was determined to exercise his powers of self-command, he would have arisen superior to the weakness of the flesh, and would have triumphed over that fascinating habit, which speedily undermined his health, his happiness, and his reputation. He was well aware of the causes of his misfortunes; speaking of his besetting sins, he blames the spirit of evil for—

"Showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lassie fair,
To put us daft."

He had splendid opportunities of doing well in this life; but he died in the most abject poverty, leaving a wife and four children totally unprovided for. The melancholy fate of this master-genius suggests the most important reflections. The first and most obvious is the importance of the virtue of self-command, which enables its possessor to withdraw from the society of those who practise habits of a pernicious tendency. The mind of Burns belonged to the highest order of intellect; yet, from the want of this virtue, his happiness, and ultimately his life, suffered shipwreck. He was cut off at what ought to have been his best days, when his mature talents were most capable of rearing a lasting monument of their own superiority.

Henry Fielding is another instance of the dreadful results of dissipation in the life of an author. Every one of our readers is doubtless familiar with the novels called "Tom Jones," "Amelia," "Joseph Andrews," &c.; and many are probably aware of the leading circumstances in the biography of their writer. He married a lady of large fortune, and commenced life with the most brilliant prospects of success. But he soon fell into bad company, dissipated the wealth his wife had brought him, and fell into a state of the utmost poverty and privation. With poverty came gout and all the diseases incidental to a constitution that was ruined by intemperance; and he was compelled to proceed to Lisbon for the benefit of his health—or rather, as a last effort to preserve life. He died in that city in the forty-eighth year of his age.

It is a most extraordinary fact that, with these examples perpetually before us, there should be found so many who still advocate or adhere to the custom of partaking of alcoholic liquors. Every historian, every biographer, has to record the fatal effects of intemperance with respect to one or more of his heroes. And, while he deprecates the evil and its source, he does not bethink himself of the only efficient remedy. He preaches about moderation, as if the virtue of self-command were the general characteristic of mankind, and that the cases of intemperance which are known or recorded, were only the very few exceptions to a general rule; in other words, as if those cases were only solitary examples of men not possessing the virtue of self-command. Now, these cases are neither far nor solitary; they are numerous, and present themselves before us in dense crowds. Here, then, is the direct denial given to the idea that self-command is a prevalent virtue. No: man is naturally weak, and yields to peculiar temptations with remarkable facility. As this is a truth which requires no argument to support it, it is evident that mankind should not place any reliance upon the assumed possession of the virtue of self-command. The temptation must be removed altogether; and the existence of that virtue, in respect to strong drink, must not be put to a test, where *this test itself creates the appetite*. Nothing but total abstinence from all inebriating liquors will secure individuals against the chance of becoming a prey to the insidious vice of intemperance. A man would not be a moderate drinker, unless he really liked the liquors of which he partakes; and if he have once learned to like them, it is very certain that he will gratify himself with something agreeable to him, as often as convenient. Thus, will he increase the number of his glasses daily, and also augment the strength of his potations: then, without ever perceiving the gradual progress he is making towards the state of a confirmed drunkard, he becomes one even before he is aware of the fast hold which the fascinating indulgence has taken upon him. If there were no moderate drinkers, there would be no drunkards; abolish then, that, which makes the moderate drinker.

A FEW POPULAR ERRORS CORRECTED.

There are many popular fallacies, both in respect to quotations and to circumstances, which we do not ever remember to have seen corrected in any article or essay devoted to the purpose. Many of these errors are used by some of the most eminent literary, and by some of the best educated men of the day, both in their writings and conversations; and these errors, like the authorities of many of the institutions of our country, have been consecrated, as it were, by long use. We shall endeavour, in this article, to explain and rectify an

many of these fallacies which present themselves to our memory at the moment.

The following lines are usually quoted, as if they were to be found in *Hudibras*:

"A man, convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Now it is impossible to be convinced against one's will; and Butler could not have written such an absurdity. The lines should be quoted thus:—

"He, that compels against his will,
Is of his own opinion still."

A man may *comply*, or *consent* to an argument, from motives of courtesy or other reasons: but he could not be *convinced* upon the same terms. Consent is merely the expression of the lips; conviction that of the mind. We have power over our words, but none over our volition.

The celebrated line, which conveys so true a maxim, and which never can be too often quoted, in application to the affairs of life—

"Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdem,"

—is generally believed to exist in Virgil's *Æneid*; and it certainly is worthy of a place in that poem. But it is not to be found in the works of any ancient author. It exists in an old Latin poem, composed by an Englishman.

The following lines are invariably attributed to Pope:—

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

Roscommon was however the author of the couplet, which is to be found in one of that nobleman's poems.

Nearly all the publishers (Mr. Murray included) of Lord Byron's works, have, until the editions of the last four or five years, included amidst the miscellaneous effusions of that poet, the celebrated enigma upon the letter H, commencing thus:—

"'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell," &c.

The writer of this enigma was a Miss Fanshawe, who composed and published a volume of poems, many years ago, for a charitable purpose.

The well-known poem, entitled "The Devil's Walk," has invariably been attributed to Southey; whereas Southey only wrote two or three stanzas of it, the remainder and principal portion having emanated from the pen of Coleridge, who also conceived the idea. And yet the poet laureate has most basely and dishonestly included the whole of this poem in the complete edition of his works lately published by Messrs. Longman and Co.

Charles VII. of France is invariably quoted as the founder of standing armies in the middle ages, whereas the principle commenced with the Ottomans in Asia Minor, in the reign of Urkhan; in whose time Aladdin, the brother and Grand Vizier of this monarch, established a standing army upon a regular footing. The corps of Janissaries was established at the same period; and this circumstance would alone prove that the initiative honour was not due to the French monarch.

It is generally imagined that the guillotine was invented by Dr. Guillotin, who was himself one of the first to suffer by it: but this idea is erroneous. Guillotin only revived the instrument, which, under the denomination of the *Moid*, had been in vogue some time previously in Scotland.

The visitors to Saint Peter's Cathedral at Rome are shown a grand red banner, which nearly all the world believes to be the sacred standard of the Prophet taken by King Sobieski of Poland, at the battle of Vienna, in the seventeenth century. Now the sacred standard of the Prophet Mahomet has never been taken: it is of a dark green colour; and that at Rome is red. The standard of the Seraskier, or Ottoman Generalissimo, Kara-Mustapha-Pascha, has been hitherto considered to have been the banner of the prophet.

In speaking of a person who has arrived to a very great age, a common phrase is to compare him with Mathusalem; but the usual, and improper expression, is, "Oh! he's as old as Mathusalem."

When a low fellow wishes to annoy a gentleman with whom he is quarrelling, he exclaims, "Oh! you are no gentleman!" Now, the very reproach itself convinces him against whom it is levelled that he who utters it really knows that his adversary is a gentleman, and that he thinks that a denial of the fact will be a means of annoyance. As this is the case, no sensible person ever ought to suffer his temper to be ruffled by such a piece of abuse. The abuser only affects to think that the other is not a gentleman, or else the abuse itself would lose its point.

The words "fixed stars" constitute a misnomer; as those stars, which are called *fixed*, are really in motion. The sun itself is in motion, and has an orbit of its own, the centre of which is unknown to us. All the stars, which are called *fixed*, are suns to other systems of worlds, which they drag with them. Not only have planets, moons, and suns their motion, but assemblages of systems have also a motion; and probably assemblages of assemblages are influenced by the immutable and invariable law of motion in a similar manner. Thus the earth has four distinct species of motion: viz. I. It revolves in its orbit round the sun; II. It revolves upon its axis; III. Its axis itself has a motion from north to south; IV. And the earth also moves, with its

* This motion is caused by the attraction of the moon, and accounts for the position of the earth, in respect to the north pole being raised so many degrees above the equator. In the course of millions of years the north pole will become the south pole.

orbit, in the assemblage of worlds to which it belongs, in obedience to the motion of the sun.

It is frequently asserted that the cause of heat in animals has not been ascertained; and this answer was given to a correspondent in a leading Sunday newspaper a few weeks ago. The cause of animal heat is, however, now indubitably shown to arise from the specific degrees of nervous irritability in living beings.

Fulton, the great American engineer, is usually quoted as the first individual who applied steam to the purpose of propelling vessels through the water. Several years, however, before Fulton made his experiments near the Isle des Cygnes, the Marquis de Jouffroy, an enterprising French nobleman, constructed a steam-boat at Lyons, of a hundred and forty feet in length. With this he made several successful experiments on the river Saone, near that city, as far back as 1781. At the same time that Fulton was only labouring to convince himself of the practicability of the scheme, another Frenchman, named De Blanc, obtained a patent for the construction of a steam-boat, which was built from such information as he could procure relative to the experiments of the Marquis de Jouffroy, to whom the honour of having first applied the use of steam to vessels must decidedly be given.

The idea that gunpowder was unknown to the world until the time of Schwarz, is erroneous. The Chinese have been acquainted with the properties of the combination for many, many centuries previous to the introduction of the deadly article into Europe; and they made use of it to propel stones from canes or pieces of wood hollowed for the purpose, and tightly bound round with iron hoops. Schwarz may however be termed the inventor—or one of the inventors of gunpowder, because he did not borrow the idea from the Chinese.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILD.

By H. W. Weston.

While wand'ring in a verdant grove,
A faded lily I espied;
It once was sweet as parent's love,—
But, ah! it wither'd, and it died!
Blither the pang it brought to mind—
A pang that none but parents know;
For by that emblem was defin'd
The child that sleeps the turf below!
It told me that the hand of Death,
The choicest flow'rs untaught to spurn,
Had snatched away my infant's breath,
As it had crush'd the lily there!
And, like the lily too, how brief
The days that by my boy were spent,
Ere Death—perhaps for his relief—
To bear him to the tomb was sent!
Yet, Ah! what solace 'tis to know,
Belov'd child, while far from thee,
That Christ, from whom all bounties flow,
Has said, "Let children come to me!"

MORNING.

By Mrs. Reynolds.

The blushing radiance of returning light
Dispels apace the shadows of the night:
In golden glory, through the azure sky,
Phœbus pursues his course in grandeur high,
Still counting onward, by his march sublime,
New dates to swell the history of Time.
Fresh from his palace in the eastern main,
The lum'rous god comes forth to earth again;
Looks from his vap'ry canopy above
First on the children that implore his love—
That clime which erst—forgive them, tho' they err!
He daily mark'd his constant worshipper:
Then, in progressive beauty drawing near,
His beams disperse the dew-drops of Jndea;
Ope the reclining buds and sleeping flowers;
To blush once more upon their fairer bowers;
And, falling lightly on the slumberer's eyes,
Resuscitate his strength and energies!
None mourns his presence! Captives in their cell
Delight upon his partial beams to dwell,
That thro' the iron'd lattice in their wall
Deluge with a tantalizing glare to fall!
The birds in every grove his coming greet,
And tell their gladness by their warbling sweet;
And Nature leaps with joy to hail again
The bright assertion of his golden reign!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—In Number 28, page, 219, 1st. column, 17 lines from the bottom, read *advisedly* for *advisably*; and page 220, 2nd column, 34 lines from the top, read *wrote* for *write*.

We regret that we cannot insert Mr. *Elijah Browne's* address to the Teetotalers of Lincolnshire and Norfolk. We do not receive advertisements, and his address would come under that denomination. If he will send us his publications, we will notice them in the department allotted to *Reviews of Books, &c.*

We are much obliged to J. W. (Once a spirit-dealer) for his courteous letter. We do not, however, insert articles extracted from other publications, unless they be from Teetotal publications, or in the *Review* department.

Q in the Corner is a most facetious correspondent. His last letter is really very clever, and full of pointed humour and just sarcasm. We know that the meeting to which he alludes, was the most complete failure possible; but we do not wish to expose any weak point in respect to Teetotal transactions, of whatsoever kind, because such behaviour on our part would only afford a ground of triumph for the enemy (the publican).

We shall be glad to hear from Mr. J. W. D. (we believe that these are his initials) of Poland Street.

The clergyman in Wales, who honoured us with a letter ordering "The Teetotaler" to be forwarded to him regularly from the beginning of this year, should apply to a local bookseller, as our journal not being stamped, cannot be sent by post, save at a heavy expense. Should local booksellers be unable to supply the journal every week, they can at all events procure the *Monthly Parts* for all subscribers.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Eleventh Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" at this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9th, 1840.

THE Genius of Britain exercises a dominion co-extensive with the waves of that ocean which has been the field of fame to so many of her gallant and patriotic sons, and embracing a very large portion of the habitable earth as well as of the civilised intelligence of the whole world—a dominion greater than Alexander attempted, or than Cæsar possessed—greater than republican Athens, in the zenith of her glory, ever exercised, or than imperial Rome, with all her ambitious heroes, ever wielded—greater, in fine, than Jhenghis-Khan, Timour, or Mahomet, ever achieved over savage clans and roving barbarians. This mighty empire is ruled by a lady, whose countenance beams with a smile which bespeaks the kindly feelings, the generous affections, and the benevolent sympathies which play around the heart. Her Majesty had the good fortune to be educated under the eye of a mother possessed of an excellent understanding and a most amiable disposition. Deeply sensible of the importance of the task which the nation entrusted to her care, that mother fulfilled the hopes and expectations of the people: she prepared the ground for cultivation; she sowed the good seed; she has seen the goodly plant thrive; she has marked its firm root—its gradual growth—its opening bloom—and its displayed effulgence: her fond heart has cherished no other object than this,—her fervent orisons have had no other aspirations—that her daughter might be found worthy of the nation's fame—worthy of the people's love—and worthy of the spirit of the age. Her Majesty exhibits the truth of the beautiful Aristotelian adage in Diogenes Laertius, that, if the root of learning be bitter, the fruit is sweet; for, by the soft persuasiveness and tender care of her mother, was the royal lady conducted to a hill-side, laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth—so green—so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus is not more enchanting. Amidst the various accomplishments with which the mind of Her Majesty is stored, is the study of History. In traversing the pages of the History of the World, she could not have failed to observe the important truth, which should be so deeply imprinted on her mind, that dissipation has been the bane of empires!

That mighty dominion which the Genius of Britain now exercises, is menaced, by an enemy more potent than the Grand Army of Napoleon—more insidious than a pestilence amongst the people. This enemy is Intemperance; and by this foe are ruled not only the United Kingdom, but also the Indies of the eastern and the western world, the islands of the Mediterranean, and the settlements in Australasia,—in a word, the whole British empire. At this moment thousands of individuals are pining in gaols and in captivity, whose hard fate has been brought about by Intemperance. Let, then, the nation take advantage of the circumstance of a lady being seated upon the throne; let Teetotalism agitate the great question of moral reformation, until its name shall become a familiar and household word even in the palace of the sovereign; and let the whole body of the Teetotalers in the United Kingdom adopt measures to petition and memorialize the House of Commons at the approaching session. The Queen cannot fail to hear of this agitation; and her naturally generous nature, her high moral character, and her enquiring disposition, will be found powerful auxiliaries in favour of the cause of Teetotalism. Should Her Majesty countenance the proposed measure of social reformation, she will then convey to the hearts of all philanthropists tidings of great joy,—and, in the language of Lord Chatham, she will be "enthroned in the hearts of the wise and of the good."

So soon as intemperance shall be swept from the face of this mighty empire the torch of crime will be converted into the calumet of Christian peace. The promotion of Mechanics' Institutes, a more extended system of national education, and the establishment of public libraries, naturally suggest themselves as measures to assist in the attainment of the grand object in view. These institutions would be attended with most beneficial results, in collecting and diffusing information, in rousing dormant energies, in fanning the intellectual flame, and inspiring generous

emulation. One of the collateral advantages which would emanate from such institutions would be, that men of real ability and talent, of all classes, would be brought into the society of each other; and while the accidents of conversation might be the means of communicating valuable suggestions to each other, the personal intercourse would lessen the interval that separates each grade of society from another,—produce mutual respect and esteem,—prove that the working-classes only require to be known to have their merits and their capacities duly appreciated, and lead to all the courtesies, amenities, charities, and utilities of free and frequent intercourse. Then would it become apparent to the world that all moral reformation in reality emanates from the working classes,—that to them are alone due the honour and the glory of the Teetotal principle,—and that it is especially for their interests that the progress of the great doctrine should meet with all possible encouragement.

We are for plain argument and fair reasoning: we have no prejudices; but we are desirous of acting on a conviction of what is right, and to support the cause which we believe to be the most conducive to the real interests of society. We reject false colours, meretricious ornaments, and delusive lights, and wish to speak forth the words of soberness and truth. We should not disguise from ourselves the truth, however disagreeable that truth may be. It is, influenced by impressions of so grave a nature as these, that we unhesitatingly declare the British empire to be in danger of perishing, like Rome, and Carthage, and Byzantium, a prey to the evil Genius of dissipation, unless the advocates of Teetotalism persist in their strenuous endeavours to overturn the temples dedicated to Intemperance. "Teetotalism has done much; but much still remains to be done," was our remark on a former occasion. Teetotalism has to contend against a powerful press, a mighty phalanx of individuals who fatten upon the ruin it vainly would arrest, and a host of men whose vicious inclinations form a strong barrier against the popularity of the doctrine of total abstinence. The flowers of rhetorical vituperation are scattered with a prodigal hand, against Teetotalism, on all sides,—the vocabularies of slang have been exhausted by the publicans in their abuse of a system which undermines their infamous traffic; but Teetotalism is still prospering and triumphant. One of the true methods of contending with the wiliness of the serpent, is to exhibit in ourselves the harmlessness of the dove. Teetotalism is based upon a rock; and the billows of opposition, beat they never so high, cannot overturn it.

In vain have we perused the annals of history and the mighty volume of nature—small fruit have we reaped from past experience, and to no good purpose have we conversed with mankind, if a measure of Union be not one of the most efficient to enable Teetotalism to produce instantaneous effects. The imagination must not be fed with any speculations relative to the superiority of one Total Abstinence Association or Sect over another,—speculations which daily carry men farther away from the expediences and utilities of the Teetotal doctrine, the higher they ascend, and the deeper they dive. The real strength of the Teetotalers will be best shown, felt, and exercised by the compact firmness and the strict union of the immortal phalanx. They must abstain from all topics of irritation, from all uncharitableness and hatred, amongst themselves: they should steer the even course of patriots and philanthropists, accomplishing whatever can be accomplished by argument and eloquence, by talent and prudence, by knowledge, by firmness, consistency, and wisdom; and they should remember that a general and simultaneous assault has carried many a fortress which had long withstood the petty annoyances of detached parties.

We therefore say to the Teetotalers of the United Kingdom,—“Combine your forces,—petition Parliament,—memorialize the Queen through her ministers,—and cease those intestine bickerings, and jealousies, and strifes, which only militate against the interests of the most glorious principle which, since the origin of the Christian religion, has been promulgated amongst men.” This is our calm and dispassionate advice,—this is our earnest counsel; and we know that success will attend those who follow the suggestions.

FRENCH CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

NO. I.—THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

SOME years ago there was an old man in Paris, who went about the streets exclaiming in the same unwearied tremulous tone, the following words:—“For two sous I sell a rhyming almanack, a spelling-book, a tooth-pick, a stay-lace, a needle-case, a yard of riband, and four numbers in the Lottery. It is impossible that, amongst these various articles, there should not be something which will suit the purchaser; and that one object will alone be worth two sous.”

In his younger days, this old man had been a commercial-traveller; and he had acted in accordance with the maxim that a tradesman had always something in his warehouse which must absolutely suit some one. He was resolved never to present himself to a provincial firm without compelling the partners to purchase, or rather order, some kind of merchandise. It was by these means that he acquired such a reputation for his powers of eloquence and persuasion. Suppose he waited upon a small tradesman in the country, he would endeavour to do his duty in behalf of all the individuals in Paris by whom he was charged with commissions. For instance, he would begin with an enlogium upon a new journal for which he was to obtain subscribers:—

“Well! upon my word, M. Dumont! I am surprised that a man of intellect—a man of sound sense and sterling judgment, like you—should refuse to subscribe to the new journal!”

“No—no,” returned the tradesman; “I had rather not.”

“You are quite right! But I must beg of you to take a small cask of excellent claret!”

“No! The wine is too cold—I don’t like it.”

“Well, upon my word, you are quite right! We won’t say another word about the matter. I shall only just write down your name for the journal and the cask of wine.”

“No—a thousand times, no!”

“Good! good!” cries the commercial traveller; “you can pay me when you like!—I shall send up the bill and receipt in the morning.”

And the poor tradesman is so bewildered by the manner in which the commercial traveller transacts business, that he is absolutely driven into the two bargains he so strenuously refused to accede to.

The commercial traveller’s first care, when he arrived at an inn, was to request the landlord to give him gold for all the silver he carried about with him, and for which accommodation he paid the difference caused by the premium on the exchange. When he was about to depart, he had an excuse for not liquidating his account.

“My dear friend,” he would say to the landlord, “I will settle my score the next time I come this way: I have nothing but gold about me now.”

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the commercial traveller never returned to that inn again.

When he arrived at Beanne, Nuits, or Ai, or any other of the towns in the wine-country, he presented himself at the counting-houses of the first wine-merchants, and gave them orders of vast magnitude in behalf of several of the most eminent houses in Paris, promising that the wine would be settled for with payment upon delivery. The wine-merchants, who were well acquainted with the solvency of the houses alluded to, paid the commercial traveller his commission in advance. The wines were sent, as ordered; and a few days afterwards the merchants received letters from Paris declaring that no such commission had ever been entrusted to the individual who ordered the wines. The commercial traveller, in the meantime, was already far away, puffing off cloth, leeches, and dictionaries in an adjacent department.

At the hotels where the commercial traveller stopped, he always took upon himself the task of carving at the *table d’hôte*. While he was thus engaged, he invariably expatiated upon an epidemic disease which he stated to exist amongst poultry, and warned the company at the *table d’hôte* not to eat the wings. So reckless was he, however, of the danger, that he did not hesitate to eat the very parts he would not recommend to those present. At dessert, he gave the company a specimen of his versatile talents: he imitated the noise of a saw with his mouth, and then regaled the ears with the sounds of a plume;—he would also exhibit his ventriloquism, and swallowed knives. When the *table d’hôte* was particularly animated, he boldly entered upon that species of speculation called betting. If it were fine weather, he would wager ten silk pocket-handkerchiefs against one that the weather would change before the morning; only—in order to equalize the chances a little—he used to stipulate that the opposite party, in case of winning the bet, should give him a couple of francs upon each handkerchief thus gained—a mere trifle, he would observe, when compared with the real value of the article. Even when he lost the wager, the commercial traveller was a gainer of one franc; because each handkerchief only cost him a franc at the manufactory—so well was the effigy of silk imitated in cotton!

The commercial traveller sometimes performed his journeys in a handsome gig or curriole. On these occasions, he would offer a place to any other gentleman, in the same line, whom he might meet at an inn on the road, and to whom he would leave the trifling task of

paying the tavern-bills for the rest of the way. If our commercial traveller journeyed in a post-chaise with a brother of the same profession, he invariably slept so soundly when the horses were changed, that the expenses of the travelling fell upon his more wakeful companion. On one or two occasions, he had forgotten his companion on the road,—but only in those cases when the said companion’s trunk and cash-box were safe in the vehicle.

Sometimes, when the commercial traveller arrived at a crowded inn, and was compelled to occupy a couch in a double-bedded room, or even to share that of another traveller, he was invariably seized with the most extraordinary fits of somnambulism in the night. He would rise, when all others slept, and proceed straight to the pockets of his companion, whose memorandum-book he would refer to. He thus transferred to his memory the notes of the commissions entrusted to his fellow traveller. If he were ever detected in these nocturnal wanderings, he used to laugh them off; and, if not, the commissions were confided by him to a rival house, which executed them at a cheaper rate than the terms of the one for which they were originally destined.

The commercial traveller founded a charitable institution, with the view of succouring those gentlemen of the bag who might be robbed during their travels. This institution was enthusiastically approved of by all the commercial travellers of Paris; and they offered the founder their best thanks, which he modestly declined, and a gold medal, which he put into his pocket.

By a most strange coincidence, it was remarked that, from the moment this establishment was founded, the projector of the charitable and philanthropic plan was himself very frequently plundered of all he possessed, during his journeys,—and even of his most necessary clothing!

“If my general probity were not so well,” said he, at a grand meeting of the directors, on one occasion, “I might be accused of having robbed myself. Fortunately, however, my commercial honesty is beyond the reach of such calumniating suspicions. The highway robbers owe me a grudge,—and that’s all! But, nevertheless—with a view to the interests of the institution—I think I had better give up all further journeys into the country, or I should ruin the treasury. I would much rather that the directors should allow me an annual income, upon which I can exist at my ease. When once I am no longer compelled to travel, there will be no more highway robberies.”

The directors negatived this proposal; but they passed a resolution that the same traveller could only be recompensed for losses once a year. The hero of this brief Memoir from that time forth, until he took to selling small articles in the streets of Paris, only applied to the institution on every new year’s day, as it invariably happened that he was plundered on his travels, just about Christmas time.

NO. II.—THE LODGER.

WHEN the cold wind of vicissitude whistles in the ears of the fashionable gentleman, he is compelled to seek a retreat in an unfurnished lodging, into which he is prudent enough not to introduce many articles of furniture which may be denominated his own property. Nor does he pay his quarterly rent very regularly; on the contrary, he adopts the custom of never paying anything at all—a system pursued with admirable uniformity four times every year.

The lodger, whose furniture consists of nothing more nor less than a camp bedstead, one mattress, a pair of sheets, and a bottle to put a candle in, defies all proceedings at law; inasmuch as the French Codes do not allow a man’s bed to be taken away from under him. It is thus that the lodger profits by his social position to laugh at all landlords who might have the incivility to request him to liquidate his rent.

At the first demand for payment—a demand which is made through the porter of the house—the lodger only replies by the silence of contempt; and a second demand, also conveyed through the same medium, elicits nothing but a smile of pity or disdain. The landlord then determines to visit the extraordinary tenant in person; and this is most probably the nature of the interview:—

The landlord, who is naturally ugly, as all good and honest landlords are and ought to be, assumes his least agreeable expression of countenance—a circumstance that renders him absolutely frightful: he thus suddenly presents himself in the apartment of his lodger, at whom he darts a glance of crocodile ferocity; and then, crossing his arms in imitation of many great men, he gives utterance to the following words in an abrupt and savage tone:—

“Well, sir, might I enquire when it will suit you to pay your quarter’s rent? This is the third time you are asked for it, and you do not even condescend to utter a syllable in reply. This condition of things cannot last; and I am come to know what steps I am to take with regard to you.”

“Oh! here you are, Mister landlord,” ejaculates the lodger, also crossing his arms, in imitation of his visitor, and seating himself upon the edge of his only article of furniture: “upon my word, I am very much pleased to have this opportunity of expressing to you my private opinion relative to the line of conduct you have adopted with regard to me.”

"What do you mean? what line of conduct?" cries the astonished landlord.

"Do not take up my words, if you please," says the lodger. "It is I, on the contrary, who am entitled to ask an explanation of what you mean?"

"What I mean!" ejaculates the landlord. "Why—is there anything strange in my conduct?"

"What!" vociferates the lodger; "you affect not to understand me! Well, upon my honour—I cannot but admire so much dissimulation! I must confess that I never met your equal—and yet I have been acquainted with very many landlords! What—is it possible that you are not put to the blush?"

"Blush at what?" cries the landlord, more thoroughly exasperated.

"Why—blush at your conduct, to be sure," replies the lodger. "Is it possible that you do not blush—you, a landlord—at the mere fact of coming to ask a poor wretch of a lodger for money?"

"And pray of whom should I ask for money?" demands the landlord:—"of the tax-gatherer, I suppose."

"You may ask any one whom you choose," returns the lodger; "but you certainly will get none out of me! On the contrary—"

"On the contrary!" cries the landlord; "I suppose I must give you some to get rid of you?"

"Exactly what I mean," says the lodger. "You will give me money to induce me to quit—you will give me money to convey away my traps—and you will give me money to indemnify me for my trouble and loss of time in moving;—or else I shall stop where I am. In this latter case, you will commence a law-suit against me: you will serve me with a notice to quit—then a writ of ejectment—then an order to appear to tax costs—and then the notice of judgment—all in regular order, which will take six months;—and, in the meantime, we will laugh like madmen!"

Imagine the countenance of the miserable landlord, overwhelmed by this announcement! He must naturally be of a very strong constitution not to have a sudden attack of apoplexy.

When he again collects those ideas, which the lodger's discourse so effectually disperses, the poor landlord has nothing to do but to cast his eyes around the room, and thus convince himself of the exact truth of all his tenant's advances. There, where there is nothing to seize, the king loses his authority—and the landlord much more so. The only consolation which he can permit himself is to heave a sigh—or two sighs—or even three sighs, if he like; as the lodger is too polite to endeavour to enumerate them.

The landlord returns to his own apartments, in a state of uncertainty how to act. He orders his house-keeper to heat some water of fifty degrees (Reaumer)—which is the temperature of Senegal and of foot-baths. But scarcely has he placed the extremities of his legs in the liquid in question, when the lodger bursts into the bedroom where this operation is going on, and exclaims as follows:—

"By the bye, my dear sir, I had forgotten to tell you just now that you had better order your porter not to injure my credit when I send to you for a reference in respect to new lodgings. What I now say is expressly in your interest; because if you agree to pay the expenses of the law-suit I detailed to you just now, I should be sorry were your porter to compel me to keep your lodging any longer than was absolutely necessary. And I should also be compelled, on my part, to commence an action against your porter to seek damages for defamation; which damages you would have to pay, as you are responsible for the conduct of your dependants."

The unfortunate landlord, thoroughly unnerved by this second announcement, faints in the foot-bath, and keeps his bed six months afterwards.

BALLOONS.

On the 21st of November, 1783, the first ascent ever attempted by aeronauts was carried into execution from the castle of La Muette in France. The aeronauts were the Marquis d'Arlandes and Pilatre de Rozier, the latter of whom was superintendent of the Royal Museum of Paris. These intrepid individuals ascended with a machine containing six thousand cubic feet. The balloon, after attaining a considerable height, came down, in about half an hour, about half a mile from the castle. But the aeronauts had been exposed to considerable danger: the balloon was agitated very violently several times; the fire had burnt holes in it; the car was injured; and several of the cords were broken. They perceived that it was necessary to descend without delay; but when they were on the surface of the earth, new difficulties presented themselves. The weak coal fire no longer supported the linen balloon, the whole of which fell into the flame. Rozier, who had not yet succeeded in descending from the car, narrowly escaped being burnt to death.

The second ascent ever attempted was also performed by two Frenchmen. These aeronauts were named Robert and Charles, the latter of whom was a distinguished professor of natural philosophy in Paris. These gentlemen ascended with a balloon of a spherical form, twenty-six feet in diameter, and consisting of silk coated with a varnish of gum-elastic. The car for the aeronauts was attached to several cords which were fastened to a net drawn over the upper part of the balloon. A

valve was constructed above, which could be opened from the car, by means of cords, and shut with a spring. This seemed to afford an outlet to the inflammable air, if they wished to descend, or found it necessary to diminish it. The filling lasted several days; and on 1st of December 1783, the voyage was commenced from the gardens of the Tuileries. The balloon quickly rose to a height of eighteen hundred feet, and disappeared from the eyes of the spectators. The aeronauts diligently observed the barometer, which now stood at less than 26°, threw out gradually the ballast they had taken in to keep the balloon steady, and descended safely at Nesle. But as soon as M. Robert had stepped out, and the balloon was thus lightened of his entire weight, it rose again with great rapidity to the distance of about nine thousand feet. It expanded itself with such force, that it must have been torn to pieces, had not M. Charles, with much presence of mind, opened the valve to accommodate the quantity of gas to the rarity of the surrounding atmosphere. After the lapse of half an hour, the balloon sank down upon a plain, about three miles from the place of its second ascent.

On the 15th of July, 1784, the Duke de Chartres, the two brothers Robert, and another person, ascended with an inflammable air balloon, from the park of Saint Cloud, near Paris, at eight minutes to eight in the evening. This balloon was of an oblong form, measuring fifty-five and a half feet in length, and thirty-four in diameter. It ascended with its greatest extension nearly horizontal; and, after remaining in the atmosphere about forty-five minutes, it descended at a little distance from whence it had ascended, and, at about thirty feet distance from the Lac de la Järerne, in the park of Meudon. But the incidents that happened in this aerial excursion deserve to be particularly described, as nothing like it had happened before to any of the aerial travellers. This machine contained an interior smaller balloon filled with common air; by which means, according to a mode hereafter to be mentioned, the machine was to be made to ascend or descend without any loss of inflammable air or ballast. The boat was furnished with a helm and oars intended to guide it, &c. At the place of starting the barometer stood at 30°. 12'. Three minutes after its ascending, the balloon was lost in the clouds; and the aerial voyagers lost sight of the earth, being involved in a dense vapour. Here an unusual agitation of the air, somewhat like a whirlwind, in a moment turned the machine three times from the right to the left. The violent shocks which they suffered prevented their using any of the means prepared for the direction of the balloon; and they even tore away the silk stuff of which the helm was made. Never, said they, had a more dreadful scene presented itself to any eye than that in which they were involved. An unbounded ocean of shapeless clouds rolled one upon another, beneath, and seemed to forbid their return to the earth, which was still invisible. The agitation of the balloon became greater every moment. They cut the cords which held the interior balloon, which consequently fell on the bottom of the external one, just upon the aperture of the tube, which went down into the boat, and stopped it up. At this time, the thermometer showed a little above 44°. A gust of wind from below drove the balloon upwards to the extremity of the vapour, when the appearance of the sun showed them the existence of nature: but now both the heat of the sun, and the diminished density of the atmosphere, occasioned such a dilation of the inflammable air, that the bursting of the balloon was apprehended; to avoid which, they introduced a stick through the tube that proceeded from the balloon, and endeavoured to remove from its aperture the inner balloon that closed it; but the dilation of the inflammable air pushed the inner balloon so violently against the aperture of the tube that every endeavour proved ineffectual. During this time they still continued to ascend, until the mercury in the barometer stood not higher than 24°. 36' inches, which shows their height above the surface of the earth to have been about five thousand one hundred feet. In these dreadful circumstances, they thought it necessary to make a hole in the balloon, in order to give an exit to the inflammable air; and the Duke de Chartres, by means of one of the banners, made two incisions which caused a rent of between seven and eight feet. They then descended very rapidly, seeing at first no object on earth or in the heavens; but a moment after they discovered the fields, and saw that they were descending straight towards a lake, into which they must have fallen, had they not thrown overboard about sixty pounds' weight of ballast, which occasioned their coming down at about thirty feet beyond the edge of the lake. Notwithstanding this rapid descent, occasioned by the great quantity of gas which escaped out of the two rents in the balloon, none of the four adventurers was hurt; but they all spoke in the highest terms of excitement of the pleasures of their expedition.

These successful aerial voyages were soon followed by others. Blanchard, also an enterprising Frenchman, had already ascended several times, when he determined to cross the channel between England and France, which is about twenty-two miles wide, in a balloon filled with inflammable air. He succeeded in this bold attempt, on the 7th of January, 1785, accompanied by an American gentleman, Dr. Jeffries. About one o'clock they left the English coast, and, at half past two, were on the French. Pilatre de Rozier, mentioned before as the first aeronaut, attempted, on the 14th of January, 1785, in company with M. Romain, to pass

from the French to the English side; but the attempt was unsuccessful, and the adventurers lost their lives. M. de Rozier had, on this occasion, united the two kinds of balloons: under one, filled with inflammable air, which did not alone possess sufficient elevating power, was a second, filled by means of a coal fire under it. Rozier had chosen this combination, hoping to unite the advantage of both kinds. By means of the lower balloon, he intended to rise and sink at pleasure, which is not possible with inflammable air; for a balloon, filled with this, when once sunk to the earth, cannot rise again with the same weight, without being filled anew; while, on the contrary, by increasing or diminishing the fire under a balloon filled with heated air, it can be made to rise and fall alternately. But this experiment caused the death of the projectors. Probably the coals, which were only in a glowing state near the surface of the earth, were suddenly kindled to a light flame as the balloon rose, and set it on fire. The whole machine was soon on flames, and the two aeronauts were precipitated from the air. The condition of their mangled bodies confirms the conjecture that they were killed by the explosion of the gas.

Blanchard rendered an essential service to aeronauts by the invention of the parachute, which they can use, in case of necessity, to let themselves down without danger.

Major Money ascended from Newark, under the impression that the aerial current would take the balloon in the direction of Ipswich. Scarcely, however, had he attained an altitude of one mile, when a violent hurricane, operating in a new direction, drove the balloon towards Yarmouth. Several small row boats immediately put out from that port, and endeavoured to keep pace with the balloon, but without success; and Major Money first touched the sea about nine miles from land, and more than three from any means of assistance. The major was immersed to his middle in the water, and, thus clinging to the cords of the balloon, was dragged through the ocean at so rapid a rate, that it was only by the superior speed of a fast-sailing cutter, which happened to lay in the track of the balloon, that he was saved, when almost exhausted.

By means of balloons, the shape of certain seas and lands may be better ascertained; men may ascend to the tops of the mountains they had never visited before; they may be carried over marshy and dangerous ground; they may by that means come out of a besieged place, or an island; they may, in hot climates, ascend to a cold region of the atmosphere to observe the ice which is never seen below; and, in short, they may be thus taken to several places to which human art hitherto knew of no conveyance.

BRANDY AND SALT.

To the Editor of "THE TEETOTALER."

Sir,

I am requested by a correspondent who signs himself MEDICUS to answer him through the medium of your excellent journal; and although I comply, I must express my regret that the gentleman has not been confidential enough to favour me with his name. He observes as follows:—

"We find that boiling alcohol will dissolve dried chloride of sodium (salt), and, on the liquid cooling, irregular crystals will be deposited. These will be found to consist of alcohol and chloride of sodium. The same will result by treating alcohol with chloride of calcium and other chlorides: these compounds are called alcohates."

"Sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) has a vast affinity for water, and readily absorbs it from the atmosphere. By treating it with alcohol and applying heat, ether is distilled over. The theory laid down is that the acid, from its great affinity for water, takes oxygen and hydrogen (the elements of that fluid) from the alcohol, thus converting it into ether by disturbing the proportions of its elements,—the heat employed being chiefly instrumental in driving the ether over as it is generated."

"It is quite clear that the production of ether does not depend upon the heat alone; for if the acid and the spirit be mixed at common temperature, the smell of ether perceptibly demonstrates its presence."

"The water of dilution of acid and alcohol does not stand in the way of the chemical action of the acid upon the elements of the alcohol."

"QUESTION: Is not an alcoholate formed in solution on simply adding chloride of sodium to Brandy; or may not some new properties resulting give the mixture powers neither possessed in their separate state?"

ANSWER.—By treating boiling alcohol with certain chlorides, crystals have been produced on the fluid cooling. And on examination, these have been found to consist of alcohol and the chloride used in definite proportions. From their analogy to hydrates (or those bodies that combine in definite proportions with water) they have been termed Alcoholates."

When an alcoholate is thus formed it is owing to the absence of water; for if the salt or the alcohol contained water, then crystals would not be produced. The chlorides crystallize more readily with water than with alcohol; indeed from their known affinity for water, they are often employed to strengthen alcohol, in other words to obtain absolute alcohol by the abstraction of water."

THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION,

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

We should be paying a sorry compliment to the numerous readers who have so liberally bestowed their patronage upon us, did we not accord an attentive ear to the suggestions and wishes which have been lately submitted to us in a voluminous correspondence from all parts of the country. We are pleased to find that the general plan upon which *THE TEETOTALER* is conducted has given satisfaction; and a rapidly increasing circulation holds out to us fresh inducements to exert ourselves, to the utmost of our power, to render the journal as welcome to our audience as possible. The general wish appears to be, that we should commence another continuous Tale in *THE TEETOTALER*; and, without offering any opinion of our own upon this suggestion, we signify our readiness to please by complying with it. We therefore earnestly request the attention of our readers to the announcement that, on January 23rd will be commenced, in *THE TEETOTALER*, a new Tale by the Editor, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Esq., entitled

"PICKWICK MARRIED."

This tale will be continued weekly in *THE TEETOTALER*, until its completion.

We have also the pleasure to announce that with next Saturday will commence a new Series of Pictorial Embellishments, uniform with that which is now complete, and developing the Effects of Intemperance and Temperance in the LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN. This new Series will also consist of Twelve Illustrations.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to remind our readers, that, while we use our most strenuous endeavours to advocate the grand cause of Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Liquors, our columns are also devoted to General Literature, Science, the Arts, Belles Lettres, and all subjects calculated to amuse or instruct our readers. In this plan we shall persevere; and, in consequence of the liberality of the public patronage which has been bestowed upon our undertaking, we are happy to be enabled to announce that the publisher of *THE TEETOTALER* has completed arrangements with some of the most eminent literary men of the day to contribute papers of first-rate talent to its columns. By these and other plans for the improvement of the journal, an increased share of public approbation is anticipated.

THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE;

DEVELOPED IN THE LIFE OF A WORKING MAN.

With the number of *The Teetotaler*, in which this article appears, is given the twelfth pictorial illustration of the events in the life of a Working-Man who has passed through the different phases of intemperance and of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. Pregnant with the most truthful morals are the twelve plates which have lately been issued with this journal; and the contemplation of the contrast they afford between the miseries attendant upon a life of intemperance and the blessings which await the sober man, should alone be sufficient to induce every sensible person to turn towards the Teetotal pledge as the only rock of earthly and eternal safety. As, on former occasions, we shall endeavour to convey to the ideas of our readers, a concise history of the last three plates of this series.

PLATE X.—We perceive by this illustration that the hero of the pictorial history has lost his wife—the partner of all his former cares and late happiness—by the hand of Death. The artist has done well to introduce this episode into the life of his hero, because it reminds us that all sublunary joys are subject to the gall of bitterness, and that good is so essentially commingled with evil in this world, it would almost seem as if those principles were inseparable. Successful as the Working-Man has been in life, since he embraced the doctrine

which regenerated him, he has still tasted of those adversities which arrive from time to time to remind us of our mortality. We now find him sitting in a beautiful summer-house attached to his garden; and, if we may judge by those houses which join his own, he is now in a condition of great affluence. His son, an interesting boy about ten years old, is sitting near him, reading the Bible—for it is Sunday! At a distance, his daughter, who is about sixteen, is seen conversing with the youth whose suit has found favour in her father's eyes, and who is the son of a rich neighbour. This plate is a very excellent one, and bears evidence to the good taste of the artist who designed it. While the father is listening to the word of God, the daughter is receiving the avowal of a pure and sincere affection from the lips of her lover; and these two circumstances have given the denomination (a Latin derivative) of "The Auscultation" to the picture. The highest ambition of the hero of this narrative is now to see his daughter well married; and she is too prudent a girl to form a connexion that would not meet with the approval of her sire.

PLATE XI.—This picture enables us to obtain a correct idea of the realisation of the plans of the good genius of Teetotalism on one side, and of the demon of intemperance on the other. This is the bridal-day of the daughter of our hero and the youth to whom she has been some time attached. The young bride, full of life, light, happiness, and joy, issues from the temple of the Almighty; where her union with a handsome, a wealthy, and an affectionate youth has been blessed by the priest; fond relatives flock around her, and the path of her existence seems strewn with flowers. Her father, proud of the excellent match which his prudence and good character have secured for his daughter, finds all his earthly hopes now realised; and he knows that his old age will be accompanied by all the endearments of family affection. But—on the other hand—whom does he encounter at the door of the church? Surely the features of those two miserable mendicants are not altogether unknown to him! No—he recognises them but too well, in spite of the change they have undergone through privation and intemperance. Upon the breast of one is a placard, with the word "STARVING" written upon it in large characters. The merciful dispensations of the New Poor Law Bill (a statute passed in the nineteenth century, and in a civilised country!) prevent these poor wretches from openly demanding the charity of which they stand so much in need. But, as no myrmidon of the New Police Force is near, they now clamour forth for alms. It is in that condition that they are recognised by the hero of our narrative:—in a word, they are the very individuals who first enticed him to partake of the intoxicating cup—the tempters of his youth! With tears in his eyes, he hastens to relieve them—he throws them a handful of silver;—they recognise him, and the contrast is complete! The ruin of these has been realised by means of the insidious wiles of Intemperance; and the prosperity of the individual who now relieves them, has been brought about by the adoption of the pledge of total abstinence!

PLATE XII.—The twelfth and last plate requires but few words to explain it: indeed, it explains itself, and is but the natural and appropriate termination to the pictorial history of a Working-Man, who has had the courage to turn from the evil ways of dissipation, for the purpose of entering upon those of sobriety and temperance. Everything in life has gone well with him since he signed the pledge—that is, as well as mundane affairs ever do progress; and, now, in his old age he is surrounded by that happy family whose fortunes and prosperity he founded by his own industry, encouraged by his perseverance, and confirmed by his example.

EUGENIUS GARWOOD;

A CENTRAL STORY.

THE owner of the name which serves as the title of this narrative, resided—nay, I believe, still resides, in Botolph Lane, and was, or is, an orange-merchant. I would not have the thoughtless and exclusive reader imagine that Botolph Lane is altogether without the pale of civilisation and refinement; or that orange-merchants are not human, rational, and respectable beings. On the contrary, that narrow lane—it may almost be called an orange-grove—running, or rather leaping, from East-cheap into Thame-street,—that

lane, I say, contains not only a fair proportion of wealth and gentility, but rejoices in men whose minds are of an expansive turn. "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun" (although their father never comes to see them) inhabit there. One of such children was Mr. Eugenius Garwood.

From his earliest infancy, Eugenius Garwood had been accustomed to the sight of multitudinous chests of oranges, and immense limber-baskets of Barcelona nuts. He had been born and nurtured in Botolph Lane: and for many years his thoughts never travelled farther. In due time he was despatched every morning to a commercial academy in Tower-street, where he received a good, plain, sound education; that is to say, having mastered Dilworth, he was instigated to grapple with Lindley Murray, and at length sat down under his academical laurels with a gilt-calf prize copy of Enfield's "Speaker" at his feet. Nay—this was not all. He imbibed from the works of a modern Cocker the knowledge of figures, their uses and infinite combinations: he found that the multiplication of his own marbles depended upon the subtraction of those of other boys; and he had Practice, Barter, and Profit and Loss, at his fingers' ends before they were an inch and a half long. Having been thus taught the use of figures, he was removed from school; and his father impressed upon him the absolute necessity, during his life, of taking care of Number One, and died a few years afterwards in the perfect conviction that he would do so.

The extensive reputation which men of genius sometimes enjoy, even in their own time, it is gratifying to reflect—nay, to dwell upon. I am sorry that "my limits" will not permit me to expatiate upon this topic. The fame of Byron, when Eugenius Garwood was about two-and-twenty years of age, was at its zenith. Some notion of the extent of that fame may be formed when I state that it reached Botolph Lane. Every body was crazy about Byron: it was disgrace—it was infamy not to have read his last new poem, or not to be able to recite passages from "The Bride of Abydos." But the craziest of the crazed were sober and fastidious critics compared with Eugenius Garwood. The last new poem was "devoured" as soon as "made": he was on intimate terms with "The Giaour," and had made "The Bride of Abydos" his own. Eugenius raved in sympathetic concert with the bard. His felicitating denunciations were taken up by his disciples, and his rapture, his tenderness, and his passion, alternately elevated, melted, and excited to phrenzy, the sentimental, moody, misanthropic orange-merchant.

It was a strange coincidence that Byron and Garwood were alike in features and person. Miss Curtis, of Pudding Lane, a lady of unquestionable taste, and who sold herrings and hard-bake in Monument-yard, had once remarked the circumstance. Eugenius was short of stature to be sure;—but Byron was not tall; and the partial baldness of the former was a very good substitute for a high forehead. The features of Eugenius were what is called "finely chiselled," although, to say the truth, if nature had chiselled them much longer, he would have been left utterly without those items of the human face. He only wanted the club-foot;—it was a hardship, certainly—a great hardship, that he had not been provided with one: still he did not like to put his foot out of joint, in order to qualify it for a thick wooden shoe;—but he felt how delightful it would have been to denounce nature for her unkindness, her cruelty, her barbarous treatment of him!

But, although Eugenius had been imbued, permeated, saturated, with the subtle decoctions of the poet's genius, it must not be concluded that he neglected his business. Paternal precepts had taken too deep a root in his bosom to be eradicated, even by the magic finger of the Muse. He sold oranges to a world which he despised, as heretofore; and it was in his leisure, after business hours, when he had glanced over his banker's book, that he commended with himself upon the vanity, the nothingness of all human affairs, the selfishness and unfeeling and sordid views of mankind, and his own crushed and broken spirit. Wherever he went he found no sympathy: none could make him out—none could appreciate him—none appeared to care a button about him;—but all (O horror!) "wrote him down an ass." The Castle in Mark Lane, which he frequented, offered to his society a set of gossamering

worldlings; the Ship in Water Lane could boast of no better specimens; and he became thoroughly disgusted with men by whom he was not understood. But why should a mind like his be compelled to do such things?—he had taken no pains to conciliate!

There was a craving void in his bosom, which required to be filled up by some congenial spirit. It was the one yearning wish of his heart to meet with some fair creature—some lone Egeria—towards whom his poisoned and wounded feelings might be carried for relief and healing. None, however, could he find! The article was not to be met with,—it was not in the market; but, in its stead, was a wretched assortment of soulless girls, who ate and drank, and laughed and cried, and were contented to possess merely human feelings.

It is impossible, and perhaps it were needless, to describe the mingled sentiments of scorn and contempt with which he regarded the young ladies who promaded the parade in front of the Custom-House, to which, on summer evenings (for the fresh breeze from the water, as he said, cooled his feverish brain), he was accustomed to resort. How unlike the glowing beauties whom Byron had delighted to paint! There was only one amongst them whom his eye could for a moment tolerate! Louisa Halibut, the daughter of a fish-salesman at Billingsgate, was a fine girl, certainly, and had shown great proofs of attachment to him;—but she had no devotion, no passion, no fervour of idolatry. She might have been—and Eugenius sighed when he reflected upon what she might have been—born under an Italian sky, or in one of the Isles of Greece. But the vile English education had spoiled her. She had been sacrificed to base conventional forms: she was the slave of decorum. And, then, her eyes were something like those of a human being: she had not the dark eye of the gazelle—at least, Eugenius strongly suspected as much, being in a kind of perplexed ignorance as to what kind of animal a gazelle might be.

Chance frequently effects that for a man which his own prolonged exertions would have failed of bringing about; and chance now stepped forward to slake the sentimental thirst of Eugenius Garwood. He was requested to take a ticket for a concert to be given at the London Tavern by Miss Spilsbury, a musical lady whose professional talents had been for many years devoted to the sacred duty of supporting an aged father and a large family of younger brothers and sisters, whom, by the by—(for genteel people in distress are invariably proud, and keep out of the way.)—nobody had ever seen.

Eugenius, besides that he was a man of exquisitely fine feelings and sympathies, was extremely fond of music. It soothed the ferment of his soul, and brought him down to the level of humanity. He availed himself, therefore, of his ticket.

When he entered the concert-room, although he had taken care to be in good time, it was crowded; and it was with some small difficulty that he obtained a seat near the entrance. Delighted, enchanted as he was, shortly after, by a brilliant fantasia upon the piano-forte performed by Miss Spilsbury, who pounced upon the keys like a cat in deadly sport with a mouse, and with a face of similarly mischievous gravity,—entranced, I say, as he was by that effect of skill, he was in no situation to observe that two ladies had entered the room during its accomplishment, and were now standing by his side. A pause, however, having ensued, Eugenius Garwood turned suddenly with the view of exposing his rapture to his next neighbour; and, as he murmured "Beautiful!" his eyes encountered those of the younger lady, to whom he forthwith mentally transferred the rapturous adjective. She was, indeed, beautiful! All that the fancy of Eugenius had ever previously conceived, or could imagine for the time to come—all this was she! The elder lady—her mother of course—was by no means so attractive a person; unless a rusty-iron-coloured front, a nose like a strawberry, and a retiring chin could make her so. She, nevertheless, betrayed—I must rather say, disclosed the perfect lady. Eugenius could see this with half an eye; for the moiety of that and the whole of the other were fixed upon the fascinating daughter.

Eugenius Garwood, I have said, was a man of fine feelings. He could not permit ladies to stand while he was furnished with a seat. He accordingly set to work in good earnest; and, by dint of persuasive eloquence, enforced by the prompt use of his elbows, he contrived to make room for the two ladies, to whom with much respectful diffidence he offered the vacant places, taking care to retain a seat near the object of his sudden, but decided adoration. The usual courtesies and bows, common on these occasions, having been gone through, Eugenius endeavoured to look like a man of the world as much as possible, feeling at the same time that the gaze of half the young men in the room was directed towards him. They were, he felt, envious of his good fortune. For the purpose therefore of bringing himself to a state of decent calmness, he stared immovably on the bass-viol for a considerable period.

A gentle tap on the arm with a fan disturbed him.

"Will you permit me to see your programme of the concert?" said the elder lady with an amiable smile.

"Certainly—with much pleasure," answered Eugenius, handing it with some trepidation.

"I perceive, my love," cried the elder lady, addressing her daughter with animation, "that we are to have a duet by Signor Rosini and Madame Schniber: that will be a treat indeed! Rosini was a favourite of your's at Paris."

"Yes—I always admired Rosini," said the daughter in a soft voice.

"You have visited Paris—of course, sir?" enquired the elder lady of Mr. Garwood.

"Y—es, I have," he replied, with considerable hesitation. He, however, qualified this venial trespass against truth by the remembrance that he had, two years ago, seen a Panorama of that city in Leicester Square.

"A delightful place, Paris," remarked the daughter.

"It is indeed," stammered Eugenius.

"Were you there, sir, when the King—"

Here, much to Garwood's relief, the orchestra struck up, and Rosini and Madame Schniber astonished the company by their singing, which completely—that was declared the beauty of it—extinguished the instrumental accompaniments.

"How very delightful!" cried the mother, with rapture.

"Oh! heavenly," said the daughter.

"Heavenly!" repeated Eugenius, who had been swilling huge draughts of love for the last ten minutes unobserved, and who was now intoxicated with the tender passion.

A delightful, because a less restrained, conversation now ensued, and was carried on at intervals till towards the close of the concert.

"Flora," said the elder lady, "how the General would have been pleased and gratified to-night!"

"He would indeed;—my father," added the artless girl, turning towards Garwood, "would have enjoyed this treat very much."

"Indeed!" said Eugenius, with polite concern, "then I am extremely sorry that he is not here."

"Oh! sir," cried the young lady, resting her dark eyes with an expression of mournful tenderness upon Garwood, "Papa is dead! He died sixteen months ago."

The sensitive Garwood could not withstand that gaze. "I am shocked," he murmured vaguely: "then, of course, he could not be—I mean, it is not very likely he could be—I mean, it is not very likely he could—I beg pardon—I meant to observe—"

Fortunately for Eugenius, the finale commenced at this instant. It was a Bacchanalian quartette by Messrs. Balf, Stunham, Goldfinch, and Growler, whose joint efforts effectually precluded the possibility of one party hearing another without the aid of a patent speaking trumpet.

The concert being now over, the company prepared to depart,—all except the two ladies, who retained their seats as obstinately as though they expected the performances to be encored.

"Ladies," whispered Eugenius, after a pause, "shall I have the honour of calling a coach for you?"

"Would you do us the favour to enquire whether the carriage for Mrs. Mac Gregor is yet arrived?" said the elder lady.

Eugenius trotted down stairs for that purpose. Mac Gregor! Delightful name—a descendant of Rob Roy, no doubt! And how very genteel the ladies were too! Evidently belonging to the highest grades of society. No carriage, however, was in waiting to convey the illustrious strangers to their destination. He returned, and made known that circumstance.

"How very provoking!" cried the elder lady, turning to her daughter: "I positively will never in future put any faith in Lady Islington's promise.—Lady Islington, sir, of Russell Square, faithfully promised to send her carriage for us.—I wish, my love, we had brought the carriage from Paris. I told you how we should be inconvenienced."

Eugenius deferentially suggested a hackney-coach, and mumbled something touching the happiness he should feel in seeing the ladies home. The latter proposition having been graciously acceded to, Eugenius drew the arms of his fair companions beneath his own, and descended the ample staircase with all that exultation of soul which can only be conceived by the man of true gallantry.

It was not long before the company were in motion towards Bernard Street, Russell Square—a locality which the elder lady assured her protector was by no means so genteel as could be wished, intimating, at the same time, that it was no great importance, since they were about to return in a few weeks to Paris.

The heart of Eugenius began to sink rapidly at this intelligence. Going to Paris! then, in all probability he should never see her again! The prices of travelling were reasonable: he would follow them! as sure as a gun, he'd be after them. So thought the enamoured Eugenius Garwood.

"Pray may I enquire," said the elderly lady, with pleasing vanity, "to whom we are indebted for the polite attention we have experienced this evening?"

With a sense of deep abasement—for Garwood pos-

sessed very little of the inventive faculty, and could not extemporaneously hit upon a romantic name—did Eugenius blurt forth his appellation and trade, which he now looked upon as hideously degrading base.

"Well, we never should have supposed that," exclaimed the mother: "should we, Flora, love?"

"Oh, dear—never!" sighed the daughter. "But, pardon me," resumed the mother, "I have a great respect for commercial men: what could we do without them? Commerce is the glory of this country, Mr. Garwood: but I really thought you were one of us."

"I was convinced of it," said Flora, with another sigh.

"It is quite clear, however," said Mrs. Mac Gregor, shaking her head and smiling blandly, "that you have visited Paris, Mr. Garwood. I could see that from the first moment."

Eugenius inwardly thought what eyes the old lady must have. A tripping against a stone facilitated the low bow, by which he acknowledged the compliment.

Some time before they reached Bernard Street, Eugenius convinced himself that Mrs. Mac Gregor was a lady of the most interesting description—a perfect lady of the old school. As they passed the lamp-posts the momentary radiance lighted up her features, and disclosed aristocratical indications which he had not before observed, although from the first he had suspected that both were far removed from every-day circles.

As they stopped at the door of Mrs. Mac Gregor's abode, the mentally-absorbed orange-merchant received a pre-sing invitation from the two ladies to come and take tea on the following evening, and, with a cordial shake of the hand bestowed by Mrs. Mac Gregor, and a gentle pressure of the fingers on the part of the lovely Flora, Eugenius was permitted to depart.

The state of mystification in which Garwood found himself as he turned away from the door, it were hopeless to attempt to describe. At length, then, he had found his soul's idol—that mysterious indispensable which he had so long sighed to discover—that oasis in the desert which the pilgrim pants to pounce upon, so exstatic was his bliss! He left time to define his happiness; and time amongst other things on his hands, at that period, did what he required of him.

Who can imagine the raptures of Eugenius when on the following evening he witnessed the condescending cordiality with which the ladies welcomed him to the second floor, in Bernard Street? They did not like first floors: it was a mistake, they said, to suppose they were more genteel than second floors;—on the contrary, they were rather vulgar than otherwise,—and they were certainly low.

Flora Mac Gregor possessed a charming voice. After tea, she favoured her visitor with part of a pathetic ballad; but it was too much for her. Just as she announced the fact that "they tell me she is happy now," she burst into a passion of tears, and, seizing her mother's handkerchief, rushed into the inner apartment.

"That dear creature is destroying herself by inches," cried Mrs. Mac Gregor, shaking her head mournfully.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Eugenius, looking aghast at the admeasured certainty alluded to;—"had you not better follow her, Madam?"

"No, my dear sir, not for the world—by no means," was the reply. "She will recover her spirits sooner by herself."

An extinguisher was placed upon the lambent flame of happiness which had begun to play in the bosom of Garwood. "Has she been long thus?" he enquired, "or is it a momentary weakness of the nerves?"

"She has been so," answered Mrs. Mac Gregor, "ever since Hector's duel with Count Hanover."

"Hector—Count Hanover?" said Eugenius, enquiringly.

"My son Hector, and Count Hanover, a Hungarian nobleman," answered the lady. "The Count saw Flora at a theatre in Paris, and became desperately in love with her. Flora, however, repulsed his advances: the poor girl has too much delicacy of sentiment;—I fear she will never meet with a congenial spirit."

"Oh!" said Eugenius with interest. "Won't she though?" he thought to himself, "I'll see that!"

"Well, sir," continued Mrs. Mac Gregor, "the attentions of the count became so excessively troublesome that my son Hector felt it proper to remonstrate with him. He, nevertheless, persevered. My son was compelled to call him out; they fought with small swords in the Champs Elysées. Would you believe it, sir, my son ran him through the body, fixing him to a tree with the point of his sabre, where he was found on the following morning a perpendicular corpse."

"How shocking!" said Garwood, clasping his hands with horror.

"Yes, very. The Count was buried under that self-same tree. Flora has never been herself since."

"Let us hope there was no attachment," said Eugenius; "no subdued—no secret passion."

"None in the world," cried the lady. "Flora's time is not yet come, although"—and she hesitated a moment, and averted her head, adding—"although I don't know how soon it may."

The heart of Eugenius waxed rigorous at this hint, and he was about to lay a train for further disclosures; but at that moment word was brought that Miss Flora was so indisposed, she feared she should not be able to return to the sitting-room again that evening. Eugenius accordingly took his leave.

The bosom of our hero was in a state of extreme confusion when he got back to Botolph Lane. He felt himself by this time in a hapless state of corroding love. How could he aspire to the hand of Miss Flora Mac Gregor? Count Hanover had got himself skewered to a tree for dreaming of such a thing. What then would be a suitable punishment for presumption like his own? The very ghost of the General, sword in hand, would rise out of the bed of honour in which he had been snugly tucked up, and warn him from the hazardous attempt. The afternoon, however, had only elapsed, before he found himself, with a calmness he himself could not account for, seated at the tea-table in Bernard Street.

He spent a delightful evening! Mrs. Mac Gregor was so amiable, so lively, so chatty, so full of anecdote, so quite the thing, and Flora was so artless, so clever, so innocent, so lovely and so charming! Eugenius, at the conclusion of his visit, was put without reserve on the visiting list; and I need scarcely say that he took advantage of the blissful privilege.

Weeks flew away and the chains forged in the smithy of love were rivetted almost indissolubly to the heart of Eugenius Garwood. He found Flora all that his fondest hopes had pictured. As yet, however, he had given no testimony of his love, except by the ocular telegraph which lovers know so well how to work, and by the tender of certain handsome jewels and other articles of value, which "his own Flora," with a delightfully frank confidence in his honour, and an enchanting alacrity, received from him.

One morning, however, he looked in at Bernard Street, with the express intention of deciding a question which was to make him happy beyond expression, or a maniac for life. It is, however, sometimes a difficult matter to put questions of this kind, and Eugenius found, when he was about to come to the point, that it would be by no means an easy one to him. A pause ensued, but, presently, Mrs. Mac Gregor whispered to her daughter, not in so low a key but that Garwood could hear her,—"Well, my love, I have decided upon applying to Mr. Garwood."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake do not!" cried Miss Flora, hiding her face in her pocket-handkerchief, "I shall faint—I shall die if you do."

"Nonsense, love," expostulated the mother. "I have the utmost confidence in Mr. Garwood's honour, and I am sure he respects us too much to—"

"May I ask in what way I can be of service?" enquired Eugenius.

"Why, my dear sir," returned Mrs. Mac Gregor, "my son Hector has most unaccountably—"

"Don't, don't now!" interrupted Flora, sobbing.

"Now I shall be really angry, child, if you act in that foolish manner!—My son Hector has been unaccountably backward in sending us our quarter's remittance, for my property is all in the French funds—"

"Do not let that annoy you, my dear madam," interrupted Eugenius. "Why did you not name the circumstance before? How much do you require?"

Eugenius Garwood felt at this moment substantial happiness.

"I think a hundred pounds would suffice for the present," was the reply;—"or shall I ask too much if I say fifty more?"

"Too much!" cried Eugenius. "I'll go for it instantly: I am unfortunately busy this afternoon in the city; but at six o'clock—my usual time—rely upon it."

"Then we expect you at six," said Mrs. Mac Gregor rising. "How kind—how amiable of you, my dear sir! Nay—do not take leave of Flora now: it will be too much for her,—she has retired to her apartment."

"My dearest madam," cried Eugenius in transport, "if I might hope that in that bosom—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Mrs. Mac Gregor, tapping his hand with her fan, "you may hope! Such a heart—Eugenius! don't break it when I transfer it to you."

Garwood stared at his anticipated mother-in-law in stupid astonishment. "Can it be?" and he rushed to the door: "at six o'clock I will be here;"—and he was out of sight in a moment.

It wanted ten minutes to three by the clock of the Foundling Hospital when Garwood passed it on, his return to Bernard Street.

"They will be delighted to see me three hours before my time," said he. "What, oh! what will be the amount of their happiness compared to mine? Worthy—excellent beings! But we shall soon be one family!"—Clasping his pocket-book tightly as he proceeded, he soon found himself at the door.

There was a strange noise on the second floor as he ascended the stairs. Could it proceed from their room? He hastened on the landing, and listened.

"I tell you what, I will have some money," cried a gruff and ferocious voice; "mind, when I come again you have it ready for me! What—haven't you got anything out of the fellow yet?"

Garwood thought he could distinguish the voice of his Flora. "My dear Tom," it began: but the door was closed suddenly. A huddled and unintelligible conversation ensued, which lasted a few minutes, and the door was again opened.

"Well, I'll come in the morning—but don't let me see him, that's all," said the ferocious voice, and presently a pair of legs were stumbling down the stairs, and Garwood found himself face to face with a fierce-looking fellow in a great coat, with his hat on one side of his head, and a pair of awful whiskers.

"Well—and what do you want up here?" cried the phenomenon.

"I am come, sir, on business to Mrs. Mac Gregor," said Eugenius mildly.

"Oh, you have, have you?" cried the other. "Then she told me to give you this."

So saying, the monster flung his hat at the head of Eugenius, and, scrambling over his prostrate carcase with superhuman strides, vanished in a twinkling.

Garwood collected himself together as well as he was able, and, mounting the stairs, rushed into the room.

"My own Eugenius, what is the matter?" cried Flora, flinging herself into his arms.

"A man—" gasped our hero.

"That odious fellow!" said Mrs. Mac Gregor, who now, having disposed of a certain bottle and three glasses, came forward. "It does not signify, Flora, we must not permit that fellow to visit us."

"Who is it, in mercy's name?" asked Eugenius.

"A Captain Blunderbuss, my dear sir," answered Mrs. Mac Gregor, "a friend of my son Hector. Since the sabre cut he received in his head at the battle of Salamanca, he has been subject to fits of madness."

Eugenius, who was one of the most credulous of men, believed this, and a great deal more, before he left his friends for the night. The money was parted with,—the happy day was fixed, and if anything could afford him a foretaste of the bliss he was to enjoy when he obtained Flora, the perfect sympathy of souls which took place on that evening would have supplied it.

On the evening of the following day Eugenius called again. This time, however, he was stopped by the landlady in the passage.

"I am very glad you are come, sir," said she, "my lodgers are gone, and my plate and linen—"

"What do you mean?" faltered Eugenius.

"Are gone with them," rejoined the landlady.

"They were very bad characters! I hope you haven't known them long, sir?"

"Call a coach," said Garwood faintly: "bad characters!"

"Yes, sir, regular swindlers! Why, they've robbed every body in the neighbourhood, they and the young girl's lover with the great black whiskers."

Eugenius Garwood was lugged home to Botolph Lane in a state of insensibility.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL UPON THE HUMAN FRAME.

DIGESTION is that process in the animal body by which the aliments are dissolved, and the nutritive parts separated for the revivification of the frame. For the support and continuance of life in all classes of animals, we find a series of organs constructed by the all-wise Creator for the purpose of preparing the food, so that its nutritious particles only shall be received into the circulatory system, and form a new portion of the vital fluid, or blood, in lieu of that of the body, thus repairing the waste that is constantly going on.

The stomach is the well-known receptacle of the food, and is a large membranous bag resembling in shape the Scotch bag-pipes. It is composed of three coats: the external is denominated the *serous*; the middle is formed of a series of *muscular fibres*; and the third, or internal, is called *villosa*, from its resemblance to velvet. When food is received into the stomach, the nutritious portions are extracted by a series of vessels in the small intestines, called *lacteals*, and from them they pass into a vessel lying on the spine, and terminating in a large vein under the left collar-bone, where they enter the circulation of the blood. The useless and excrementitious parts pass through the large intestines, and are finally ejected.

Having thus explained to the reader the process of digestion in a few words, let us show the effects of alcohol upon the system, in its connexion with that process. When alcoholic liquor is imbibed into the system, the powers of the stomach separate the alcohol from the fluids with which it is mixed; the alcohol remains in the system, and the other fluids pass away by means of the large intestines. Thus the dangerous portion of the liquor is retained. In the first place, it attacks the serous membrane of the stomach, which it renders thick and inflammatory, and there lays the foundation of a cancerous disease. The *schirrus*, or concealed tumour, is thus engendered in a part of the human frame which, when we consider the important functions it has to perform, should be kept as healthy and free from disease as possible. The muscular fibres of the stomach are next assailed by the insidious

poison, which acts upon them as an unnatural astringent, and destroys their healthy vitality. The turn of the villous membrane follows; and this, under the influence of alcohol, becomes inflamed and dry. The mouths of the mucous vessels, which moisten it, become obstructed; and thence originates that nausea which is experienced at times by most drunkards. The presence of alcohol in the stomach also accelerates the digestion of the food in an unnatural, and consequently imperfect manner; and the food passes into the circulating system in a state calculated to lay the foundation for disease. When the alcohol itself, after having worked all these pernicious effects in the stomach, follows the food into the circulation, it becomes diffused all over the frame, and attacks membrane, fibre, and nerve with unrelenting virulence. The brain especially feels the power of this insinuating poison; and the nervous system vibrates to its mere touch, with an oscillation that shakes the whole frame.

Intimately connected with the powers of digestion is the liver, which secretes the bile. The bile is useful to the process of chylification; and a healthy supply of bile is consequently necessary for the nourishment of the animal. Now the effect of alcohol upon the liver is to harden and enlarge it to an unnatural extent, to change its colour, and to cause an obstruction in many of the channels through which the bile ought to pass. The result of this evil is that the bile, instead of performing its proper and exclusive duty, is rendered unhealthy, mixes with the blood that passes through the liver, and is thus diffused throughout the system, thus constituting, in fact and appearance, the disease which is denominated the yellow jaundice.

The blood and the bile are both largely impregnated with aqueous fluid, or water; and as this fluid is naturally carried out of the system in large quantities, by the process of perspiration, its waste must be applied by an adequate quantity of fresh water. For this reason is water the proper, the wholesome, and the necessary drink; and if the waste of the aqueous proportions of the bile and the blood be supplied by alcohol, an idiot can comprehend the terrible results which must in the long run ensue. There is so essential a difference between alcohol and water, that if the blood and the bile naturally contain water, it is apparent that the substitution of alcohol must constitute a change which cannot do otherwise than prove hurtful to the frame, from the mere fact of its being contrary to the primitive arrangements, wants, and operations of nature. When, therefore, the bile and the blood are impregnated with alcohol, the benefit derived from nutritious food is altogether subverted, and emaciation takes place throughout the whole frame.

The effects of alcohol upon the heart are pernicious in the extreme, and frequently lead to the most fatal results. The alcohol hardens the membrane which covers the heart, and thus lays the foundation for ossification, obstructing all the valves of the blood-vessels, and thus impeding the proper circulation of the vital fluid. When the heart is thus ossified to a certain extent, instantaneous death will ensue from a sudden rush of blood to that part of the body under circumstances of great excitement, or an abrupt physical effort.

Emaciation and corpulency essentially depend upon the digestive powers. When the food is hurried into the circulating system in a half-cooked state, in consequence of the strong dissolvent powers of alcohol, the blood does not derive a proper nutriment from this supply, and emaciation takes place throughout the frame. In some cases, where food of a very gross nature is used as an habitual article of diet, the fatty portions, which are imparted to the circulation in a half-digested state through the effects of alcohol, are deposited all over the body, and cause that remarkable corpulency which many imagine to be a sign of health. The brewers' men should never be alluded to by antiteetotalers as evidences of the nutritious qualities of malt liquor; because their extreme stoutness is only a bloated species of corpulency by no means consistent with real health. Their flesh is not firm; and, although they appear to be bulky men, they weigh but little.

When we reflect upon all the physical evils which are brought about by the use of alcoholic liquors, surely the sensible man requires no other inducement to lead him to the shrine of Teetotalism. He, who is anxious to have a disordered stomach, a white and swollen liver, cancerous bowels, an ossifying heart, ruined nerves, nausea, sickness, jaundice, and an emaciated or unnaturally corpulent frame, will adhere to the poisons which pass under the names of Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, Rum, Wine, and Malt Liquors; but, if he wish his digestive powers to remain unimpaired, his nerves to exist in a proper and tranquil state, and his frame to possess a robust and natural health, he will at once and for ever eschew those deleterious drinks.

FRENCH CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

THE WITNESS, who has himself been accustomed to the information sometimes required by justice relative to a vast number of speculations, the principal agents of which appear at its bar, hastens to the tribunal in obedience to a summons which he has received in the name of the law. At the commencement of the business of

the court, the witness thinks it fit to observe to the President and the Judges, "Gentlemen, I have the honour to present myself before you, in accordance with your request."

"The law does not request, sir," answers the President, "it commands! If you had not come, a couple of Gendarmes would have been sent to fetch you."

"I do not require those gentlemen to shew me the road," says the witness, "I come in consequence of the respect which I entertain for the Magistracy."

The Gendarmes have in the meantime conducted into the dock an individual who is accused by the King's Procurator of having pilfered a box of wafers at the office of a merchant to whom he had been sent to propose a certain speculation concocted by the witness himself.

The witness, upon being questioned relative to his knowledge of the prisoner, declares that he had never entertained a very high opinion of that sub-agent; but, surrounded with business, he says, that it is impossible to lose one's time in investigating the moral character of one's clerks.

"Add to this, enlightened magistrates!" says the witness, "that, in the course of vast speculations and affairs, such multitudes of people are employed, it is impossible to separate the tares from the wheat. There is something base and degrading in the larceny of which the prisoner is accused," continues the witness, carried away by his indignation; "and it is impossible to conceive how a man can think of stealing a box of wafers. I should think much better of a man who would appropriate unto himself a gold watch or a Cashmere shawl."

"Sir," cries the President, "you profess principles which are excessively dangerous! There is the same ignominy attached to an enormous crime as to a small one."

"And therefore, sir," replies the witness, "thieves should commit the enormous ones."

"If you continue in that manner," exclaimed the President, "I shall commit you for contempt of court."

"Galileo was incarcerated for having declared that the earth moves round the sun," persists the witness.

"Your remark is a very insolent one," cries the President: "at the same time I am inclined to think that you do not fully appreciate the evil import of your words."

"I shall not attempt to convince you of the error of your opinion," rejoins the witness. "I shall therefore return to the accused, who, I am convinced, would ask for nothing better than to return to me: but I again repeat, that man is badly organised. I ought to have guessed at his predilection for larceny and theft; for, about six months ago, I missed a stick of sealing-wax in my office: now sealing-wax belongs to the same species of goods as the wafers,—and hence it is easy to imagine how the individual who would steal wafers might be induced to walk off with a stick of sealing-wax. However—I turned away my youngest clerk, whom I suspected of the theft, and I confiscated the eleven hundred and thirty-two francs which his father had deposited in my hands as security for his good conduct."

"But," ejaculates the President, "that was a downright robbery!"

"So it was," replies the witness,—"a downright, a most disgraceful robbery! No one has any right to plunder me of a stick of sealing-wax!"

"I mean that it was a robbery to—"

"To take my sealing-wax—no doubt of it!"

"A robbery," continues the President, "to take from your clerk eleven hundred francs for a stick of sealing-wax."

"It was the best sealing-wax, sir," says the witness. "However, if your opinion condemns my act of justice, I am willing to restore thirty-two francs to the young man; and, should we ascertain in the course of this trial, that the youth whom I deemed culpable was really innocent, besides the thirty-two francs I will also restore my esteem to him whom I accused! Now, then—answer me, you fellow there in the dock—were you guilty of the robbery without violence of my stick of sealing-wax? Do not suffer the fortune of an innocent person to be any longer in a state of sequestration! I might even add, that the interests of my youngest clerk have materially suffered since I confiscated his capital."

The President here reminds the witness that he has not come to question the prisoner, and that all this declamation does not refer to the present case.

"You were sent for," says the Judge, "to give us certain information relative to the prisoner, who, in addition to his crime, has the misfortune of being houseless and penniless. Now, in case the court should show him indulgence and mercy on this occasion, will you take him back again into your service?"

"Oh! if the rascal has any security to offer for his good conduct," exclaimed the witness, "I will answer for his conversion and his board and lodging. If, enlightened Judges, you would make a subscription for him, or even give me a bill at a short date, I will take upon myself the responsibility of his future behaviour."

"The Magistracy," says the President, "is not organised with a view to furnish securities, sir."

"Well, then," persists the witness, "if the Gendarmes, who seem to feel a deep interest in the welfare

of the accused, will abandon each a week's pay to form a security for the future conduct of the prisoner, we may still settle the matter in an amicable manner."

The Gendarmes shake their head.

"What, then, would you have me do with a fellow of whom the Gendarmes themselves despair?" exclaims the witness. "Such a connexion is a social impossibility! Punish him according to the law and your consciences."

The prisoner is asked what he has to say in his defence, and he addresses the court in these terms:—

"Gentlemen, this is the real truth;—I am a thief upon a small scale; and the witness is a rogue upon a very grand one. While I am standing here accused of having stolen a box of wafers, he is there at large, after having plundered a poor boy of nearly fourteen hundred francs! I have brought myself to distress and the Correctional Police-Court: he has accumulated immense wealth, and bears testimony against me."

The tribunal, not having to try the rogue upon the grand scale, condemns the pilferer in a small way to twenty-one days' imprisonment; and the witness retires, with his head erect.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To the Editor of "The Teetotaler."

Dear Sir—there's just a rough remark
Or two that I wad like to clark,
Gin you'd accept them i' their sark,
Or haffins drest,
Upo' the gran teetotal work,
Sae muckle blest,
I ken the Ports, to a man
A'naist, will cavil at the plan,
An' starkly raise up lika hau'
For barley bree,
An' ca' us a' the gowks they can;—
But stap a wee!

For tho' they a' their voices raise
To sing the gussy liquor's praise,
I' stackerins' or i' sicker lays,
I wadna drink it;
E'en tho' they a' the guld, becase
I dinna think it.

My reasons a' below you'll see;
An' I hae thought, gin you agree,
My wee bit music (uo'd and be
I' hamely Lallan:—
Wha kens but it may meet the ee'
O' some puir Callan?

That leart i' Burns's cranbo-ellok
Might aiblins hae been gart to think
Fleat haet sae guld as "hame brew'd" drink
Till aniaist ready,
Doon to auld Cloutie's heugh to sink
Baith saul an' body.

Wha kens but sic a' aue may be,
By means sae sune, led sae to pree
This pleasure o' sobriety,
That once grown steker,
He'd roose the cause that set him free
Frae love o' liquor.

But whether this be sae or nae,
Guld will to mae commands us aye
To gie the growth, an' beat we may—
A freely lift;
And i' my aip plain homely way,
I'ae mak a shift,

Just noo an' then, whene'er the stream
O' fancy riss wi' loupin faem,
To catch the brightest o' the ream
That speels the briuk,
An' sen ye, that's, gin ye wad deem
It worth your blink.

Ye ken that what I've written noo,
Is but an introduction to
A set o' essays, which I'ae do
Myself the honour
To subject unto your kin' view,
An' trust your scanner

Will na' o'erak' the darin' chiel,
Wha thinks he ought to take the feal,
An' strive wi' those wha seek the weal
O' human kin',
To baith the labours o' the De'il
I' yill an' wlae.

An' noo as I hae let ye see
A specimen o' what may be
Expected when ye hear frae me,
I think I might
Ae weel gie ower for a we,
An' say, guld night.

Shrewsbury
Jan. 5, 1841.

Yours truly,
Daft Tam.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Review of *The Temperance Messenger* for January, and of *Mr. Hart's Lectures*, will appear in our next.

We beg to assure *Mr. Leach* that we only alluded to the application of steam to the printing press to complete the historical truth of the article upon Printing, and not to advocate one system in preference to another.

We wish *J. L. M. S.* would try his or her hand (as the case may be) at prose composition, in which it is far more easy to succeed. We shall be happy to receive any prose specimens.

The poems by *S. R. G.* are good, but too long. The same observation applies to the poem of another correspondent, entitled *The cup which cheers but not inebriates*, in which there are some very pretty ideas.

Some of *E. P. H.'s* poems will be inserted. We thank him for his communications.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Twelfth Number of a Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841.

SOME time back a hawker of a miscellaneous assortment of goods supplied the landlord of a small beer-shop with a quantity, the price of which amounted to £12 sterling; and this sum was to

be liquidated by the landlord by weekly instalments of £1. The hawker accordingly visited the beer-shop regularly every Saturday morning for twelve weeks; and always received the amount due to him; but on each occasion he thought it expedient to regale himself with some of the landlord's "best ale," as a small return for the patronage shown him by that individual. Very frequently the hawker encountered such very "pleasant acquaintances" at the public-house, that he extended his visit to two or three hours' sojourn; and during that period he treated both himself and friends to several pots of this "excellent ale." When he had received his last instalment, he began seriously to reflect how much he had gained by the bargain. The goods which he had sold for £12 originally cost him £8; but during his twelve visits to the public-house to receive his money, he had expended £5. The consequence was, that he had absolutely lost £1 by the transaction, because it had induced him to dissipate so large a sum at the establishment where he had disposed of his goods. The calculation opened his eyes to the folly of the drinking system he had long pursued; and he resolved upon becoming a Teetotaler. He signed the pledge,—he abandoned the use of intoxicating liquors; and he was soon enabled to give up his wandering life, and settle down as the proprietor of a neat little shop, where everything went well with him!

What an admirable moral is taught by this incident! The working-man is here shown that his interests—his selfish interests are intimately connected with Teetotalism. The mechanic, the artizan, and the operative, are delighted to receive the most trivial increase of wages, if it be only an augmentation of one shilling per week;—the tradesman is equally pleased with the receipt of the smallest coins for the articles which he vends;—and the lawyer, the broker, the merchant, and the speculator, hail the termination of a bargain in which they have succeeded in beating down a client or a customer by a few shillings. We are all more or less attached to money; and the most insignificant increase of income is a source of delight. How is it, then, that they, who are so careful to amass and so satisfied to receive, are still so profuse in their expenditure of the precious coin in liquors which are injurious to them? The expense entailed upon individuals by the use of intoxicating liquors is greater than at first meets the eye. The first outlay to purchase those liquors is not the only expense they occasion; the system becomes deranged by their use, and medical attendance is required. Then, much precious time is wasted at the Bacchanalian board, and occupied by indisposition—if not by absolute illness. To most people time is money; and even time cannot be devoted to a proper and beneficial use without health. Thus is it that, besides their first cost, alcoholic liquors are most expensive articles of indulgence in a variety of other respects.

It is a most remarkable fact that there is many a rich man who will not lend a friend a shilling in the moment of difficulty, but who will gladly give that friend "a dinner and as much wine as he can drink." Now this friend will consume at least half a bottle of wine; and here is an immediate expense to the rich man of half-a-crown. The reader will hence perceive that what is often termed hospitality, is nothing more than ostentatious display.

The waste of time and loss of health, through indulgence in intoxicating liquors, are amongst the most dangerous of the evils resulting from that indulgence. The most moderate use of those liquors is also attended with expense. The operative, the mechanic, and the clerk, all complain of the lowness of their wages; and, while they declare that they can scarcely procure the necessities of life, they do not hesitate to expend their hard and sorry earnings upon the purchase of beer and spirits. If a working man only regale himself with one quart of strong beer every day, he thus disposes of nearly half-a-crown per week. And yet he cannot find the money for his landlord, and is surprised that his goods are seized for rent! The very half-a-crown a-week which he disburses in the public-house will pay the rent of a comfortable cottage. The clerk, who earns thirty shillings or two pounds per week, takes his beer with his dinner, and his glass of grog at night; and on Sunday he generally wastes three or four shillings at one of those vile dens of infamy called "Tea-Gardens." If he only expend in this manner five shillings every week, he succeeds in making away with thirteen pounds a-

year—a sum which would keep him respectably supplied with clothes and linen.

The perpetual cry is, "How bad the times are!" We admit that they are bad:—but why should we make them worse? The working-man is poor from circumstances over which he exercises no control:—why should he increase his poverty by means of circumstances which he can control? We are all more or less the artificers and the arbiters of our own fortunes; and yet we are perpetually complaining against that adversity of Fortune, which is to be traced in reality to our own misdeeds, imprudence, or improvidence. The money, expended upon intoxicating liquors, can not be even said to be *thrown away*. If it were thrown away in the literal sense of the word, this manner of disposing of it would not be so ridiculous or injurious as the use to which it is appropriated in the purchase of strong drink. If the artizan, who imagines that he has half-a-crown a-week too much for his rational wants, would throw that sum into a river, he would know the extent of his loss: but, when he takes that sum to the public house, and deluges his stomach with the poison which it procures, he cannot then calculate the injury he will sustain from his conduct. He may say that drinking is a pleasant indulgence: but, if drinking ruin his health, his morals, and his fortune, he must learn to abandon the habit. The same individual may imagine that idleness is more agreeable than occupation; but he does not abstain from work altogether on that account, because he could not exist without it. In this case he is compelled to exercise a certain control over his inclinations, because his interests compel him to do so: why, then, will he not exert the same faculty of self-command in the former case, and adopt a principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors?

The heart of the true philanthropist turns sick within him, when he surveys the wretched hovels in which such multitudes of his fellow-creatures reside. But so long as the working-man expends even the smallest portion of his earnings upon liquor, will his home be wretched, his family ragged, and himself unhappy. The Scripture says, "You cannot serve God and Mammon."—The Teetotalers say, "You cannot go to the ale-house, and the church also." So evident and important are the truths of Teetotalism, that they only require to be widely published, to be as generally adopted.

And now a word to the advocates of the great doctrine itself. Let them be unremitting in their energies to undermine the temples of the publicans; and may the campaign of the year 1841 be conducted with vigour, and independently of those intestine feuds which cause the sphere of Teetotalism to shake to its very centre. Let the fight be a fair one—a fight in the light of day, such as Ajax loved, and in the sight of heaven. Let all useless passion and ill-feeling be sacrificed to the interests of the cause; and let the advocates themselves act with calmness, consistency, and steady perseverance of which impetuosity shall form no characteristic. The violence of Achilles may be expected to command success in the mortal combat with Hector; but the glory of the victory need not to have been tarnished by dragging the dead body thrice round the walls of Troy! "A good cause," says the *Religio Medici*, "needs not to be pleaded by passion, and can ever sustain itself on a temperate dispute." Let this great maxim be ever present to the memories of the advocates of Teetotalism, and let the truth of it be brilliantly evidenced in their conduct, so that—if he be thrice-armed, whose aide is just—he alone may be entitled to anticipate success who employs legitimate means in defence of a proper cause.

Let not the vintners, the brewers, and the publicans delude themselves with the fond expectation, or buoy themselves up with the mere hope of a reaction. The isolated facts of relapse on the part of Teetotalers, with all the advantage of such juxta-position, are merely exceptions to a grand general rule; for the great bulk of those who have signed the pledge, remain faithful to the obligation. If we consider the anatomical truth, that "the spirits of the body are," in the language of the devout and eloquent Robert Hall, "collected at the heart," we shall perceive what is the proper inference to be drawn from the power exercised by the leading Teetotal societies of the metropolis. Even were the Genia of Teetotalism to repose on its couch for a short time, and survey the work which it has already accomplished, it would nevertheless be meditating fresh

conquests,—it would have other laurels and trophies, other triumphs and ovations in prospect! Roused from their quietude, the people of these isles will arise at the voice of Teetotalism, and will prepare to shake off the shackles of the despot—Intemperance! They will rise,—not with the cauldron of Medea, nor with the incantations of Canidia, nor with the ægis of Minerva;—they will rise,—but not, like Cadmus, to sow dragon's teeth, which shall spring up into armed legions;—but, "in panoply complete of heavenly temper" will they rise, asserting the aristocracy of mind, and the aristocracy of virtue!

THE FOREWARNED.

"A GLASS can harm nobody; or if it does, he's a fool that takes it. As for me it has never yet done me injury. I'm for every thing in moderation, and I believe I shall continue to be sociable till the day of sickness." "But I suppose you sometimes have your tumbler when there is nothing like the plea of sociability in the case; when you have neither friend nor companion to keep you in countenance?" "Indeed I have, and see no evil in it, so long as I never drink to excess." "And yet it is not more than two or three years ago, Mr. Cooper, that you told me, when we one day happened to be on the same subject, you never drank a drop, nor thought of a dram after dinner, nor a like cordial after supper, unless some one dropped in, or you yourself were on a visit." "All true, McTavish." "Well, then, according to your own shewing the habit is gaining upon you. I remember, too, that you at that time spoke of moderation in every thing as you do now, so that your terms are wondrously elastic and supple, your principles most conveniently accommodating. I should not think it strange if in some two years hence I should still find you harping in the same tones, and preaching up the same doctrine of moderation; and yet be forced to confess that two of those tumblers twice in every four-and-twenty hours had become your regular allowance, even when quite alone, or when no one else was present to witness your debauch but your wife and daughters. To witness your debauch, did I say?—ay, and to see the inroads which an insidious habit was making upon your soul's health with sorrow, and sad though silent forebodings; or, what would be worse, with heedless and callous feelings, their moral sensibility being blighted or perverted through your evil example." "You are too hard, McTavish, too illiberal," said Mr. Cooper with some warmth, so that I felt it proper to drop the discourse as soon as possible with the due performance of what I considered it my duty to fulfil. I was well aware of the generous, facile disposition of my neighbour. I looked upon him as a man of feeble moral resolution, and I had for some time been gradually becoming more and more convinced that unless some strong arresting event or power should intervene for his salvation, he would not cease till he had arrived at a pitch of degradation that would be gross, disgraceful, and even a bye-word in the mouths of your men of moderation. In order to conclude with some effect the discussion, I bethought me of an anecdote with which my neighbour was acquainted, which was illustrative of the lax phraseology and unsettled meanings of drunkards, when you assail them relative to their darling vice. This was my story:—

"Mr. Macleod, the old red-faced minister at that time of a parish in Argyleshire, the inhabitants of which dwelt on the sea coast, many of them being fishermen, and not a few illicit distillers of Peatreek or 'mountain dew,' and most of them great whiskey swallows, felt it frequently to be his duty to declaim concerning the evils of intemperance, he being the advocate and abettor of moderation, by precept, and also, as he supposed, by practice. And this was the cast of his lecture:—

"My dear friends," he said, "let me once more address you aent the beastly habit to which so many of you are addicted. You know I am a liberal man in my constructions; I constantly inculcate charitableness of mind; and am measured and moderate in all things. I can take a glass and gie a glass with the best of you, or like any other decent person; but I canna bide, I canna awa wi't, to see you aye dram dramming." In this biting, drizzling climate of ours, and where so many of you go down into the sea in ships, I am very ready to allow that a drop of the creature is comforting and essential at times. When a man rises in the morning he needs a glass to keep out the damp, but I would na have him to be everlastingly dram dramming. At breakfast too it is my custom to take another, but awa with your never dewailing dram dramming.

"Nobody whose head is sound but will be ready for a taste at a half-way hour to dinner time; but oh fie, hae done with your constant dram dramming. After that key-stone meal, I can stomach a double dose, but none of your weariful dram dramming. Agsin, towards the setting of the sun, or down in the cool of the afternoon, the spirits require to be cherished; and once more at the six o'clock bell, you may repeat the process; but mark me I will not have you always dram dramming. And to shew you bow indulgent your minister is, you may after supper, and when your bed

is at hand, drink as mickle as you please, but oh, my brethren, you must on no account be aye dram dramming!"

Mr. Cooper, although he had often heard this story, and had been ruffled by my preceding urgings, became quite reconciled while I was repeating it, and laughed heartily at the Highland minister's code of moderation. He admitted that any such code was shewn to be exceedingly indefinite and entirely relative; that it admitted of the widest stretchings and therefore grossest abuses, especially, as he himself remarked, since the term glass was vague, for he knew that in Mr. Macleod's parish the measure which went by that name was a vessel quite as capacious as two wine glasses of ordinary dimensions. "It would burn me up in a week," he added, "if I were to follow the reverend licencer's practice!" "So you would have said of your own present habit had it been recommended to you twenty years ago as the standard of moderation." The man seemed staggered. He looked thoughtful. "Do you know my good neighbour," said I, seeing him in a state of mind which I deemed might be improved upon at the moment, "do you know that I have lately observed on the market day, when we have dined together in Glasgow before returning to our farms in the evening, that you have dipped deep and oft into your tumbler; so that some of our acquaintance who meet us at the ordinary, and who are moderate men, have already set you down as something more than a tippler, just as you would construe Macleod." "But I can leave it off when I please," he quickly rejoined, rallying at the thought. "Why don't you then?" "I shall." "When?—say to-day; we are to dine shortly at the Wheatsheaf as usual; confine yourself to nature's beverage, or to toast and water; and I will yet have hopes of you." "I am resolved—there's my hand," a tear the while gathering in the corner of his eye, which put a welcome stop to our discourse.

As had been our wont on the Wednesdays, when business took us both to Glasgow, we dined together at the place just now mentioned. At that period, and for a series of years before, our farms joined one and another, and we were on terms of peculiar intimacy; the one which I rented being the largest, while he was both landlord and tenant of his. We dined on the day in question, and Mr. Cooper was as good as his word. He was for that time at least a total abstinence man; but not, I was sorry to perceive, without shewing that the sacrifice was greater than was promising. He was fidgetty and uneasy. His appetite was bad, except for the stimulus which the snuff-box lent him, to which he had constant recourse. He was cross and snappish; and when one or two of the moderates perceived him to be in this humour, and at the same time without his usual soothe, they bantered him unmercifully, to my no small anxiety. At length my neighbour lost all command of temper, and made to leave the table abruptly. And when I asked if he would not tarry five minutes that I might accompany him, his answer was, "you may go to—," slamming the door rudely on his exit, and a few minutes afterwards speeding at a rapid rate from the stable-yard. I was vexed; I was sorry that I had interfered so far between him and his vice, thinking that in future we should be on any thing but neighbourly terms. However I prognosticated too rashly; for next morning I was agreeably surprised on receiving a message from my generous hearted friend, requesting me to wait on him in the course of the day, as he wished to take my advice about some farming operations. He received me cordially, but with some tokens of embarrassment at first. Both avoided all sort of approach to the preceding day's conversation and incidents. I dined with him. There were no intoxicating liquors on the table. He was cheerful. A deep reflection, and no doubt a consciousness of having taken a right step, one which put him on the path to prosperity on earth and happiness hereafter, buoying him up.

But the reform was but temporary. Poor Cooper was a backslider.

We still sometimes rode together to market, or met in Glasgow; but it was not so frequently as before, as if the foregoing had been avoided intentionally on his part. He never more made the Wheatsheaf his headquarters nor his dinner house. Dine, however, he did somewhere; and home too he rode, with whom or how, I seldom knew. But this became notorious, that it was frequently after a night's carousing in town, or his having been put to bed in the tavern; for like all backsliders his downward course was headlong. He could not go abroad and remain sober. Business was a burden to him. It was not his "chief end." He was changing every day to the worse. His countenance was growing bloated; his dress was slovenly, in spite of the assiduities of his fine family; his gait was that of incertitude and the loss of self-respect; his affairs were running to ruin; and to all intents and purposes he appeared a lost man,—lost for ever! Alas, the wreck and havoc wrought by a grovelling vice!

His family for a while strove to conceal his conduct, to put on smiling faces, and to talk with hale hearts, even after it was rumoured, and I was convinced with truth, that he was night after night carried to his bed, his senses drowned and unable to help himself. He could not take off his clothes or keep his person clean any more than a sucking babe. Hard lot for delicate

women was that of his wife and daughters! He was now a solitary drunkard; mad and outrageous when half-intoxicated; filthy and beastly when speechless.

Such was my neighbour Cooper's condition at the period of his descent of which I am now speaking; and the covering of his vice was no longer possible. Woman's patience could extend no further.

Mrs. Cooper called upon me at last, confided to me the whole, satisfying me that the country-side was not half informed of the misery which had overtaken her. "But come over and talk to him. He swallows daily and nightly enormous quantities of the strongest liquor. There is no man who has more weight with him than you have. Perhaps you may do us good. If not, you will have done a good man's part, and will have my gratitude till death. Come over and dine with us to-morrow. Promise, and I will tell him; or rather drop in at an early hour, and as if by chance, and at least for once preserve him for a few hours from flying to the poison." I promised, although disliking the office; and I kept my word.

I found my neighbour had just left his bed, and had not yet stupified himself with any very recent draughts. We took to the fields and strolled among his parks till the dinner hour, talking as husbandmen fondly do of their farming operations and schemes. I had every now and then taken it upon myself to find fault with his management, or rather mismanagement, asserting in rather stronger terms than the case really warranted, that somehow every thing gave tokens of carelessness, of want of proper superintendence. The drains were allowed to remain choked; the fences were insufficient; the corn field was poisoned with weeds. "I am almost thinking," said I, "Mr. Cooper, that you seldom look after your workmen,—I fear, (at the moment looking him searchingly in the face,) that you sit too long after your dinner, and may be that you never cross the threshold of your house when once you come alongside of the bottle. Why your very person is not so tidy as it should be; and your visage as the looking-glass I should inform you begins to tell tales." He stood stock still; he did not change colour as he had done two years previously, for it was hardly possible to red- den to a deeper hue than his face now uniformly wore. But he seemed like one suddenly smote, and exclaimed, "Convicted again! you have guessed right Mr. Tavish, but this very morning I took an oath never more to offend." "What!" said I, "another oath after the breach that have gone before?" and I shook my head in testimony of my incredulity concerning the validity of the new resolution, without however prolonging the discussion, for I was vexed and rather disgusted, pitying him and his family at the same time, not dreaming, however, that I should have before parting from him that day my worst fears confirmed in a remarkable manner.

We had dined and refrained from tasting a drop of any liquor stronger than water; but not without experiencing unusual emotions for a dinner party. He was necessarily uncomfortable, not merely from the want of his habitual potations, but from his awkward position in my sight. His wife too looked like one that was striving to lay a hold upon hope, at one time planning movements and measures for the future, at another recounting the pleasanter occurrences in her husband's past life; yet ever and anon stealing a look at him of deepest solicitude. It was impossible to observe her without thinking of matronly and comely love,—without inwardly pronouncing her chastened affection and sympathies to be beyond all price.

When it drew towards sunset, I made for departing. Mr. Cooper and myself having been left to ourselves by his wife and daughters, as I could gather, in order that I might follow up with some appropriate observation the delicate subject which I had been employed to improve. I had risen to buckle on my spurs, being so much at a loss to introduce an advice or warning without abruptness and confusion of manner, that I needed some occupation, were it only to afford me courage or diversion. During the process of personal equipment I necessarily had to bend down, having turned my back for the moment on my friend. I was just on the brink of speaking in some such terms as the following:—"I faint hope Mr. Cooper that you will never again have to accuse yourself for any indulgence of the sort we were discoursing of this forenoon; or at least that you will let it be openly and not by stealth, the latter being the deadliest, most besetting and progressive style of intemperance."—When happening to look through between my legs I actually beheld the man hastily snatch a bottle from the cupboard and put it swiftly to his mouth, which obtained one hearty draught before I could in my astonishment call out "hold"! And what think you of the secret transgressor's instant conduct and words? Why, he dashed the bottle to the floor, smote his forehead, grasped at a carving knife, with which he intended no doubt to do himself some grievous injury, but which with difficulty I wrenched from his hand by main force. He then ran on with a sort of torrent of confession and self-accusation, mingled with contumacy, uttered in tones half between a howl and a sore complaint, which seemed to me almost like the manner of a mad man, and which brought the family quickly around us. "What aileth you William," screamed his wife, "Oh, my father," his eldest daughter cried, at the same time clinging to

him, and beseeching him to compose himself. "Death, devils, and hell!" was his response to these fond and imploring accents. "My poor husband is beside himself." Mrs. Cooper passionately uttered. "I have seen him this way too often before, and incurable delirium will be the early issue." "*Delirium tremens*," the wretched man hysterically commenced repeating, taking up the term, and hurrying into something like a lecture on the frightful effects of intemperance. "The devils believe and tremble," he shouted, and then laughed immoderately; this sentence appeared to afford him a satisfactory idea, or a fit illustration.

After a considerable time had elapsed, during which his remorse and vehemence assumed different phases, he became pacified so far as to give way to heavy sobs and a flood of tears such as strong men shed; and before I left the house he had allowed himself to be led like a child to his bed-room, where he remained quiet, as I afterwards learnt, till morning.

Till morning!—but it was then with the entire swing of his terrible propensity that he resorted to the brandy bottle; yes, bottle after bottle with a desperate eagerness, which confined him to his bed constantly. It was no use to refuse him a supply, for his violence became so extreme, that his distressed wife was glad to allow him to subdue his strength by swallowing the mastering poison. Indeed he seemed at times to harbour the thought of murdering her. He was literally mad, fit for a lunatic asylum, to which he should have been sent instead of permitting him to exasperate his disease by renewed and unlimited draughts. "Bind him with cords," said I. "Alas!" answered the heart-broken woman, "I know not what to do. I cannot bear to see my husband bound. I fear that to deny him brandy will occasion speedy death. Ah! what a death! To die by one's own hand!"

He continued for nearly a month to drink day and night after the manner that has been stated seldom tasting food. For the last week of that period, I had been from home and uninformed about his condition and progress; but on my return I was told that his excess had become almost unparalleled, that some fool ish adviser, as I think he must have been, had suggested that, as his propensity would reach a climax, the best thing to do was to raise his disgust, to force his stomach to rebel, by placing a barrel of spirits within his reach, having knocked out one of its ends and planted beside it a tin jug. My observation on hearing this, was, that it was a sure way "either to kill or cure, but to kill most probably." Nor did I lose any time in paying a visit to the abode where there was so much sorrow and distress.

"I think," said Mrs. Cooper, "your visit will be the immediate forerunner of some of some alteration. Oh, that it may be to a goodly end. Come in, Mr. McTavish, go to the distracted man. May your prayers for his recovery be answered graciously." As I approached his chamber his bellowing smote upon my ear, and almost utterly repelled me. But when I entered, my horror was vastly increased. There, pillowed up in a half-sitting posture, the self-destroyer appeared, his eyes blood-shot, his visage a deep purple, his cheeks fearfully swollen, his tongue lolling out of his mouth, his utterance inarticulate, and the fumes around him sickening. He cast upon me a sort of meaningless gaze at the same time stretching out the hand which held the jug, and with an unsteady dip endeavouring to fill the measure. I could not be an inactive witness of the monstrous scene, and dashed the vessel from his grasp before he could bring it to his lips. With almost simultaneous impulse I snatched up the small barrel and tossed it out of the window, determined that it should not afford one drop more. Hardly had I let down the sash, and presented a front of resolution to him, than with an agility quite unnatural, he sprang from his bed, and essayed to tear me to pieces. In fact he was too powerful for me, and threw me down with considerable violence; after which, perhaps mercifully for me, he rushed out of the apartment and took to the fields. I followed as quickly as possible, every one in the house likewise being in pursuit. "He is for the precipice," one exclaimed. "No, he makes for the pond," said another and on we each ran, according to his best speed,—the youngest, however, not being a match for the demented fugitive.

He had sped with extraordinary exertion some four or five hundred yards, distancing the pursuers considerably, and dreadfully alarming us. Some how the conviction was borne in upon me that his race on earth was nearly finished, that an awful fate was about to be his, that a dread judgment would be proclaimed by his end. Scarcely had this fear taken hold of me when I saw him fall to the ground as if suddenly shot dead at the height of his speed. We were soon on the spot. He was dead; his breast and front presented one sheet of reeking blood. The heart seemed to have poured out all it contained.

DUNCAN MACTAVISH.

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES OF JAPAN.

There is perhaps no part of the world, where civilisation has entered, that is so little known to Europe as the Kingdom of Japan. The political jealousy of its inhabitants closely resembles the well-known exclusiveness of the Chinese, amongst whom this principle

has existed from a very early period, and is strictly adhered to by the dynasty now in power, although the wishes of the people be opposed to a custom which has nothing better than antiquity to sanction it. There is, however, a material difference between the Chinese and Japanese with regard to the manner in which the principle of exclusiveness is considered; for, whilst the former are in a great degree indifferent to the custom, the latter, who are naturally jealous and suspicious, even in private life, individually give every practical effect to the ordination of their rulers on this head, shun, in their own persons, every species of intercourse, however casual or rare, with strangers, and invariably apprise their government of any attempt towards such intercourse on their part. Hence it happens that, while foreign individuals, and even bodies, scientific or religious, have been tolerated in China, and afforded ample information relative to at least some portions of its interior, the rigid seclusion in which the few political, or rather commercial, agents of Europe are held in Japan, have kept us in utter ignorance of the latter country; and all published works upon the subject are confessedly defective. Some particulars, therefore, of a people so little known, may not prove uninteresting to the public in general.

The Japanese Kingdom, consisting of the island of Nippon and a considerable number of smaller isles, includes an extent of about 12,600 square miles, and is separated from China and Tartary by a breadth of sea varying, at different points, from a hundred to five hundred miles.

Japan is continually involved in mists, which, even in summer months, last often from three to four days at a time; and scarcely a day ever passes of which some hours are not thus obscured by mists, clouds, or rains. The high mountains, in the northern parts of many of the Japanese islands, reaching to the clouds, the barren wastes, and the large tracts of water, all conspire to render the winds that pass over them excessively cold, even in summer.

The Japanese believe that, after the creation, the earth lay a long while under the waters, unnoticed by the Creator; until at length his eldest born, who is called Kami, received permission to reduce it to order and to people it. Kami raised the earth up from the waters, endowed it with all natural riches, and gave to one portion masculine attributes, and to another feminine; and thence man was produced. The Japanese borrowed this notion from the Chinese doctrine of the *yin* and the *yang*, or "male and female energies in Nature," by which they attempt to account for the production of all things. The brethren of Kami, with emulative spirit, were entrusted with the care of all the other countries of the world save Nippon, which is supposed to have been taken under the especial care of Kami himself; and in this manner do the Japanese explain their presumed superiority over the rest of the world.

Another tradition refers all the knowledge and skill of the natives to the physician of a Chinese Emperor, who, finding his master desirous of living for ever, pretended that there were certain plants in the island of Japan which were capable of conferring immortality, and which could only be gathered by the hands of youths and maidens of spotless character. He was accordingly allowed to embark for Japan, with three hundred young men and girls whom he selected; but, as his sole object was to escape from the tyranny of the Emperor, he remained with his companions in the refuge he had thus found, and instructed the Japanese of his time in all kinds of useful knowledge. These traditions are not however received as true amongst the enlightened portion of the Japanese, who identify their origin with that of the Kuriks, in consequence of their language, customs, and traditions.

With a few trifling exceptions, the inhabitants of the Japanese islands have for centuries been free from foreign or domestic warfare. Plague and epidemic diseases, except the small-pox, are likewise unknown to them; the kingdom is consequently over-populated;—it is however impossible to estimate the amount of the population with any degree of accuracy, for many hundreds of thousands of the poor, who are destitute of fixed habitations, are continually wandering over the country. The capital is believed to contain about ten millions of souls. Jeddo reckons about two hundred and eighty thousand houses in its principal streets; and each house contains thirty or thirty-five inhabitants: the occupants of the dwellings in the suburbs, the houseless, the royal guards, and the attendants on the sovereign, may be calculated at a million and a half more.

There is a singular institution in Japan with regard to those individuals who are afflicted with blindness. The society of blind men possesses its own privileges and regulations, and is governed by a prince who has also lost the faculty of vision. The members obtain their livelihood by various kinds of labour, and contribute their earnings to the common stock of the association: some of them are musicians, others are physicians, &c. The order owes its institution to a Japanese general, who was taken prisoner by a victorious adversary. This adversary afterwards usurped the throne, and proposed to his prisoner to enter into the newly-constituted army. "I thank you for your courtesy," was the reply; "but you have slain my prince and benefactor; and I could not serve under

your banners! The mere being in your presence would stimulate me to vengeance; and to avoid the dread temptation I will see no longer?" With these words, he tore his own eyes out of his head, and threw them at the usurper's feet. The order of the blind was instituted according to the will of this heroic commander.

A strong indifference to life manifests itself amongst the Japanese. Infanticide is encouraged by the laws, as an important check to the increase of the population. Suicide is also deemed a virtue, in certain cases, amongst the Japanese; and when a man of rank is condemned to death, he is permitted to execute the sentence upon himself, the mode of dying by the hand of the public executioner being considered disgraceful. In his suicidal end, the criminal is frequently assisted by a friend. On these occasions, the condemned retires from the court of the sovereign, and summons his nearest connexions to meet him at his own house on the following day. A handsome entertainment is provided for the appointed time; and, after drinking copiously, the guests take a formal leave of the grandee, to whom the sentence of death is then read aloud. The principal performer in this tragedy next makes a set speech, or else addresses a few words of affection and gratitude to the company assembled: he then bows his head, draws his sword, and plunges the point into his bowels, at the same time that one of his trustiest attendants, who stands at his side, gives him a blow upon the head. To avoid the imputation of cowardice, the victim then inflicts three or four gashes upon his throat, and at length bleeds to death. In such a death as this, there is no disgrace in the estimation of the Japanese; and the son succeeds to the post occupied at court, or elsewhere, by his father.

When a Japanese has committed a crime, and dreads detection, he almost invariably destroys himself, in order to save his family the disgrace of witnessing his public execution. This feeling of aversion to a disgraceful death extends to all classes of the Japanese, and is not confined to the male sex. Some time ago, a person of rank espoused a woman of great beauty in Fingo. The sovereign was anxious to possess her; he accordingly issued an order for the death of the bridegroom, and directed the widow to be brought to the palace. She abhorred the idea; but, feigning compliance, requested a delay of three days to bewail her husband. At the expiration of this time, she gave an entertainment to all her friends and relatives, the king himself with his attendants forming part of the company. After rising from the table, she went up into an open balcony, and there stabbed herself in the presence of her royal lover. Another widow, the mother of three sons, lived in the most destitute condition, the labours of her children not sufficing to support the family. At that period, a proclamation was issued by the government, offering a certain reward to any individual by whom a famous robber should be delivered up into the hands of justice. Without their parents' knowledge, the three sons agreed that one should be passed off as the robber, and that the other two should appear as witnesses against him. Lots were cast, and upon the youngest fell the fatal task of personating the robber. He was denounced, thrown into prison, and condemned to death; and his two brothers received the promised recompense. But brotherly affection was not permitted to lie dormant, nor could the voice of nature be stifled in the bosoms of the witnesses: they obtained permission to visit the pretended culprit, and mingled their tears with his. The gaoler had some sentiment of curiosity which he was determined to gratify, in respect to this affair: he listened at the door of the dungeon, and heard the groans and lamentations of the three brethren. Nothing, however, was uttered by either to elucidate the mystery, or confirm his suspicion, relative to the circumstance; and he accordingly followed the two eldest brothers home to their miserable hovel. There again he listened; and this time he heard the unhappy mother, as soon as she was informed of the dread experiment, exclaim, "No—rather let me die a thousand deaths than live upon the blood of my innocent child!" The gaoler hastened to the judge, who was filled with pity and astonishment at the tale thus explained. He sent for the prisoner, and examined him once more, but could elicit nothing beyond a repetition of former statements. The judge then declared all that had come to his knowledge; he sent again for the witnesses, and at length arrived at the truth;—he then laid the facts before the king, and obtained a full pardon and a considerable pension for the three affectionate sons of the poor widow.

Duelling amongst the Japanese is but a species of double suicide: the following anecdote will sufficiently illustrate the truth of this statement. Two nobles of the court met on the steps of the royal palace; and, as they passed, their daggers happened to strike together:—this was a point of honour which demanded satisfaction. At the royal table, the conversation turned upon the circumstance; and the narrator, who was one of the parties concerned, addressing the other, observed, "My dagger is as good as thine."—"I will show thee the contrary," replied the other; and, drawing the weapon at once, he plunged it into his own body. The other hastened forward, without uttering a word, and bent for a moment over the body of the

fallen one: he was overjoyed to find that the wound, though mortal, had not taken an instantaneous effect, and that the suicide was not quite dead; he accordingly declared that his own dagger was better than that of the dying man, drew it, stabbed himself to the heart, and fell dead first.

From these anecdotal specimens, it will be easily imagined that the resolution of the Japanese is not altered by danger. Though superior to the Chinese both in moral and physical qualifications, and remarkably steady, well-informed, open-hearted, industrious, patient, honest, and just, the Japanese are still suspicious, superstitious, haughty, and prone to anger; although not warlike, they are not to be subdued; and their love of vengeance is at times even heroic. Of this latter characteristic quality, we give a specimen:—A Japanese vessel arrived from the peninsula of Suzuma, to trade at Formosa, where the Dutch had a settlement in 1630. The governor of the colony treated the Japanese with great harshness, in consequence of some former misunderstandings. They complained, on their return to Suzuma, of this treatment, and begged their king to avenge their wrongs. This monarch not thinking himself sufficiently powerful to commence hostilities against the Dutch, refused to interfere; whereupon seven young men of the royal guard stood forward, and spoke in the following manner,—"We should be unworthy of our station and your confidence, if we could fear anything in supporting your honour. Blood alone can wash out the insult sustained. We will bring the governor of Formosa, dead or alive, into your presence; and seven of us are sufficient for this undertaking. Neither the foaming waves, nor the fortifications of his stronghold, nor even his guard of soldiers, shall prevent us from succeeding in our design." Their repeated entreaties finally obtained the assent of the king to this enterprise; and the address and resolution of the soldiers proved successful. The adventurous party went to Formosa; and, under pretence of paying their respects to the governor, obtained admission into his presence. Suddenly drawing their swords, and taking advantage of the surprise caused by the daring attempt, the seven rushed upon the Dutch functionary, and assassinated him upon the spot. They themselves succeeded in effecting their escape back to Nippon.

Notwithstanding the rare occurrence of wars amongst the Japanese, a martial spirit is sedulously cultivated in the education of their children at school. The pupils are imbued with a belief that their forefathers were prodigies of valour; and it has even been affirmed that the copies from which they write are the last letters of their departed heroes and self-destroyers. On the fifth day of the fifth month, a festival is held, to commemorate the total destruction of the Tartar army which invaded Japan, A.D. 781. The invaders landed on the island of Nippon, and their fleet was totally destroyed in a single night by a terrible storm: the natives then fell upon the enemy with such irresistible violence, that they left not one to return to the continent to tell the sad tale of this disaster. A similar invasion, effected by upwards of two hundred and twenty thousand Tartars, A.D. 1281, proved equally unsuccessful: the Japanese gained a complete victory over their invaders, and treated them as their forefathers had done on the previous occasion.

The inborn pride of the Japanese carries him to the most fearful excesses. He scorns all idea of reconciliation, under the impression that nothing is more disgraceful than the forgiveness of a foe. When, therefore, his vengeance sleeps, it does not slumber without watching for a favourable opportunity to awake to mischief; and he is never to be more feared than when he appears to be calm and tranquil. This feeling leads him to doubt whether an offence can ever be adequately avenged: the thirst to resent a particular injury descends from generation to generation; and the posterity of the offender constantly dreads the wrath of the children of the offended.

To sum up the qualities of the Japanese, we may observe that they are cleanly in their persons, and upright in their dealings with each other. The habit of intoxication is prevalent amongst them, though not to the same extent as in some European nations. The humblest are degraded beyond measure, if seen inebriated by day.

REVIEWS.

Before and after the Pledge. Published by F. Glover, Water Lane, Fleet Street.

This is a coloured print, which at first sight appears to represent a cold and cheerless apartment, in which a starving and destitute family is seated. There is no fire in the grate—no carpet upon the floor—no food upon the table—no curtain at the window. The principal hero of the picture is sitting intoxicated in a chair, with his half-naked wife and children around him. But if this Protean print be held against a strong light, the scene is immediately changed. All then appears to be comfort, plenty and ease. The inmates of the room are well clothed—there is a carpet upon the floor—a blazing fire in the grate—a curtain to the window—and an ample supply of provisions upon the table. This print will prove a welcome new year's gift

to children; and, in that quality, do we especially commend it to the notice of our readers.

The Historical, Moral, and Weather Almanack, for 1841. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 48. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

This is one of the best Almanacks which belong to the year we have just entered upon. The Table of important Historical Events is decidedly the most copious, the most useful, and the best selected of all those which appear in these kinds of publications. The only portion of this Almanack, to which we object, is the Table of predictions relative to the weather. We feel perfectly well convinced that such predictions will one day be made with exactitude; but a series of years of long observation and comparison of the phenomena of the weather, must elapse ere such prophecies may be advanced upon really scientific principles. If the precise relative position of the earth and other planets having any attractive power in respect to each other, be satisfactorily registered every day for a certain number of years, correct data will be obtained upon which to raise a theory relative to the weather to be anticipated on certain days as yet unborn. There are however so many local circumstances to be taken into consideration,—circumstances which materially influence the weather,—that these predictions will have numerous difficulties to contend with. A conflagration of any large building in London may so operate upon the clouds immediately above, as to change the aspect of the weather, to an extraordinary degree. We however, repeat our former observation, that this almanack is decidedly one of the best of the hundred and one that have this year issued from the press at the moderate price of sixpence. We sincerely recommend it to all our friends, who are in want of such a publication.

Fraser's Magazine. Number for January. London: J. Fraser

We merely notice this periodical (as we do not generally profess to review the Magazines) for the purpose of expressing our surprise that the editor of so well-conducted an one could have admitted into its pages such a tissue of abominable nonsense and twaddle as Nimrod's article, under the denomination of "Go—Going—Gone." When we first read the title of this contribution, a natural association of ideas led us to imagine that we were about to have a dissertation upon auctioneering; and we trembled for poor Nimrod, because we know full well that his thread-bare imagination would do anything but justice to either the avocation or the character of Mr. George Robbins, who has met a biographer that has done him ample justice in Mr. James Grant, the popular and talented author of "Portraits of Public Characters," &c. &c. But when we found that Nimrod had wasted his own time, and intended to waste that of his readers (if he could find any) with a wretched tissue of paragraphs containing nothing but a perpetual play upon the words, which he had chosen as his title, we threw down the magazine in sorrow that such astounding nonsense should have been admitted within its literary precincts. Nimrod is a literary humbug of the first water—a man who has existed upon the bastard renown obtained by a few sporting anecdotes, and essays of very equivocal merit, and who upon the strength of that renown has issued more trash to the world than any other half-dozen twaddlers put together. Amongst the mass of rubbish, we must not forget to notice a series of papers now publishing in the *New Monthly Magazine*,—the subject, France! Now Mr. Apperley (Nimrod) has resided in Calais for many years past, and has been to Paris twice only during the whole time: on each occasion he stayed but a couple or three days; and, yet—with all his knowledge of French circumstances to Calais and a few miles of district in its vicinity—he pretends to write a moral, statistical, and social description of France, the language of which country he cannot even speak. However—*revoons à nos moutons*; and let us lay a sample of "Go—Going—Gone" before the reader:—

"The going to the Post-office—what a nerve-trying act on certain occasions! For example, how awful is the answer of "Nothing for you, sir," to a man who has not a shilling in his house, in a foreign country, and this repeated every day for a week; or, which is nearly as bad, should there be something—viz., a lawyer's letter, which attracts the eye by its peculiarly ungentleman-like superscription. This last-named document, however, on one occasion stood my friend. The decease of a distant relative was announced to me by the family-solicitor, in a letter which I found at the post-office; but guessing otherwise of the contents from its lawyer-like appearance, I put it into my pocket, and did not open it for at least a period of two months. But in what was I benefited? Why the fact was, the "distant relation" was a *Welsh Nobleman*, and I was thus saved the expense of a suit of mourning for every man, woman, and child, in and about my house, which assuredly would have been ordered on the following day. The runaway apprentice goes to sea. The discontented yokel goes for a soldier; and should he desert in war, he goes over to the enemy. One country goes to war with another; and "Go it, Ned," said William the IV. of England to a favourite admiral and brother-messmate, when about to go to sea upon a secret expedition."

Any passage in "Jack the Giant-Killer" is superior

to this abominable rubbish. Nimrod is essentially a vulgar writer; but when vulgarity and nonsense are mingled together, may the gods of Olympus save us from so severe a castigation as the mere fact of compelling us to read the abomination.

The Gipsy Chief; or the Haunted Oak. By HARRIET MARIA JONES. Part I. 8vo. pp. 22. London: George Virtue.

This is the first Number of a new tale, by the authoress of "The Gipsy Mother," and is embellished with a very good steel engraving. From the small portion of the work now before us, it is impossible to judge of the plan of the story: we should however say that it will prove interesting. Those of our readers, who are fond of works published in the serial form, will do well to give this a fair trial.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

* * In consequence of an unusual press of matter, in the shape of Teetotal news, last week, several paragraphs of importance were omitted. They are however inserted in the present Number.

COUNTRY-NEWS.

LEEDS.

ON Friday evening, 25th Dec., the annual Christmas festival of the Total Abstinence Society was held in the Saloon of the Music-Hall, Leeds. The room was tastefully decorated with laurel, the chairman's seat being quite embowered in evergreen, mixed with white flowers. At the top and bottom of the room were large flags, one representing Moses striking the rock, with the inscription, "Behold he smote the rock, and the water gushed out;" and round the sides of the room were small flags, with pithy mottoes suitable to the object, as—"Prevention better than cure;" "Temperance in the proper use of all things;" "Do thyself no harm;" and a number of others. Nearly 400 persons sat down to tea. The harmony and mild interest of the scene must have communicated delight to every teetotaler. The proceedings were appropriately commenced by the company singing a hymn; after which Mr. JOSEPH ANDREWS proposed that the Rev. ROBERT MARTIN should take the chair, which was carried unanimously. Mr. THOMAS BRAUMONT, surgeon, Bradford, had been expected to preside, but did not arrive in time.

LAUNCESTON (CORNWALL).

THE third annual dinner of the Launceston Teetotal Society took place on Wednesday, the 30th of December, at two o'clock, in the large Subscription-Room, which was fitted up by the Teetotalers for the occasion in a very splendid manner. Two hundred and twenty persons sat down to dinner. The Launceston society consists of twelve hundred and ten members, amongst whom are a hundred and two reclaimed drunkards. A Rechabite tent was fixed at the bottom of the table; and the Bible reposed upon a silken cushion at the top. The Chief Ruler sat in the tent, presiding over thirty-seven of his brethren. After dinner the chair was taken by Mr. JOHN PEARSE (of Tavistock); and a public meeting was held.

BERWICK.

THE great cause of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors progresses gloriously at this place. The members of the Rechabite and Teetotal societies marched in procession to Tweedmouth Chapel on Christmas Day, and the Rev. Mr. GRANT preached a most appropriate sermon. In the afternoon the Report was read in the Town-Hall, which was kindly granted for the occasion by the worthy Mayor and Corporation of Berwick. Coffee and Reading Rooms have been opened for the use of the Teetotal society. In the evening a *soirée* took place, and upwards of five hundred Teetotalers sat down to tea. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Messieurs ALEXANDER (the President), BLACK, SMITH, MARSHALL, A. SMITH, and the Rev. Mr. CRAIG, Mr. PALMER (from Alnwick) also addressed the audience in a speech of great power.

LEICESTER.

MR. TARR, that truly staunch and zealous advocate of the cause of Teetotalism, has lately been lecturing with considerable success in this city.

WAKEFIELD.

MR. LEIGHS has lately delivered lectures in the Court-House of Wakefield to highly delighted audiences. This gentleman has been induced to remain in this place, in anticipation of a Festival which is in preparation. We regret to state that MR. LEIGHS had a narrow escape with his life a short time back, while he was proceeding with a friend in a pony chaise to Wakefield, in consequence of a collision that took place between his vehicle and that of a couple of drunken corn-factors. We understand the Teetotalers of Wakefield are making "immense exertions to propagate the doctrine (in the appropriate language of our esteemed correspondent) on a large scale."

TOWN NEWS.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 6th.

MR. GREEN (of Westminster) took the chair at the Aldersgate Street Chapel on this occasion. This gentleman called the attention of the audience to the fact that all the miserable children who might be seen in a starving condition about the streets had been reduced to that state by the drunken habits of their parents. He strongly appealed to the higher classes to set the example of sobriety to their poorer brethren.

MR. BENSTEAD, with his usual eloquence and in his peculiarly impressive manner, appealed to the feelings of parents in respect to the method in which they educated their children; and then expatiated upon the sin of destroying intellectual powers by means of alcoholic liquors.

MR. STALLWOOD said that at Great Marlow, amongst a population of four thousand five hundred people, there were ten bakers and fifty two public-houses. He then explained the various evils of intemperance.

Mrs. G. W. M. REYNOLDS lectured upon the effects of alcoholic liquors upon the nervous system, and explained the intimate connexion between the nerves and the mental properties of man. He then expatiated upon the necessity of advocating the cause of Teetotalism to the utmost of the power of every disciple, on the score that a doctrine which benefitted an individual should not be withheld from the general consideration of the masses.

MR. CRUMP (the Registrar) closed the meeting with a most able address upon the miseries which the working-man experiences from the vice of intemperance, and the blessings which result from the application of a remedy within general reach.

* * The anniversary meeting of the United Temperance Association will take place at the chapel, Aldersgate Street, on Wednesday evening next. Several advocates of the first popularity and the highest talent will be present.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A Grand Tea Festival was given by this Auxiliary on Wednesday evening, January 6th, at the Temperance Hall, 56, George Street, Chelsea. About a hundred Teetotalers sat down to an excellent repast supplied from the adjacent Temperance Coffee House. The ladies were dressed in a very elegant manner, and the whole scene was one of cordiality and happiness. The members of the committee were most active in superintending the festival, and ensuring the comfort of those present. At half-past seven o'clock, Mrs. G. W. M. REYNOLDS addressed the audience upon the effects of alcohol on the various parts of the human frame, and at eight o'clock the Hall was cleared for a ball.

* * A full and detailed account of the lectures delivered by Mr. MINGAY SYDEN at the Chapel, Aldersgate Street, on the 13th and 16th instant, will be given in the next number of *The Teetotaler*.

MUTUAL INSTRUCTION SOCIETY.

A Society of Teetotalers, under this denomination, has recently formed itself, with the view of occupying leisure time in the most profitable manner. It holds its meeting every Tuesday evening, at the Star Temperance Coffee House, Golden Lane; and useful Lectures are delivered upon those occasions. The first Lecture, on the "Pleasure of Study," was delivered on Tuesday, the 22nd of December, and on the 5th of January, Mr. DEXTER lectured upon "The necessity of duly cultivating the mind." This Society is forming a library, to which the Committee respectfully solicits donations of books. Really, this is a most praiseworthy institution, and one which reflects great credit upon the honest and spirited working-men who have founded it.

VIRGINIA-STREET CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

ON Sunday evening the immense room in Glass Street, opposite the London Docks, was crowded by an assembly amounting to about nine hundred persons, to hear a lecture from Mr. J. C. Fitzgerald, B. A. The respectable appearance of this large assemblage of persons bespoke the triumphs of Total Abstinence. Mr. FITZGERALD, in the course of his lecture, instanced many enjoyments of life, intellectual, moral, and religious, from which the drunkard is necessarily excluded. He observed that man's susceptibility of enjoyment depended on the composure and tranquillity of his feelings—that, when his reason was enlisted in the unbalanced service of passions, which it should calm and control, the beauties of the external world were lost to him. Behold the drunkard (said he) on a fine summer's day, surrounded with enchanting prospects, when the sun inspires all that has life with energy and vigour; when the matchless beauties of the earth harmonize with the radiant glories of the heavens; when nature wears a smile of joy, and, as it were, bespeaks the benignity of its creator, behold the drunkard! He catches no inspiration or rapture from such a scene, but is lost in miserable selfishness and sensuality. Mr. F. combatted the objections of Bacchanalian orators, and supported his views by authorities, from sacred and

profane history, and also by physiological illustrations. But the great triumph of his lecture was an ingenious appeal to the peculiar prepossessions of the Irish whose hearts were led captive, when he explained to them the manifold temporal as well as religious blessings, which flow from an observance of the rites of their church. "I waive (said Mr. F.) all topics of a controversial character and confine myself to secular views. Let us imagine an unfortunate man, whom the 'still small voice of conscience' rebukes for a life of infamy. Such a hopeless being, is in most cases, an outcast from society. His bad deeds brand him as an object of avoidance. He is friendless and unknown—a suspected stranger amongst thousands. To be brief, the world shuts the door of repentance against him. What a fallen, what a miserable, what a Cain-like situation! In too many instances, the hapless wretch, having no friend to whom he could confide his thoughts or in whose condolence he might seek some little refuge, becomes a misanthrope, flies the world, ultimately grows weary of the bondage of life, and dies a suicide. How many awful instances occur in this land of boasted enlightenment! How few, how very few instances occur amongst millions in Ireland, writhing under the bitterest persecution, and subject to the miseries of indigence! And why, because the priest is regarded as the disinterested friend of even sinners forsaken by the world. The sinner confides in him, unburdens his conscience, and learns the conditions of repentance. The counsel of a good and pious priest, free from asceticism or repulsiveness, not only reforms criminals, but chases away from morbid minds those many insatiable and credulities of which so many are victims. Does the drunkard pay periodic visits to the priest?" The lecturer spoke for nearly two hours, and, at the conclusion, was honoured with a vote of thanks and long continued applause. Mr. KELSEY, whose services to this branch, cannot be too highly appreciated, was in the chair.

STANDARD THEATRE.

WE are authorised to state that several enterprising individuals, belonging to the Hackney and Haggerstone Teetotal Associations, have united for the purpose of hiring this theatre, which, from its locality (Shoreditch) will doubtless form the centre whence will branch off ten thousand rays of Teetotal lustre upon the surrounding district. We shall be enabled next week to give a more detailed account of the arrangements connected with this enterprise, to which we wish every success that it so eminently deserves.

VARIEITIES.

"THE TEETOTALER" JOURNAL.—The following notice of this periodical appeared in a recent number of the *Leeds Times*:—"We consider as truly delightful among other certain happy features of the Temperance system, an increased demand for literary food, for the which equally with physical, we know of no greater stimulant than sobriety. With disordered tone of stomach, we can never look for healthy tone of mind, while the converse of this is certain. Mr. Reynolds, the editor of this periodical, is a man of more than ordinary claims to respectful consideration in this now very elevated literary department. Mr. Reynolds has stepped into the shoes and worn the mantle of the immortal Boz—Dickens, with a grace and ease which leaves no doubt of the well fitting of the one, and his graceful fold of the other. With the invariable failure in all previous imitations of popular styles and authors, from Shakspeare to Sterne, Mr. Reynolds' proof of capacity to make the renowned Pickwick perfectly at home, abroad, stands out an instance of success, no less singular than great. The wretched effort at identifying sobriety with low-life and vulgarity must be seen and felt as a most keen, though undesigned, satire upon aristocracy and its self-assumed good breeding. Periodicals like this will soon carry conviction of the correct judgments and refined taste of that portion of the community, so gloriously increasing, who are insensibly blind to the gentility of drunkenness. We could enumerate the many articles which excite the warmest respect for the talent employed on it, and must recommend it as an unequivocal indication of the rapid increase of the great cause. We cordially agree in the editor's view of the ineligibility of making religious considerations the corner-stone of Temperance. It has already in our opinion been too much pressed into the cause, and it would be as well to see if sobriety's own legs are not competent to support her, before we cram conventional crutches into her hands, and forbid her movement beyond the pace of a psalm tune."

WISDOM.—He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

A RECOMMENDATION.—A shopkeeper, in recommending a piece of goods to a lady, remarked, "Madam, it will wear for ever, and make you a first rate petticoat afterwards."

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH MR. PICKWICK OBTAINS A VERY CURIOUS AND EDIFYING INSIGHT INTO THE MANNER IN WHICH THE GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW POLICE FORCE PERFORM THEIR DUTY.

THE deeds of illustrious men are emblazoned on the pages of history; and, although those pages frequently wrap up a pound of butter, or line a deal box, they are not on that account the less faithful records of the achievements of such heroes as Cæsar, Napoleon, or Pickwick. Whether we examine the researchful biographies written by careful authors, or whether we listen, with unfeigned delight, to the ballad which the beggar-woman bawls beneath our windows, we are nevertheless struck at the immensity of that space which the aforesaid illustrious personages occupy in public estimation. Thus is it that we are embarrassed whether to accord the palm of transcendent celebrity to the *toga* of Cæsar, the cocked-hat of Napoleon, or the gaiters of Pickwick.

It was in the month of December, of the year 1837, that a very remarkable scene occurred in the Strand, close by the Adelphi Theatre. It was half-past ten o'clock at night, and a most respectable audience (as the papers declared on the following morning) was rushing out of the portals of the aforesaid theatre in anything but a respectable manner. In the midst of the multitude, a young lady suddenly became separated from her male companion, and was carried along by the stream of people with such rapidity that she soon found herself up to her ankles in another kind of stream caused by the melting of the snow in the streets. The young lady screamed—first, because she was really alarmed; and secondly, because all ladies, who wish to be considered as such, ought to scream on such occasions; and, in her anxiety to escape from the line of carriages in the street, she wandered to some distance from the door of the theatre. Suddenly recovering her presence of mind, she turned round to seek for the male companion whom she had lost, and ran against an immense, tall, black-whiskered ferocious-looking fellow, who turned out to be a policeman.

"Well, young 'oman, what do you want?" cried the policeman, in a surly tone, as he caught hold of the lady's arms, and peered impertinently under her bonnet. "Don't you know it's agin the law to run about the streets in this here wery unconstitootional manner?"

"I meant no harm, sir—I—"

"You didn't—eh?" interrupted the policeman, looking very lovingly at the terrified young lady. "Well, all I can say is that you're evidently a wery dangerous k'racter; an' I jist tell'ee wot you must do,—you must stand two two-pen'norths o' rum."

"Pray let me go, sir—Oh! pray do!" cried the young lady. "I meant no offence—"

"Don't interrupt me in the exercise o' my dooty, young 'oman," cried the policeman; and as a crowd had collected by this time, he was compelled to assume a serious aspect. "You're drunk!" he added, brutally; "so come along—drunk and disorderly's the charge."

The young lady gazed wildly around her, and uttered a faint scream; but the policeman seized her rudely with both hands, and began to lug her towards the station-house.

At that instant a gentleman, with a most expressive countenance and very a becoming pair of spectacles, worked his way through the crowd, and inquired into the cause of this strange proceeding.

"It's only a young 'oman here as is so precious drunk she can't stand," said the policeman: "I

wish as how some un 'ud run up to the station an' fetch down the stretcher."

Here the young lady recovered herself so far as to be enabled to appeal to the kindness of the gentleman who had just interfered in her behalf.

"My dear sir," said that gentleman to the police-constable, "you surely must be mistaken—"

"Law's never wrong," returned the officer brutally.

"But its functionaries are," said the gentleman.

No sooner were these words out of the mouth of the gentleman, than the policeman loosened his hold upon the young lady, knocked the aforesaid gentleman down, and then as speedily took him up on a charge of assault.

"You're booked now for this, old feller," ejaculated the policeman. "Who'll come for'ard as a witness?"

The crowd hung back; but at that instant another policeman emerged from a gin-palace close by, swore he had seen it all, and then inquired what was the matter.

"Vy, here's a feller has come up an' knocked me down, 'cos I was a-dooing my dooty with respect to a young gal as was so lussy she could'n't stand. But he must come along to the station, an' the young 'oman too. I know who he is—he's bin at the mill three or four times afore now;"—and, with these words, the first policeman commenced dragging the gentleman along the streets, while the young lady made her escape in the confusion.

In the course of a quarter of an hour, the cavalcade reached the station-house in Bow-Street; and the prisoner was introduced into a little miserable room, where an inspector was dozing before the fire.

"Well, what now?" cried the inspector, waking up, and turning angrily round upon the arrivals.

"Please, sir," began the first policeman, "here's a wery notorious bad character, which has been in custody afore, and come up and knocked me down without the slightest aggrawation on my part."

"And, please, sir, I seed it all," said the other constable.

"Oh! very well," cried the inspector, opening a large book which lay upon a little desk, and preparing to enter the charge. "What's your name, prisoner?"

"My name is Samuel Pickwick," was the calm reply; "and I protest against this most unwarrantable—this most disgraceful—this—this—"

"Hold your tongue," exclaimed the inspector: "you're known, you see. Samuel Pickwick—eh? well, what are you?"

"A gentleman," was the indignant answer.

"Ah! all swindlers is gen'lemen now a-days," murmured the inspector; and as he proceeded to write down the remainder of the charge, he diverted himself and his hearers with such observations as these:—"You can't get bail, 'spose. But what's the use of asking? A feller like you hasn't got no friends. You'll look well on the stepper, you will,—but mind you try and get next to the wall: it's easier there. I des say you don't wear them spectacles and gaiters for nothing. Who makes the charge?"

"I do, sir," was the first policeman's answer.

"Oh! John Bludgin—eh?" mused the inspector, as he continued writing. "And you're the witness—eh?"

"I'm the witness to the whole transaction, sir," answered the other constable.

"Benjamin Buffit, witness," added the inspector. "There—that'll do. Now you two fellers go back to your beats; an' if the Marquis or any o' them swells, as tips us, should take it into their heads to have a little inno'cent diversion with the

bells or knockers in the Strand, you can just be going down a alley at the time, or looking into a area, or taking up a beggar—anythink so long as you don't see wot them noblemen is after."

This latter injunction was delivered in a whisper; and while policemen Bludgin and Buffit withdrew, to agree upon what they should say the next morning when they went before the magistrates as complainant and witness in this case, inspector Sunflers locked Mr. Pickwick up in a cell, telling him at the same time either to lie there all night or else go to a place where the heat rises to an inconvenient temperature. As he uttered these words, the inspector kindly bundled Mr. Pickwick into the dungeon, probably with a view of saving him the trouble of walking into it; and while the former returned to his comfortable fire, the latter seated himself upon a heap of straw, to endeavour to recover from the astonishment into which this rapid succession of events had thrown him.

For an aged gentleman to take the part of a young lady, get knocked down and then taken up by a policeman, and be condemned to pass the night in the station-house, was a vastly unpleasant adventure; and Mr. Pickwick could not help blaming his adverse stars—especially as an animal, which he shrewdly suspected to be a rat, ran across his legs at that moment.

"This is really very unpleasant—very unpleasant," said Mr. Pickwick to himself: "and those men seem inclined to swear to anything. They might say that I had robbed them;—and then not one of the spectators to come forward and speak in my favour! While I think of it, I pay a police-tax: well—upon my word, it's very pretty to pay policemen to knock you down, and then get locked up into the bargain! It is indeed a very unpleasant adventure—and that's a very annoying rat too! I wonder if they'd allow me a trap?"

Pleased with this idea, and not daring to compose himself to sleep while so strange a companion was running about the cell, Mr. Pickwick shouted out at the top of his very musical voice for the inspector; and the inspector condescended to open the door.

"What now?" growled that authority in a most discouraging tone of voice.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Pickwick very mildly, and speaking in his blindest tones, "but would you oblige me so far as to lend me—"

"Well—lend you what? Fire away!" interrupted the inspector.

"Lend me a trap to catch a very troublesome rat which is hopping about me in all directions," added Mr. Pickwick, with a smile playing upon his expressive countenance, which was considerably begrimed with mud in consequence of his fall in the street.

"A what?" shouted the inspector, in a voice which might have been, and very probably was, heard half way down Bow-Street.

"A trap, if you please," repeated Mr. Pickwick.

The inspector banged the door with terrific violence; and as he locked it again, he muttered certain very audible imprecations against Mr. Pickwick's organs of sight, limbs, and circulating fluids; while that illustrious man threw himself upon the straw and the mercy of his good Genius simultaneously.

Mr. Pickwick has declared—and has even offered to make an affidavit of the truth of his assertion—that he did not sleep two winks the whole night: but whether he meant that he only made one wink of his whole slumber, or whether those sundry kicks and punches which the inspector inflicted upon his illustrious carcase the first thing in the morning were only the effects of spite, and were not done (as asserted) for the purpose of arousing him from his sleep and his straw, we cannot determine. Suffice it to say, that Mr.

Pickwick was permitted to wash the mud off his animated countenance, and even to procure the attentions of the barber by paying for the same, ere he was walked over to the police court opposite. It was half-past ten o'clock when he was ushered into the presence of the sitting magistrate, who however disposed of two cases before he attended to our hero.

A very elegantly dressed young man was standing near the bar, and a policeman was informing the magistrate how the young gentleman had been caught in the act of dashing his fist through a chemist's windows, and breaking a bottle filled with coloured water,—how he had cruelly assaulted the police, and nearly killed two of the constables, which was somewhat extraordinary, seeing that he was of slender make,—and how, in fine, when he was searched at the station-house, three knockers and five bell-pulls were found in his possession. The culprit had caused his name to be entered as Thomas Brown upon the police-sheet; but the accusing policeman expressed his conviction that that was only a fictitious appellation.

"This is a serious charge—a very serious charge," said the magistrate. "Two police-constables nearly killed—knockers and bell-pulls taken off in all directions—a window broken; really, I must punish you, sir, very severely."

The accused did not deign a reply, but hummed an opera-air. The magistrate was exasperated.

"Oh! you treat the matter so, do you?" exclaimed the magistrate: "well—I shall see if I can't make you more steady in future. The sentence is that you pay five pounds for each assault; and you are committed to the House of Correction for six weeks for wrenching off the knockers. Take him away."

"What!" ejaculated the culprit, who was astounded at this decision,—“commit a nobleman to prison!"

"A nobleman!" cried the magistrate. "Who are you, then?"

"Well—if you must know," was the reply, "I'm no more Thomas Brown than you are—nor yet half so much. In fact I don't look as if my name were Thomas Brown: I'd cut my throat if it were! No—my real name is Lord Edmund Theophilus Albert George Reginald Kutitphat."

"Oh! well—that's quite another thing—that alters the case," said the magistrate, now suffering his features to relax into a bland smile. "Really, my lord—I'm sorry to see your lordship in such a predicament as this—very sorry:—and how's your father, the Marquis of Kummitstrong?"

"Oh! the old dad's pretty well, I believe," was the indifferent reply.

"Well, my lord—I hope I shan't see you in this scrape again," continued the magistrate. "I am sure I have only to appeal to your lordship's good sense to persuade you not to continue these pranks:"—then turning to the policeman who had given evidence against the nobleman, the worthy magistrate exclaimed in a fierce tone, "Where are the two constables who were assaulted?"

"They're on duty, please yer washup," was the reply.

"Then how could you say that they were nearly killed?" said the magistrate, in deep indignation. "I see that you have committed wilful and corrupt perjury, constable; and I shall report the case to the Commissioners, so that you may be dismissed from the Force. My lord," he continued, assuming his mildest tone, "I shall dismiss this case, upon your paying five shillings for being—you know what I mean;" and the worthy magistrate laughed heartily.

Lord Kutitphat tossed a couple of half-crowns towards the clerk, nodded familiarly to the magistrate, and lounged out of the office, all the policemen touching their hats as he passed, while the magistrate exclaimed, "Open the door there for his lordship—do you hear!"

The moment Lord Kutitphat had disappeared, a short, thickset, shabby, ill-looking fellow, bearing a resemblance to something between a bankrupt pig-dealer and an insolvent prize-fighter, was swung up to the bar by three policemen, who seemed to vie with each other who should give him the hardest shove.

"What's the charge?" said the magistrate.

"Drunk and disorderly, please your worship," answered a constable.

"A desperate ruffian, I dare say," observed the worthy magistrate, putting on an awful frown. "Did he make any resistance?"

"Kicked and bit horribly, your worship."

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" demanded the magistrate.

"Please your worship," replied the man, pulling his hair with his right hand, and kicking back his left leg, by way of salutation, "I was a running-up Common Garden Market with my little Neddy—"

"Your son, I suppose," said the magistrate, gruffly.

"No, your worship,—my donkey I means—an' a nice little feller he is—trots as easy as a four-year-old, and no way vicious. He'd carry your worship ten mile or so afore your worship could know where you was."

"That's enough," said the magistrate. "You were drunk, you see—and disorderly—and you resisted the police. I can't pass this over. Has he ever been here before?"

"Never, your worship," replied the gaoler, who was standing near the door of the court.

"Oh! it's all the same. You're fined five shillings or stand committed for six weeks to the House of Correction."

"Stand down!" shouted an officer.

"Please your worship, I han't got the money," began the man, in a pitiful tone; an' if so be you sends me to the House of Correction, my wife and seven little uns 'll all have to go to the workus."

"Clear the court!" cried the worthy magistrate.

"Stand down!" shouted the officer aforesaid.

"Take him away!" chimed in the clerk; and the poor fellow was dragged off to the House of Correction, leaving a wife and family to starve, while Lord Kutitphat was already meditating another crusade against the knockers and bell-pulls for the ensuing evening, confident of being able to escape all punishment save a small fine, which he was well able to pay.

Mr. Pickwick, who had stood a wondering spectator of these proceedings, was introduced to the notice of the worthy magistrate. The general appearance of Mr. Pickwick—his low-crowned and broad-brimmed hat—his interesting round countenance—his spectacles—his brown coat with brass buttons—his white waistcoat—his eye-glass appended to a black riband his buff kerseymere tights—his little black gaiters—and his sixty summers—made a deep impression on the worthy magistrate, who exchanged a smile with the clerk, who exchanged another with the officer, who bestowed one in his turn upon the accusing constables, who grinned and looked very wise.

"What's the charge?" demanded the magistrate, as soon as the usual questions relative to name, age, habitation, &c. had been disposed of.

"I was walking very quietly along my beat between Wellington-street and Johns-treet Adelphi, last night, your worship," began policeman John Bludgin, "when a young gal came by and began a-calling me all the names she could think on. She was very drunk, your worship; and I was going to take her to the station, out o' mere kindness, when up comes this here man which is at the bar, an' without sayin' with your leave, or by your leave, hits me such a stunner on the right eye, as made me see fifty thousand lamps up the Strand in a twinkling. I was a-goin' to remonstrate with him very kindly, your worship, when he gave me another whack on t'other eye; an' so I called for assistance, an' took him to the station."

The policeman certainly shewed a tremendous black eye; but it had been caused by a blow with a pewter-pot, in an alehouse which he suffered the landlord to keep open till two in the morning, on consideration of receiving as much liquor as he could drink.

"Please your worship," said policeman Buffit, who was now brought forward, "I heard the complainant calling for assistance, and immediately left my beat to see what was the matter. When I came up to the spot I found the prisoner a aimin' sich a blow at the complainant's hie, that I wonder it didn't knock it out on the pavement. A more desperate ruffian I never seed."

"Well, what have you to say to this?" asked the magistrate.

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, wiped them and put them on again. He then flung up his right arm in the air, put his left hand beneath his coat tails and commenced a fine and luminous harangue, while the magistrate read *The Times*. Somehow or other, magistrates always pay great attention to complainants when they are police-

men; but generally have something else to do when the defendants enter upon their justification. Mr. Pickwick darted glances at the magistrate, each of which conveyed the meaning of a whole encyclopædia, and talked as much as would (if properly spun out) have furnished materials for three volumes octavo. All this display, however, produced but little effect upon the magistrate, who was about to condemn our unfortunate hero to some severe penalty, when a sudden change was introduced into the proceedings.

A young gentleman of about four-and-twenty, tolerably good-looking, pretty well dressed, and neither very genteel nor very awkward in manners, rushed into the police office just as the magistrate's mouth was opened to deliver the decision. This young gentleman, after having trodden upon the gaoler's toe, nearly knocked down an old woman, and totally deranged the equilibrium of a police-constable, succeeded in clearing his way up to the presence of the magistrate, to whom he declared he had something important to communicate. After a little parley, the newcomer succeeded in ascertaining that the very case in which he was interested was before the bench at that moment; and, when he had recovered a fresh supply of breath, he spoke as follows:

"Your worship, my name is Sago—Francis Sago—and I am the son of a respectable wholesale grocer in Wood-street, Cheapside. Last evening I accompanied my sister, Teresina Hippolyta, to the Adelphi Theatre; and, by some accident or another, we were separated in the crowd. She was carried by the multitude into the street, where she was dreadfully insulted by a policeman, whom, by the description she gave, I can instantly recognise in the person of this individual (pointing to Bludgin); and when a gentleman came up to her rescue, this policeman instantly knocked the gentleman down without the slightest provocation. My sister made her escape at that moment and obtained a cab, and returned home. She would have attended in person, but the fright has made her quite ill. She has, however, signed this deposition, which I drew up in writing to her dictation."

The magistrate now began to understand the real merits of the case; and, after a considerable deal of cross-examination, he succeeded in convicting the two policemen of such extraordinary contradictions that Mr. Pickwick came off triumphant. He was discharged, and policemen Bludgin and Buffit were shortly afterwards dismissed the Force; whereupon they took to the honourable and profitable trade of thimble-rigging, which they had carried on before they had entered the service of the new police.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SOLILOQUY OF A TOWN-PUMP.

NOON, by the clock! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town-Pump? The title of "town-treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody weaks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a farthing to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!"

It were a pity, if this eatery should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-heads. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town-Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious co-partnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the elder-presses, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hole to wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the phreasy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and re-kindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their optics were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honour of the Town-Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you reverence my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honourable cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP!"

THE PLAGUE.

Of all diseases, the remembrance of which has been preserved to us by history, the Black Pestilence of the fourteenth century is that which caused the greatest ravages. From documents furnished by Professor Hecker, it appears that the Black Pestilence was in fact the plague of the east, but with some additional features. Besides the swelling under the arm-pits and groin, and the gangrenous tumours which characterise the plague, numerous black spots were observed over the whole surface of the body: the palate and tongue were black, and, as it were, filled with blood; and the patients were tormented with insatiable thirst. But the most distinguishing and aggravated feature of the Black Pestilence was the thorough alteration experienced by the lungs. These organs were struck with a gangrenous inflammation, which was indicated by acute pains in the chest, spitting of blood, and such an infestation of the breath, that parents even fled from their children. The disorder was communicated not only by contact with infected patients, but also by touching any thing which had belonged to them.

The Black Pestilence, originated in Upper Asia, descended towards the Caucasus and Mediterranean Sea; and, instead of entering Europe by way of Russia, it first spread in the south, and after devastating the rest of Europe, it entered that country. It followed the caravans which came from China across Central Asia, until it reached the shores of the Black Sea: there it was conveyed by ships to Constantinople; the centre of commercial intercourse between Asia, Europe, and Africa. That capital was certainly the focus whence the pestilence darted its poisonous rays in every direction, except towards Muscovy. In the year 1347 it reached Sicily, some of the maritime cities of Italy and Marseilles. In the following year it spread from the European shores of the Mediterranean into the interior of the continent. The northern parts of Italy, France, Germany, and England, were invaded by it in the same year: the northern kingdoms of Europe, in 1349, and finally Russia in 1351, that is to say, four years after it reached Constantinople.

In France the pestilence advanced by way of Avignon, at that time the seat of the Papacy. It broke out there in a frightful manner, many persons fell down suddenly, as if they had been struck by a thunderbolt. The patients rarely reached the third day: as soon as any one found himself afflicted with tumour, either in the groin or beneath the arms, he bade adieu to this world, and sought consolation only in the absolution granted to all the dying by Pope Clement VI.

In England, the disorder was characterised, as it had been at Avignon, by an almost sudden mortality, consequent on the spitting of blood. The patients, who exhibited this symptom, sank under the pestilence in twelve hours, and rarely survived to the second day. The mortality spread rapidly throughout the country, and covered it with the dead. On the north seas, as

previously on the Mediterranean, vessels were seen floating at the pleasure of the wind deprived of their crews, and carrying only corpses. The following estimates, which may be relied on as pretty correct, will give an idea of the losses sustained by the population of Europe at that time:—viz, Florence, 60,000 inhabitants; Vienna, 100,000; Marseilles (in one month) 58,000; Paris, 50,000; Avignon, 60,000; Strasburg, 16,000; Basle, 14,000; Erfurth, 16,000; London, 100,000; Norwich, 50,000. About 200,000 country towns or villages were completely depopulated. At Paris, 500 patients died, upon an average every day, at the Hotel Dieu. Italy lost at least one half of her inhabitants. At Cairo, during the height of the pestilence, 10,000 or 12,000 died daily. In Mahomedan countries, in the great roads, and in the caravanserais, nothing was seen but deserted corpses.

The Black Pestilence was attributed to some dreadful commotions in the interior parts of the globe. The following are some of the remarkable circumstances which have been collected from the history of that time: About the year 1333, numerous earthquakes and volcanic eruptions did much mischief in Upper Asia, also, in the year after successively in Greece, Italy, France, and Germany. To these convulsions of the earth were added extraordinary inundations, which drowned the harvests and loaded the atmosphere with moisture. These were succeeded by barren years, scarcity, famine and great mortality. Clouds of locusts invaded the plains of Europe, and covered them with their dead bodies, which poisoned the air with putrid exhalations. And lastly, dense mists, emitting a disagreeable smell, spread over whole countries, in consequence of which the inhabitants were exposed to various accidents.

The faculty of Paris, upon being consulted whether facts like these would account for the deadly malady which shortly after manifested itself, assigned a mist or fog as the cause of the evil, and recommended the lighting of fires with aromatic plants. A learned man of Padua attributed the pest to an occult quality of the atmosphere. A physician at Avignon ascribed it (as some medical men in France in our day have done) to influences arising from the earth. In short, they knew at that time nearly as much as we do now concerning the real causes of the great pestilence, and many doctors endeavoured to account for them by having recourse to astrology.

Nothing is more afflicting than the details which have been transmitted to us of the moral effects produced by the Black Pestilence upon the generation who witnessed it. There doubtless were some happy exceptions: but, amongst the majority, this scourge called forth a manifestation of selfishness, frequently the most revolting, together with superstitious practices and fanatical excesses. Then, as we have since witnessed in France, the people began by ascribing to poison the almost sudden deaths which they witnessed. The fanaticism of that age directed their suspicion against the Jews, who were the objects of general hatred, and whose riches moreover excited the cupidity of their enemies. Europe then presented one of the most frightful spectacles that can be conceived. The hapless Jews were seized, tortured, condemned, and burnt: in most cases the people did not wait for a judicial sentence, but they themselves massacred the Israelites. They were heaped up by thousands in vast funeral piles. At Mayence, after a vain attempt at resistance, they shut themselves up in their quarters, to which they set fire, and twelve thousand perished. Pursued by the people, by the magistrates who ought to have protected them, and by the feudal lords, these miserable strangers found no asylum but in Lithuania, where Casimir the Great granted them protection.

The disease also extended its frightful ravages to Ireland; and the following account of it is taken from the annals of a Franciscan monk of that period:—

"This year, and chiefly in the months of September and October, great numbers of bishops and prelates, ecclesiastical and religious, peers and others, and in general people of both sexes, flocked together by troops, in pilgrimage to the waters of Inchmoling, inasmuch that many thousands of souls might be seen there together for many days: some came on the score of devotion, but the greater part for fear of the pestilence. It had its first beginning, so it is said, in the East, and, passing through the Saracens and Infidels, slew eight thousand legions of them."

The author of this chronicle himself died of the plague. Amongst the manuscripts of Sir Hans Sloane preserved in the British Museum, is one entitled—"Anomysopatia, an Experimental Relation of the Plague, principally as it appeared in 1665, by William Boghurst, Apothecary in St. Giles's in the Fields." Speaking of the tokens of the plague, the writer says,—"Amongst these were spots of different colours, biccoughs, vomiting, carbuncles, shortness of breath, drowsiness, thirstiness, contraction of the jaws, and large and extended tumours. Almost all that caught the disease with fear, died with tokens in two or three days. About the beginning, most men got the disease with surfeiting, over-heating themselves, and drinking strong drinks. Children, who were properly fed, and whose drink was only milk or water, were not visited by the plague. Those that married in the heat of this disease (if they had not had it before) almost all fell into it in

a week or a fortnight after both in city and town and country, of which most died, especially the men. Pregnant females fared miserably. Strength of constitution was no safety: death made the strongest assault upon strong bodies. More men died than women; and more of dull complexions than fair. In the summer before the plague, in 1664, there was such a multitude of flies that they lined the insides of the houses. Also the small-pox was so rife in our parish, that betwixt the church and the pond in St. Giles's, which is not above six score paces, above forty families had the small-pox.

"Many persons after drinking some strong drink, presently had the tokens come out; so that every nurse could say that cochineal was a fine thing to bring out the tokens. Those that died of the plague, died a very easy death generally: first, because it was speedy; secondly, because they died without convulsions. One friend growing melancholy for another was one main cause of its going through a family, especially when they were shut up, which bred a sad apprehension and consternation on their spirits. Many women giving suck freed themselves from the plague by their children sucking it from them; but some continued well some days—sometimes weeks—and then fell into the disease after their children were dead. The plague was half a year at the West End before the East End and Stepney were infected, which was about the middle of July. Southwark, being the south suburb, was infected almost as soon as the West End."

The author states himself to have been bold and courageous in the exercise of his profession during the plague. He says he rendered himself familiar with the disease, knowing that to do good he must be neither nice nor fearful. He says he "dressed forty sores a day, and held the pulses of some patients sweating in the bed half an hour together, commonly suffered their breathing in his face several times when they were dying, and ate and drank with them; sat down by their bedside and upon their beds, discoursing with them an hour together when he had time, and staid by them to see them die, and the manner of their death, and closed up their mouths and eyes,—and, then, if people had nobody to help them (for help was scarce at that time and place), he helped to lay them forth out of the bed, and afterwards into the coffin, and last of all accompanied them to the grave."

The cure of the plague was formerly supposed to be a desperate attempt. We now know that though a dangerous disease, it is more often conquered than victorious; nor is there the slightest doubt, but, if it should ever be again introduced into this kingdom, that it would but excite little alarm. There are many epidemics which have been for a time more fatal than plague would probably be in the present state of society with judicious political regulations. The following formula for the cure of the plague is translated from the Arabic language:—

"In the name of the compassionate and merciful God. All good comes from God; and his creatures have no other power than that which was granted them by the Most High. Thanks to his mercy, the children of Adam have found great benefit from the use of oil, not only as a drink, as wherewith to anoint and purify themselves, but, independent of these three uses, God has assigned a fourth property to the same in behalf of those attacked with plague. From the first moment of the setting in of the complaint, the patient should drink a certain quantity of oil, as much as he possibly can, five or six *ukhia* (ounces) at least. All he drinks above this quantity will but do him good. After having drunk this oil, he is to anoint the whole body with tepid oil: he is then to lie down in bed, where he is to cover himself well up in such a manner as to procure a profuse perspiration, for the perspiration is the sure harbinger of tranquillity. After this treatment, the patient will experience more and more relief, with the help of the most High God. Health and power (in every thing) are in the hands of God; there is no other than he!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FORSAKEN.

By Mrs. S. Miles.

As rapidly the maiden's wheel
With murmuring hum goes round,
Oft languidly her blue eyes steal
A wistful glance around.

"Why tarries he? The poplars cast
Deep shadows o'er the dell:
The promised hour is come, and past—
Fray heav'n, my love is well!"

Dim is her eye—that cheek no more
With healthful current glows—
Can e'er joy's radiant beams restore—
Refresh the faded rose?

Ah! ne'er again upon that heart
Shall hope's sweet balm descend;
A victim to the wiler's art,
Her fairy visions end.

A hurried note—a blotted scroll
The fatal truth conveys;
A dark cloud gathers o'er her soul,
And grief usurps her days.

And he—the false one—heedeth not
The blow so harshly dealt;
His fervent vows are all forgot—
Her silent wrongs unsift!

But yet shall come a torturing hour,
When, conscience-stricken, pale—
Her tears shall fall for that sweet flower,
Which perished in the vale!

STANZAS.

By Mrs. Reynolds.

God has decreed that man shall fall! Alas,
He's born—he's dead! His life's to-day begun,
Tomorrow all his youthful pleasures pass,
And evening marks his fleeting sojourn done.
Others shall use the riches we have won,
Others shall riot in our palaces:
As insects, they shall glitter in the sun,
And each successive age their wealth shall seize,
Until the world shall end, and men relinquish thee!

In peril we were born—in danger die:
We run our course, and revel in our pride!
We seldom glance unto eternity,
But imitate the ways of them that died.
In years before—and thus are we befriended—
As smoking piles give warning of their fire,
So does the opening of our youth decide
What Muse, what talents shall our hearts inspire,
And as our lame increases, so we sour the higher.

Go mark the lordly monuments within
The proudest abbey! There resides the clay
Of those who perish'd in their course of sin:
And oft, with trembling limbs and locks of gray,
Many a pious one will humbly pray
For their repose, and tell the deeds were done
While he himself, ere they had pass'd away—
The deeds that gain'd or that disgrac'd a throne,—
And as each parent tells, admonishes his son:—

"Vice never prospers! Virtue is repaid
In heav'n, if men resent it here below:
The humble by the proud are oft betray'd,
The righteous and the good are oft brought low:—
But God will not desert his chosen so:
For they shall rise triumphant to the skies,
They who can pardon and receive a foe,
They who can heal a neighbour's miseries,
And wipe the sympathetic tear-drop from their eyes!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to return our thanks for the communication of F. L.,—
M. C.,—A Constant Reader (Birmingham),—A Constant Reader
(Windsor),—A Subscriber (Deal),—A Young Teetotaler,—A. B.
C.,—and A Reclaimed Drunkard.

Private answers have been sent to upwards of thirty letters
within the last fortnight. Could not many of our correspondents
content themselves with replies through the medium of the *No-
tices in the Journal itself?*

Mr. James Snowden's "Song" shall be inserted as soon as possible.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23rd, 1841.

The necessity of union amongst the Teetotalers of Great Britain becomes every day more apparent. We have before observed, in the columns of *The Teetotaler*, that a number of disjointed efforts are not calculated to produce the same beneficial and speedy results as "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether." A considerable portion of the valuable time devoted to Teetotal meetings, is wasted in declamation on the part of the advocates of one Association against the transactions of another; and thus the grand principle of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors is sacrificed to a miserable party-feeling, which paralyses the energies of the really well-intentioned and disinterested disciples of the cause. *The Teetotaler*, from its commencement, has boldly and unflinchingly exposed abuses where abuses exist; and to its honesty and fearlessness of opinion may be partially attributed the immense circulation which it enjoys. The wickedness of encouraging either by word or deed those dissensions which agitate the Teetotal world, is a subject to which we shall in future pay especial attention; and we now earnestly call upon all the friends of the Teetotal cause to adopt speedy and effectual measures to unite all the Teetotalers in one great Society. By these means the expenses of numerous officers would be greatly diminished; as, instead of having, for instance, a separate Secretary for each Association, as at present constituted, one would suffice for the whole body, if united.

In order to accomplish the great aim of union, one measure is indispensable as a basis to work upon; and that is the admission of all pledges (so long as their principle involve the doctrine of entire abstinence from all alcoholic liquors). Each Association, Auxiliary, and Branch, in and about the metropolis should forthwith appoint Delegates to meet together, for the purpose of considering and digesting a scheme of union; and this preliminary congress of Delegates would prepare the way for a general meeting of Teetotalers of all pledges and societies at Exeter Hall, to confirm and establish one grand United Association. Those journals which are at present exclusive organs would then become advocates of the principle of Teetotalism upon a broad and liberal basis, and sectarian disputes would be avoided.

The word *Union* implies strength; and most assuredly would the cause of Teetotalism receive considerable accession of strength from the mere circumstance of a junction of those energies which are at present disjointed. It is preposterous to quarrel and dispute about the various pledges—long and short—English and American—now in use: the fundamental principle of Tee-

totalism is the abstinence from intoxicating liquor; and each new convert should be allowed to consult his own interests, circumstances, and judgment, as to whether he will adopt this principle in a merely personal, or in a general point of view. The details of institutions should never be suffered to occupy the attention to such an extent that the fundamental principle is lost sight of: it should be the object of the advocates of Teetotalism to rescue men from the vortex of intemperance, and then proceed to fresh conversions without losing time on the road in the discussion of the merits of particular pledges.

We have reason to believe that provincial Teetotal societies are managed much better than the metropolitan ones; and that the conduct of some of the latter have greatly disgusted the members of the former. Every real friend to the Teetotal cause, in the country, is fully aware of the necessity of co-operation in all parts and quarters; and in certain districts, grand efforts are progressing in favour of union. A reference to history will teach us the necessity of union—especially ecclesiastical and religious history. The division of the Mahomedan creed into two sects—the Shiis and Sunnis—dealt a more severe blow to the progress of Islamism than all the crusades of the Christians could ever effect; and to that discrepancy of opinion might be traced nearly all the sanguinary wars which for upwards of four centuries have, with short intervals, raged between the Ottomans and Persians. The division of the Christian Church into sects has produced similar results; and the fate of empires has been decided by the consolidation or the disunion of their powers and resources. These facts should be constantly held up to the consideration of all Teetotalers; and simultaneously with the doctrine itself, should be agitated the principle of union.

The cause of Teetotalism has also suffered materially from being encumbered with many forms and qualifications with which, in reality, it ought not to be connected. Teetotalism has been so associated with religion, that it has been rendered almost exclusive on this account. Now, what in the name of common sense has Teetotalism to do with religion, more than any other great doctrine of social and moral reformation? Were a Chinese or a Mussulman to come forward and offer to sign the pledge, should his religious opinions disqualify him to become a member of an Association whose principle should be simply *Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Liquors*? We are no friends to the infamous doctrines of Socialism; at the same time, we should be sorry to see the portals of Teetotal temples closed against the Socialists. The objects of the advocates of Teetotalism are to redeem the world from an evil and demoralizing habit; and, in adopting the necessary measures to do so, no questions of sectarian, political, or philosophical opinions should be allowed to interfere. Teetotalism should seek converts amongst the infidels, as well as amongst the felons in Newgate: it will then pave the way towards bringing the former to a sense of religion, and the latter into the paths of rectitude. Teetotalism will lead to the better observance of religious duties; but Teetotalism and Religion should not be considered as inseparable subjects, in the lectures or writings of the advocates of the former cause.

We gave great umbrage to some of our readers because we published a portion of the *Address to the Chartists*, calling upon this political party to adopt the pledge of Teetotalism. We however took a more enlightened and liberal view of the subject, and hailed the conversion of the Chartists to the doctrine as a new and signal instance of its triumph. What care we whether the disciples of Teetotalism be Whigs, Tories, Radicals, Carlites, or Chartists? Shall we take upon ourselves to judge between political sects, while we are agitating a great moral question, to the furtherance of which we require the co-operation of all sects? Shall we presume to undertake the conversion of one portion of the community, and not of another? And is an individual who comes forward to sign the pledge to be subjected to a cross-examination relative to religious and political opinions? Banish the idea, and act with more liberality! *Religion* has its specific meaning, attributes, and advocates: *Politics* have their specific meaning, attributes, and advocates; and *Teetotalism* is similarly situated. Each man must necessarily entertain some shade of opinion

in respect to all three; but the advocates of one have no right to question him relative to his sentiments with respect to the others. Let our readers attentively peruse the following beautiful passage:—

"There are few, we will venture to assert, who have disinterestedly, and with judicious discrimination, investigated the cause, nature, and extent of the privations which prevail among the working classes, but have perceived the pernicious effects of the use of inebriating drinks on their physical, moral, and political well-being. It is, however, but a circumscribed amount of the evils which the intoxicating cup produces that comes under our individual observation, and, therefore, we have felt more indifferent at its ravages on society; but, could we bring vividly before us the ruin it has wrought in our deluded and unhappy country—could we calculate the power that it has given to our oppressors—the imbecility that it has communicated to the people—the mental energies, the virtue, usefulness, and talent that it has withered or annihilated;—the thousands and tens of thousands that it has beggared, and the hospitals and jails that it has peopled with the victims of disease and crime, we would contemplate with intense feelings of horror and vexation its blighting influence, and never rest until we had banished from our own ranks this deadly enemy of our happiness."

Are not these ideas worthy of any journal which issues from the Teetotal press? And yet, will the reader believe whence the paragraph is extracted? We will tell him:—from the *Chartist Circular*! It is therefore evident that sound Teetotal doctrines can be advocated by papers and by men of all shades of political opinions—and advocated with success.

Our object, in penning this article, is to agitate the question of union, and to impress upon our readers the necessity of advocating the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, in a manner as free from association with other opinions as possible. It is our object to obtain converts to a doctrine calculated to banish the evil of intemperance from the land; and if we wish to extend our philanthropic views to all the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, how can we possibly inculcate the principle under conditions which, in many instances, would amount to exclusiveness?

FRENCH CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

NO. IV.—THE MERCHANT.

"Gold is a Chimera," M. Scribe said so,—and M. Scribe knows all about the matter. This maxim, so entirely new, has made the fortune of a great number of merchants in the good city of Paris; and amongst a considerable portion of these gentry, when any one presents himself in their counting-houses to receive payment of a bill, he is very likely to learn that silver is a chimera also.

While the subject of this memoir was in business, he never refused to pay any bills or promissary notes to which he had affixed his name, or which were drawn upon him; but he had adopted a system of extreme punctuality. The bearer of an order upon him for money was always expected to present it at the counting-house, when the aforesaid counting-house was open: otherwise payment was postponed until another day. The merchant was essentially a man of extremely regular habits, and punctuality formed the basis of all his dealings.

He had pushed this regularity to such an extent, that his counting-house was opened not only at a certain hour, but also on one particular day in the week. This regulation referred to those who came to receive money; for if, by any accident, an individual came to pay any, the merchant was too humane and too kind-hearted to let a poor boy or porter, with a large bag over his shoulder, run about for nothing. The merchant treated bags of money in the same way as the Arabs of the desert treat strangers, he offered them the most cordial hospitality, and invariably detained them as long as possible. We must admit that the merchant was right; for a boy with a large bag of five franc-pieces upon his shoulder is at all events as estimable a character, and deserves as much consideration, as a camel of an Arabian caravan.

The merchant was endowed with the most extraordinary presence of mind; and with this weapon of defence he saw the days of payment come round with the most wonderful calmness imaginable. He would walk up and down his counting-house, on these occasions, with his hands (and nothing else) in his pockets, and sing a song, to which he beat time with his feet as he paced the office.

When the bearer of a bill knocked at the door, the merchant exclaimed "Come in!" in a tone of voice the cadence of which varied according to the song he was singing at the moment, and then he would continue his stave, in imitation of the nightingale that has not the smallest bill to pay, and does not fear protests.

The bearer of the bill waits until the merchant has

finished his song, which probably lasts three minutes more, presents his certain little suspicious-looking piece of paper, and the merchant, after having cast a very careless glance over it, exclaims, "What is that you've got there—eh?"

"What is it?" ejaculated the creditor, "why a little bill which has now been overdue for upwards of six months!"

"And you have come to receive your money on a Friday!" ejaculated the merchant. "Well, now, upon my word, my dear sir, you have very little memory,—or rather you have none at all. Your head is certainly turned!"

"Really, sir, I do not see what my head has to do with my bill," says the creditor.

"You don't see—eh? Why—don't you see that our firm never pays anything on a Friday—and that the counting-house is only opened for that purpose on a Saturday?"

"And that is the very reason why I am come now," returns the bearer of the bill: "to day is Saturday! I am really surprised at you! You say that you only pay on a Saturday, and here I have been twenty-six Saturdays running to receive this money—this paltry sum of nine francs ten sous, which I have never succeeded in getting yet."

"You always came too early," returns the merchant, "the counting-house opens at three o'clock."

"Well it is half-past three now; and therefore I could not be here at a more favourable moment!"

"Oh! but the counting-house closes at three precisely!" ejaculated the merchant. "I am really very sorry, sir—but it is not my fault,—you must be exact! Come at the proper time—we can't be at your beck and call at all hours, you know. When in the world should we get through any business at all, if every one came to receive his money just at the time it suited him best!"

"What, for nine francs ten sous—nine miserable francs," remonstrates the creditor, "you will make me come a twenty-eighth time to you? Upon my word, this is very reasonable!"

"My dear sir," says the merchant, "it is not for the sake of the nine francs ten sous that I make you come back again,—it is merely for the principle! The principle of my business is punctuality—punctuality guides all my actions! Be here next Saturday at three o'clock precisely, and you will get your money; and I wish you may get it too! You cannot suppose that I am not possessed of nine francs ten sous;—that is not the reason why I do not pay you to day! No—no;—if you were to ask me for fifty thousand francs, instead of nine, it would be all the same!"

"But you must remember that I live at the extremity of the Faubourg Saint Jacques; and that it is five miles from your office to my house. I have already taken the omnibus several times when I have called here for my money, because I have no other business in this neighbourhood; and those rides in the omnibus already amount to six francs; so that I have spent upwards of half the sum in merely coming to ask for it!"

"Well, then, my dear sir," returns the merchant, "if it is so expensive to you to come for your money—don't come again—that will be the best plan! But if you persist in calling any more, be punctual, on Saturday next, at three o'clock. Remember the counting-house opens at three precisely!"

"And closes also at three precisely, it appears," murmurs the unfortunate creditor, retreating from the office in despair.

NO. V.—THE ARTIST.

We one day made a calculation of all the portraits which are annually painted in Paris, or designed in chalk, pencil, or water-colours; and we reckoned the whole amount to be no less than thirty thousand. Of these about ten thousand bear not the slightest resemblance to the originals whom they pretend to represent. Of these ten thousand physiognomies, sketched after originals more or less known, our artist claims at least a fifth. He is one of the most desperate speculators in this art.

Long before he could even sketch the outline of a nose, he undertook to paint portraits! And portraits constituted the coin which he reckoned upon putting into general circulation. Portraits, in a word, were the *alpha* and *omega* of his thoughts and actions.

If he were engaged in striking a bargain, he would say, "My dear fellow, my fortune does not allow me to recompense you in a pecuniary point of view; but my talents permit me to liquidate the debt artistically. In other words, I will perpetuate your countenance upon canvas!"

Instead of giving his washerwoman a Christmas-box, he offered to take the old lady's portrait!

To his tailor he said, "I will put a body of my make in a pair of breeches of yours."

The artist possessed fourteen pallets and as many boxes of colours; all these he scattered about in different places according to the exigencies of his chequered existence.

One day he sent a pallet and a box of colours in a parcel, by the stage-coach, to the address of an old dowager countess, who resided in a mansion at a short distance from the metropolis. On the following day he

presented himself at the aforesaid mansion, and inquired if that was the place to which he had been desired by letter to proceed.

"There must be some mistake," said a lady's maid who was blind of one eye; and this remark was echoed by a lame porter.

"Well, I am sorry that I should have mistaken the house," said the artist, with a sigh: "I should have liked to have painted the servant by the side of the mistress,—and, as in the picture of Dido, the servant would have been better-looking than the mistress." Then, turning towards the porter, he added, "My dear friend, I never in all my travels saw a physiognomy so delightfully amiable as yours. You would look admirably upon canvas!"

The lady's maid and the porter hastened to inform the countess that a celebrated artist had arrived at the house by mistake, and advised her to take advantage of the circumstance to exercise his talents. The countess contented, and agreed to have herself painted as Leda, with a swan at her feet, and a cascade upon the head. Orders were immediately sent to a gilder to prepare a frame, thirteen feet wide, and seven high. It was to cost eight hundred francs, and was to be forwarded to the address of the artist in Paris. He in the meantime remained at the countess's mansion to paint a few little pictures; and when he heard that the frame had been delivered at his lodgings in Paris, he began to reflect that he should not be able to complete these said little pictures to any advantage, and accordingly evaded the necessity of any explanation by leaping over the garden-wall in the night. He accidentally carried away with him, at the same time, a gold watch and a cashmere-shawl from the drawing-room.

The artist had contracted a habit which it would have been, and would still be, especially disagreeable for him to renounce. If he were engaged to paint a portrait, he would daub the canvas over during the "sitting;" and he would then carry the frame to some of his brother-artists, one of whom would sketch him a nose, another an ear, a third an eye, and a fourth a mouth, with due regard to the dimensions which he explained to them. On the following morning the portrait was again taken to the house of the original, and another "sitting" took place. When the portrait was finished, the artist introduced a number of particular friends to the house, where the painting was duly displayed.

"The eyes are perfect!" ejaculated one.

"The mouth is speaking!" cried another.

"The hand is striking!" said a third.

And then the friends all embraced the artist, one after another, to congratulate him upon his success.

On one occasion, an accomplice introduced himself into the house of a member of the Jockey-Club, in the capacity of groom. In the course of a few days, the artist himself obtained admission into the stables of the young dandy, who belonged to the Jockey-Club, and arranged his easels and pallets close by a noble race-horse, which he began to imitate upon his canvas. In a few minutes the dandy himself entered the stable, and demanded of his groom who it was that thus took the liberty of transforming the place into a studio?

"He is a first-rate artist," was the groom's reply, "who is in raptures at the beauty of your horse, and who begs to be permitted to paint it."

"Oh! that is all right!" exclaimed the dandy, rejoiced at the compliment thus paid to his judgment in horse-flesh.

"What a beautiful animal!" ejaculated the artist, at this moment; "Oh! what a beautiful animal! Pray allow me to complete my picture by painting you by the side of that magnificent horse. Oh! we shall then have such a magnificent picture!"

A month afterwards the gentleman received a strange daub, varnished and framed, and accompanied with a letter politely requesting the payment of three thousand francs for the picture. The dandy refused to pay for that which he had not commanded; and the artist commenced an action against him. He then liquidated the demand, through fear of scandal; and the artist chose another scene for the prosecution of his labours.

A Russian prince took the artist with him to Moscow, because the aforesaid illustrious artist was very anxious to observe a country covered with snow, and sketch some of the most interesting views. Unfortunately, chilblains and frost bites deprived Russia of those master-pieces which he had been imprudent enough to promise before he left a warmer climate.

He visited the East, with a mission from government to take views of all the most remarkable architectural beauties or remains in Asia Minor; but the powerful light of the sun, reflected from the burning sands, prevented him from exercising his visual organs with the ease necessary to sketching; he accordingly returned, with spectacles on, to his own country, and demanded an indemnification of the Chamber of Deputies for pictures which he had not succeeded in even commencing!

In the meantime, he issued a "Gallery of Grocers;" the work was advertised to consist of as many parts as there were grocers to represent; and the perfect resemblance of those who paid in advance was guaranteed!

NO. VI. THE FRIEND IN NEED.

It is written in the Memorandum-Book of Denny (a Memorandum-Book which, by the by, must be on

thick as a tremendous quantity of folio volumes, unless indeed the leaves be made of asses' skin, and destiny takes the trouble to efface from time to time all that it had amused itself in writing during a certain period).—It is written, we say, that a friend who rises in the world will never assist the friend who sinks. Although equality in circumstances and condition may render two men the very representatives of Pylades and Orestes,—once destroy that equality, and the friendship is at an end! Thus was it with two friends of whom we shall now give a short sketch; and ere we do so, it will be as well to observe that, in their outset in life, they had been both committed to prison together, for the same time, the same punishment, and for the same offence. This offence was an application of the rule of subtraction to the contents of a gentleman's pocket, for the benefit of their own.

One day—we know not exactly at the expiration of which political ebullition such an event occurred—one of these friends was promoted to a very lucrative and important situation in one of the eighty-six departments of France. The other friend was occupied, at that time, in regaling himself with a cup of coffee in one of the four thousand eight hundred and fifty-six Coffee-houses of Paris, when his eye suddenly encountered in the daily journals the announcement of his fortunate friend's prosperity.

Allowing himself scarcely any time to swallow his coffee, and none to pay for it, the poor friend, whose mind was filled with the good luck of the rich friend, rushed out of the coffee-house, hastened to the coach-office, and fortunately obtained a place in a vehicle about to start for the very place where the rich friend was installed in his new functions.

Poor friend! it was well worth thy while to hurry thyself thus to seek the presence of the companion of thine adversity! Scarcely had he arrived at the town where his friend resided, than he hastened to his residence; and there his shabby costume drew towards him the immediate attention of the porter. This individual, whose politeness was measured according to the attire of visitors, ejaculated, as the poor friend passed,—“Holloa, you fellow? Where is your plate? and what is your number? I suppose you're a ticket-porter, ain't you?”

“A ticket-porter!” exclaimed the poor friend, deeply incensed at this mode of address, “I should be glad if you would hasten and inform your master that his very best friend is waiting to see him; and you will then find how I shall be treated. A ticket-porter, indeed!”

To do the rich friend justice, we must admit that he did not allow the poor friend to remain very long in the ante-chamber,—merely two hours and a half, which are nothing in such cases. As soon as this period had expired, the poor friend was introduced into the private office of the new functionary.

The poor friend was at first anxious to throw himself into the arms of the rich one, and thereby demonstrate his joy at this interview; but the functionary signified to him, as he retreated a few paces, that this usage was somewhat vulgar, and was by no means practised in the uppermost regions of society. The rich friend then presented his little finger to the poor one.

After these first preliminaries of renovated friendship, the poor friend proceeded straight to the object of his visit, and avowed that he had come to solicit one of those numerous places of which his rich friend could dispose.

“What say you?” cried the latter with a coolness altogether diplomatic.

“I said I should like to have a place, with little to do, and plenty of emolument,” answered the innocent suppliant, who imagined that his friend had not comprehended his first demand.

“Ah! you want a situation!” ejaculated the great man. “Well,—upon my honour, that is most excellent! I really did not expect such a visit, and such a request! There are some people in the world who do not entertain the slightest idea of their real situation in society!”

“I cannot see how there is any thing extraordinary in my asking for a place, since you are my oldest and best friend.”

“I beg you to understand, sir, that the confidence of my fellow-citizens has placed me at the head of this administration; and I must inform you with regret, however I may wish to oblige you, that I dare not compromise my responsibility.”

“How compromise your responsibility?”

“Yes—certainly! you cannot conceal the fact that your entrance upon life, as I may call it, was marked by an indiscretion which drew down upon your head an ignominious punishment. The offices of government can only be held by persons of the most unexceptionable character; and were it not so, what would become of us? what would become of us, I say?”

The unhappy poor friend, overwhelmed by this virtuous discourse, could not find a word to offer as reply; and no one can say how long he would have stood gazing, with vacant stare and open mouth, at his rich friend, had not the latter kicked him out of the study, and ordered two stout lacquies to complete the business by repeating it down the stairs.

By way of preventing any such importunate visits in future, the rich friend sent to inform the poor one that if he did not immediately leave the town, he would have him taken up and committed to prison as a rogue and vagabond!

SCANDAL AND SLANDER.

Or all the cowardly species of vengeance, the fabrication and retail of injurious falsehoods, relative to the character of an individual or a family, is the most prevalent and the most abominable. The retailer of such slander is almost as bad as the original inventor; because it is the incumbent duty of all honest men to sift to the bottom any matters which come within their cognizance, before they establish them as a scale by which they are to judge the merits of their neighbours. Degraded, indeed, must be the mind, and grovelling the soul of that man, or that woman, who will circulate injurious reports relative to a fellow-creature, without being previously convinced, beyond all doubt, that those reports are based upon truth. It is the more necessary thus to sift all scandalous rumours and slanderous reports, inasmuch as the party, against whom they are levelled, is usually the last to hear of them, and consequently unable to adopt the means necessary to expose their falsehood in cases where they are really untrue.

It is a most remarkable fact—but one not the less true—that scandalous reports, based upon falsehood, scarcely ever obtain circulation amongst really upright and honest persons, but merely form the current coin of conversation amongst those who delight in scandal themselves. Those who will not allow themselves to find amusement in the slander propagated with respect to their neighbours, seldom hear the reports in circulation; for it is almost a matter of necessity for a lover of scandal to place himself in certain positions, or absolutely to seek this food of a morbid appetite. The scandal-hearer must meet the scandal-teller half-way—must give him encouragement—must put leading questions—must seem to feel a deep interest in the subject canvassed—and must supply from time to time a few hints and speculative suppositions, to obtain a full insight into the extent of the slander which the teller is anxious to convey to the mind of the hearer. Hence it is evident that the individual who obtains a supply of scandal wholesale, from some infamous fabricator of that article, for the purpose of dealing it out in retail, with all suitable embellishments, additions, alterations, and amplifications, stands in the same light with regard to the aforesaid fabricator as a pickpocket does to a highwayman.

The progress of scandal is like that of a popular book. It is issued at first, and widely circulated: a second edition is called for; and in this latter issue, numerous alterations (all hyperbolic or amplified, however) are to be recognised. Thus is the second edition invariably “revised, corrected, augmented and considerably improved.”

A man who deals in slander and scandal is invariably a coward; but what can we say of a woman who levels her abuse against individuals of her own sex? We must suppose that she herself is so lost to all feelings of decency and delicacy—that she is in heart so utterly depraved, and so really wicked—that she is anxious to bring virtuous women down to her own level. She resembles the fox, who having lost his tail in a trap, endeavoured to persuade his brother and sister foxes to cut off their tails also, under the idea that they were a useless incumbrance. The female, who indulges in slander, is herself of damaged reputation, or else is conscious of failings and faults which have fortunately escaped the eyes of the world. The scandal of such women is seldom, if ever, levelled against their equals; but is directed to those who move in a class above them. The fish-fag at Billingsgate abuses the wife of the small tradesman;—the wife of the small tradesman assails the character of the wife of the rich tradesman; and the wife of the rich tradesman is virulent in her attacks upon the character of the lady.

A most useful and interesting work might be written upon the “Anatomy of Slander;” and amongst the various subjects of such consideration, not the least diverting, and peculiar would be the detail of the miserable shifts and endeavours which the detected scandal-monger is compelled to have recourse to in order to shift the blame to some one else. For instance, a person whose character or family has been made the subject of slander, proceeds to the propagator of the report, and accuses him of having been instrumental in circulating the evil rumour, even if he have not been the absolute inventor of it. The accused scandal-monger immediately finds a justification in the long silence of the object of the rumour—and supposes that the scandal must have reached his ears, that he must have heard it through some friend, and that the said silence was therefore construed into a confirmation of the justice of the rumour. We before observed that the person scandalised is usually the last to hear of the report in circulation; and thus is he, his character, or the character of his family, condemned upon a supposition—only a supposition, that he must have heard of the defamatory report! Of a verity, this is a mode of “doing unto others as you would they should do unto you,” which meets with no parallel in the annals of the injustice of the Inquisition!

We have been severe in our denouncement of the evil practice of gossiping and scandal-retailing, because the habit is a far more dangerous one than many individuals imagine it to be. To the majority of the world, character is bread; and a spotless reputation is valued by even

those who by pecuniary circumstances are placed above the necessity of exerting themselves to obtain their livelihood. The Christian maxim, quoted above, does not only apply to deeds, but to words; for to injure a man by means of malicious rumours, is as vile and immoral as to stab him with a dagger in the dark. We shall not however extend our observations upon this subject for the present: those who are not accustomed to deal in scandal, will thank us for this exposure of its infamy; and those “whom the cap fits,” to use a homely but appropriate phrase, will have an opportunity of contemplating their characteristic failing in all its revolting audacity.

SPECIMENS OF GERMAN HUMOUR.

• THE HAVE AND HAVE-NOT CONTROVERSY.—Tieck.

FROM the earliest times, so far back as history affords us any information, mankind have been evermore ruled by prejudices, for which they have been always far more zealous than for reason and true knowledge. Such sectarian notions have in all times been a sore plague to poor humanity. How much evil did the establishment of the ancient division into castes produce; how much the reform of this prejudice, and the adoption and practice of opposite opinions! We find indications to prove that there existed people who venerated women rather excessively perhaps, and others who unduly depreciated and oppressed them. The old and almost extinguished traditions of Semiramis and Sesostris are cases in point. I will not dwell upon the varieties of religious factions: Here flourished a doctrine hallowed and revered by its votaries; there, but a few miles off, the votary of the same doctrine was looked on as a son of perdition, and when either of the two parties caught on his own territory the heretic of the other side, he laid him dead and made a martyr of him. We notice two very distinct sects in the doctrine which we call cleanliness: these live quietly together without mutually persecuting each other. The Southerner and the Slavonian can form no conception of the import of this doctrine, which it must be owned is not easy to define: for, profoundly considered, what is this same cleanliness? The Dutchman, its most orthodox professor, carried it so far as to make it not only wearisome, but offensive, nay at times disgusting to the German. In general, the Protestant is cleaner than most inhabitants of catholic countries; Saxony and Bohemia however constitute striking exceptions, and again Italy. Florence shows a marked leaning towards cleanliness. In Spain, as well as in Sicily and Calabria, with the exception of a few places, the thing seems not to have been yet discovered, and is very likely regarded by those people as a German superstition, for in point of fact this doctrine has acquired most vogue amongst the nations of Teutonic origin.

Again, mankind has from all time been divided into those who believe in property, and those who doubt it, or, if they are ultra orthodox, seek to destroy it. That doctrine, those sentiments, by a lovely conviction of whose truth I am to be deeply penetrated, I must before all things having truly and vividly experienced, otherwise my confession of them will ever remain but a dead letter, and mere imitative service. However, it is a well known fact that in every country there are thousands who roam about without any property, and to whom it must be always a sheer impossibility to compass a lively faith in its existence, though you tell them ever so often that mansions, gardens, equipages, richly furnished tables, &c. are the property of such and such a one. Accordingly these sceptics set their faces against the doctrine of property as a damnable superstition. The possessors of property on the contrary hardly ever have a good word in their mouths for these roaming heretics, and the orthodox amongst them punish them all they can, imposing on them severe tasks, treating them with contumely and abuse, and only allowing the reprobates to enjoy a bare existence. Many of the roaming heretics therefore, with a view to be convinced and converted, seek to acquire a practical acquaintance with property. Sick and helpless they often wander about, accosting the orthodox proprietors with petitions that they would convert them, and enable them if possible to take hold of the faith. Kind-hearted believers, who are fond of making proselytes, clap, according to circumstances, shillings, sixpences, or pence, into the hands of those they wish to convert. “Here, I give thee a share out of my property; so believe like a decent body.” The sceptic contemplates the little gift, amazed that the small bit of metal should possess such a marvellous power to upset his system and his faith; he says, “Heaven bless and reward you for it!” that is, Heaven enlighten you, that you may yourself give up your error, or, if there really be such a thing as property, that you may bestow so much of it on me as to convince my very eyes, and enable me to make myself strong in the faith therewith. Away then goes the rover to the nearest public-house or baker’s, lays out the coin in eatables or drinkables, in order to make trial of its magic virtue, swallows them down, forgets his conversion, and becomes a backslider into his old error.

Others there are of the sect more zealous for instruction, who voluntarily betake themselves to where property is to be found. Quietly and unobserved, without attracting attention by an inopportune display of their creed, they steal on tiptoe, often even in the darkness of night, in storm and rain, at the risk of their lives,

into fast-locked and barred houses, to the heaps of gold and silver, in order to convince themselves, and to carry away with them a token that the doctrine of their opponents is not an error. They desire to convince themselves, but not for the moment only; they desire that the truth should enlighten them throughout their lives, and they are most solicitous, as is natural, to possess themselves of the corroborating documents in the utmost bulk and number possible. It is incredible how these poor souls and their laudable efforts are persecuted by the sect of the proprietors. They give them an abundance of imprisonment, pillories, whippings, and whatever else of the sort they can think of, but not a particle of their so-called property. Is it to be wondered at, if numbers revolt against this bigotry and purse-caring disposition of their opponents? and if these enthusiasts conspire by every means, with force and cunning, with secret and open resistance, either to dispel the phantom of property, or to make the faith therein their own; to have and to hold by realization and possession, not in a mere fantastical manner by means of those small insignificant talismans that slip so easily through one's fingers? So, when they come upon one of their most decided opponents in a wood, or in a lovely field, especially if he carries with him in his vehicle a large quantity of his so-called property, a lively discussion instantly ensues, each treats upon his own doctrine, and the vanquished party are even so far transported sometimes by their zeal, that, forgetting the fitness of better instructing themselves, they silence their obstinate opponents with a knock on the head, leave him as dead as a herring, and make off with his spoils. Governments for the most part range themselves on the side of the proprietors, and aid them with all their might, so that the sceptic or unconverted class, who yet would often willingly turn to a better faith, are almost worse persecuted than the Pariah caste in India. And yet we have instances of governments and princes who have striven with all their power to tear from their subjects their so-called property under various pretences, and so to cast their people into the arms of the worse reputed and persecuted sect. W. K. K.

REVIEWS.

A Guide to the Recovery of Small Debts, in and within Ten Miles of the City of London. 12mo. pp. 52. London: W. Strange.

The Preface informs us that "the object of this work is to furnish a popular digest of the laws for the recovery of Small Debts, and of the powers, jurisdiction, and costs of the several courts in which those laws are administered, in and around the metropolis." A digest of the powers and rules of practice common to the various courts of Requests,—a description of the several courts in London, Westminster, and Southwark, the Tower Hamlets, Greenwich, and Wandsworth,—accurate tables of the fees payable in the several courts,—an account of the City Courts of Record for the recovery of debts,—and a digest of the laws relative to the recovery of wages due to servants, apprentices, &c.—these form the principal subjects of consideration in the work under notice. The pamphlet is a most useful and necessary one, and no one in business should be without it. The expense and trouble of consulting a lawyer in cases of small debts will be avoided by following the directions laid down in this *Guide*.

The Railways of Great Britain and Ireland, practically described and illustrated. By FRANCIS WHISHAW, Civil Engineer. London: Simpkin and Marshall. MR. WHISHAW, even for a Civil Engineer, has devoted an unusual degree of pains and attention to the railroads of Great Britain and Ireland. In 1857, when the speculations regarding these gigantic works appeared to sober-minded and calculating people to have exceeded all practical bounds, and to have reached the extremity of railway mania, he published an *Analysis* of the schemes then adumbrated, both those which had obtained the sanction of the legislature, and those which had not for the session of that year been so fortunate. We remember to have heard times without number, at that period, the predictions of sages about the fall of such vast undertakings, the terrible bankruptcies which they would occasion, and all the usual adages about bubble companies. But what are the facts now as described and testified by Mr. Whishaw, after many of the great lines have been completed, are verging towards completion, or have only actually been begun? Why, that more has been achieved than was contemplated by speculators four years ago; neither the enormous sums of money required, nor the immense difficulties physical and legal that were interposed, staying the works or cooling the ardour of capitalists. Mr. Whishaw is none of your random describers, or a mere retailer of what has been pulled off by interested parties; for he has before publishing his work taken a railway trip in every direction and along the principal lines, fifty-eight in number, his journeyings in this way extending to something like seven thousand miles; informing himself in the fullest manner possible both by observation and inquiries regarding all that was necessary to furnishing a satisfactory account of them.

In illustration of these several points we copy out some of the tables of accounts connected with the Birmingham Railway:—

Land and compensation	£ 706,152 5 2
Railway works and stations	4,287,646 18 10
Engines and tenders, tools and implements	146,910 5 11
Coaches, trucks, waggons, &c.	189,187 4 5
Acts of Parliament	72,868 18 10
Law Charges, conveyancing, engineering, advertising, printing, direction, office expenses, salaries, and sundries	167,983 3 11
Interest on loans, previous to general opening on the 17th September 1833	127,493 0 6
Debt charges	133 7 0
	£5,693,375, 4 7

ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

Maintenance of way, including slips, &c.	£80,763 13 11
Locomotive power, including salaries, wages, coal, coke, oil, tallow, waste; expenses of pumping engines at stations; repairs of engines and tenders; superintendence; and all other charges	69,003 11 9
Police-account, including wages, clothing, &c.	22,243 9 1
Clothing-account, including salaries, wages, clothing of guards and porters, gas, oil, tallow, and stores	47,611 9 4
Merchandise-department, including salaries, wages, incidental expenses and repairs of waggons	5,319 16 2
Stores-department, including salaries &c.	1,948 15 1
General charges, including law-proceedings, advertising and printing, office-charges, sundries, including travelling expenses	13,453 5 11
Rates and taxes	13,434 7 3
Mileage duty to Government	22,848 9 1
Accident-account	1,154 10 6
	£277,781 8 1
Fund for depreciation of locomotive engine and carriage stock	26,338 0 0
Interest on loans for twelve months	115,848 2 2
Rent of Aylesbury line for one year	2,500 0 0
Total annual cost	£422,467 10 3

ANNUAL INCOME.

Passenger-traffic	£505,479 9 8
Conveyance of mails	14,676 16 1
Conveyance of parcels	41,734 2 7
Conveyance of horses, carriages, and dogs	31,738 7 8
Conveyance of merchandise	91,335 18 7
Conveyance of cattle	2,089 14 0
	£687,104 8 7

Let us see what are some of the triumphs which have already been achieved in the mechanical department of the existing system, at the same time reflecting on what every middle-aged person now living would have uttered, had the thing been foretold to him but a few years back:—

The post-office is fitted up in two compartments; the one as the sorting room, and the other chiefly for the letter bags, which are distributed and collected at the different places along the line. The sorting-room is fitted up with mahogany counter and drawers; above the counter are several tiers of shelves with vertical divisions, forming small departments for the proper arrangements of letters and newspapers, each compartment having the name of the place neatly labelled on the outside, for which the letters or newspapers are respectively intended.

The assistant has a small desk or counter in the bags compartment, and also a contrivance of net-work without, for receiving the letters from the different postmasters along the line without stopping the train. The bags are also left at the requisite places while the train is in motion.

We had an opportunity last winter of accompanying one of the Post-Office clerks for some miles on his journey; and he most politely explained to us the whole system of sorting, leaving and collecting the letters, which appeared to us susceptible of very little improvement; but one thing forcibly struck us, viz. the necessity of warming this carriage, which during the winter months is miserably cold.

The length of the post-office is 16 feet, and including buffers 18 feet 9 inches; the width is 7 feet 6 inches; the height of body 6 feet 6 inches, and including under-frame, 7 feet 6 inches. The weight is 4 tons, 1 cwt. 2 qrs. The weight of the clerks, bags, &c. is estimated at 2 tons, 7 cwt. 3 qrs.

The post-office is accompanied by a tender, something similar to a horse-box in size; its weight is 2 tons, 7 cwt. 3 qrs. The gross weight of the post-office establishment is taken at 9 tons, 1 cwt.

Such has been aptly named a Flying Post Office,

which, like every other thing or department connected with railways and steam, must put people habitually to their mettle, and beget as it were new human activities. But a per centage of damage and disaster is an inseparable evil.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

TEETOTAL LITERATURE.

THE first Number of Mr. Livesey's new monthly publication, *The British Enquirer*, was issued on the 1st of January, and was well received by the Teetotal public. This number contains the first portion of an admirable article upon the "wine question," from which it will result that this subject of general discussion will be satisfactorily set at rest. *The Border Herald of Temperance*, published by Mr. Hudson Scott, of Carlisle, is now enlarged, and the price is accordingly doubled. It is a most excellent publication. *The Northern Temperance Journal*, issued by Mr. Newcastle, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is also doubled in size and price. These journals are issued monthly; and with the latter a series of lithographic drawings is commenced, to be given gratis with the publication.

COUNTRY NEWS.

NORTH AND SOUTH SHIELDS.

THE progress of Teetotalism has been here characterised by many interesting circumstances of success. The Catholic Total Abstinence Society is very strong, and equally energetic in its endeavours to further the good cause. The Rev. Dr. RITCHIE is one of the most staunch supporters of the doctrine, which he also advocates with considerable talent and ability. We are always glad to notice the co-operation of any professed ministers of religion in the crusade which has been so successfully commenced against the army devoted to the service of Intemperance.

SUNDERLAND.

THE Rechabites of Sunderland have already effected a great deal towards the furtherance of Teetotalism, and in no part of the United Kingdom has the principle produced results more beneficial, or achieved conquests so honourable to those who are employed in advocating the salutary doctrine. The Teetotalers of Sunderland do not stop to contemplate the work which they have achieved: the moral change introduced amongst the miners is a proof of the efficacy, and indeed the necessity of the pledge of Total Abstinence, which no opponent, however obstinate, can refute. Several grand meetings have been held at the Arcade Hall, at which Messieurs MOWBRAY, PIERCE, CHARLTON, SMITH, and YOUNG, delivered very impressive and effective addresses.

TOWN NEWS.

ADELAIDE-SQUARE, ISLINGTON.

A Temperance-Hall was opened in this locality last week; and a Tea Festival was given to celebrate the event. A few staunch and zealous Teetotalers have nobly supported the whole expenditure of this undertaking. After tea, Mr. CAMPE, the registrar of the United Temperance Association, was called to the chair. This gentleman called the attention of the audience to the well-established fact that intoxicating liquors are not nutritious, and cannot supply that waste which is always taking place in the human frame. On the contrary, they cause emaciation, and lay the foundation for all kinds of maladies.

MR. GOULD said that he had been redeemed from habits of intemperance by the Teetotal pledge, and had derived so much benefit from the latter that he should never relapse to the former.

MR. BIDDLE advocated the cause of Teetotalism with his usual energy and ability.

MR. BLACKWELL said that his experience was worth something, because he had given both intemperance and total abstinence a fair trial. He was at first a strenuous opponent to the cause; but that was when he was interested in supporting a habit in which he himself indulged. He was at length converted (he said) by Mr. Macdonald, of the Clerkenwell Branch, and by Mr. Baylis of the United Temperance Association. He (Mr. Blackwell) was now convinced that nothing but total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors would benefit the working-man. Mr. Blackwell then moved for a vote of thanks to the Committee of this new society, for having opened the Hall, for the purpose of disseminating the principles of Teetotalism and Rechabittism throughout the district. Mr. Biddle seconded this resolution, which was carried unanimously by a most respectable audience.

MR. C. GROOM, the Secretary, gave notice that the Hall would be open every Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock; and that the Good Samaritan Rechabite Tent would be open every alternate Monday evening, at 11, Camden street, Islington Green, commencing with Monday, January 25.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

THE Catholic Teetotalers of London will shortly make a grand display of their numbers and strength. They

will meet at the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, on February 1st. The Rev. Dr. MAONZ will preside; and a considerable portion of the metropolitan Roman Catholic Clergy will attend. Several of the most popular advocates of the Teetotal cause have already accepted invitations to attend this very important meeting.

ROYAL STANDARD TEMPERANCE HALL.

This new place of Teetotal meeting, late the Standard Theatre, was opened on Saturday evening, January 16th, Mr. J. S. BUCKINGHAM in the chair. Amongst the popular advocates of the Teetotal cause, who were present, were MESSIEURS H. W. WESTON, OXLEY, MAC CURDY, J. GILES, COCHRANE, J. H. DONALDSON, J. W. GREEN, OAKLEY, KNIGHT, ATCHERLY, &c. &c. The theatre was crowded to excess; hundreds and hundreds were unable to obtain admittance, and the police were compelled to exert themselves to maintain order in the streets, in consequence of the pressure of the crowd. The meeting was of the most orderly and respectable kind; and Mr. BUCKINGHAM delivered an address which made a most powerful effect upon the audience. The following gentlemen then addressed the meeting; MESSIEURS OXLEY, GAY, COCHRANE, J. H. DONALDSON, ATCHERLY, &c. A more satisfactory meeting has not been held in the metropolis for some time; and the noble-minded individuals who have clubbed their mites together to open this new Temperance Hall, deserve not only the applause but also the support of all those who are devoted to the cause of Teetotalism. The opening of a Temperance Hall in such a neighbourhood as Shoreditch is calculated to produce results the most beneficial; as in no other district of this huge metropolis (St. Giles's probably excepted) is the propagation of the sound principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors so much required. There was another meeting on Monday evening last, which was also well attended.

There is also to be a grand meeting of the Hoxton and Finsbury youths (Mr. BUCKINGHAM in the chair,) on the 25th instant, at this place.

HACKNEY.

The cause of Teetotalism prospers well in this suburb of London. The meetings are held every Tuesday evening at the School Room, London-lane, at the back of the excellent Temperance Hotel. By the way, speaking of this hotel, we may as well observe that it is conducted in a manner calculated to reflect considerable credit upon Mr. H. W. Weston, who keeps it. It is decidedly inferior to no other establishment of the kind in the metropolis—or even in England, and combines economy with comfort in a manner suitable to the means and tastes of all classes. Being at an easy distance from town, and in a line of omnibuses, this hotel offers peculiar advantages to those who visit London. We have been induced to make these observations, in order to notice any exceptions to the denunciation we levelled against the generality of temperance hotels and coffee-houses in a recent number of *The Teetotaler*.

HAGGERSTONE.

The meetings of the Haggerstone Society are well attended. They are held every Wednesday evening, at the Infants' School Room, near the canal-bridge. On a recent occasion, five individuals, who are employed at the large gas-works of the village, came forward to sign the pledge, after having given the principle a fair trial for the last twelve months, declaring that they had been enabled to perform their arduous toils, amidst all the severity of the heat of their occupations, much better upon Teetotal principles than with the use of strong drinks. The masters of these gas-works were so pleased at the introduction of Teetotalism into their establishment, that they immediately gave an increase of wages to the individual who had first propagated the doctrine there. This is a proof that the fact of embracing the principle does not operate to the injury of the working-man in all cases.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

Mr. MINGAY SYDEN lectured at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, on Wednesday, January 13th, and on Saturday, the 16th; but in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the audiences were on neither occasion very numerous. Mr. SYDEN, however, produced a very powerful impression, and eminently sustained his character as a talented advocate of the great cause of Total Abstinence. The length of the ensuing Report, which was read to the members of the United Temperance Association by Mr. POCKNELL, the Secretary, on Wednesday evening, January 20th, precludes the possibility of giving a detailed account of Mr. SYDEN's lectures.

FIRST YEARLY REPORT OF THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

"MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is now my pleasing duty to lay before you, in as concise a manner as possible, a narrative of the origin, rise, and progress of the United Temperance Association, which, under the Divine blessing, has been enabled to stand against all the malignity and violence of opposition. That opposition has unfortunately been two-fold. It

has consisted of opposition where opposition was to have been naturally expected—I mean amongst those who may be denominated Anti-Teetotalers; and of opposition on the parts of those who belong to or form other societies instituted upon a similar basis. The United Temperance Association was founded on the 20th of January, 1840, with a view to propagate the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, without reference to particular pledges or parties. It was consequently enacted that all persons who had then signed, or who should subsequently sign any pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, should be admitted as members of this association, on signing their names in the Registry-Book, and agreeing to contribute each one shilling quarterly, or one penny weekly, towards the funds of the Society. It will hence be understood that the object of the United Temperance Association was to reconcile the various conflicting parties formed by the disunion existing amongst the other societies, and to collect, if possible, beneath one banner all the real friends of the Teetotal reformation. By means of this principle, it was hoped that an union of forces would favour the progressive interests of the cause, and remove those prejudices which the intestine dissensions of Teetotal societies had up to that period encouraged in the public mind. The idea seemed to give general satisfaction; and the United Temperance Association received such encouragement that its members and friends entertained the most sanguine hopes of seeing their objects eventually realised. The Aldersgate-street Chapel was taken for the purpose of holding public meetings every Wednesday evening; and these were so well attended, that the doors were thrown open with a similar view on the Saturday evenings also. In order to supply an increase of funds for the use of the society, each person was charged one penny for his admission to the chapel on Saturday evenings; and thus a system was established, upon a basis of prudence and economy, which gave general satisfaction.

An Executive Committee was appointed by the General Committee, and assembled for the first time at the chapel on the 31st of March, 1840; and on this occasion it was determined to hold a meeting at the Mechanics' Institute, Holborn, on the evening of the 9th of April. An address of the committee was drawn up, and approved of; and five thousand were ordered to be printed for general distribution. The meeting was accordingly held at the Mechanics' Institute; and Mr. Hart, of the Temperance Hotel, was presented with a medal for the services he had rendered the Association at its commencement. The meeting was one of the most brilliant ever held in the metropolis, and gave the members of the Association additional hopes of success in working out the principles of Union.

On Whitmonday, 1840, the United Temperance Association joined the Grand Procession of the Teetotal Societies of the metropolis and its suburbs; and formed an important section of the vast line of cavalcade. The President, John Bilton, Esq., and his family, occupied a carriage drawn by four horses; eleven carriages followed; and two vans brought up the rear. The splendid banner of the Association, and numberless silk Union Jacks, ornamented the ranks of the Society.

Towards the end of the month of May, a public discussion took place, at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, between Mr. J. H. Donaldson and Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, the latter of whom came forward to oppose the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The discussion was continued for three consecutive Saturdays; and at the expiration of that period, Mr. Reynolds confessed that the arguments of his opponents had succeeded in converting him to the principles of Teetotalism. This gentleman accordingly signed the pledge, and became a member of the United Temperance Association.

At the commencement of August, the Kensington and Bayswater Branch of the United Temperance Association was formed; and from period until the present time, this Branch has developed the most praiseworthy energies in forwarding the interests both of the parent Society, and of the cause.

On the 27th of June, *The Teetotaler* journal was established, and placed under the direction of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds. The object of this weekly periodical was to supply the Teetotal community in general with a good family journal of literature, science, and amusement, as well as to advocate the cause from which it borrowed its name.

On Wednesday, the 2nd of September, the Saint Marylebone Branch of the United Temperance Association was established. This Branch was however shortly deprived of its place of meeting, in consequence of the intrigues of a rival society; but it is at present using every exertion to procure another locality for holding its assemblies. In the meantime much good has been done in private by the exertions of several of the members of the Branch.

About the same time a Depot for the sale of Teetotal tracts and publications was opened at No. 13, Aldersgate-street; but in consequence of the little encouragement it experienced, it was shortly after closed.

It was also at this period, that the Chelsea Auxiliary to the United Temperance Association was founded; and a grand meeting was held at the Bath Garden's Theatre for the purpose, Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds in the chair.

The Chelsea Auxiliary has since opened, entirely at its own expense, an excellent and commodious Temperance Hall, at No. 56, George-street, Chelsea; and its members are rapidly increasing.

I now arrive at an important transaction in the proceedings of the United Temperance Association. Faithful to the proposed plan of Union, on which the Society is based, the Executive Committee resolved upon making overtures to the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, with a view to form a junction between the two bodies. A deputation of the Executive Committee of the United Temperance Association accordingly waited upon the Executive Committee of the Suppression Society; but, in consequence of the latter being desirous of the former's becoming a simple Auxiliary, and changing its title, the project of union was immediately abandoned in this instance, as prejudicial to the interests and views of the United Temperance Association, which has the power, the inclination, and the means of remaining an independent society.

At the commencement of November, the Oxford Teetotal Society was established as an Auxiliary to the United Temperance Association, through the laudable exertions of Mr. Edward Hudson, the travelling agent of the latter.

On the 21st of December, the Lambeth Auxiliary to the United Temperance Association was formed, and Hatfield House was taken by the Committee of that Auxiliary as a place of meeting. I have much pleasure in stating that this Auxiliary progresses most favourably, and produces the most beneficial effects in that district to which its operations are confined.

I must now request your attention to the financial department of the United Temperance Association. You must be perfectly well aware that in the infancy of all Associations the funds are but slender; and, for this reason, we have not been as yet enabled to employ any considerable number of agents to advocate the cause in the country. Several gentlemen have however travelled for and at the expense of the Association during the last year; and the principles of Union seemed to be well received and much admired in the districts which they visited. The receipts for admission on Saturday evenings have not amounted to sufficient to defray the rent and expenses of the chapel; and I regret to be compelled to state that many of the members have neglected to renew their quarterly cards. Several gentlemen of the Committee of Management have however subscribed weekly sums towards defraying the expenses of the Association; and, if our means have been limited, our expenditure has been prudent. The Society is under but few pecuniary obligations; and those will easily be defrayed by the sums which remain to be paid to the treasurer. I must also solicit your attention to the fact, that no officer of this Association receives any salary as a remuneration for his services, which are gratuitously devoted to the good of the cause.

With regard to Festivals and Excursions, the United Temperance Association has been characterised, as well as other Societies, by these pleasing relaxations from business and the important circumstances of life. On the 20th of July, the members were entertained by an excursion to Richmond in a steam-boat. The company dined in the park, and returned to the Vauxhall Gardens to tea in the evening. On the 10th of August, some of the members of the United Temperance Associations, availed themselves of the kindness of Captain Trotter of Dyrham Park, to visit that place together with the other metropolitan Societies. The Saint Marylebone Branch and the Chelsea Auxiliary to the United Temperance Association have held several highly respectable Tea-Meetings, which have been well attended.

During the year 1840, the United Temperance Association has held nearly a hundred meetings at the Aldersgate-street Chapel; and during that period has received between three and four thousand pledges in the Registry-Book. This statement does not apply to the meetings held or pledges received by any of the Auxiliaries or Branches."

STYLE.—A young gentleman, having occasion to ask a lady for the snuffers across the table, addressed her in the following emphatic and enamoured strain:—"Most beautiful, accomplished, and charming madam, wilt your ladyship, by an unmerited and undeserved condescension of your infinite goodness, please to extend to your most obsequious, devoted and very humble servant, that pair of ignipotent digestors, that I may exasperate the excrecences of the nocturnal cylindric luminary, in order that the refulgent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy may dazzle the vision of our ocular optics more potently."

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the First Number of a 2nd Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

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THE TEE TOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION,

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 32.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER II.

MR. PICKWICK IS INTRODUCED TO A VERY AGREEABLE FAMILY, WHICH IS ALSO SLIGHTLY INTRODUCED TO THE READER.—MR. SAMUEL WELLER APPEARS UPON THE STAGE OF THIS MOST TRUE HISTORY.

WHEN Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Francis Sago arrived in the street, the former surveyed the latter with the most admiring gratitude, and the latter bestowed upon the former a glance of the most grateful admiration.

"Is it indeed the immortal Mr. Pickwick to whom my sister is under so deep an obligation?" exclaimed Mr. Francis Sago, after a long pause.

"It is indeed," replied the truly illustrious man, putting his body into a graceful attitude, and his right foot into a deep puddle.

"Oh! do come along with me to our house," cried the delighted young man: "we shall be so pleased to make your acquaintance; and Teresina will be so happy to thank you in person."

"The truth is, my dear sir," answered Mr. Pickwick, with a benignant smile, "that I am staying with my friend Snodgrass for a few days, in Halfmoon Street, Piccadilly; and my absence I doubtless have occasioned some alarm."

"You can write a note to Mr. Snodgrass," suggested Mr. Francis Sago; "and one of our men shall take it down to his residence."

"In that case I will accompany you," said Mr. Pickwick, whose imagination retained a faint but pleasing reminiscence of the countenance of the young lady whom he had assisted on the preceding evening.

The two gentlemen accordingly proceeded to the nearest cab-stand, and entered a vehicle which shortly deposited them at the private door of Mr. Sago's house in Wood-street, Cheapside. But before we introduce Mr. Pickwick to the Sago family, let us introduce the Sago family to the reader.

By the fire in a very handsome drawing-room was seated Mr. Sago, senior. The worthy grocer was a most upright man in his dealings, and a very downright one in his conversation. What he said he meant; what he meant he said; and what he said and meant he did. His hair was as white as silver: his snuff-box was silver; he wore silver buckles in his shoes; and every day after dinner he smoked a Silva cigar. In person he was about the middle size, somewhat inclined to corpulency, and of a florid complexion. His countenance denoted good-nature; and the nature of his disposition was good. In fact, he was a most respectable and respected man, and was famous for the execution which he did to the turtle and venison at the annual dinner of the Grocers' Company.

On the other side of the fire-place sat Mrs. Sago—a good humoured, good looking, fat lady, who, according to her own account, had been on the right side of fifty for the last five years—a statement which she made so often, that people could not for a moment believe that she was mistaken. She was the niece of the late Alderman Fitzbeggins, of Portsoken Ward, and never forgot to mention that fact also. She had been induced at the age of twenty to accompany Mr. Sago on a little speculative expedition to the hymeneal altar; and three younger Sagos had in due times and at certain intervals sprung from the parent roots. These animated perpetuations of the name of Sago were one son and two daughters, whose respective denominations were Francis (after the late Alderman)—Amelia Sophia (after the princesses)—and Teresina Hippolyta (after an old aunt, from whom great

expectations had been calculated upon, but who had most provokingly died insolvent).

At the moment when Mr. Pickwick entered the room, Amelia who was a handsome young woman of about four and twenty, was drawing in water-colours, and Teresina, who was a pretty girl of about twenty, was eating a bason of gruel—not because she liked it, but because Dr. Henbane, the family physician, had persuaded her that she was ill in consequence of the adventure of the preceding evening.

As a cloud suddenly passes away from the face of heaven, and admits the refulgent rays of the sun to the inhabitants of a hemisphere,—as a maid-servant's entering a cellar with a farthing rushlight in her hand is the cause of brightness being suddenly introduced into that before dark place,—so did the opening of the drawing-room door admit an unusual effulgence to the presence of the inmates in the person of Mr. Samuel Pickwick.

"My dear father," exclaimed the overjoyed Francis, "such an adventure! The gentleman who so kindly interfered in favour of Teresina is no other than one of whom you have all read and heard so much!"

"Mr. Pickwick!" ejaculated the old lady, bounding from her chair with the agility of a young elephant: "how I wish my uncle Fitzbeggins was alive to see you!"

"Well! did you ever?" said the elder sister to the younger.

"No, I never!" replied the younger sister to the elder.

"I assure you that my name is Pickwick, ladies," observed our hero, smiling in a most amiable manner, and treading on the tail of a large tortoise-shell cat, which immediately stuck its claws into Mr. Pickwick's legs—a proceeding that made the illustrious gentleman perform an involuntary fandango.

"No one doubts that you're Mr. Pickwick," cried the elder Mr. Sago; "and I'm very glad to see you. You'll find us very homely kind of people, Mr. Pickwick—all in the domestic way, you perceive; but you'll be heartily welcome—and that's the principal."

Mr. Pickwick bowed again, and this time he was particularly cautious where he trod. In a few minutes he was seated, and already on excellent terms with the Sago family. And now Miss Teresina forgot her illness, and chatted with exceeding liveliness: and Miss Amelia shewed Mr. Pickwick her drawings; and then the young ladies' Albums were fetched; and every one present insisted upon Mr. Pickwick's writing some verses in one of those scrap-books. Our hero first despatched a note to his friend Mr. Snodgrass, stating that he was detained to dinner with his new acquaintances; and he then entered into conversation with the ladies with all the spirit and vivacity of a young man of two and twenty.

"I really hope you will not forget to write some verses in my Album, Mr. Pickwick?" said Miss Teresina.

"And to draw me a picture in mine," added Miss Amelia.

"I am quite incapable of doing either, I can assure you," commenced Mr. Pickwick: "but my friend Mr. Snodgrass is a most accomplished poet, and will no doubt have great pleasure in transferring a specimen of his talents to your books."

"Pray, sir, what has Mr. Snodgrass ever written?" enquired the elder Mr. Sago, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Oh! nothing that was ever published," answered our hero, "but he is nevertheless a very great poet."

"If you say so, I'm convinced he must be a poet," observed Mrs. Sago. "We always used

to look upon the Alderman as a very clever draughtsman; and how do you think he obtained the reputation?"

"I'm sure I can't say, ma'am," returned Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh! merely because he sketched the plan of a new pump on one occasion," said Mrs. Sago.

"Ah! renown is not easily purchased nowadays," observed Mr. Pickwick, with a solemn shake of the head, at which his audience were greatly edified. "You are doubtless aware that to establish my reputation on a solid foundation I have had to pass through a great deal—sometimes ducked in a horse-pond, at others the lion of a party; on one occasion applauded as if I were a god, on another abused like a pickpocket—subject to the caprices of an everchanging tide of public opinion; yesterday riding in a carriage and four, to day not even a donkey sent to receive me—and so forth!"

"Alas! is that the picture of human greatness?" said Miss Teresina Hippolyta, who was most sentimentally disposed.

"It is, indeed," answered Mr. Pickwick, mournfully. "But let us change the subject of conversation. What very unpleasant weather it has been lately!"

A suitable reply was given; and in such pleasant little chit-chat as this, the time passed away. Luncheon made its appearance at two; and Miss Teresina suffered herself to be persuaded to partake of it; and after luncheon the chit-chat was resumed. And then Mr. Pickwick was made acquainted with all the news and scandal of the neighbourhood,—how the Manchester warehouseman over the way had had a bill protested two days back,—how a common councillor's eldest daughter had run away with her father's footman,—how the Lord Mayor gave the worst turtle soup that had ever been tasted at the Mansion-House,—how the steeple of Bow Church was expected to tumble down some morning before breakfast,—how the Common Council had determined to pass a law that no beggars should be allowed in future to solicit alms in the City, without obtaining brass-plates with numbers on them,—and a thousand other *howes* of an equally interesting nature.

Suddenly the door opened; and in rushed a tall thin gentleman, clad in a most mysterious cloak with a fur collar, and with a countenance which might not strike every one to be very replete with animation. This gentleman, who was not more than five or six and twenty, darted upon Mr. Pickwick, seized him round the neck, and began hugging him with the pertinacity of a young bear.

"Heaven be thanked, you are not lost!" ejaculated the new-comer, in a pathetic tone of voice.

"Ah! my dear fellow, Snodgrass," cried Mr. Pickwick, struggling to extricate himself from his friend's embraces, "is this you?"

"It is indeed," replied Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, as if there could be any doubt relative to the fact of his identity.

"Well, so here you air, arter all, I see! Blowed if it ain't a wery excitin' an' interestin' proceedin' to keep won's friends in suspense for a whole night. Wot's right is right, as Jack Ketch said ven he claimed the clothes o' the gen'leman as wos hanged."

All eyes were turned towards the door, from which direction this extraordinary speech had emanated; and the visual rays of those optics were all collected in the focus formed by an individual dressed in livery, and who, with his hat perched gracefully over his left ear, was leaning against the door-posts, with arms crossed, and coolly surveying the little piece of domestic tragedy which had just been enacted by Mr. Snodgrass in respect to Mr. Pickwick.

"Holloa, Sam! Is that you?" cried Mr. Pickwick.

"My own wery identical self," answered Mr. Samuel Weller, "which has come in consequence o' the note o' explanation as you sent just now to Mr. Snodgrass there. I don't know vether I'm intrudin', but I des say I wasn't expected, as the sveep said ven he tumbled down the chimbley into a strange house."

"This is my servant, ladies," said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to Mr. Weller.

"An' your'n too—an' a wery humble one, into the bargain," observed Sam, touching his hat.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," answered Mr. Weller.

"You may go and wait at any house of entertainment you like in the neighbourhood, until nine this evening, when—"

"No such thing! no such thing!" ejaculated Mr. Sago. "Your domestic may find his way into the kitchen, where he will be made very comfortable, I have no doubt."

"Thankee, kindly, sir," returned Sam; "any company's better than none: an' so, with your leave, I'll just go and visit them wery amiable beings as embellishes your kitchen."

"And tell them to give you anything you choose," said Mrs. Sago, with a gracious smile. "There's an excellent veal pie, made according to the taste of my uncle, the late Alderman Fitzboggins, of Portsoken."

"Ah! then I des say it is a out-an'-outer," said Sam, with a grave shake of the head. "Howsomever, I'll go an' pay my respects to it, along vith the diwinities o' the kitchen. Nothin' like a good appetite, as the master o' the workus says ven he gives the paupers their water-gruel."

With this observation Mr. Weller withdrew himself from the precincts of the drawing-room, and proceeded to astonish the natives of the lower regions of the grocer's establishment.

"A very facetious fellow, that, Mr. Pickwick?" observed Francis Sago, as soon as Sam had retired.

"Oh! very," said our hero. "But I really must apologise for the arrival of himself and my friend here at your house: it is a liberty—"

"Don't mention it, my dear sir," ejaculated Mr. Sago; "and if Mr. Snodgrass will but do us the honour to stay and dine with us—"

Mr. Snodgrass bowed an acknowledgment of the invitation; and the young ladies, who had never seen a poet before, were quite astonished to think that he could at all resemble the rest of the human species. They however now began to suspect that poets and prose-writers—indeed all kinds of authors—were not, after all, so very different from their fellow-men as they had hitherto supposed them to be.

Dinner was announced in due time, and in due time dismissed; and a very pleasant evening did Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass pass with their new acquaintances. Mr. Pickwick challenged Miss Teresina Sago to a game of chess, of which she was particularly fond; and, as the young lady was a very long time in deciding upon each move, her illustrious antagonist prudently took a nap during each interval.

"Now then, Mr. Pickwick, it's your move," would Miss Teresina exclaim.

"Ah!—oh!—what!" ejaculated our hero. "What am I saying?—I'm sure I forget."

"You weren't saying anything that I know of."

"Ah! I was thinking, then."

"Does Mr. Pickwick often think with his eyes shut?" inquired Mrs. Sago of Mr. Snodgrass, as she naturally felt anxious to make herself acquainted with all the peculiarities in so illustrious a man's character: the demand was, however, put in a whisper.

"Oh! very often indeed," replied Mr. Snodgrass, also in a low tone; "particularly after dinner."

"How very singular!" remarked Mrs. Sago, treating the subject with the solemnity it naturally deserved.

Mr. Snodgrass then entered into an interesting discussion with Miss Amelia Sophia relative to poetry and drawing; and, as before said, in this exceedingly pleasant manner was the evening passed away. At half-past nine Mr. Pickwick, who had just been check-mated, declared that it was time to depart; and Sam having been summoned from the kitchen, the farewells were said, and the hero of these memoirs, accompanied by his friend and followed by his domes-

tic, took his departure—not, however, before a promise had been elicited from him to the effect that he would soon call in Wood-street again.

"Vell, sir," said Sam, as they walked along Cheapside, in their way towards St. Paul's Churchyard, where they intended to take a coach to the West End,—"vell, sir, that there was a wery pretty little tidy adventur' o' your'n, last night—gettin' yourself locked up in a police station, an' frightenin' all your friends out o' their vits. Blowed if I ever heerd o' such a go; an' yet we've bin in a many queer larks afore now. Practice makes perfect, as the young thief said ven he picked his own pocket."

"And yet, I by no means regret having behaved in such a manner for the sake of a very amiable young person," said Mr. Pickwick, boldly and distinctly alluding to Miss Teresina Hippolyta Sago.

"An' so it's wery genteel, is it," continued Sam, doggedly, "to go and make a Don Quixote o' von's self for the sake of a young gal vith a rayther pretty face?"

"Charity is the soul of poetry, Sam," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Wery likely it is, sir," returned Mr. Weller; "but it's wery unfornit that the police doesn't think so: an' though it's a wery fine thing to fly to the aid of a young 'oman in distress, it ain't wery respectable for a aged gen'lman to get bundled off to a station-house. All things has places and seasons, sir, vich was the observation made by the nobleman ven a dun came in the middle of his breakfast."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "you may confine your observations to yourself, if you please."

"Wery good, sir," returned Sam. "Now then, Jarvey!"

This latter exclamation was addressed to the driver of a hackney-coach; and in a few minutes the vehicle was rattling leisurely along Fleet-street, Messrs. Pickwick and Snodgrass reposing in the interior, and Mr. Samuel Weller adorning the seat on the dickey next to the coachman.

Fleet-street is probably one of the most remarkable thoroughfares of this mighty metropolis. It is, however, little indebted to its component parts for any especial notice: its individual members, meaning thereby its several tenements, interest us but little—odd assemblages, though they be, of various ages and styles. These do not attract us in Fleet-street; nor do they stir the heart in its cell, while we are there. The influence is in the crowd, the press of men; and, more than this, the crush of conveyances, the mass of the symbols of commerce, the increasing march and whirl of horse and carriage. If for one moment the din of wheels be stilled, a tramp as of a battalion of men may be heard rising above every other sound, from the busy plodders on either pavement. But this pause is of rare occurrence. We meet every body in Fleet-street, but who has not lost himself in vain speculations relative to what this "every body" may be? We do not know a great man till we see him in his book, in his place in Parliament, behind his fiddle, or, though last not least, seated at the head of his table. The man on his way to buy stock to the tune of fifty thousand pounds is undistinguishable from him who is returning from selling out his last hundred. These several and differently situated parties comport themselves alike, and cannot be told the one from the other: there is a certain *nonchalance*—a certain ease of countenance, as common to men moving in society, as a well-timed and unaffected style of dress. Being out at elbows and out of countenance are all but the same thing. A man's heart and a man's tailor may both turn bankrupt, but he himself must show no tokens of the failure.

"Them 'osses o' your'n is precious queer uns," observed Mr. Weller to the Jarvey, as the vehicle passed Temple Bar and entered the Strand.

"Vy, I tell'ee how it be," answered the individual to whom this observation was addressed; "these osses is new uns, and this is the fust time they've run in this here coach."

"That's the wery reason vy they ought to suffer themselves to be persvaded into a rayther sharp trot," cried Sam, impatiently.

"No, it ain't," said the coachman, very quietly; "they von't do that for these next six weeks."

"Out vith the reason, old touch-and-go."

"Cos," added the driver, in a solemn and most mysterious tone, "I hain't established a bit o'

raw yet, vere I can touch 'em up. Ven once the raw's made, von't they go then, though?"

"I never thought o' that," said Sam, profoundly admiring the wisdom of this coachman.

"Ah! there's a many things o' vich you never thought, young man," returned the coachman. "Do you know wot it is that has the peculiar property o' making every cab an' coach fly off a stand, vithout any one on 'em having a single fare?"

"Not knowin' can't say," was the laconic but expressive answer.

"Then I'll tell'ee," continued the Jarvey, who never once turned his head as he was speaking, but kept looking straight down at his horses—a habit peculiar to all drivers of public vehicles; "ain't you never heerd o' the old eightpenny fare, as the cabmen calls him?"

"Never," replied Sam.

"Vell, I'll tell'ee who he is, then. It's old Adolphus, the Old Bailey barrister, as is the sworn enemy o' the race of Jarveys of all kinds. Vy—that man, sir, knows the distance betwixt any two places in London, even to a yard. He never takes a vehicle for more than a mile at a time; but he always will have his full mile; an' if it's a cab he gives eightpence; an' if it's a coach he chucks down a bob. Ven ve disputes vith him he pulls us up afore the beak, an' has the ground measured; an' he never yet vos known to be wrong. All the expenses then falls on us: an' this is the vay in vich he sarves us out. So now ve all knows him; an' the moment he's twigg'd coming up to a stand, off splits cab an' coach, an' the old eightpenny fare's obleeged to jump into a buss."

"Live an' learn," exclaimed Sam. "Wot I've just heerd is a precious run go, as the dog said ven he found the tin-kettle tied to his tail."

By the time this dialogue was disposed of, the hackney-coach stopped at the house of Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, in Halfmoon-street, Piccadilly; and two or three little specimens of the Snodgrass tribe hastened to the door to welcome Mr. Pickwick's safe return, they having been allowed to sit up for the purpose. Mr. Pickwick speedily retired to his bedchamber; and, while his nose sent forth its characteristic sounds of harmony, his imagination conjured up, amid his slumbers, the graceful form and fascinating countenance of Miss Teresina Hippolyta Sago.

(To be continued in our next.)

HINTS FOR THE DRUNKARD.

"It is not drinklog spirituons liquors to the length of intoxication," says Dr. Trotter, in his *Essay on Drunkenness*, "that alone constitutes intemperance. A man may drink a great deal—pass a large portion of his time at the bottle, and yet be able to fill most of the avocations of life. There are certainly many men of this description, who have never been so transformed with liquor as to be unknown to their own house-dog, or so foolish in their appearance, as to be hooted by school-boys, that ace yet to be considered as intemperate livers. These *sober drunkards*, if I may be allowed the expression, deceive themselves as well as others; and though they pace slowly along the road to ruin, their journey terminates at the goal—bad health." Mr. Grindrod, who quotes this paragraph in his admirable work—*Bacchus*, appends the following lucid observations of his own thereto:—"Part of the community, in general termed temperate, consumes a larger proportion of intoxicating liquor than those individuals who are commonly denominated drunkards." Mr. Grindrod would imply that the moderate drinkers (as they term themselves) partake habitually and regularly of large quantities of intoxicating liquor; whereas the drunkard generally takes his quantity by fits and starts, and often at long intervals. The person who indulges daily in three glasses of ardent spirits, or in half a bottle of wine, consumes nearly a hundred gallons of pure alcohol, or spirits of wine, in ten years. When we make ourselves acquainted with the structure of the stomach, the operations of the organs of digestion and the peculiar uses of the various passages through which this torrent of alcohol has to flow, we must be well aware that every glass is indeed "a nail in our coffins." Dr. Cheyne, the late Physician General of Ireland, has placed upon record the ensuing observations with regard to Dublin:—"The observation of twenty years in this city has convinced me, that were tea young men, on their twenty-first birth-day, to begin to drink one glass (equal to two ounces) of ardent spirits, or a pint of port-wine or sherry, and were they to drink this supposed moderate quantity of strong liquor daily, the lives of eight out of the ten would be abridged by twelve or fifteen years. They represent themselves as temperate, very temperate."

Dr. Pratt, in his *Treatise on Mineral Waters*, declares that many diseases, such as tremblings, palsies, apoplexies, giddiness, pains in the head, gout, stone, dropsy,

rheumatism, and such like, would be avoided. The Rev. Mr. Parsons, in his essay entitled *Anti-Bacchus*, observes that "drinking water strengthens the stomach, causes an appetite, preserves the sight, makes the senses lively, and cleanses all the passages of the body, especially those of the kidneys and bladder." Peter Martyn has put the following statement upon record: "The liver is inflamed by too much drink, the head aches, the members are made weak and do tremble, the senses are corrupted, the natural heat is overcome by over much wine; the stomach is annoyed with crudities and intolerable griefs, whilst it is stuffed and pushed above measure: the whole body is in a manner inflamed, and thirst is augmented." Mr. Higginbotham, a very eminent surgeon, who has been a Teetotaler for upwards of thirty years, says that children often drop into the grave at an early age, and mothers die an untimely death, in consequence of the use of alcoholic drinks during the time of nursing their offspring. "It is allowed by all," says Mr. Parsons, "that oxygen is employed by nature to keep the blood pure; and therefore water must be the most wholesome drink; for not only is there pure atmospheric air in water, but the components of water are hydrogen and oxygen; and hence we see how adapted this primitive beverage is to preserve the blood in a living, vigorous, and healthy state."

"Most persons," says Dr. Garnett, "have so indulged themselves in this pernicious habit of drinking wine, that they imagine they cannot live without a little every day; they think that their very existence depends upon it, and that their stomachs require it to enable them to perform the necessary functions of digestion. Similar arguments may be brought in favour of every other bad habit, though at first the violence we do nature makes her revolt: in a little time she submits, and is not only reconciled, but grows fond of the habit; and we think it necessary to our existence. Neither the flavour of wine, of opium, of snuff, nor that of tobacco, is *naturally* agreeable to us: on the contrary, these articles are highly unpleasant at first; but by the force of habit they become pleasant. It is however the business of rational beings to distinguish carefully between the real wants of nature, and the artificial calls of habit; and when we find that the latter begin to injure us, we ought to use the most persevering efforts to break the enchantment of bad customs; and though it may cost us some uneasy sensations at first, we must learn to bear them patiently: a little time will reward us for our forbearance by a re-establishment of health and spirits."

Mr. Grindrod relates a remarkable instance of the inveteracy of the habit of intemperance. A gentleman, very amiable in his disposition, and justly popular among the circle of his acquaintance, contracted habits of intemperance: his friend argued, implored, and remonstrated—but in vain! At last, he thus put an end to all importunity. A friend addressed him in the following strain:—"Dear Sir George, your family are in the utmost distress on account of this unfortunate habit; they perceive that your business is neglected, your moral influence is gone, your health is ruined, and depend upon it, the coats of your stomach will soon give way and then a change will come too late." The poor victim, deeply convinced of the hopelessness of his case, replied thus:—"My good friend, your remarks are indeed too true; but I can no longer resist temptation. If a bottle of brandy stood at one hand, and the pit of hell yawned on the other, and if I were convinced that I should be pushed in as surely as I took one glass more, I should not be able to refrain. You are all very kind; I ought to be very grateful for so many kind good friends; but you may spare yourselves the trouble of trying to reform me,—the thing is now utterly impossible!"

BLINDNESS.

THE loss of the noblest sense, by means of which man receives an idea of the world that surrounds him, clothed in light and colour, is an event as melancholy as it is frequent. Blindness is different in its degrees, some persons being partially blind, retaining only a slight perception of light, with the power of distinguishing very brilliant colours, and the general outline of bodies; others being entirely deprived of the faculty of seeing. Some men are blind from their birth; others have become blind from local diseases of the eyes, such as inflammation, cancer of the eye-ball, spots, films, tumours on the cornea (by which its transparency is destroyed), also by closure of the pupil, by a turbid state of the humours, by a debility of the optic nerve, or by general diseases of the body. Excessive exertions of the eyes also destroy the sight; and for this reason, some classes of mechanics and artists, as blacksmiths, labourers in glass and smelting-houses, watch-makers, &c., not unfrequently become blind. In northern countries, which are covered with snow for a long time, and which dazzle the eyes by the reflection of the sun-beams, as well as in the sandy deserts of Africa, blindness is a frequent complaint. Old age is sometimes accompanied with blindness, occasioned by the drying up of the humours of the eye, &c. There are several causes which produce blindness from the birth. Sometimes the eye-lids adhere to each other, or to the eye-ball itself; or a membrane covers the eyes: sometimes the pupil of the eye is closed, or is not situated in the right place, &c. Those who are born blind

have no idea of vision, and are extremely destitute of all ideas derived from the sense of sight. Experience has shown that those who acquire the power of seeing after being born blind, or having lost their sight in their childhood, form very different ideas of visible objects from other persons.

A young man, whom Chelendon couched for a cataract, at the moment he received sight imagined that all the objects which he saw absolutely touched his eyes: he could not distinguish objects, although of very different forms. Those, with which he was familiar already by the touch, he examined with great attention, in order to recognise them another time; but having too many things to notice at once, he soon forgot all that he had observed. He wondered that those persons whom he loved the most were not handsomer than others. Before he had received his sight, he had expressed a great desire to obtain this sense. The other senses of persons, who have been blind for a long time, become more exquisite, perhaps, because they are not subject to the distraction produced by the sight of so many objects. The blind, therefore, are often distinguished for a remarkable mental activity, and a wonderful development of the intellectual powers. Their touch and hearing, particularly, become very acute. Thus it is related of a blind man, who lived at Puisaux, in France, and was a chemist and musician, that he could accurately estimate the proportions of objects, could judge of the distance of fire by the degree of heat, determine the quantity of fluid in vessels by the sound it produced while running from one vessel into another, and the proximity of objects by the effects of the air upon his face. He determined very accurately the weights of bodies and the capacities of vessels. The celebrated Saunderston, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, lost his sight in his early youth. He invented several processes to facilitate his studies in arithmetic and geometry. His sense of touch was so acute, that he distinguished spurious coins merely by letting them pass through his fingers, though they were so well executed that even skilful judges were deceived by them.

In the case of persons destitute of sight, it is necessary to have recourse to the other senses to supply the want of the eye. If, for instance, we wish to teach them the art of reading and writing, letters must be prepared which will be palpable to the touch, and the hand guided until they are able to copy them. If we wish to communicate to them a knowledge of the surface of the earth, globes and maps must be prepared, with the divisions, &c., in relief. Knowledge obtained in this way must of course be acquired much more slowly than that received by sight. The senses of touch and of sight differ in this respect, that the former ascends by degrees from the perception of parts to the perception of the whole, whilst the latter views the whole at a single glance. It is therefore evident that the blind cannot be instructed in the common schools destined for those who see; in the first place, because the means of instruction by the touch are wanting; and secondly, because the progress of the other children would be retarded by the slow apprehension of the blind pupils. For these reasons, and as the blind form no small part of the population of every country, particular institutions have, in many places, been established for their instruction. In Prussia the blind amount to more than thirteen thousand souls. The proportion of blind persons decreases from the equator towards the poles: in Egypt the proportion is as 1 to 100, while in Norway the proportion is as 1 to 1000.

In the year 1260, a grand institution for the blind was founded in France by Saint Louis, after his crusade to Egypt, whence so many of his soldiers returned home afflicted with the ophthalmia prevailing in that country. In 1784 another institution of the kind was opened; and at this one the blind were instructed not only in appropriate mechanical employments, as spinning, knitting, making ropes or fringes, and working in paste-board, but also in music, in reading, writing, ciphering, geography, and the sciences. For this purpose he invented particular means of instruction. For reading, he procured raised letters of metal, from which also impressions may be taken on paper: for writing, he used particular writing-cases, in which a frame, with wires to separate the lines, could be fastened upon the paper; for ciphering, there were moveable figures of metal, and ciphering-boards in which the figures could be fixed; for teaching geography, maps were prepared, upon which mountains, rivers, cities, and the boundaries of countries, were embroidered in various ways, &c. These splendid institutions in France are supported by the state. The hospital founded by Saint Louis, only receives three hundred members, and is denominated *Les Quinze-Vingt*: the other is for an indefinite number of persons.

Next to France, the first institutions for the blind were established in Great Britain, where however they are supported only by the contributions of private individuals, the meaning of the word *charity* being totally unknown to the English government. In 1790, an institution of this sort was established at Liverpool, in which both males and females are instructed in manual labours, in singing hymns, and playing on the organ. In 1791, a second one was established in Edinburgh, in which the making of baskets and ropes is the principal occupation. Similar institutions have since arisen in other places; one at London, in 1800; also at Dublin, Bristol, and

Norwich. In Germany, the first public institution for the blind was established by the King of Prussia at Berlin, in 1806. Similar establishments were founded at Vienna and Prague, in 1808; and in the same year, that of Amsterdam was instituted by Freemasons. In 1808, the institution at Dresden sprang up—a branch of that in Berlin. The number of the blind at Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is thirty-six thousand. Institutions for the blind are principally confined to Europe: the states of the improvement to which the several nations, in which they exist, have brought them, in comparison one with another, are as follows:—France, Germany, Denmark, Holland, England, Switzerland, and Russia.

OBSERVATIONS AND GLEANINGS;

BY THE LATE E. H. BARKER, ESQ.

Editor of "*Lempriere's Classical Dictionary*," &c. &c.

I. REMEDY FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—The following curious, but certain method of cure, was communicated to me by my friend, the late Dr. Parr:—Let the bitten part be cut out immediately, if possible; but surgeons are not always in the way, and people of business are afraid of the flesh being cut out: then proceed thus. From a pump—if possible,—and if not, from a jug lifted up two feet at least from the ground, lose not a moment in pouring upon the wound a perpetual stream of cold water for a quarter of an hour; but touch it not with the hands. While the cold water is pouring on, prepare three quarts of warm water, strongly impregnated with soap. The water must on no account be hotter than the heat of warm milk. Put these soap-suds in a jug, raise the jug two feet above the wound; and pour these soap-suds upon the wound for ten minutes, so as to search the wound. Then get about a pint of ink-water, if you can, and pour it upon the wound for about five minutes: then resume cold water from a jug or pump, at the distance of two feet, and take care to continue to pour it for a quarter of an hour at least, and more than twenty minutes is not necessary. But if there be no ink at hand, then, after the washing of the wound with warm soap-suds, it must be washed with cold water a second time, for not less than twenty-five minutes. All the while the wound must not be touched with the hand. Almost everything depends upon this first washing; and it should be continued in different forms for three quarters of an hour at least. When this washing is over, put upon the wound a poultice of radish pretty strong, or a poultice of mustard, and take care that the poultice is not more than the warmth of milk. Continue this poultice for two or three days—but not more; and let three poultices be put on every day, one in the morning, one at mid-day, and one at night. Upon the second or third day, let the patient take the Ormskirk medicine, if at hand. This medicine is useful, but not of itself sufficient to cure. Upon the third day, leave off the poultices, and put upon the wound a very mild mercurial plaister. The mercurial plaister should be put on, morning and evening, for six weeks; and on each occasion the wound should be cleansed with milk and water nearly tepid, but never hot, and generally dried with soft lint before the plaister is put on. It is of the utmost consequence for the wound not to be suffered to close for ten weeks; and for the three or four last weeks after the mercurial plaister has ceased to be used, a very mild plaister should be used to keep the wound open. Care should be taken for this plaister not to be of an inflammable kind; and it should be put on twice in twenty-four hours. For these ten weeks, the wound must never be squeezed nor touched with the hand; nor should any weight lie upon it for the ten weeks, by night or by day. During the whole of the ten weeks, the patient must most carefully abstain from all fermented liquors, and all sauce-meat and roast-meat whatsoever. For the first three weeks or a month, he must live upon very mild broth, and tea, and barley-water; after a month, he may for the first six weeks take a very small quantity of boiled chicken, or boiled mutton without fat. This low diet is of the greatest necessity. The patient must take aperient medicine very frequently, and, if he can afford it, a musk medicine, of which latter he should take half a pint every day. This musk medicine, though very useful, is not absolutely necessary.

The foregoing directions are necessary for ten weeks; and, after the ten weeks, some very fine lint should be laid upon the wound till it heals up; but, by all means, let the wound be kept open for the ten weeks, during which time the patient must have no exertion of the body or mind; and all conversation about the misfortune should be discouraged. He must avoid all extremes of heat and cold; he must not be exposed to easterly winds, or to rain; he must not sit near a fire; every day he ought to lie down two or three times, for half an hour at a time. If any body will read lively stories to him, so much the better; but he should not himself be fatigued by reading. He should walk out once or twice a day, for half an hour at a time, but very gently. When ten weeks have elapsed, he may resume his usual employment in a moderate degree; but he must avoid all excessive labour for three months after the bite. The chief dependance is upon the first washing before the poison has spread: and no dependance is to be placed upon combustible materials. Let

heated tobacco pipe, and all other heated or heating medicines, be avoided most carefully. By all means be particular in respect to the first washing, as above described.

II. AN ANECDOTE.—In the remote village of Hol-lym, in Yorkshire, there lived a man of the name of Marshall—a small farmer. One day he was applied to for relief by a poor inhabitant of the village:—"You should learn to be independent," said he; "eat muck, drink water, and live out of doors."

III. ANOTHER ANECDOTE.—When Robert Hall, the celebrated preacher, first of Leicester, and next of Briatol, was much pressed by a minister, who had been holding forth before him, and who had accompanied him into the vestry, to say what particular *passage* he most admired (in the discourse), the wit at length but reluctantly, disposed of the importunate vanity by say-
ing, "The passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

IV. AMBER.—Most eminent authors considered amber to be an exudation from poplars; and many modern naturalists account for its origin by supposing that it once proceeded from certain trees. Theophrastus and Lucian, however, seem to have held it to be a native fossil. Almost all the writers of antiquity speak of its being produced on the banks of the Po; and to account for this mistake, it has been supposed that their earlier authors applied the term *Eridanus* to the Rhine as well as to the Po.

V. PROTOCOL.—The word Protocol comes from two Greek words, meaning the "first sheets" of a work. It was first introduced into the English language from the Russian tongue, by the late Marquis of London-derry, during the diplomatic discussions after the down-fall of Bonaparte, in the metaphorical sense of "a first draught" or "minute of proceedings."

VI. BOROUGHMONGER.—This word was first intro-duced by Sir Francis Burdett, about the year 1812. He was speaking of his first appearance in the House of Com-mons; his guardians had made a bargain for a seat with the Duke of Newcastle, who liked to do what he willed with his own property in boroughs; and, after having spoken of this disgracefully corrupt traffic in boroughs, by way of greater emphasis, called the vendors of them *Borough-mongers*, and thus fixed their title among the friends of free election.

VIII. GLASS.—Aristophanes is the earliest writer who makes mention of glass. The glass of the ancients was made of sand, soda, and flint. It must have been in very general use about the Christian era, and after-wards, as we find Dioscorides giving directions to keep certain medicines in glass-vessels. It also appears from Lactantius, that glass was likewise used in windows; and accordingly glass has been found in the windows of many houses in Pompeii.

VIII. AN ANECDOTE.—When William Godwin, the celebrated writer, was in early life preaching to a con-gregation of dissenters, his audience dwindled off by degrees till he was standing a fair chance of being left alone with the clerk. Alarmed at the occurrence, but fearful (oh, the vanity of the human heart!) that the matter of his discourse had excited some disgust, he sent the clerk to see if anything had happened in the vicinity to cause the dispersion. The clerk soon re-turned with a rueful countenance, announcing the existence of a fire. "Oh!" said the imperturbable Godwin, "you have quite relieved me!" The lurking vanity of the man was thus made apparent.

[The late talented scholar, Mr. Edmund Henry Bar-ker, of Thetford, was an intimate friend of the Editor of *The Teetotaler*, who possesses many very curious manuscripts by that gentleman. These papers he will from time to time lay before his readers. Mr. Barker was deservedly considered to be one of the first classi-cal scholars of the age.—Ed. *Teetotaler*.]

ORIGINAL POETRY. THE ALPINE ECHOES.

By W. T. Moncrieff.

When wakes the light at early dawn,
Then, from his distant mountain-home,
I list to hear my lover's horn,
Which seems to say, "I come!"
And as from Alp to Alp the sound,
By echo waited, speeds to cheer,
Nearer and nearer each rebound
I hail, and joy to hear!

When sunset tints our glaciers bright
With rosy hues, then forth I rove,
And whisper, in the waning light,
The name of names I love!
And still as to the vales around,
Farther and farther, less and less,
Echo to Echo wafts the sound,
Then Echo's aid I bless!

SONG.

Oh! no, 'tis not in festive halls alone
That hearts are glad, and bliss is in the eye;
'Tis not where mirth assumes its loudest tone
That bosoms are ne'er heard to heave a sigh.
No—let me seek the shady grove
With her for whom I languish—
And there apart from anguish,
We'll breathe our vows of constant love.
Appealing to the powers above.

For in the eye of Beauty there's a bliss
Which far exceeds the effects of madd'ning wine;
And he whose heart can melt at charms like this,
Will shun the dissipated libertine.
Oh! see a maiden's beaming eye,
Upon your glance stealing,
With rays of tender feeling,
Sweeter than planets in the skies,
Will leave a trace that never dies.

But while our lips may press the brimming bowl,
Where is the lasting sense of bliss convey'd
By magic powers into the ignom soul?
Where is the deep impression to be made?
Not on the brain—not in the heart
Can Bacchus' rosy finger
Trace aught that e'er will linger:—
'Tis Love alone who has the art
To stamp that which will ne'er depart!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to inform numerous correspondents, who have favoured us with specimens of their poetical talents, that we cannot find room for even a hundredth part of the best of them. We do not court communications of the kind. For good prose articles we feel grateful.

P. S. Y. must know that he is asking a most absurd question. No individual of the name of *Reedy*, is employed as an Agent of the United Temperance Association. We caution all Teetotal Societies and Hotels against the representations of an impostor of this name, who has just been levying contributions at Manchester upon pretensions the most false and disgraceful.

We wish the secretaries of provincial societies would take the trouble to forward us occasional accounts of their proceedings.

The letter containing a posting-bill headed "*Temperance Commemoration*," never reached us until a few days ago. We shall always be glad to insert anything connected with the Mariner's Church. All communications for the Editor should be forwarded to the care of Mr. HENDERSON, PUBLISHER, 2, OLD BAILEY.

We shall have much pleasure in complying with the request of *A Young Teetotaler*, and will write the letter for him if he will forward his address.

We shall always be glad to hear from J. A. (Sbrowsbury).

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1841.

THE late and lamented Mr. HUSKISSON, in a prophetic spirit—and he was a far-sighted man—observed, when the Manchester and Liverpool railroad was first opened, "A new power has been introduced among men; and no individual living can tell to what extent that power will be carried." By the united principles of railroads and steam, the distant parts of the British empire seem to be themselves united, giving and receiving, from the rapidity of traffic and intercourse, the most important advantages; and to Ireland in particular we look, as likely to derive, in the march of civilization, much greater proportionate improvement in the Irish character and disposition.

The same may be said of the new doctrine of Teetotalism. "A new principle of moral reformation has been introduced into society; and no individual living can tell to what extent the beneficial effects of this reformation will be carried." The whole aspect of society must shortly wear a new face; and the appearance of the public streets will also undergo a proportionately progressive change. Health, and industry, and virtue will be recognised in the moral world; and in cities, towns, and villages, Mechanics' Institu-tutes, Libraries, Museums, and Lecture-rooms will occupy the former sites of gin-palaces, beer-shops, and other places of infamous resort.

In one respect alone should Teetotalism be looked upon with a favourable eye by those who really have their country's welfare at heart: we allude to the impulse given by this new doctrine, as one of its necessary results, to the diffusion of the benefits of education amongst the people. When we consider the important fact stated by the DUKE OF WELLINGTON a short time ago, in the House of Lords, that he had made particular inquiry about the number of persons committed to several criminal gaols, and who were able to read and write, and that he had discovered that very few indeed were able to read, and still less to write,—when this fact is duly weighed, the grave necessity of advocating all measures which are calculated to diffuse the benefits of education becomes apparent. Ignorance is a most fertile cause of crime; and the public mind should be enlightened, disabused of its grosser prejudices, and disenchanted of its more seductive superstitions. These desirable ends will be brought about by means of education; and education will receive its principal impulse from the beneficial effects of the doctrines of Teetotalism.

When the intellect is not clouded by the vapours of alcoholic liquor, and when the time of the working man is not wasted in the tap-room of a public-house, due attention will be paid to the means of mental cultivation; and the BIBLE will not only be read, but understood. The work-ing man will then be enabled to decide which possesses the greater, the more real, and the more permanent attractions—the drunken orgie, or the intellectual evening. The song "We won't go home till morning—till daylight doth ap-pear," shall yield to the truths of that one which sings the praises of "Home, sweet home—there's no place like home;" and the smiles of happy children and an affectionate wife shall su-

persede the vulgar familiarity of a pot-house landlord, and the obscene discourse of dissolute companions.

The attention of the Teetotal world is at this moment directed towards a gentleman whose strenuous efforts in the good cause are recognised and duly appreciated on all sides. We allude to JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, ESQ., who, when a member of Parliament, first drew the notice of the House of Commons to the causes, condi-tion, and effects of intemperance in the United Kingdom. MR. BUCKINGHAM is now zealously engaged in advocating the cause of Total Ab-stinence from all Intoxicating Liquors, and in encouraging the Teetotalers of England to pur-sue their labours with renewed zeal, in imita-tion of the example nobly set them by the in-habitants of the United States of America. Teetotalism has taken so deep and firm a root in America, that no power can now possibly disturb it with any probability of success; and it will be the fault of the Teetotalers themselves if the same may not be said of the condition of the principle in England. When we find men of rank and importance in society coming for-ward and generously espousing the principle which can alone regenerate the working and la-bouring classes of the country, we should indeed feel encouraged to prosecute our philanthropic aims with increasing vigour; and, at the same time, we should mention with pride, with respect, and gratitude, the names of EARL STANHOPE, MR. BUCKINGHAM, MR. WALKDEN (of Pinner Park), MR. TROTTER (of Dyrham Park), SIR CULLING EARDLEY SMITH, BART., &c. &c. The reformation, which has originated with the working classes, is rapidly obtaining the support of the wealthy and aristocratic portion of the commu-nity; and those who will not yield to the force of conviction, will eventually succumb beneath the pressure of an efficient moral agitation.

The more we consider the necessity of Union amongst the Teetotal Societies of the metropo-lis, the more we are determined to advocate this principle with unabating zeal. Anti-Teetotalers are daily exclaiming, "How can a principle be so good, when it has succeeded in dividing you into sects and parties?" and it must be remem-bered that a principle or a doctrine is very fre-quently judged by its collateral, as well as by its direct results. We again call upon the various Total Abstinence Associations of the English metropolis to take into their immediate considera-tion the necessity of appointing delegates to meet at some fixed place, for the purpose of debating upon the means of uniting all Teetotal sects and parties in London and its suburbs beneath one banner—with one name—subject to the same laws, and moved by a common interest. This is not a matter for the consideration of committees of societies; but for the discussion of the mem-bers of the societies themselves. If a few ac-tive individuals will only agitate this principle—the principle of Union—the object can be effected speedily, and with facility. Let those members of each Auxiliary, Branch, or independent so-ciety in the metropolis, who really wish well to the progress of the cause, at once appoint their delegates to carry out the object in view. Com-mittees must yield to the wishes of members; and the Teetotal world would no longer be agi-tated with party disputes and party jealousies.

We appeal to the real friends of the Teetotal reformation,—we call upon those who are anxious to save themselves from the stigma of selfishness and personal interest,—we address ourselves to those independent and truly zealous supporters of the cause, who will sacrifice all private animosity to a great public good,—and we implore them to lose no time in adopting those measures which will lead to the fulfilment of a general wish, and an universal benefit. Wherefore should there be a dozen different societies in London to advocate the same principle? Wherefore should the slender means of all the Teetotal Associa-tions—slender when considered in reference to the work that remains to be done—be rendered more slender still, by the necessity of paying for numerous officers? Let all the Societies unite, and the expenditure of management and govern-ment will be reduced in a ratio which alone ren-ders such union a most eligible measure. We trust that this appeal to the true friends of the cause of Teetotalism will not be made in vain: we know that the disunion amongst the metropo-litan Societies is viewed with regret both in Lon-

don and in the country; and we shall feel proud to record the names of those individuals who will now come forward to take into consideration the best means of effecting A GENERAL UNION OF THE TEETOTAL SOCIETIES OF THE METROPOLIS AND ITS SUBURBS.

FRENCH CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

NO. VII.—THE ACCUSED.

WHEN called upon for his defence, the accused commenced as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I might here question the competence of this tribunal to try my case; but all technical subtleties are repugnant to my character and my morality. I will consent that you shall be my judges on earth—with this reservation, that I may appeal to the tribunal of Heaven. I shall, however, enter upon my defence with the full conviction that I possess the ear of the court.

"Gentlemen," continued the accused, "on a former occasion I was brought up for trial before other judges, on a charge of ignorance of the laws of mine and thine."

"Say an accusation of robbery," exclaimed the president.

"Well, I will not dispute relative to the meaning of words: I will say, if you like, that I was arrested for a robbery committed by means of a false key. You will now see, by the straightforward and manly history I am about to give you, to what an extent the judges who then tried me must be now tormented by the tape worm of remorse. I was living in a receptacle for travellers—"

"Say an inn," cried the president.

"If it be a system resolved upon to stop me in the midst of my defence," shouted the accused, "I shall shut myself up in the silence of a satisfied and calm conscience, and shall hold my tongue."

"Go on; but be brief," said a judge.

"I thank the court for its kindness," proceeded the accused; "and after my acquittal, which cannot fail to take place, I shall proceed to each judge's house to thank them all individually and separately."

"The court only requires your answers to its questions," said the president.

"The court requires talking but not visiting," pursued the accused: "very well—I shall endeavour to satisfy the tribunal! I therefore continue my defence. I was saying that I was accused of robbery by means of a false key: now this is the real history of the case. In a room in the inn, or hotel, or tavern, in which I was residing,—in a certain room, I say, the door of which was open, I saw a closet, of which I mechanically took the key. I put the said key into my pocket, quite abstractedly—just as I should have taken another trifle, or toy, or the innocent plaything of a child. You will understand, gentlemen, that the closet was empty, and the room was itself at that period unoccupied. A few days afterwards, a traveller arrived at the inn. He was very well dressed—his coat was green—his trousers grey—his—"

"You can omit those details," said the president.

"In a word, he was attired like an honest man," proceeded the accused; "like a man who is respectable, and who desires to be respected; in fine, he was dressed as you and I should be dressed, gentlemen, on such an occasion. That man travelled, they said, with property of a considerable amount about him;—I use the words they said as a corrective to the idea; because I have always denied most strenuously that that individual travelled with any property at all. He was a great deal too well dressed for that. A physiological system of observation has invariably convinced me that there is more to steal in an old coat than in a new one: I should be sorry if any one were to entertain an evil impression of my character in consequence of this avowal; but what is said is said. Well, to return to this traveller. He placed, or fancied that he placed, or it was thought that he placed a considerable sum of money in the closet; and—"

"But since you had taken away the key," interrupted the president, "how could the traveller have put his money into the closet?"

"It is precisely this point upon which the interest of the whole trial hinges," answered the accused. "The landlord of the inn, not finding the real key of the closet, went to a locksmith, tumbled about all his old rusty keys, and at length selected one which seemed to him to resemble that which he had lost. By aid of a file, this key was made to open the identical closet of which we are speaking. This was the key which the landlord gave to the traveller, and which the traveller put into his pocket. All this was of immense importance to the case."

The accused paused, took a pinch of snuff, and proceeded thus:—

"One day, in a fit of abstraction peculiar to those who devote themselves to intellectual pursuits, I mistook the traveller's room for my own, entered it, and, thinking all the while that I was at my own cupboard, I took out the key which I had for some time in my pocket, and opened the said closet. I introduced my hand and was just fingering a few pieces of gold,

which, in that moment of mental abstraction, I fancied to be my own, when I suddenly perceived my error. But in a moment I was astounded by the demoralising, degrading, and unfashionable cry 'Police! police!' and 'Thieves! thieves!' I contented myself with smiling. Ten minutes afterwards, by a strange chain of circumstances, I was myself in chains. When I was tried at the court of assize, I put the judges quite at their ease, and confessed an intention to plunder, in order not to mystify the question; but I strenuously denied having made use of a false key. I had opened the closet with the real key—the legitimate key—the original key—the key which I myself had taken out of the cupboard-lock. If any one in that transaction had made use of a false key, it was the traveller; inasmuch as his key was not the proper one, but merely an old rusty one used for the purpose. Consequently, it was this traveller who should have been at least reprimanded, if not punished, for having made an illegal use of an instrument which opens locks. Would you believe it, gentlemen?—I failed in convincing the jury of my innocence! My friends, however, sympathized with and consoled me. It is therefore true, perfectly true, gentlemen, that I have been unfortunate in a court of justice on a former occasion; but misfortunes are always to be deplored and respected. Besides, if it be true, as the counsel for the prosecution has declared, that I am in the habit of thieving, I am to be pitied, and not blamed, because it is evident that I cannot resist the force of my inclinations. I should accordingly be treated as a monomaniac, and not as a rogue. However, in this instance, I am accused of having sold lead for gold: and twenty witnesses sustain the indictment. All I can say is, that I deny the imputation forty times; and as two negatives are as good as one affirmative, it is evident that you must direct my acquittal."

The judges seemed, however, to think differently; and the jury having declared a verdict of *Guilty*, the accused was sentenced to the full extent of the punishment required by the code for his offence.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AMONG the different high and illustrious names that distinguish our literary history, during the first part of the nineteenth century, none stands higher than that of Walter Scott;—and yet, if we analyse the nature of his claims to so glorious a reputation, we shall find some difficulty in establishing them on the ground of just and impartial criticism. None of his works exhibit the traces of profound thought, or indicate his possession of the power to investigate the moral and intellectual workings of the human individual or of society:—in fact, he was totally deficient in that mental element which is essential to the philosophical historian; and hence we may account for his wretched failure, when he attempted his ponderous abortion of Napoleon's life. Neither was the more practical portion of his mind—that which Dugald Stewart would denominate "its active and moral feelings," of more solid structure than his speculative faculty. His political notions, if indeed he may be said to have had any of his own, were little better than pure prejudices imbibed from his parents, and from his own peculiar studies;—he had not a mind that could entertain a great question in all its length and breadth, with a view to the good of society in general. He lived amongst "barons and mighty men of old," not in his imagination only; but he carried their proud bearing and aristocratic contempt of the lower classes into his consideration of present times. His political biases are very obvious and often unpleasantly prominent throughout his writings; and whenever an opportunity occurred for the public expression of his feelings, we have always found him the zealous advocate of principles which are now deemed untenable. Of his vanity we need only the proof furnished by his own favourable review of one of his own books in the "Quarterly Review," and of his lamentable infirmity of moral purpose, the chain of events that first embarked him in trade, and at last involved him in ruin;—but delicacy requires that we should throw a veil over so painful a subject.

Scott began by being a poet; and a very popular poet he was; but whether his stores were exhausted, and the freshness of his imagination faded, or whether the public taste had changed, his latter poems met not with that encouragement which his former productions easily commanded. The true reason of this failure we suspect to be the structure of the author's mind. He had many of the accidental qualities that aid in the constitution of a real poet; but he was deficient in the essential feature—a practically creative imagination. We have said practically creative—because, if we denied his possession of imagination altogether, we should at once convict ourselves of folly. He could create, and did create, resemblances to living characters; he endued with life, and breathed emotions into them, and he made them act on the scene in harmony with their own character and their own times. He had, besides, a fresh and lively fancy, by which he was enabled to adorn his works with fragrant beauties, charming both to the eye and ear; but still he possessed not the poetic imagination—the power, as we would define it, of not only producing a striking resemblance to living

nature, but of giving to it a certain spirituality and etheriality that is rather a *beau ideal* than a reality of human nature, and an intensity of feeling that extraordinary circumstances alone can elicit; and he had no idea whatever of that grandeur of conception, both in scenery and in character that is essentially requisite to form the genuine poet. Had not Scott abandoned the profession of poet, and become the prolific parent of some twenty or thirty highly popular romances, his name would long ere this have been consigned to the tomb "of all the Capulets," and his memory would be preserved only in the pages of the old "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews. But Scott has lived, and will live; and the sun of his glory, as a writer of fiction, has reflected its rays upon his poems—the less brilliant and less successful labours of his youth. Some of our readers may be inclined to dissent from the opinions we have just advanced, and to charge us with illiberality in thus criticising the illustrious dead:—but truth must be told; and we fearlessly appeal to the candid and competent for the confirmation of our allegations. The more pleasing task of speaking of his excellencies as the first of modern romancers—the father of a school peculiar and distinct in its character—remains.

The paths of Fielding, Smollett, Le Sage, and Richardson had been so often trodden, and with such success, that Scott very wisely struck out a new path for himself, and resolved, if possible, to be the sun of a new system. The result has been the most triumphant success. In the earlier years of his life, he gave up much of his time to the study of the national character in all its various phases; and in the subsequent and more fully occupied periods of his career, he omitted no opportunity, afforded by a temporary repose, for increasing the accumulated stores which his wonderfully retentive memory placed fully at his command. He understood the Scottish character thoroughly, and acquired a profound knowledge of all the workings of the human feelings; and his retentive memory was so deeply impressed with them that he was enabled to transfer them to paper with a vivacity and a power that give the characters in which he embodies these borrowed conceptions the stamp of the highest genius and originality. He moreover possessed a fund of humour, which enabled him, at will, to diffuse drollery amongst some of his representations of character. He was, moreover, peculiarly fortunate in his designation of scenery; and he was not the mere describer of inanimate nature. He could infuse life into his scenery and fill it with bustle and agitation:—in short, he was well acquainted with what may be called the melo dramatic department of romance.

In addition to his other abilities, he possessed one which heightened the charm of all the rest: we mean his admirable skill in interweaving and disentangling the plots of his stories. In his best productions we cannot but admire the masterly facility with which he blends and harmonises the lighter and more sombre parts of his pictures—the gayer and graver scenes in his bustling dramas, and the thorough command of his resources, evinced by the style in which he conducts all the actors, both of the plot and the by plot to their proper place in the catastrophe.

The antiquarian research of Sir Walter Scott was by no means superficial; it was profound. His observation of national character and individual peculiarities was not the employment of his leisure hours only, but a habit of which he could not divest himself; the dry and facetious humour which gives piquancy to his comic characters was essentially his own, and adorned his private fire-side at Abbotsford, as well as the books issued to the public. His graphic powers as a painter of scenery and animated nature were so great as to raise a general impression that he was the first in rank since the days of Froissart; and his talent in the composition of his various materials—perhaps the most astonishing of all his excellencies—was without its match in the previous history of romance, and has not yet met with its equal. In conceding thus much of praise to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, we have cheerfully done an act of justice. We must, however, record his universal failure in all his attempts to dramatize the intense passions of the human soul, and to represent the nobler part of our moral composition. In a word, the essence of tragedy had no existence in Sir Walter Scott. He who wrote the poems might have written the Waverley Novels; but had they been written by different persons, we may fairly infer that neither could have written tragedy. Scott shewed his wisdom in not attempting it. His heroines and heroes themselves are usually uninteresting, and act only secondary parts in his novels, the important position being usually assigned to another order of personages, such as witches, spirits, or gipsy impostors. These characters are sketched with great power; and although we should be unable to discover their prototypes in real life, they give such an intenseness of interest to the events which they seemed to control, that—however much in strict justice we might object to them—we should, under existing circumstances, regret their removal. His best characters, it must be acknowledged after all, are those historical personages for whose portraiture we have the best authority from old documents.

The opinions we have here given very freely, and in the face of a nation who blindly adore Sir Walter Scott as the most splendid genius of the nineteenth

century, have not been advanced without much consideration; and as these observations are written only for the purpose of exciting a spirit of enquiry into the sterling excellences of this great man, we are not anxious that our readers should fall in with our own opinions on a question which may be viewed in so many different ways, and which, after all discussion, will finally be resolved into a question of taste.

THE OLD CLUB-ROOM.

SOME thirty years ago I was a young man just entering upon "Life," and prone, as most young men are, to partake largely of its enjoyments. In the same way was I equally unable, in my noviciate, to discriminate between those pleasures which are lasting and productive of peace, and those which bring dishonour and unhappiness in their train.

My name soon became associated with all kinds of gaiety. The first at the festive board, and the last to leave it, I was looked upon by my companions as the life of the fraternity—as one whose proper atmosphere was in the precincts of a tavern.

One evening my companions, who were at all times bent upon practical jokes, drugged my liquor freely with opium; and when the compound began to produce its natural effects, they locked me in the club-room and sallied forth for the night.

I know not rightly when the liquor I had taken first produced forgetfulness, for the glass, the song, the jest, and the loud laugh might have continued present to my imagination long after they had ceased in reality. Suffice it that I relate my visions thus:—

Methought I was far away, and in a pleasant land. I had become a sojourner in a little village which pain and sorrow seldom visited. Sheltered from the rude winds by green hills of gentle declivity, the low white cottages were clustered in a quiet valley, and wore the aspect of rustic simplicity and peace. Health and industry walked hand in hand together along the fruitful fields; and virtue listened with a pleased ear to the sound of the Sabbath-bells, and infused her gentlest influence into the hearts of all. Here I was accepted the affianced lover of a sweet maiden—a fair-haired and blue-eyed girl, of soul as pure as if it had never come in contact with the shadow of earth. With her by my side the hours passed in an ecstasy of delight, and I scarce could say 'twas noon ere the low sweet song of evening fell gently upon my ear from the half-closed casements of the village-church.

Amidst all this happiness, there were moments when I reverted to the past, and drew a pleasing comparison between the rite in which I had indulged and the peaceful sobriety of my present state.

Time rolled on swiftly, and I stood beside the altar with my chosen one. The sun looked brightly on us; the venerable minister officiated with a pleased air; and then came the congratulations of those around—the warm pressure of the friendly hand—the smiles and tears of the bride and her fond mother,—and then the scene with all its happiness closed upon me for ever!

Tired of a peaceful life and weary of being happy, I was again among the number of those who revel idly and laugh loudly while the pleasant things of earth are around them, and who shrink into dishonoured graves when the winter of their life arrives. Once more a frequenter of the old club-room, my visits were oftener repeated and of longer duration, and each evening's carousal rendered my step more and more unsteady. Strange to say, my wife, who I always thought loved me dearly, made no attempt to save me: she regarded me with undisguised scorn, and, holding her pale child closer to her bosom, paid but little heed to the hours of my going out or returning home. I knew that I was doing wrong, and could have often knelt to her and prayed for forgiveness; but her cold look often appalled me, and I shrunk from her like a beaten hound.

Meanwhile my pecuniary resources were failing fast, and I was rapidly destroying my constitution and my character. My days were spent in a tavern; and my nights sometimes at home, but more frequently in wandering about—I scarcely know where.

One evening, when I had not been home for some days, I was passing my little dwelling when I saw my wife, with hair dishevelled, and wringing her hands wildly and running to and fro, as if in search of help. I had a strange foreboding that something had happened to the child; and, pressing forward, I rushed up stairs, and in a moment stood by her side.

Poor child! how dreadfully she had changed since I saw her last;—her eyes had grown hollow; her little cheek was hot and sunken; and her whole frame had wasted rapidly. I feared that she was dying, and raising her little head gently in my arms begged of her to forgive me. At this juncture my wife returned with a medical man, who administered some medicines which revived the child. But he looked hard at me, as he felt her pulse, and said that nourishing diet was immediately necessary. My eyes were now opened to a state of things of which I had not even dreamed. But my resolve was soon taken; and, telling them I should return immediately, I emerged once again into the dark streets.

It was not long before I met with a well-dressed passenger; and, watching my opportunity, when none

else was near, I demanded alms. He bade me in a surly tone begone; but I kept close to him and wept, and told him of my dying child and her pale mother. He turned away and said there were hundreds worse off than I. I sprang at his throat and swore he should relieve me. He uttered loud cries for help; and I knew that his loud voice would be heard. Exasperated beyond measure, I grasped him tighter and still tighter, until I knew that he was dead. I threw him from me, and bounded forward. Attracted by his cries a mob was already gathering at my heels; but I flew with the speed and the strength of a madman. On came the pursuers in full cry; and I could see the flashing of their torches, and hear the trampling of horses mingling with their shouts. Taking advantage of a sudden turn in the road, I entered a house; and, gliding upstairs, took shelter in the first room I saw. Strange to say, it was the Old Club-Room with all the paraphernalia placed ready for one of those evenings' amusements which had been so destructive to me. I had scarcely time to observe this much ere I heard the shouts of my pursuers below. They had tracked me; and, with the eagerness of blood-hounds, they rushed upstairs, and burst into the room. I struggled fiercely with them; but they grasped my wrists tightly, and the pain—awoke me!

It was morning—and I found myself in the hands of my young companions, who had returned to wake me and enjoy their jest.

Somewhat too subdued to be angry with them, I pleaded illness and gained the quiet of my own home. I there fell into a raging fever, from the effects of which I did not recover for many months.

I am now verging towards old age, and have been married many happy years; but I have never seen the Old Club-room since that night of a dread and appalling vision; for the reminiscence of that warning dream has never left me,—and I have not dared to re-visit the haunts of dissipation and intemperance!

HAFED.

REVIEWS.

Every Family's Book of Health and Domestic Economy. 16mo. pp. 86. London: W. Strange.

THIS work promises on the title-page to show its reader how to preserve health and keep house with cheerfulness, frugality, and comfort. It also comprises a number of valuable receipts, including several peculiarly interesting to Teetotalers. The contents of the book amply and faithfully fulfil the preliminary promises of the author; and in respect to the observations which are connected with the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, we quote the following extract:—

"Fermented liquors are the well-known source of wide-spreading mischief; and it is gratifying to think that the Teetotal societies are doing so much to set aside the use of them. * * * Ardent spirits of all description are poisons, and should never be taken unless diluted with water, and then only for medicinal purposes."

When an individual has determined upon signing the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, he should also resolve to enter upon a system of healthy and economical domestic arrangement. In order to do this efficiently, he should commence by dispensing one shilling upon the purchase of this little work; and that immediate outlay of a small sum will save him the subsequent expenditure of many large ones. The contents of the work are devoted to the following subjects:—Health and its Constituents, The Nursing and Treatment of Children, The Education of Children, Bodily Health in General, Receipts for Domestic Use, Diet and Domestic Economy, The Economics of Housekeeping, Receipts for Domestic Use, &c. The following receipt for making coffee may be taken as a good specimen of the general correctness of the information given in this book:—

"In making coffee, much care is requisite to extract the whole strength and flavour of the berry; and moreover, it is very erroneous and most expensive to sweeten it with raw or moist sugar. Many persons imagine that the moist sugar tends more to sweeten; but if experiment be made, it will be found that half the quantity in weight of refined or white sugar will add more sweetness, and the flavour of the coffee will be much more pure and delicate. In Holland, where coffee is the universal beverage of the lower classes, the sugar cannot be too refined, and the boatmen on the canals may be seen mixing the most beautiful refined sugar with their coffee; and on such their custom and taste they pride themselves highly. It requires but little thought to acquiesce on this departure from our custom; and when economy is blended with such judgment, it is only necessary to call the attention of those whose means naturally excite them to seek for facts combining what is cheap and what is best."

Sandell's Mechanical System of Teaching Penmanship. Book No. I. London: W. Brittain.

THIS is a new and excellent system of teaching children the rudiments of penmanship. The strokes, pen-hooks, hangers, and letters are all traced in a pale red ink upon the several pages, and the business of the pupil is

to mark over them with a pen full of black ink. By this method the hand is practised, and the correct form and fashion of letters are acquired. This is decidedly a system which only requires to be known to become popular. An individual may by these means teach himself to write without the aid of a master or instructor.

The Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. Published in Monthly Parts. Part I. pp. 32. London: W. Brittain.

The Magazine of Science, and School of Arts. Published in Monthly Parts. Part XXI. pp. 32. London: W. Brittain.

THESE excellent publications are eminently deserving the attention of those who are anxious to make themselves acquainted, for a small sum, with all that is useful, ornamental, or necessary, in respect to the arts and sciences. The first of these publications is chiefly devoted to an explanation of scientific and technical terms, instruments, materials, and processes. Those who are accustomed to attend philosophical lectures, or to read scientific books, will find the *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences* to be a most invaluable companion to their studies. The work is embellished with numerous and beautiful wood-cuts, and will form a handsome volume, when complete. How it can be published at the cheap rate at which it is issued, is a matter of astonishment to us, skilled as we are in all the wonders of the press, both from observation and experience. *The Magazine of Science* must be spoken of in similarly plauditory language. The wood-cuts in this monthly publication, which is issued at the ridiculously cheap price of sevenpence each number, are executed in the first style of the art, and impart great value to the book. Both these publications reflect the highest credit upon Mr. Brittain, whose enterprising spirit in such works should be well rewarded. We should like to see a good general biographical work, for the people, issued in a similar style: at present the poorer classes have no means of obtaining an insight into the lives of many great and eminent men, dead and living, whose biographies are confined to expensive "lives" or encyclopædias.

The Cook; or The Ladies' Kitchen Directory. Edited by a Lady. Published in Monthly Parts. Part IV. pp. 32. London: W. Brittain.

THIS work, which is "devoted to the use of the fair sex," contains receipts sufficient to make the mouth of an Apicius water. The English must really understand more of the art of the kitchen, than their Gallic neighbours suppose, when we contemplate the immense numbers of Culinary guides that are published. Of all the works we have yet seen upon the subject, this is decidedly the best, Murray's edition of a similar publication alone excepted.

The Ladies' Cabinet of Fashion, Music, and Romance. Number for February. London: G. Henderson.

THE January and February numbers of this elegant little bijou are unusually good. We copy out the following amusing tale:—

THE HAUNTED BRIG.

It was on a beautiful moonlight night when we were in the tropics, as I was hard and fast in the lee of the launch, very busy sleeping, that my person was saluted and my nap cut short from a kick from old Harry Wilson, one of our quarter-masters. "Haul your wind out of this," said he "you've watched the cable about long enough; heave and weigh. I don't care if I come to an anchor;" and so saying, he took possession of my moorings; but as he carried too many guns for me, there was nothing to be said, and I quietly submitted, and prevailed on him to spin a yarn.

The scene was in complete keeping with the subject: the full, beautiful, tropical moon, shone in unclouded splendour, and old Ocean lay outstretched basking in her effulgence, lulling himself to sleep with his own eternal anthem, "the moonlight music of the waves."

Our ship was quietly ploughing her way through the almost unruffled surface of the deep. The wind was fair, though light, and our immense folds of spotless canvass were spread before it, glistening in the moonbeams, and ever and anon, crimsoned with the phosphoretic illumination of the ocean, so common in the tropics.

Our decks were nearly silent; the sailors lay around in groups, dreaming, either sleeping or waking, of that happy home and all its endearments, to which we were rapidly hastening; for, delightful truth, the sloop-of-war was "homeward bound." Those "who live at home at ease," can form no estimate of the delicious sensations caused by those two words, in the bosom of the poor sailor, far away on the deep. In cold or heat, in storm and tempest, "homeward bound" is the saviour of all afflictions, the watchword of joy. The man at the wheel, when relieved, would say, "her course is north, Jack; homeward bound." Such was the state of things on our decks, when old Wilson began his yarn.

"It's now going on thirty odd years since I one day drifted along to Blackwall, and saw there a brig, called the 'Rising Sun.' She was as neat and pretty a craft

as an old tar would wish to clap eyes on—clinker built, black hull and painted ports, with long, heavy, raking masts and black yards. Thinka I, that is the stuff for trowsers, so I shipped aboard of her, and the next day we were at sea.

"For the first week we had had fair winds, and everything went on regular, but after that, there began to be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. One night when we were sailing along with just wind enough to give her steerage-way, *crash* went something aloft, and a man in the top hailed the first-mate; 'main-yard's carried away in the slings, sir.' 'Mainyard carried away?' growled the mate, 'why, there is not a capfull of wind aloft.' 'Main-yard carried away?' said the old man, sticking his head up the companionway; 'why, the devil's in the brig!' He was right the devil was in the brig, as we found to our sorrow.

"We turned to and slung the yard again and got everything snug, and went on our course, but we didn't feel easy; and one fellow began to tell how he had heard of a brig called the Rising Sun, which was *haunted*; but he didn't think, in England, that this was the one, and so had said nothing. Well, we were talking and guessing about it, when this same fellow, Starboard Tom, sung out so sudden, that we all jumped up as if the brig was afire. 'I say, shipmates,' says he, 'I'll tell you how we'll know, if this is the same craft. The haunted brig had a red spot on the deck of her fo'castle, as big as a man's head, close by the stanchion, amidships. We all run down into the fo'castle, and here, sure enough, at the foot of the amidships-stanchion, was a dark-red spot—a spot of blood! 'Tom,' says we, 'how came that there?' 'Why,' says he, 'I was told that the crew mutinized at sea, two or three years ago, and when the captain came down into the fo'castle to see a sick man, one of the ringleaders killed him with an axe, and that spot is where his head struck when he fell. The crew robbed the brig and left her, and she was picked up by a man-of-war and taken into Dover, and lay a long time, and nobody would ship in her. And, I 'spose, when the owners found they couldn't get any hands for her there, they sent her round to London, to man her, and so we're all sucked in; I shall never forget how I felt that night. I ain't afraid of anything as long as I can see it; but to be aboard a vessel that's *haunted*! I can't stand that.

"We went on for two or three days, expecting that something more would happen, when one day, about dusk, Carpenter went down into the fo'castle, to get something out of his chest. He was a big, brave fellow, who didn't care for anything, and had said all along, that he did not believe the brig was haunted at all. He had not been down there but five minutes, when we heard a little noise, as if a man was strangling, and trying to call for help; and the next thing, we hear a yell of agony, and Carpenter burst up the hatch; his face all black, his throat black-and-blue, his mouth wide open, and his eyes starting out of his head; and looking back, as if something was chasing him, he screamed out—'Oh, he's choking me!' and fell senseless on deck. Well, some run for one thing, and some for another, and after working at him a long time, he came to. When he was a little better, we asked him what was the matter. 'Why,' says he, trembling all over, 'when I had got what I wanted, out of my chest, I turned into my berth, and, as I rolled over, I thought I heard something moving in the fo'castle, so I turned round to see who it was, when I was knocked back into my bunk, and I felt two hands choking me, though I could not see anything, and I tried to get away, but I could not stir; but, just as I begun to give up, I felt something on my cheek, like a man's cold breath, and then the hands let go, and I sung out, and run on deck.' That was enough for us; we all felt as if we were doomed. That night no one went into the fo'castle, but we all lay on deck, in the lee of the long boat. Starboard Tom had the first wheel, in the mid-watch, and all the rest of us lay asleep, forra'd. The second-mate had the deck, and was leaning over the weather-rail asleep and the captain was below in the cabin. About three bells, Tom thought he saw something moving on the weather-gangway, walking fore and aft, like a man on watch; but as it was dark, he could not make out what it was; so he stood watching it, and as it grew plainer, it looked like a man dressed in white, and he was so scared, that when it was four bells, he did not dare to call his relief, but stood looking to see what would happen. About five bells, it disappeared, and Tom was getting ready to hail for his relief, when up came a man out of the cabin, dressed in white flannel drawers and shirt, and a white nightcap, and Tom thought it was the skipper. It went to the weather-rail, and looked into the face of the second-mate, who was leaning there asleep, and stood so for five minutes.

"Now," thought Tom, 'stand by for squalls; the old man is going to blow up the second-dickey, for being asleep on watch.'

"Just as he thought so, the figure turned round, and walked forra'd, and Tom stood looking after it, when suddenly the real captain stuck his head up the companionway, and sung out.

"Tom, how do you head, there?"

"Oh! the ghost!" cried Tom, and fell down in a fit; and we had to work at him a long time to bring

him to. But things got quiet again, and the night passed off without any more disturbance.

"The next day, about four bells in the forenoon watch, the captain called for Carpenter to bring a small chisel into the cabin, and ordered him to make two little holes in the pannels over the head of his berth. Now, I believe, he had spoken to the ghost, and he had told him there was money hid there, and that was what he haunted the brig for. At any rate, we had no more trouble with the ghost; and as the captain was for carrying sail, he cracked away on her, so that we made Cadiz in a fortnight. We discharged our cargo, and loaded again and the fore-hold was stowed with horns.

"We had been at Cadiz about six weeks, and were to sail in a day or two, when one day, towards dusk, I was down in the fo'castle and as I lay in my bunk, I heard the horns in the hold rattle as if some one was toasting them about at a great rate. Now we had stowed them as tight as they would wedge, and I thought the devil himself could not make them fetch away; so I determined to see what the matter was. The next morning, when the hatches were taken off, I looked into the fore-hold, and there the horns were wedged just as we left them!

"That was enough for me, and I run away that day, and went aboard a ship bound for London. Two days after, the Rising Sun sailed, and in a week we followed her. We had been out to sea about a week, when, one morning, a lookout aloft sung out, 'Sail, ho! We bore down on the craft, and about noon we got within speaking distance. She was a brig, standing the same way we were, with all sail set, stunsails on both sides, and yet she did not make much way.

"We hailed her, but she said nothing; we hailed again, but still she said not a word; and we then saw that there were no men on her decks. So our captain spoke, says he, 'They are all fast, keeping watch below; we'll turn them out, before the brig falls overboard.' And he sent a boat to board her, and I was one of her crew. As soon as I got on her deck, I knew her. She was the Rising Sun! Everything on deck looked right, and she was going regular enough before the wind, but there was no living thing to be seen. Jackets and shoes lay knocking about decks, as they always do. The people's chests were all in the fo'castle; and the captain's dunnage was in the cabin, as if he had just been writing. Nothing was taken away, nor anything left adrift; every rope was belayed right, and coiled up regular, and the decks were clear. The log-book lay open in the first-mate's state-room, and a pen, with ink in it, lay athwart it, and at the end of the last day's work (about a week before) was this—'A strange man seen on the fore-castle'—and then a mark, as if he had begun to write something else.

"That was enough for us. We hauled off as quick as we could, and got aboard our own ship, and made sail to get away; when suddenly, a tall, black man appeared on the fo'castle of the Rising Sun, walked slowly aft, and then went down into the cabin. The brig gave a heavy lurch to port, and went down head-fo'most; and so ended the voyages of the Haunted Brig. What became of her men nobody knew? they were never heard of to this day."

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

BY JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

THE interest that has recently been excited throughout all Europe, by the efforts for renewing the ancient communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, on the one hand, and the opening of the route to India, by the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, on the other, has directed public attention to whatever could elucidate the question, as to whether the Red Sea and the Mediterranean could be advantageously united, by means of a canal, from the one to the other, so as to shorten the communication between western Europe and eastern Asia, and thus avoid the long and generally stormy voyage round the great continent of Africa, by the passage of the Cape of Good Hope.

Having taken an early and a prominent part in the inquiries which were instituted on this subject, during my travels in Egypt, I was specially solicited by its present ruler, Mohammed Ali Pasha, to undertake a journey across the Isthmus of Suez, for the double purpose, first, of examining the capacity of that port to receive vessels of a considerable burthen, and inspecting its anchorages; and secondly, of traversing the desert lying between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, with the view of ascertaining whether any vestiges could still be traced of the ancient canal, said to have been begun by one of the Pharaohs, completed by Darius, and continued open up to the time of the Ptolemies. The object of these inquiries was not the mere gratification of a geographical or antiquarian curiosity, though that would have been motive sufficient to induce me to undertake the task; but it was intended as a prelude to the re-opening of the ancient commerce, which, before the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope, by Vasco Da Gama, was carried on extensively and profitably by this route, between Europe and India, by which indeed Alexandria had been enriched, and by which Genoa and Venice acquired such opulence and power, as to reign sole arbiters of the dominion along the shores of these two seas.

I accordingly entered into the project with zeal, believing that whatever might be the privations of the desert journey, I should be gratified by its novelty; and hoping, that beside my own personal gratification, some public good would result from the investigation on which I was about to enter.

It was on the evening of the 14th of February, that I took my leave of the Pasha, and of the numerous friends with whom I had enjoyed so many agreeable days in Cairo, and adopting their advice, to make the journey as privately as possible, so as to avoid the danger of being followed and plundered by the way, I prepared for travelling in the garb of an Arab of the humblest class, being now sufficiently qualified for this, by my knowledge of the Arabic tongue.

DEPARTURE FROM CAIRO.—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15th.—I had slept but little, from the diversified thoughts by which I was agitated during the night; and stirring with the earliest dawn, we were dressed and equipped before sunrise. After receiving a letter of credit on Damietta, in case of our visiting that place, as well as the firman of the Pasha, to be shown only in case of need, we repaired to the okella, or stablea, where our camels and their driver lodged. This individual, whose name was Phanoose (literally a lantern, or a light for the path), was a Bedouin Arab, from the mountains near Horeb and Sinai; he had been long known among the merchants of Egypt for his tried fidelity, and was constantly entrusted by them to be the bearer of large sums in gold and silver between Sinai, Tor, Suez, and Cairo. He was thus charged for a journey at present, and to his care and protection I entirely committed myself. The great caravan of four thousand camels had departed from Cairo for Suez on the preceding evening, and coinciding with him in his opinion that it was best to avoid their track, and journey by the less frequented road, to the northward of their course, we left Cairo by the Bab-el Nasr, or Gate of Victory, about nine o'clock.

Our dresses were those of the Arab Fellahs, or Egyptian peasants, consisting of a simple shirt of blue cotton, over one of coarse calico next the skin, a coarse muslin turban for the head, and a woollen sash for the waist, with red slippers, and a blue cotton melyah, a kind of shawl thrown loosely across the shoulders in the day, and serving for a slight covering at night. We had each long full beards, and wore sandals on our feet. Our provisions consisted of a small supply of bread, rice, butter, dates, a few hard boiled eggs and salt, some coffee, tobacco, and a goat's skin of water; our cooking utensils comprised only an iron kettle for boiling rice, and a small coffee pot with two coffee cups. Our arms were a sabre, musket, and pistols each, all of the most ordinary quality, to prevent their exciting envy, or a desire in others to possess them; and these, with a straw mat for sleeping on, and a Bedouin cloak, or Burnoose, for a night covering, with the indispensable requisites of a pipe and tobacco-bag, completed our simple travelling equipage.

Taking a course almost due east from the gate we had left, we passed on through a narrow defile, or valley, formed by the near approach of two small but steep hills, projecting against each other like bluff capes in miniature, leaving the 'Birket-el-Hadji,' or the Lake of the Pilgrims, the general point of rendezvous for caravans, to the north of us. The pace of our camels appeared to me light and easy, and as they bore only the few small sacks of money confided to the care of the Bedouin, beside our own baggage, their rate of progress was never less than a league in the hour. The weather was favourable for our journey; and Phanoose occasionally broke the silence of the desert by the songs, with which he cheered his camels, so that I felt my spirits growing lighter with every step we took.

We halted for an hour about noon, and made a hearty, though a hasty meal, when overtaking a small caravan of Arabs bound to Tor, we joined their humble camp, for mutual protection, about two hours before sunset. Our salutations at meeting were rather like those of long absent friends than that of perfect strangers, and their rude hospitality had in it a sincerity which enhanced its worth. The camels were unladen, and suffered to feed upon the few dry herbs scattered among the sands, which, in addition to their want of moisture, had the bitterest taste that could be endured. The sacks of grain which formed the lading of those bound to Tor, were ranged on each side of us, as a shelter from the wind; our arms were mustered and examined, and we felt ourselves in a state of security.

The party we had joined were named Moosa, or Moses, a deaf grey-bearded old Bedouin, Abdallah, a negro from the mountains beyond Habesh, or Abyssinia, and Suliman, and Hassan, two Arab boys, which was now increased by Phanoose, our guide, and myself. The boys being immediately despatched to collect sufficient fuel for the night, Abdallah served us with coffee, prepared over a fire of dried camel's dung, collected on the spot. Our pipes were filled from each other's sacks, as a usual interchange of compliment, and my ready acceptance of a pinch from Moosa's snuff-box (for the Arabs who frequent Cairo have learnt this habit of the Europeans there), brought us at once upon a footing of intimacy.

As conversation became general, it was soon discovered that my language as well as colour, was not

exactly that of the Bedonins; the Arabic spoken in Egypt, though pure, differing materially from that of the desert; and to pass for a Turk, though perfectly easy in the present instance, would have been of no advantage, their whole race being hated and despised by the Bedonins. I therefore confessed myself to be a traveller from the west, wandering over the eastern world in search of knowledge and of good men; and as this elicited an expression of applause, mingled with surprise, and my protector, Phanoose, honestly avowed that my life was upon his head, all things seemed likely to be turned to our advantage. Interesting as the task would have been, I found it impossible to remember the whole of the conversation which arose upon this single topic: namely, the avowed rarity of finding wisdom or honesty among men, and the grounds on which I hoped to meet with it in my travels through the world, for such appeared to them to be the state of the argument implied by my confession. But though this discussion was long, it was ingenious, and entertaining even to the end.

(To be continued in our next.)

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

TEETOTALISM IN THE ARMY.

A SERGEANT in the 86th regiment, now in Ireland, has formed a Teetotal Society in that corps. From a letter written by this individual to a Teetotal comrade in the Guards, we extract the following sentences:—"I am rejoiced to hear that your members are increasing in your Battalion. Surely the blessing of God has attended our several endeavours to redeem our country from intemperance; and this conviction should give an impulse to renewed exertions. The persecutions I endure will only make me the more zealous in advocating the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The spread of the Gospel will avail nothing, so long as with our missionaries we send forth a stream of liquid fire to destroy the morals of the heathen. I often carry my thoughts to our deeds in the Peninsular War, and blush for our fellow-countrymen when I read of the atrocities committed by our troops in Spain, in the moments of intoxication. Rape—murder—plunder, were the characteristics of that warfare! On this account, I am particularly anxious to see our army purged, in respect to the dreadful habit of intemperance."

COUNTRY NEWS.

CUMBERLAND.

We have been favoured with the following interesting intelligence, by MR. GOWLAND, the well-known Temperance Advocate:—

"I have the pleasure to inform you, that the glorious cause of Teetotalism is rapidly advancing in Cumberland. I have just completed a tour through the country; and have lectured in Carlisle, Wigton, Aspatria, Allonby, Maryport, Workington, Whitehaven, Cockermouth, Keswick, and Penrith. The doctrine is spreading among all classes of the community, and the good already accomplished is a matter of delightful contemplation. The festival at Workington was celebrated the week before last, and upwards of two hundred signatures to the pledge were obtained. Men are beginning to think for themselves instead of treading in the beaten paths of our forefathers, or entrusting their highest interests to the protection of others;—and while it is a cause of rejoicing to hear of the success of our southern brethren, be assured we are not idle in the 'North country.'"

SHREWSBURY.

Our correspondent at Shrewsbury informs us, that he attended the first Teetotal meeting ever held at Hofton, which is a place on the Holyhead Road, near Shrewsbury. This meeting, which was held on the 12th instant, produced the most beneficial results. At the commencement of a lecture delivered by Mr. BLACKWOOD, the audience showed a disposition to receive the doctrine most favourably; and twenty-five converts were made at the conclusion of the address. It appears that up to this period the inhabitants of Hofton had been very much opposed to the mere name of Teetotalism; but our correspondent felicitates the cause upon the success which its advocates experienced there, as elsewhere. He enquires, "Why should not the peasantry of our country be aroused from their lethargic state of ignorance to a sense of the value of intellectual pursuits, through the medium of Teetotalism?" Our correspondent, who was himself once a spirit-dealer, is now a staunch disciple of the principle he so nobly advocates.

On Wednesday evening, January 20th, a meeting was held in the Welsh Chapel, Mr. DRAYTON in the chair. Two reclaimed drunkards addressed the audience with considerable effect: and they were followed by Mr. BROWN and Mr. DRAYTON.

MANCHESTER.

The Teetotalers of Manchester are about to make a grand display of their numbers and importance, and to

convince their opponents that they are not to be intimidated by the wealth and influence brought to bear against them. They are determined to break the drunkard's chains, and prevent the moderate-drinker from ever wearing them. The festival meetings are admirably attended in this town. On the 17th instant, the Northern District Teetotal Society held a grand Tea-Meeting. A Mutual Improvement Society has also been established at Manchester. The Anniversary meeting of the Manchester Society took place on January 8th; and several important changes occurred in the election of officers for the present year. Crowded meetings have been held by the Peter-street and Fairfield-street Branches.

On Monday, 18th, there was a crowded meeting in a large room beneath the Saint Michael's Sunday School. On the evening of the 20th, the members of the Teetotal Mutual Improvement Class held a meeting in the Temperance Assembly-rooms, George Leigh-street, and proposed the following question for discussion at the next meeting:—"What influence has the sober man over the moderate-drinker?"

BARNESLEY.

A CROWDED meeting of Teetotalers took place at the Catholic Chapel, on Sunday evening, January 17th. On Monday, January 18th, a meeting was held at the village of Ardsley, and MESSIEURS T. LISTER and SMITH delivered effective addresses. A crowded meeting was also lately held at Smithy Mills, where Mr. Lister lectured. Many of the villages near Barnsley are very anxious to form Teetotal societies.

TOWN NEWS.

SOUTH LONDON CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

ON Tuesday evening last, Mr. Fitzgerald delivered a lecture in the Temperance Hall, near London Road, to a numerous and respectable auditory. Mr. F. took a rapid view of the various objections urged against Total Abstinence, which he combated to the satisfaction of the meeting. The lecturer then drew an interesting picture of the advantages, domestic and social, which must result to Ireland from the national adoption of Total Abstinence principles, and appended to his countrymen for the sake of their father-land to strain every nerve in promotion of the good cause. This branch has been very successful in its warfare against the baneful practice of intoxication.

VIRGINIA STREET CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

ON Sunday evening, according to announcement, MR. KELSEY delivered a lecture in the Glass House, opposite the entrance to the London Docks, East Smithfield, on "the evils of Intemperance as manifested in the physical and moral degradation of its victims." The lecturer, in a most eloquent address, established the fact that the yearly increase or decrease of crime and death was in the same ratio as the increase or decrease of the use of alcoholic liquors.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE anniversary of this Society was celebrated by a splendid meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, on Wednesday, January 20th. At eight o'clock the chapel was crowded to excess; and many elegantly-dressed ladies were present.

At eight o'clock precisely, the President of the Association, JOHN BILTON, Esq., entered the chapel, attended by the Members of the Executive Committee, and proceeded to take the chair, amidst the most rapturous applause. The platform then presented a most interesting appearance, being crowded by the most influential advocates of Teetotalism in London. At a quarter past eight, the Executive Committee of the Chelsea Auxiliary entered the chapel, with its banners and Union Jacks. The great banner of the Association was suspended between the two windows over the platform.

MR. BILTON addressed the audience in terms of congratulation on the flourishing condition of the United Temperance Association, and expressed the deep interest which he felt in the cause.

MR. POCKNELL (the Secretary) then read the *First Yearly Report*, a considerable portion of which appeared in our journal of last week.

MR. JOHNSON proposed the first Resolution, which was that "The Report be adopted." Mr. Johnson made a most able speech upon the necessity of Union amongst Teetotalers, and denounced in severe terms the malignity of the opponents to the United Temperance Association. MR. CRUMP (the Registrar) seconded the Resolution, and also spoke upon the necessity of Union.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS proposed the second Resolution, which was "That the United Temperance Association pledges itself to exert its most unremitting energies in furtherance of the cause of Teetotalism, and to effect the objects of Union, upon which principles this Society has been formed." Mr. Reynolds said that he took that opportunity of announcing the circulation of *The Teetotaler* as a proof of the progressive nature of the doctrine of Teetotalism. *The Teetotaler* enjoyed a circulation of ten thousand copies weekly; and he had no

doubt but that in six months this immense amount would be doubled. MR. BAYLIS seconded the above Resolution, and gave an interesting account of a late tour which he made to Bath and Brighton, where Teetotalism was rapidly progressing.

MR. FARMILLO (of the Chelsea Auxiliary) moved the third Resolution, "That MR. BILTON (the President), MR. POCKNELL (the Secretary), MR. EMBERSON (the Treasurer), and MR. CRUMP (the Registrar), be continued in their respective offices for the year 1841." This Resolution was seconded by MR. GRIMSHAW, and supported by MR. CURRIE (of Chelsea). Mr. Currie made a most able speech in favour of the principle of Union, which is advocated by the United Temperance Association.

All the above Resolutions were carried unanimously. When the business of the evening was over, MR. PHILLIPS (of Northampton) made a most impressive speech upon the doctrine of Teetotalism. A vote of thanks to the President was then proposed by MR. BIDDLE; and, after three cheers for the United Temperance Association, the meeting separated at eleven o'clock. This was one of the most brilliant Teetotal Assemblies ever held in the metropolis.

WORKING MAN'S TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

We have just been informed that a society under this title has been recently established, and that a public meeting for its recognition will be held at Aldersgate-street Chapel, on Thursday, the 4th of February, when the Rules, which are of the most liberal character, and an address from the Committee, will be submitted to general attention. A working man will preside. Weekly Committee Meetings, which are open to all members, are to be held every Tuesday evening, at Dennis's Coffee House, Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell.

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

THIS society, we are happy to hear, has greatly increased latterly in the number of its members. The committee labour most energetically, and their exertions continue to receive every species of encouragement. On the 7th of the present month they opened a new place of meeting at Eagle-court Chapel, St. John's-lane, Smithfield, and here their meetings continue to be held regularly every Thursday evening. This association has also established a Mutual Instruction Society, which is to commence its operations in April next. On Monday evening, the 15th of February, the Anniversary Meeting of the Society will take place at the Parochial School-rooms, Amwell-street, Pentonville. Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart., will preside, and many eminent ministers and other favourites are expected to attend.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS has promised to deliver a lecture, upon the nature and effects of alcoholic liquors, to the members of this auxiliary, on Friday, February 5th, at the Temperance Hall, 56, George-street, Chelsea.

TEMPERANCE HALL, SHOREDITCH.

THIS place of meeting (late the Standard Theatre) was crowded to excess, on Monday evening last, by the members and friends of the Huxton and Finsbury Youths' Teetotal Association. The audience was composed of most respectable persons; and the whole scene was exhilarating and encouraging in the extreme. The following gentlemen addressed the meeting:—MESSIEURS T. W. GREEN, (the chairman), G. W. M. REYNOLDS, BIDDLE, PHILLIPS, BUTTE (a liberal-minded French gentleman, who gave a handsome donation in aid of the funds of the Association), J. PALMER, MINGATE SYDER, and BROWN. MR. WILLIAMS (the secretary) read a most interesting address to the audience.

MATRIMONY.—The following beautiful extract is from "Family Lectures":—"A great portion of the wretchedness which has often embittered married life, I am persuaded, has originated in the neglect of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a plant which will not even bear the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered with a shower of affection, expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded with the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus nurtured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years."

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the 2nd Number of a second Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

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LONDON.—J. C. HENDERSON, 16, BARNES SQUARE.

THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 33.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1840.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER III.

THE READER IS HERE RENDERED FAMILIAR WITH THE MORNING'S OCCUPATIONS OF MR. PICKWICK; AND IS ONCE MORE INTRODUCED TO THE FAMILY OF THE WHOLESALE GROCER IN WOOD-STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

Mr. Pickwick passed as tranquil and comfortable a night as a man might be expected to do, after having spent the previous one in a station-house with no other companion than one of the largest of the rat-species. It was about half-past eight o'clock when Mr. Pickwick started from his slumbers, and in another moment started from his bed also. His white cotton night-cap was uppermost on his head, and Miss Teresina Sago uppermost in his mind; and as the idea of this interesting young lady danced through his imagination, he himself danced with joy.

The morning was a beautiful one; and although the snow lay thick upon the ground, it was by no means cold. Carried away by the enthusiasm of his imagination, Mr. Pickwick bethought himself of calling upon the grocer's family in the course of the day: and his next impulse was to rush to the window, in order to see what kind of weather it was likely to be. The window looked upon a yard at the back of the house; and Mr. Pickwick did not therefore for one moment hesitate to open the casement, and protrude his illustrious head, with the cotton night-cap upon it, forth into the open air, that he might gaze around him.

"What a lovely morning!" said Mr. Pickwick, soliloquising aloud: "and how happy does all nature appear around!" (The immortal gentleman could see nothing beyond the backs of a few houses, and the exquisite proportions of two or three stacks of chimneys.) "The breeze, instead of imparting a chillness to the air, is absolutely refreshing! Behold that noble cat—how joyously she walks along the wall! Alas! that some scoundrel of a boy should have this moment knocked her off with a brick-bat! And now I catch a partial glimpse of a happy domestic, cleaning his master's boots and shoes in the next yard! There—now he has knocked over the blacking-bottle; and, oh! how he does swear! Still it is a lovely morning—a very lovely morning! The busy hum of this great city is commencing; and everything reminds us that myriads of industrious inhabitants have already commenced their daily avocations! How sweet must be the toil which earns the daily bread! The sound of martial music playing in the park, and the cry of the muffin-boy, break upon the silence of the morning. The sun looks forth from the azure canopy above, and the sweep from the summit of yonder chimney—"

"Sweep!" exclaimed the shrill tone of this last object of Mr. Pickwick's sublime musings.

"Alas! poor boy—thine is indeed a hard fate!" said Mr. Pickwick, still musing aloud, while emotions of the purest philanthropy were awakened in his mind by the contemplation of the soot-begrimed urchin, who sat between two chimney-pots on an adjacent house-top: "thine is indeed a hard fate! All toil, and no pleasure for thee, poor boy! Even thine innocent sports—thine harmless pastimes—thy childish tricks, more amusing than annoying, are all denied thee! At this moment, suffering child do, I behold—"

It is impossible to say what Mr. Pickwick beheld at that precise instant; because, scarcely had he reached this truly affecting portion of his soliloquy, when a hard and somewhat ponderous snow-ball, aimed at his cotton night-cap by the unfortunate boy on the top of the chimney, hit him upon the right eye, and compelled him to

withdraw his head from the window, as if he were suddenly shot. It was thus that another striking example was afforded of the ingratitude which invariably awaits upon sympathy and kindness in this world.

Mr. Pickwick had looked out of the window, in a good humour with himself and all the world; and he returned to his dressing-table in an equal degree of ill-humour with himself and all the world. From this circumstance another great moral may be deduced—showing upon occasions how easily the wind of circumstances might blow round the vane of the human feelings. Mr. Pickwick fully comprehended the force of this reflection: he could not, however, understand why the blow should light direct upon the eye.

In the midst of these meditations, and just as Mr. Pickwick's legs entered the little black gaiters, Mr. Samuel Weller's person entered the room.

"Mornin', sir," said that functionary.

"Good morning, Sam," returned Mr. Pickwick, whose equanimity of temper was restored when he saw the florid and healthy countenance of his faithful valet: "nice weather this."

"I've seen wusser, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "It's exceedin' fresh, fine, an' healthy; an' so I've been out just to exercise these wery elastic paytent ever-movin' limbs o' mine."

"Ah! it's a fine morning for a run, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, enveloping his chin in a coat of lather, which set off the remainder of his expressive countenance to great advantage: "and it is on such a day as this that a man feels his own importance—that he enjoys health and spirits—that he is proud of being a free-born Englishman—"

"Oh! wery proud o' that there indeed, sir," interrupted Sam: "an' them pleasant little feelings o' pride is wery powerfully excited ven a great hulking feller, with a bagginet in his hand, tells you with a impudent voice that you can't enter the park gates, 'cos you've got your undress veskitt on."

"What do you mean, Sam?" demanded his master, whose ideas of the glorious freedom of Englishmen were somewhat disturbed by this observation.

"Wot I means is this here," said Sam, "that no von as isn't vell dressed can't go into the parks; an' so the workin' man stands no chance o' walkin' in them pleasure grounds for vich he helps to pay, if so be he ain't got a precious good coat on his back. Poverty's a wery great crime in this country, as the overseer said to the pauper."

"Any news this morning, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, after a considerable pause.

"Why, sir," returned Mr. Weller, "I ain't heerd o' nothin' very new, that I know of. I did get up early to go an' see a feller cut a caper in the air."

"A tight rope dancer, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick complacently.

"Ah! a precious tight rope indeed, sir," replied Sam, shaking his head.

"You don't mean to say that there was a man hanged this morning, Sam?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in whose mind there rose a scintillation of the proceeding to which his valet alluded.

"Never was more serious in my life, sir."

"Who was the criminal that suffered, Sam?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"A man, sir, askilled his wife in a fit of intoxication," was the answer. "A wery peaceable, an' quiet man he was too ven he was sober—a inoffensive, say-nothing-to-nobody kind of a feller. But ven he was in liquor, my eyes—sir, what a owdacious feller he were to be sure. You see, sir, that since the government took the hextra duty off spirits, them kind o' cases has

greatly increased. Laws makes drunkards, sir, and laws punishes 'em."

"That never struck me before, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "I really think the government ought to forbid the use of strong drinks."

"An' if so be they was to do it, sir, wot 'ud become o' the revenue?" asked Mr. Weller hastily. "Did you ever see a costermonger, sir, as felt any pity ven he wolopped his donkey, if so be that wery self-same identical donkey was the cause o' putting more money in its master's pocket by running a little bit faster. Vell, sir, so it is with the government: they doesn't care wot becomes o' the people, so long as they drains the money out on 'em somehow or another."

"There is a great deal of truth in your observations, Sam," remarked Mr. Pickwick, as he completed his toilet.

"Hooray for breakfast then," ejaculated Mr. Weller. "Mr. Snodgrass is already at work."

"What, with his pen, Sam?"

"No, sir—with his jaws. Muffins an' eggs is all a gettin' cold; but Mr. Snodgrass always keeps a strong cup o' tea for you. The childreu has all been a askin' arter you too. What wery nice quiet, well-behaved young creatura they is: young lions is nothing to 'em."

"So full of life and spirits, eh—Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick as he descended the stairs.

"Oh! wery, sir," was the answer; "an' so wery amiable too. I caught the eldest boy filling your best hat with snow-balls this mornin', when I come down, and puttin' coals into your great-coat pocket. They ain't by no means particular to a shade or two what they do. They're jist like young bears, sir; all their sorrows is to come. It's lucky that they don't know all as is in store for 'em, as the nobleman said ven he set the man-traps to catch the poachers."

The moment Mr. Pickwick made his appearance in the parlour, all the little Snodgrasses rushed around him; and welcomed him with the most unfeigned delight. Mr. Snodgrass and his wife, who were discussing muffins and domestic economy, abandoned the latter to help their friend to the former; and the breakfast passed away without any incident worthy of record. After breakfast came the newspaper, and Mr. Snodgrass prepared to read it to Mr. Pickwick, while the children withdrew to make a noise in the nursery, and Mrs. Snodgrass a pudding in the kitchen.

"Any news?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"We'll see in a minute," replied Mr. Snodgrass, turning and folding the paper in such a way as to get at the most interesting columns. "Ah! here seems to be something which will interest the world:—'REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS. At a moment when the dearness of bread is calling the attention of all classes of society in England to the present universally execrated system of the Corn Laws, we should be wanting in our duty to the public, as honest journalists, did we not mention any source of comfort, with which we are acquainted, and which may serve as a partial consolation for the tyranny of oppressive political systems. The world will doubtless be anxious to be made aware of such an indemnification for hours of suffering and musing; and it is with a purely philanthropic and humane view that we allude to Rowland's Macassar Oil?'"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, who had been sitting on the tenter-hooks of expectation and suspense during the reading of this paragraph, and in a pleasing state of wonder and uncertainty at the nature of the blessing which was to recompense Englishmen for the tyranny of a political system.

"Bless me, what do I see now?" cried Mr. Snodgrass, starting as if he had trodden upon a snake, and writhing very much like one upon his chair.

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Pickwick impatiently.

"I cannot—no I cannot find courage to read it!" cried Mr. Snodgrass, a prey to violent emotions.

"Then I must," said Mr. Pickwick; and snatching the paper out of the hands of his friend, he in a very short time found his visual organs attracted, as if by magnetic influence, to the following astounding statement:—

"PICKWICK IN TROUBLE. A short and rather stout gentleman was placed at the bar, charged with being drunk and disorderly in the streets on the previous evening. It appeared, from the evidence of Policeman Bludgin, of the K division, number six thousand nine hundred and ninety five, that the prisoner came dancing along the Strand at about three o'clock in the morning, in a state which plainly indicated that his legs were as unsettled as his ideas. The prisoner was howling a stanza of some Bacchanalian song at the top of his voice, and imitating the crowing of cocks, and performing other vocal variations in a manner calculated to alarm her majesty's liege subjects. Policeman Bludgin kindly and politely remonstrated with the prisoner upon the impropriety of breaking the peace. The prisoner replied that he'd see the peace at the devil before he'd break it, and then set up a more appalling shout than ever. Policeman Bludgin again remonstrated with the prisoner, who very quietly began to take off his coat, and then laid himself down upon the steps of a door, requesting the policeman to tuck him up and call him at nine, when he should want hot water to shave with. The constable, it appears, was himself leaning against the shutters of a house-window, as he remonstrated with the prisoner upon the indecency of his conduct; when the prisoner suddenly started up, swore that the policeman was a pump, and took the policeman's arm, which he worked forcibly up and down under the agreeable impression that it was the pump-handle. The policeman now called for assistance; and by the aid of six other constables of the K division, the prisoner was conveyed to the police-station in Bow-street, after a most desperate resistance. Upon being placed at the bar, he was asked who he was; and to the astonishment of all present, he gave his name as SAMUEL PICKWICK. His identity with that celebrated traveller and philanthropist was then immediately recognised; and Mr. Pickwick was allowed to depart, after having been fined five shillings for his night's sport."

"It is an abominable tissue of falsehoods!" cried Mr. Pickwick, throwing the journal indignantly upon the floor.

Mr. Snodgrass took up the newspaper, and read the whole report over again for his own especial behoof. When he had terminated the perusal thereof, he recommended his illustrious friend to write a letter to the Editor of the journal in question, and furnish a correct version of the whole proceeding. To this advice Mr. Pickwick assented, and despatched the history of the adventure to the office of the paper which had published the misrepresentation.

As soon as this matter was disposed of, Mr. Pickwick continued his perusal of the newspaper, in order to wile away an hour until the arrival of the happy moment when he was to proceed to the city to call in Wood-street, Cheapside. The journal was unusually full of that miscellaneous kind of information which is denominated "Chit-chat;" and several paragraphs struck Mr. Pickwick's capacious imagination with the importance of their subjects. First he read of how the Queen had sat down to dinner at precisely seven minutes and a half past eight on the preceding evening; and then he came to the case of a poor man who had not had any dinner at all for the last three days. Next his eye caught sight of a paragraph which stated that the Queen had expended a hundred thousand pounds upon building suitable stables; and then he arrived at the distressing announcement that thousands and thousands of weavers in Spitalfields were unable to procure bread for their starving families. This paragraph was

followed by another to the effect that the silk weavers of France were in a most flourishing condition, in consequence of the large orders their employers had received from several great houses in London, especially from the English establishments which supplied the ladies of the court and the Royal family. In another part of the journal was a statement that a man had just killed his own children and attempted suicide himself, in order to avoid the workhouse; and the very next paragraph to this was the pleasing intelligence that her Most Gracious Majesty had just purchased a very handsome monkey for a hundred guineas. These and other equally amusing and diverting pieces of information—all tending to show the prosperous state of the country, and to support the often repeated assertion that England is the happiest and the freest country in the world—were perused and conned by Mr. Pickwick, in the various cells of whose fertile memory they were duly distributed. The reader will of course understand that they have merely been detailed by us, in these Memoirs, in order to convey an idea of the miscellaneous contents of newspapers to those who never read them.

As the clock struck one, Mr. Pickwick summoned Mr. Weller, and these two gentlemen proceeded to the city together, the former inside of an omnibus and the latter on the outside. After having stopped precisely seven and twenty times between the Gloucester Coffee-house and Cheapside, the omnibus deposited our hero and his follower within a few minutes' walk of their destination.

"Well, Mr. Pickwick," exclaimed the wholesale grocer, as soon as our hero made his appearance in the drawing-room; "we were just that moment talking of you."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing most politely to the young ladies and to Mrs. Sago; "there's an adage, you know, which says—'Talk of the old gentleman, and he will appear.'"

"So there is!" ejaculated the grocer, poking the fire—not because it wanted poking, but because he wanted something to do.

"My uncle the Alderman always used to quote proverbs," said Mrs. Sago; "and one day he got himself into a dreadful scrape by doing so. Did you ever hear of it, Mr. Pickwick?"

"No, ma'am, I did not," was the answer delivered by our hero, who had one optic fixed upon Miss Teresina, the other upon her mamma, and his spectacles upon both.

"Ah! well—I'll tell it to you another time," said Mrs. Sago. "Teresina, dear, shew Mr. Pickwick what you have been doing this morning."

"What! that foolish thing, ma?" ejaculated the young lady, colouring up to the eyes.

"Yes, dear—you know you needn't be ashamed of it," returned the mother. "The truth is, Mr. Pickwick," continued this lady, "that my daughter Teresina Hippolyta has begun a beautiful bead-purse, which she intends to present to you, as a small acknowledgment of her gratitude for your kindness the other night. We should not have mentioned it now, only Teresina intended to embroider your name upon one side of the purse, and she wants to know whether you have any other Christian name than Samuel."

"None, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile; "and I really cannot sufficiently express my thanks to your charming daughter for her kind attentions."

"And now I have something to say," observed Mr. Sago, with a complacent air. "We are going, Mr. Pickwick, to have a ball in the city—at the London Tavern—for the benefit of the distressed Cannibals of the Society Islands; and I am sure that for so philanthropic a purpose I shall not ask for your co-operation in vain."

"Oh! dear no," said Mr. Pickwick; "but don't you think that the funds would be much better disposed of if they were to be devoted to our own distressed countrymen?"

"Wouldn't do, Mr. Pickwick," was the immediate reply vouchsafed by the grocer;—"wouldn't do, sir,—never should get up a ball for such a purpose—has been tried a thousand times and failed. The fact is, Mr. Pickwick, that the rich families in London will patronise

anything the extraordinary nature of which will insure publicity, because their names stand a chance of getting into the newspapers. For instance, last year we had a ball for the benefit of the distressed Cherokee Indians, without knowing whether there really was any distress amongst them or not; and the year before that we had one for the purpose of supplying the Bedouin Arabs with flannel-jackets, flannel being very useful in hot climates. But here's the prospectus of the ball for next week."

"Oh! that's it—is it?" said Mr. Pickwick, to whose eyes Mr. Sago displayed a beautiful pink-coloured paper.

"Just hear how we open our prospectus," continued Mr. Sago. "We say,—'The appalling condition of the inhabitants of the Society Islands, in consequence of an almost total want of wholesome provisions, must awaken the deepest sympathy in the minds of all true philanthropists. To such a pitch has the starving condition of these poor creatures reached, that they are compelled to feed upon each other; and instead of existing upon good roast beef and plum-pudding (old English fare) they are under the necessity of devouring man-cutlets and man-chops.'"

"Very pathetic!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, wiping away a tear. "Still, I cannot help thinking—"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Mr. Sago; "but it won't do! We should not get a soul to take a ticket, if we published a prospectus advocating a ball for the benefit of the poor Irish—the starving weavers—or the unfortunate coal-whippers! It would never do, sir: people's hearts will only melt at the distress of foreigners, and not at the miseries of Englishmen; and that's the reason why we pitch upon foreigners at such a great distance. The farther off they are, the more sympathy they will excite."

"I shall be happy to take four tickets," said Mr. Pickwick. "My friends Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass will accompany me."

"And you will dance, Mr. Pickwick?" ejaculated Mrs. Sago. "Oh! yes—you must dance! I'm sure such a good cause will make you dance! Alderman Fitzbuggins, of Portsoken, danced when he was seventy-seven, and died next morning."

"That was the 'Dance of Death' with a vengeance!" cried Mr. Sago.

"Oh! as for me, I shall certainly dance," said Mr. Pickwick, looking down very complacently at his tights and gaiters; "and I shall beg to dance first with Miss Teresina Hippolyta."

Miss Teresina simpered an assent and giggled with her sister; and the conversation turned upon other topics. Mr. Pickwick was easily prevailed upon to stay to lunch, at which Mr. Francis Sago made his appearance from the counting-house down-stairs; and after a tolerably long visit of about two hours, he summoned Sam Weller from the kitchen, and arrived in Half Moon-street, accompanied by his faithful valet, as the clock struck four.

(To be continued in our next.)

FACTS FOR WINE-DRINKERS.

PLINY declared that wine could not possibly be a harmless drink, since it was mixed with so many destructive ingredients. When we consider the extent to which all liquids, that bear the denomination of wine, are adulterated or doctored, we do not despair of undermining the evil habits of the wealthy in respect to intemperance, as well as those of the poor. Addison, in *The Tatler*, placed the following observations upon record:—"There is in the city a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observations of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bordeaux out of the sloe, and can extract Champagne from an apple." Dr. Lee, of America, observes that "the annual importation of what is called Port Wine, into the United States, far exceeds the whole annual produce of the Alto Douro." Morewood says that "one half of the Port, and five-sixths of the white wines, consumed in London, are the produce of the home presses." It is a well-known fact that the worst kinds of French red wines are procured to make the Claret for the English market; and that large quantities of brandy are mixed with those inferior sorts, to render them fit for exportation to this country. Jacob, in his work upon Spain, says that all the Sherry

wine which is sent to England is largely mixed with brandy. "Most of the wine-merchants in Xeres have distilleries to make brandy, to add to the wine, but do not export any." Dr. Henderson, the famous writer upon wines, says that "the number of hands through which wine usually passes before it reaches the consumer, the great difference of price between the first rate and the inferior sorts, and the prevailing ignorance with respect to their distinguishing characters, afford so many facilities and temptations to fraud and imposition in this branch of trade, that no buyer, however great his caution, however just his taste, is wholly secure against them."

Mr. Grindrod, in *Bacchus*, quotes the following receipt for making Port Wine, from one of the numerous publications and vintners' Wine-Guides which are annually published:—"Take of good cider 4 gallons, of the juice of red beet-root 2 quarts, of brandy 2 quarts, of logwood 4 ounces, of bruised rhatany root $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound; first infuse the logwood and rhatany root in brandy and a gallon of cider for one week, then strain off the liquor, and mix the other ingredients: keep it all in a cask for a month, when it will be fit to bottle." Some time ago *The Mechanics' Magazine* gave the following Chemical Analysis of a bottle of cheap Port-Wine:—"Spirits of wine 3 ozs., cider 14 ozs., sugar 1½ ozs., alum 2 scruples, tartaric acid 1 scruple, strong decoction of logwood 4 ozs. The *Vintners and Licensed Victuallers' Wine-Guide* contains the following receipt:—"If a butt of Sherry is too high in colour, take a quart of warm sheep or lamb's blood, mix it with the wine, and, when thoroughly fine, draw it off, when you will find the colour as pale as necessary." The same work tells us that, in order to colour claret suitably to English taste, we must make a decoction of black sloes, stewed in Port-Wine, and made into a syrup with a large quantity of sugar. A pint of this decoction—or rather syrup, will colour a hoghead of claret. Mr. Grindrod informs us that "the Cape-Wine generally sold to the public is composed of the drippings of the cocks from the various casks in the adulterator's cellars, the filtering of the lees of the different wines in their cellars, any description of bad or spoiled white wines, with the addition of brandy or rum-cow, and spoiled cider." The work, entitled *Deadly Adulteration*, says, "The delicately pale Cape Sherry, or Cape Madeira, at astonishingly low prices, and of course for ready money, is composed of the same delicious ingredients, with the addition of extract of almond-cake, and a little of that delectable liquor, lamb's blood, to decompose its colour, or, in the cant phraseology, to give it complexion."

With regard to Champagne, Mr. Grindrod assures us that "most of the second-rate Champagne sold in this country is prepared from the juice of acid fruits, such as the gooseberry." In the year 1829, a company of French wine merchants contracted with the farmers of Herefordshire for the supply of the juice of the pears of that county; and from which juice the Company intended to concoct a "Champagne wine" for the English market. We may also here observe that all the Champagne manufactured in the French wine-countries which produce the grape from which it is made, in one year does not amount to the quantity of liquid consumed in London under the denomination of Champagne, during the same period.

Lead and litharge have been used by foreign wine-merchants to correct the acidity of their white-wines; and even arsenic has been introduced into wines made in England. Graham, in his *Treatise on the Preparation of Wines*, says that wine will be prevented from turning by putting a pound of molten lead "in pure water in your cask, pretty warm," and that cask must be stopped close. The *Vintners' Guide* recommends sugar of lead (a deadly poison) for clearing muddy wines. By these means white wines are rendered transparent; and there is no other method known of recovering rumpy wines. Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, describes the effects of lead adulterations to be fœtid eructations, hicoughs, difficulty of respiration, cramp, thirst, coldness of limbs, convulsions, and delirium. The Rev. Mr. Parsons, in *Anti Bacchus*, informs us that he heard a medical man very lately recommend Port-Wine to a sick lady, under the impression that the arsenic in the wine would be useful to her complaint: "he did not however cure her by the poison," continues this author; "although I am happy to say that, in her case, total abstinence has effected a perfect cure, and therefore succeeded in a disease in which all the doctors failed." From the same work just now quoted, we extract the following remarks:—"Bitter almonds are used to give a nutty flavour to wine; sweet-briar, orris-root, clary, cherry, laurel water and elder-flowers, form the bouquet of high-flavoured wines; alum renders meagre wine bright; braxil-wood, cake of pressed elder-berries, and bilberries, render faint-coloured Port a deep purple; oak saw-dust and hunks of alberts give astringency to unripe red wines; and the crust of Port-Wines, which is supposed to be an unquestionable evidence of age, is often produced by a saturated solution of cream of tartar, coloured with brazil-wood or cochineal." In the year 1826, thirty-eight pipes of wine were exported from Oporto to the Channel Islands; and two hundred and thirty-three pipes were in the same year imported from the Channel Islands to London. The wine-merchants

of the Channel Islands thus convert thirty-eight pipes of wine into two hundred and ninety-three.

Dr. Lee, of America, says, "Wine-dealers doubtless suppose that the quantity of lead used to adulterate their liquids is too small to produce any bad effects; but the numerous instances on record of poisoning by this article prove the incorrectness of this doctrine. More than fifty cases have fallen within my own observation where persons have suffered severely from the use of cheap wines, and two or three cases of death, most probably owing to the same cause." Speaking of the large quantities of brandy which are mixed with those foreign wines that are intended for English consumption, Dr. Henderson says, "The vitiated taste of the English market is the only excuse for the merchants; for the wine itself cannot require the admixture." The clever author of *Bacchus* informs us that the deleterious system of adulteration has two objects in view; viz., 1st. To substitute an artificial compound at a cheaper rate in the place of the genuine article. This is effected by various means adapted to imitate the colour, taste and intoxicating quality of the liquors professed to be prepared; and, 2ndly. To prevent these liquors from going into peculiar states or conditions, termed by some diseases, and thence popularly denominated the art of doctoring. The Rev. Mr. Parsons, in *Anti-Bacchus*, has the following admirable observations upon the subject of adulterating wines:—"The reader must surely blush for those Christians who dare insinuate that the deadly wines of modern times are the same as those referred to in the Sacred Volume. The wine that cheereth the heart of man, that our Lord made at the marriage of Cana, or that he used at the first sacrament, could not have been charged with twenty-four per cent. of alcohol, because distilled spirits were then unknown; nor can we believe that it was made out of cider, logwood, or lead; and from the wines being different, the argument from Scripture have no weight with any reflecting mind. Thus, on whatever side or aspect we look at this question, we see the reasonableness, propriety, advantage, and duty of total abstinence."

Dr. Rush, the celebrated American writer, says, "The solitary instances of longevity which are now and then met with in hard-drinkers, no more disprove the deadly effects of alcoholic liquor, than the solitary instances of recoveries from apparent death by drowning, prove that there is no danger to life from a human body lying an hour under water."

The statements made in this article—the proofs of the universality of the system of adulteration in respect to wines—the fact that poisons of the most deadly nature form parts of that adulteration—the filthy devices to which adulterators have recourse to colour or cleanse their wines—the infamous compounds which are sold under the denomination of "Cheap Wines"—and the ignorance as to the amount of deleterious stuff imbibed, under which the wine-drinker labours,—these circumstances should alone be sufficient to induce the thinking portion of the community to banish from the table all that vile trash which is called Wine. The excitement wine produces is unnatural and prejudicial to health, and the spirits invariably suffer a greater amount of depression by means of the re-action. If an individual trust to the wine-bottle to evoke the bright sallies of his wit and encourage conversational powers, he must indeed have but a very miserable opinion of his sterling abilities. Since he trusts to artificial measures to bring them into action. One single glass of wine produces this artificial effect; and it is seldom that the individual, whose conversational powers are evoked by wine, is not himself a liar, a bully, a boaster, and a mass of conceit and impudence. He becomes a nuisance to his companions, and is amusing only to himself. The very habit, to which he trusts for the sources of his wit and anecdote, bears incontrovertible evidence to his egotism.

PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGY, or the science of the mind, does not, as generally supposed, simply mean an acquaintance with the mechanical structure or relative proportions of the brain; but it is a system entering deeply into the philosophy of man, and embracing the consideration of his moral and intellectual faculties. Phrenologists attempt not to inquire into the nature or essence of mind itself: their only object is to ascertain the circumstances under which it manifests its powers; and they do so by observing facts submitted by the author of nature to the cognizance of our faculties. Hence their system cannot be said to be founded upon empiricism, as it has science and philosophy for its basis. Phrenologists only state the conclusions to which they are led by a careful examination of the phenomena which the mind exhibits; and they avow themselves as ignorant as their opponents concerning the nature, essence or substance of the mind.

A minute study of the form of heads will enable the observer to recognise one constant shape in the head of every great painter, of every great musician, of every great mechanic, severally devoting a decided predilection in the individual to one or other of these arts. We had heard speak from time immemorial of the functions of the muscles; but not a word about the functions of the brain. Phrenology however teaches us that the form of the skull is entirely due to the form of the

viscus which is contained in it. Hence may we determine the moral and intellectual faculties of man, by means of his cerebral organization; and hence is the physiology of the brain established.

It is well known that all ideas come into the mind by means of the external senses: but the senses themselves do not form the ideas. When an impression is made upon the hand, it is not the organs of the touch which form the conception of the object making the impression; but the nerves of feeling, the hand receive the impression, and a faculty of the mind perceives the object. Hence previous to every perception, there must be an antecedent impression on the organs of sense; and the whole functions of these organs consist in receiving and transmitting this impression to the internal faculties. Hence it is evident that Phrenology is not refuted, but is rather confirmed by the doctrine relative to the sensations taught by Aristotle, and revived by Locke.

Phrenologists divide the faculties into two orders—feelings and intellect. The former are subdivided into propensities and sentiments; the latter into knowing faculties and reflecting faculties. In studying the faculties of the mind, we must keep the following points in view:—Firstly, that each faculty is a specific power of feeling in a certain way, or of forming ideas of a certain kind, and that each is distinct from the feelings which it produces and the ideas which it forms. Secondly, that each faculty has received its constitution from nature, and that its functions depend on that constitution alone, and not on the human will. Thirdly, that the same functions cannot be performed by different faculties. For example, the faculty of tone is a specific power to perceive melody, and it is distinct from the impressions of melody which it perceives. This faculty perceives melody in virtue of its constitution, and not in consequence of the will; and it does not trace the relation of cause and effect, feel benevolence, or perform any other function besides that of perceiving melody. Fourthly, the faculties stand in a determinate relation in regard to the object of external nature, which relation cannot be changed by the will. For example, the feelings of comparison cannot be readily excited by the perception of an object indelicate and obscene; nor can the faculty of amiableness be excited by the perception of an object in distress. Fifthly, each faculty may be excited to activity by presentation of the objects naturally related to it; and it may become active also from internal excitement. In every case, the functions performed are conformable to the constitution of the faculty, by whatever cause it is excited. And, sixthly, the intensity of the power of feeling in any way, or of forming ideas of any kind, is always in proportion to the energy and activity of the special faculty whose function it is to produce such feelings, or to form such kind of ideas.

Having thus ascertained the precise nature and use of the various faculties, the phrenologists proceeded to consider the mode of distributing them in accordance with their organs in the brain. And first, as the English language presented very few single words which expressed their conception of the peculiar faculties of the mind, they were obliged to speak either by circumlocution or by means of new names. Having established different propensities as peculiar faculties of the mind, in order to designate propensity they took the termination *ness* as indicating the quality of producing, and *ness* as indicating the abstract state; and *iveness* has therefore been joined to different roots amongst which preference has been given to English words generally admitted. The following is the last list of names of organs:—1. Philoprogenitiveness. 2. Amativeness. 3. Destructiveness. 4. Constructiveness. 5. Concentrativeness. 6. Attachment. 7. Combativeness. 8. Ideality. 9. Self-Esteem. 10. Approbation. 11. Cautiousness. 12. Faith. 13. Firmness. 14. Conscientiousness. 15. Secretiveness. 16. Imitation. 17. Veneration. 18. Hope. 19. Acquisitiveness. 20. Benevolence. 21. Comparison. 22. Eventuality. 23. Causality. 24. Congruity. 25. Individuality. 26. Locality. 27. Time. 28. Order. 29. Form. 30. Size. 31. Weight. 32. Colour. 33. Natural language. 34. Artificial language. 35. Number. 36. Time. 37. Motion. 38. Touch. 39. Scent. 40. Aliment. Each of the faculties is supposed to have its own peculiar organic apparatus in each hemisphere of the brain; so that there are two organs to each faculty. In the science of Phrenology, it is however absolutely necessary to distinguish between the two elements, size and activity; and probably the greatest errors committed by many who pretend to a knowledge of the science, arise from their confounding them together.

Many well intentioned persons have argued against phrenology, under the impression "that it virtually charges nature with the guilt of man, inasmuch as it charges her with having implanted the faculties which impel him to action." But of what system may not the same thing be said? There are such acts as thefts, murders, frauds, done by men. From what do these acts proceed? Do they proceed from reason, from corrupted desires, from any source in the mind itself; or do they proceed directly, or, *de plano*, from the instigation of the devil? Such actions are manifested; and they must flow from some source. If they flow

from perverted reason, then nature gave reason: if from corrupted desires, then nature gave desires; if from the instigation of the devil, then nature made us liable to be thus instigated. Still nature is as much to blame in one case as in another. Oh! let man remember that truth, which proclaims so loudly the power and wisdom of the ALMIGHTY, that, if nature have implanted faculties, giving a desire to destroy, to acquire property, or to fight, yet this same nature has also given a power to restrain or indulge in these outward acts at pleasure, and implanted an innate faculty, called Conscience, which perceives the qualities of right and wrong, to direct these propensities in their outward manifestations. Thus nature is not responsible for vice; but man is responsible himself, in proportion to the amount of the restraining power, and of the distinguishing faculties which he possesses!

FRENCH CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

NO. VIII.—THE SUB-EDITOR.

THE office of the principal Editor of a Paris journal is a most remarkable locality. But little ornamented, and, on the other hand, especially dirty, it is furnished with a table covered with a green cloth (the said green cloth is enamelled with a dozen journals of different colours, and a hundred black spots of ink all of the same colour)—six chairs, purchased at the price of a puff in the journal itself—and a number of pigeon-holes in a desk, embellished with articles upon the custom-question, articles on the sugar-question, articles on the codfishery-question, articles on the herring-fishery question, and articles on all other questions, to which the said articles might be considered the answers. The Chief Editor, whose countenance wears a most important aspect, and whose wig increases the awe-inspiring nature of his demeanour, is deeply occupied in fulfilling the ponderous duties of his office; that is to say, he plays with a tooth-pick, or cuts his nails with a penknife, while the Sub-Editor is preparing the articles for his inspection.

The Sub-Editor, wearing a hat such as is never seen elsewhere, and a coat which defies all imitation, and holding in his hand a cane with which no one's back has any wish to form an acquaintance, enters the Chief-Editor's office with that importance which is not always conferred by real talent. He presents an article to the Chief-Editor, who looks up in his face enquiringly.

"Here, my dear sir," says the Sub-Editor, "here is an article upon the new law, which I show up in a desperate manner, I can promise you."

"What are you thinking of?" cries the Chief-Editor, whose wig actually stands on end, while he thinks of the bribe lately sent to his journal by the ministry then in power, and which bribe is to be continued quarterly; "what are you thinking of? It is not for us to attack the new law: we should defend it."

"Oh! well—well," says the Sub-Editor: "I will just go and touch it up over again; and I will make you a glorious article in favour of the said law. I was labouring under the impression that we were one of the opposition journals still."

"Ah! last week it was very different," returns the Chief-Editor: "the interests of the country required that kind of language; but the country has been satisfied."

"I perceive the meaning of your words,—days and numbers follows each other, but are not alike. As for the matter of the bribe, that is a matter entirely between ourselves. I hope you will now pay me for my articles at the rate of seventy-two francs each: that is what I used to receive in the offices of all journals, of all shades of opinion, in which I have frequently been employed."

"Sir, I beg you will not think that the money which I receive from the prime minister will be used in any illegitimate way. It will be expended in giving encouragement—"

"Well, in that case, I desire to be encouraged also," interrupts the Sub-Editor: "and, if I do not receive an increase of salary, I shall turn my talents to the opposition journal again. By the bye, while I think of it, do not forget to let me see the proof of the Theatrical Review which I delivered in just now: I show up the new actress at the Comic-Opera in fine style."

"Ah! but you should not have done that," exclaims the Editor in Chief: "that young lady is under the protection of the prime minister; and she must therefore necessarily be a very talented woman."

"Well, I am glad you have mentioned this fact," returns the Sub-Editor; "because, in correcting the proofs, it is easy to put *Applause for Hisses*. We can also say that, when the curtain fell, she was desired to come forward, and that flowers were showered upon her. Although this did not happen, it still might have done so; and therefore I do not see why we may not publish a probability, seeing that we so often propagate an impossibility."

"We will take care that the prime minister shall be well pleased with us to-morrow morning," says the Chief-Editor. "He will like the way in which we speak of the Eastern question and the success of the young actress."

"And by the bye, who is the reporter that gives an account of the pieces performed at the Vaudeville the-

atre?" demands the Sub-Editor. "He always signs his articles O. Z."

"Ah! he is a very clever young fellow. His name is Jules Lamerluche," says the Chief-Editor. "He says that all plays are execrable. He is a young man full of promise, and has a piece received at the Pantheon theatre."

"Well, then," continues the Sub-Editor, "have the kindness to tell the aforesaid Jules Lamerluche not to abuse any of the pieces written by Derval—I dined with him yesterday; nor those of Derville—I dine with him to-day; nor those of Dervoir—I dine with him to-morrow. He may say what he likes about all the famous dramatic authors, because they never invite me to dinner."

"I will not forget what you wish," says the Chief-Editor; "but, in the meantime, go and alter the physiognomy of your article. The compositors are waiting for it in the printing-office."

"I am going in a minute," says the Sub-Editor. "But, before I go, just let me leave you a few puffs to put into to-morrow's paper. Here is one in which I mention 'that a man had his leg broken yesterday by a cabriolet, but that he was immediately conveyed to the abode of that celebrated and well-known physician, Doctor Brindavoine, No 25, Rue de Richelieu.'—Brindavoine is a friend of mine, and might very well set a man's leg for him, although he really has never yet had a single patient even to consult him about a cold. He can't therefore be a celebrated doctor; but he will soon, thanks to my puffs; and therefore the whole article is prophetically true."

"Anything else?"

"Yes—here is another puff, just to say 'that the celebrated perfumer Jasminou has been devoured by a bear which was sent to him alive from the mountains in Switzerland to make bears' grease.'"

"To-morrow I suppose we will rectify the error," adds the Chief-Editor, with a smile, "and we can say that the bear only devoured the curling-tongs of Jasminou the perfumer; so that he can have two puffs instead of one."

"That is exactly what I mean," returns the Sub-Editor. "Whenever you want any perfumes, go to him; he will supply you with them for nothing."

"I shall not forget. But pray go and alter your article without delay; and do not let it be supposed that because the journal has changed its political opinions within the last few days, I am altogether a weathercock—a mountebank—a juggler—a charlatan."

"Oh! no—no!" ejaculates the Sub-Editor. "Every day a person modifies his political opinions, and is not the worse for that. A mountebank, indeed! No—no, I repeat! This is nothing more nor less than a famous comedy."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY MARY.

By Matt. Micah.

My Mary's looks—my Mary's love—
They make this earth a heav'n to me;
I know how they lure above,
But here my bliss'd I mayna be.
I seek no better world than this,
Wi' sic an angel for mine ain;
I couldna dream o' dearer bliss
Than love, an' be belov'd again!
Her blushing cheeks and balmy lips
With Eden's richest rose may vie;
Her blue ees' lustrous rays eclipse
The brightest star that beams on high.
How could I feel—how could I say
This world is waste, this life is vain,
With aye like Mary right and day
To love, an' be belov'd again.

SYLPHIDE SONG.

By Edward Stirling, Author of "Blue Jackets," &c.

Oh! 'tis sweet a Sylph to be,
Immortal, joyous, roving free;
Yet to mix with joys above
The cares and sweets of mortal love.
Come, then, lady—room with me,
Enjoy the earth, the air, the sea;
Love and pleasure both are ours,
Immortal joys in mortal bowers.
Yes—we'll bask through sunny days,
And revel to the moon's soft rays,
Dwell on each alluring grace
That beams in Nature's charming face.
All her pleasures shall be thine;
And when thou'rt called to realms divine,
Lady, then my love for thee
Will, like thyself, immortal be!

TO MY CHILD.

By Mrs. Reynolds.

Frail plant, condemn'd to crouch beneath the storm
Of earthly ills, and shiver to the blast
That rules in this cold world,
Th' ungenial atmosphere!
May thy dimlusive and fragile frame
Survive the shocks of ev'ry latent pang,
And live to smile at that
Which once had startled thee!
Sweet babe, were all as innocent as thou,
Then might we deem the glorious times called back
When our first parents roved
Sinless in Eden's realms.
Alas! the tainted elements of earth,
That form the compact being which we call
Man, is a living mass
Of sorrow and of sin!
Yet live thou on, sweet child—and like the brave
And dauntless sailor toss'd on lawless seas,
Mayst thou thus meet the ill
That wait thy future days!

We shall be happy to receive a prose article from J. R. W. D. We repeat, that we do not court poetical contributions.

The suggestions of *Aquilaris* (Newcastle-upon-Tyne) shall be attended to. We thank him for his letter; but regret that he should have written in so angry a tone.

We regret that W. P.'s communication should be much too long for insertion. It is very well written.

Several poems, which it is unnecessary to detail, are declined with thanks.

We have received, during the past week, upwards of fifty letters from various eminent supporters and advocates of the doctrine of Teetotalism, encouraging us to continue to impress upon the public mind the necessity of Union amongst the Teetotalers. Of those letters, seventeen are from the Secretaries of provincial Societies—five from dissenting ministers, who have embraced the pledge—and the remainder from individuals well-known in the Teetotal world. It is evident that the articles, which have already appeared in *The Teetotaler* upon the subject, have produced an extraordinary sensation. We shall not suffer this feeling to subside.

F. B. (Wandsworth) is informed that we will insert the Reports of all Teetotal Societies or Associations, without reference to parties, pledges, or other distinctions. *The Teetotaler* is entirely an independent journal.

The rumours circulated in the country, by the individual alluded to in the letters of S. J. (Chipping-Norton) and M. W., are entirely false. We wait for the promised communication, before we publicly notice this person's conduct. It is perfectly true that he acted as a minister of the Gospel in London for a short period. We are acquainted with his previous history.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the Third Number of a 2nd Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1841.

AN absurd supposition frequently discloses a grand and important truth. We will imagine, for a moment, that there is to be found a certain sensation of pleasure in the process of stabbing the breast with a sharp instrument; and that each time this taste is to be gratified, the weapon is to be impelled more profoundly into the flesh, so that at length it must reach the heart, when it will produce a fatal result. If such a process were really capable of procuring for him who practised it a sensation of pleasure, and if no immediate pain accompanied the wounding the flesh with often-repeated stabs, still would there be found, throughout the universe, an individual insane enough to obtain enjoyment at such a price? Aware that each time the dagger was to be applied, its point would penetrate the deeper, and in the presence of the constant conviction that the heart must be eventually reached, when certain death will ensue, there breathes not a man who would not recoil from him who should propose so perilous a method of indulgence. The mere fact of lifting the murderous weapon against one's own life would be the first argument against the plan; and another preventive would be found in the conviction that it would be wicked to abridge existence for the mere sake of an unnatural enjoyment. But if an individual were found, who—despising these arguments—would lift the suicidal weapon, and apply it to his own breast, well knowing that he was thereby attacking his very vitals, and clearing the path before the approach of death, the whole world would exclaim against such a depraved practice, and would either pity its victim as a maniac, or spurn him as a wretch unfitted to exist in civilized society. The laws of God would be quoted, and the statutes of man would be called into force, to compel the wretch to abandon his horrible practice of slow murder: the voice of nature and the appeals of the wise and the good would prompt him to desist from a crime offensive to morality, to religion, and to decency. In a word, such an individual would be either incarcerated as a madman, or punished as an enemy to the welfare, the peace, the virtue of the community at large; and no one would raise his voice to complain of the treatment that such an offender might experience either at the hands of society or the government.

The foregoing supposition may be applied to the use of alcoholic liquors; and from an impossible case may be deduced a truth highly serviceable to the cause of Teetotalism. The same condemnatory language may be applied to the individual who imbibes alcoholic poisons, as we used in reference to him who was imagined to gratify himself with the stabs of the dagger. The drunkard knows that he is pursuing that course which will fearfully abridge his existence; and the moderate drinker is aware that the same liquor that cuts off the drunkard prematurely, must curtail his own life in a

proportionate degree. The certainty that the vitals will be undermined is as great in respect to the individual who daily partakes of large quantities of strong drink, as with regard to him who is diurnally drawing more nearly to his heart by means of the dagger. There is, however, this difference: in the former case, death advances more silently, and gives less warning outwardly, shedding no blood, and making no wounds which are instantaneously apparent;—but the career will nevertheless terminate at the same goal, and will be brought to a close through a not less wilful means of suicide. The very drunkard himself would join in the general execration against the individual who would assassinate himself by gradient measures with the dagger, and would turn disgusted from the gaping wound which each day was made deeper. But does this same drunkard contemplate his own conduct? Is not his behaviour equally deserving of execration and scorn? Does he not set an equally immoral and pernicious example? Is he not also adopting those means which curtail his existence, simply because he derives a transient pleasure from the gratification of the habit? Do not the laws of God, the voice of nature, and the appeal of all good feelings and kind sympathies exclaim against the indulgence of the drunkard! and is not his internal system in a condition calculated, if seen, to fill him with as much disgust and horror as the gaping wound produced by the dagger? The white and enlarged liver—the cancerous stomach—the inflamed membranes of the bowels—the ossified heart—the red brain—and the diseased lungs, are surely as revolting to think of as that gaping wound is to contemplate. And then the red and bleared eyes—the emaciated frame—the trembling limbs—the pestiferous breath—the carious teeth—the livid lips—the carbuncled nose—the feverish flesh—and the heated brow, are outward and palpable signs which characterise the drunkard!

Where then is the difference between the wretch who kills himself by inches with a dagger, and the one who abridges his existence by means of the cup of alcoholic poison? Speak—degraded, trembling, demoralized drunkard,—speak, thou foe to morality, virtue, and peace,—speak, self-destroyer who darest to fly in the face of thy Maker and number the days which He alone may count,—speak, thou who takest the bread from the lips of the starving wife and little ones,—speak, thou man of many and fearful crimes, and say to what extent and how thou differest from the wilful and cold-blooded suicide? Is it because thou treadest in the ways of thousands of predecessors and companions that thou wilt find an apology for thy guilt? No—there is no justification for thee in the facts which ought to have served thee as an example to warn thee from the road of destruction? Say, then, where is thine apology? where thine excuse? where thy justification? The drunkard may survey society from the Indus to the pole,—he may contemplate animated nature in all its phases, its species, and its distinctions,—he may search the records of history, and the annals of the past,—he may look far, or he may look near; but nowhere will he find the slightest shadow of an excuse for his habits of intemperance. His poverty cannot suggest to him a means of consolation which will impoverish him the more; his riches cannot urge him into a path where the dispensation of his wealth will benefit not the needy and distressed; his domestic afflictions will not be alleviated by a system which can only add gall to bitterness; his public career cannot be benefited by a habit that mars the proudest soarings of ambition, talent, and power; his private life will not derive advantage from the contact with the effectual destroyer of self-respect and the esteem of friends; health will not be preserved by an indulgence in a deleterious poison; sickness will not find a balm in that which is one of its direct causes; happiness cannot be brightened by intervals of rabid artificial excitement; misery will not be consoled by that unnatural elevation of spirits which leaves a deeper state of despondency behind, after evaporation;—in a word, there is no state—no condition—no time—no necessity of existence that is benefited by the habit of intemperance.

The drunkard, then, has no excuse for the practice to which he is the victim; and the moderate drinker has no plea for entering upon that path which will soon lead him to tread upon the heels of the drunkard. The crime of intemperance is one which offends against God and man: but,

from habitual contemplation, the generality of the world ceases to regard it with any extraordinary degree of disgust. The beholder of the vice becomes as much accustomed to it as the victim. Hence the difficulty which Teetotalism encounters on all sides. Teetotalism has first to arouse and excite that disgust which now lies dormant; and many fail to respond to a chord which will vibrate only to the touch in cases where this feeling of disgust is not entirely overcome. Once let us succeed in creating a loathing for that which is indeed a loathsome vice, and half of the work of Teetotalism is accomplished. The case of the slow suicide by means of the dagger would be viewed with a general feeling of the deepest disgust, simply because we are not accustomed to contemplate it; and yet we have shown that the gradual accomplishment of suicide by the dagger, and that by alcohol, are equally criminal!

The drunkard has much to answer for, both in this world and hereafter. The affliction he heaps upon his unfortunate wife,—the evil, and probably fatal example, he sets his children,—the neglect of all social and moral duties of which he is guilty, and the crime of depriving his existence of many of its best years, are deeds for which he will be despised below, and judged above! When the intemperate man is upon that death-bed, to which sad close he himself has hurried his career,—when he stands trembling upon the confines of two worlds,—and when his oppressed spirit, in that supreme hour of his anguish and remorse, shall dread to take wing from the earth which he disgraced to those regions the glories of which are reserved for the just, and the pains for the wicked like himself,—in that dread hour, how deeply will the drunkard regret those mispent years which he cannot recal! How will he writhe in agony upon that couch which mortal sleep never more may visit, but which will shortly be approached by the eternal slumber that will herald the departure of the guilty soul to the realms where it will join the throng to which those awful words are to be addressed at the day of judgment,—“Go, ye cursed of the devil, unto the punishment prepared for ye from the beginning of the world!”

We have before stated in the columns of *The Teetotaler* that a few enterprising and praise-worthy individuals, belonging to the Hackney and Haggerston Teetotal Associations, have subscribed amongst themselves the necessary sum to hire that edifice which was lately denominated THE STANDARD THEATRE, and to convert it into a TEMPERANCE HALL. The importance of this undertaking deserves the especial attention of all Teetotal publications; and we hasten, with that impartiality which has characterised this journal from its commencement, to make known to the whole Teetotal world an action which reflects so much credit upon the individuals alluded to. The vice of intemperance exists in all its most hideous circumstances of deformity in the vicinity of Shoreditch Church; and great will be the satisfaction—ample the reward—of those enterprising and noble-hearted individuals, who, at their own cost, have thrown open the gates of the Shoreditch Temperance Hall (as it must now be called), when the grand principle of the Teetotal reformation shall be firmly established in the district which so much requires its application. We hope that none of that envy and malignity, which unfortunately prevail amongst so many of the metropolitan Teetotal Associations, will intervene to mar the efforts of these zealous supporters of the good cause; and that all party distinctions and disputes may be forgotten, at least, at this new Temperance Hall. If ever the principles of UNION amongst the Teetotalers of London stood a chance of being advocated with success, this is the time; and, if ever a few individuals had at their disposal a place of assembly where delegates could meet definitely to settle this important plan, the Shoreditch Temperance Hall is that place! Nearly a hundred thousand Teetotalers in London are protesting against the divisions which agitate their spheres—nearly a hundred thousand tongues demand an immediate union,—and now is the opportunity present, and now is the hour at hand, to gratify a wish that is all but universal.

To those individuals who have opened the Shoreditch Temperance Hall, we would address a few observations. We would advise them to allow no developments of ill feeling between the advocates of rival societies to take place at their

establishment,—to mistrust those individuals who, under the cloak of hypocrisy, encourage and foster that ill feeling,—to ascertain who are the true friends of the Teetotal cause, and to distinguish between these and the individuals who affect great sanctity, but who are full of “envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,”—to act with the noble independence which should accompany the generosity of the undertaking in which they have embarked for the good of their fellow-creatures,—to assemble often in committee and discuss all measures which are calculated to forward the progress of the cause in the district to which their operations are confined,—and to adopt all plans, with regard to the invitation of advocates and the admission of speakers, which become their characters as Teetotal champions, and as Englishmen. Attempts will be made by a few interested and narrow-minded individuals, and especially by those who, in unseasonable zeal, or through hypocritical motives, have mixed up Teetotalism with Religion, as if the efforts of the former were to be exclusive in respect to the Mussulman, the Chinese, and the Hindoo,—attempts will be made, we say, to control the method of management which should be adopted by the committee of this new Hall: but we implore the members of that committee not to suffer themselves to be unduly influenced in this respect. Let Teetotalism be advocated in Temperance Halls, and Religion be proclaimed in Churches; and be it remembered that he who finds his way to the former, will soon strike into the path which leads to the latter. This certainty will convince all rightly-thinking individuals of the impropriety of connecting the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors with the themes of religious injunction; and, with the hope that these suggestions will be received in the spirit in which they are offered, we wish all possible success to the new lessees of the late Standard Theatre.

PAUL DE WALBERG.

..... Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction.—BYRON.

It was in the early part of the Autumn of 1832, that I arrived a stranger at P—. Business, not necessary to my narrative, had obliged me to pay it a visit, though it was not of a nature likely to detain me long at that particular spot in Germany. P— lay out of the way of all my connexions; and, destitute of introductory letters to the residents, my time, for the most part, lay at my own disposal. When the occupations of the day were over, I was fain to wander about in a melancholy manner, eyeing the dingy streets, and forming one of the crowd, without the benefit of their daily communion.

In this stagnation of hospitable intercourse it was by mere accident that I fell into the company of an individual whom I shall call Paul de Walberg. To a prepossessing exterior, he united the most gentlemanly manners; and after a few commonplace civilities had passed, at the *table d'hôte* where we met, he seemed to think no formal introduction was necessary for our better acquaintance. We seldom met until the approach of evening, as business detained us abroad during the day. Our friendship however ripened daily; and time now no longer hanged heavily upon my hands.

One evening he invited me to his house, which was in P—, he only being an occasional visitor at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel where I was staying. I was surprised at the good appearance of his house. I had certainly looked upon Walberg as a person of consideration, but I was not prepared for the very great superiority of his abode. It was evening; lights were about the house—and we were received by servants in substantial-looking liveries. I had not much time for observation; for my conductor led the way quickly to the upper storey, and, throwing open a door, ushered me into an apartment richly furnished.

The room was illuminated, as if for company; and, advancing to a lady seated on a sofa at the farther end of the room, Walberg introduced me to his sister. His easy and polished address soon made the conversation general; and my host, his sister, and myself, were in a short time on excellent terms with each other. I found her a person of much information—evidently one who had mixed with the world, and possessed of the same prepossessing manners as her brother. Her age I took to be about two and twenty; and to a beautiful face and slender figure she added the graces of an amiable disposition. Without affectation, her appearance was calculated to make a decided impression; and had I not at that time been travelling fast on towards forty, might have stood some risk from her fascinations.

As I had anticipated, company was expected. This I learnt, was the case nearly every evening. While resident in P—, the Walbergs were accustomed to mix much in society; but, on retiring to a country-house, some forty or fifty miles distant from that town, and to which residence their visits were frequent and long, they were in the habit of living, by choice, an

tirely secluded. The number of those expected on this occasion was very limited: conversation, cards, and music, supplied amusement; and a small, though splendid banquet wound up the entertainments.

Short as I had anticipated my stay was doomed to be at P—, that of Walberg at his town residence was still shorter. His removals were frequently capricious; but on this occasion, business of some importance required his presence in the country. I was soon informed of his journey, and received a most pressing invitation to pay my new friends a visit at their country-residence. I gladly accepted the proposal; and having terminated my business at P—, debated in my own mind whether to take the diligence or hire a horse for the journey. I decided in favour of the latter, and provided myself with an excellent roadster, well calculated to bear the fatigues of a long and cross-country journey. Having settled all preliminaries to my satisfaction, I set out from P—, my portmanteau (one made for the purpose) tightly strapped upon the back of my steed. I slept at the village of S— the first night, and rose early on the following morning to accomplish the remainder of my journey, with the hope of reaching Walberg's house in the evening.

I found that I now had to cross a wide tract of secluded country; and it was with feelings of regret that I turned out of the main road into a narrow path which seemed to go winding down amongst a mass of woods, and threatened, as I advanced, to become very rough. This part of the country seemed to be very thinly inhabited; and it was only here and there that I could perceive in the distance the brown roof of a low and ruinous-looking cottage. To add to my vexation, I found that I was making little progress, in consequence of the increasing difficulties of the path, and that the afternoon was waning fast into obscurity. The woods had moreover a very unpleasant banditti-air, and it was with some alarm that I made my horse increase his speed.

The sun had set some time when I perceived, through a sudden break in the forest, the gate and walls of an ancient building some distance in advance. On a nearer approach, I found it had the same air of neglect, silence, and desolation which characterized the country around it. It seemed as if those, who had been its inhabitants, were in their tombs. Its ancient gate way was crumbling into ruin; the few windows were mere loop-holes, and darkened with heavy wood mouldings; its walls were fantastically edged out with old red bricks; and its gables abounding in eccentric zig-zags, corners, and parapets, over-grown with moss.

"Can this," I said to myself, "be the residence of Paul de Walberg?"

Not more astonished was I at the appearance of the antique building, than at the sound of the sullen gate-bell, which I pulled with a hesitating hand. That bell produced an uncomfortable effect upon the nerves, as if it had no business to disturb the general solemnity. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of a suspicious-looking face, eyeing me from a slit in the wall. It was immediately withdrawn; and, after a tedious interval, the gate was unbarred, and cautiously unlocked. A domestic stood before me; and, when my business was made known, I was conducted across a small court, sadly neglected, into the interior of the building.

Having ushered me into a spacious oak-chamber, the servant left me, promising to make his master acquainted with my arrival. My reflections were by no means exhilarating. The neglected state of the house, and the secluded place in which it lay, much surprised me. At length Walberg entered the room; and I eagerly advanced to greet him. He received me kindly, though I thought there was something strangely wayward in his address. He offered to conduct me to the room where his sister was sitting; and we passed along a dimly-lighted gallery, at the end of which was an old-fashioned chamber, scantily furnished, and looking not over comfortable, where Agatha Walberg was seated. She rose as I entered, and expressed her pleasure at my presence. My diffidence of the sincerity of their welcome gradually evaporated; and the same confidential hilarity worked itself into our conversation which had so agreeably characterised our intercourse in town. There was something so peculiarly easy and good-natured in the disposition of Walberg's sister, that I was inclined to envy him the enjoyment her society afforded. Walberg insisted that I must needs be in want of refreshment, and proposed that I should visit my apartment while supper was being prepared. I acquiesced in the proposition, and was conducted by a domestic to an old-fashioned sleeping-room that looked upon a half-ruined terrace.

Having completed my ablutions, I descended to the lower storey; but, must, amongst the dimly-lighted passages and pushing corners, have lost my direct way; for apparently I had approached the sitting-chamber in which I had found Agatha Walberg, by a disused means of communication. I did not even perceive my mistake, till I was stopped by a creak door, the glass of which was veiled on the other side by curtains. I was then startled by hearing voices near me. I was immediately about to retire, when my attention was arrested by the mention of my own name—curiosity made me linger. The speakers were Walberg and his sister; and they spoke almost in whispers. I heard Agatha enquire if I had come with the intention of remaining long.

"He has not," said Walberg; "and, even if he had, that is little to the purpose. I have no doubt, close as he is, that the fellow's rich. At all events, I am pretty sure he has now with him considerable sums of money belonging to those for whom he travels. Our game has lately been very scanty; my men are beginning to murmur; and I know that if something is not soon done, they will break out into open insubordination. His coming is opportune; for I scarcely expected him. We need debate no longer—the die is cast; and this night —" here his voice became inaudible.

The reader can better imagine than I can describe my feelings at this moment. I was astounded. I was, for the moment, incapable of either thinking or retreating. I saw that my death was decreed by the very man whom I had looked upon as my friend. The very hopelessness of my situation smote me with a terror that incapacitated me for even debating on the means or chance of extrication. I however soon recovered presence of mind sufficient to know that I must look and act entirely as if nothing had happened. I thought of escaping at the moment; but reason desired me to await a better opportunity. The forest extended, without a habitation, for many miles around; I was enclosed by high walls; and my escape must be almost immediately detected. Dreading that my presence might be missed, I hurried back, and took the direct way to Walberg's apartment.

Neither he nor his sister was in the slightest degree discomposed at my entrance. They were precisely the same as I had left them; and I asked myself how such consummate dissimulation could be acquired. Their behaviour was extremely friendly; and I was determined to keep as strong a guard over myself as possible. Convinced that my only chance of escape lay in letting them imagine that I had not the slightest suspicion, I forced myself to appear gay and at my ease. At twelve o'clock, a domestic (as he was called, but whom I set down to be one of the gang) conducted me to my apartment, at the door of which the fellow handed me a lamp, and wished me a good night's rest.

Having closed and locked the door, I flew to my portmanteau, and grasped my pistols, which were doubly-locked. A sensation of relief now stole over me. I took my money from my portmanteau, and putting it into a small leathern case, disposed of it about my person. I then examined the window to see if I could manage an escape through it; but this I found to be extremely problematical, owing to its height. The terrace, however, extended below me; and I determined, if no other means presented itself, to have recourse to this. For the present, the door of the room itself afforded the most eligible mode of egress, as I could remain in the dark passages undiscovered, until some good chance might favour my escape from the dwelling.

Having extinguished the lamp, I cautiously unlocked the door, locking it again on the outside, that no pursuer from my bed-room—which would be, of course, the first object of the assassin's visit—might be able to follow. I did not doubt that there must be some secret means of obtaining access to it; but what those means might be, I could not say. Taking my shoes off, I groped my way forwards, in almost total darkness. I pursued, as nearly as I was able to guess, the contrary way to that by which I had arrived at my apartment; and, at the end of the passage, had the satisfaction of finding a narrow winding staircase, that led me to the lower storey. My heart was now cheered by seeing a watery glimpse of moonlight streaming from an old sash-window, which, to my great joy, entered upon the extremity of the before-mentioned terrace.

I paused for a moment, in the most intense and painful anxiety, to listen if I could bear any footstep or noise behind me. All was still, except a rush of the wind, which I could distinguish sweeping through the ancient galleries of the mansion. I turned quickly to the terrace-window. The fastenings were sufficiently unserviceable to yield to a moderate degree of force, only; and it was with a beating heart that I succeeded in unclosing the latticed leaves. The creak which they sent forth went to my very soul; but it was with no ordinary speed that I darted across the terrace, and sought means of descending to the ground beneath. I was now in the open air, and seemed to feel that half of my escape was accomplished. A large tree, the branches of which partly swept the place on which I stood—fortunately by no means elevated—enabled me to swing securely down; and I now could pursue my way through the darkness without material interruption.

I darted forward, knowing that if immediately pursued, the thickets would sufficiently conceal me. The wind had been rising, and brought the clouds over the horizon. The rain fell in torrents, pattering amongst the leaves with a noise that sufficiently convinced me that my route could not be traced by the ear; the wind thundered loudly through the forest, in alternations so capricious that any pursuer would be misled; and the lightning, that quivered generally at long intervals, served only to disclose the beating hail and the waving foliage. Meantime I ran onwards as fast as was practicable, quite in a random direction, thinking to get sooner into the open country than by the deserted way I came. The storm, after continuing with its pristine vigour for about an hour, gradually subsided; and, when morning broke, I had, as nearly as I could guess, advanced about five or six miles.

I soon discovered a wretched hovel, which I entered, with the intention of seeking some refreshment. I was received by the landlord and his wife, whom I speedily satisfied with a tale invented at the moment, and as circumstances required. I requested the loan of a horse, engaging to leave it at the next post-town, and offering to place in their hands its value as a deposit. This argument was an effectual one; and, having instituted proper enquiries respecting the roads, &c. I mounted the animal which was placed at my disposal. To shorten my story, I travelled with great expedition, and reached B— before night-fall. I had friends there, and made known all the casualties to which I had been subjected. My story made a considerable stir in the district; and the police received immediate orders to take all the parties criminated into custody. When, however, the Gendarmes proceeded to Walberg's country residence, they found the house empty; and all the readily portable effects of its late inmates removed. A search was commenced throughout the premises; but no clue was found to their place of concealment. They had conducted their operations so ingeniously, that, although many instances of mysterious disappearances were recollected, no decisive proof could be adduced of their deep acts of guilt.

I returned to England in the spring of 1833, and, although I frequently mentioned the adventure, obtained no trace of those whose profound dissimulation so much astonished me. A few weeks ago, however, I recognised Agatha walking with an elderly gentleman in the suburbs of London. I followed them at a distance; and subsequent inquiry enabled me to ascertain that she had been married to him for upwards of three years. Their acquaintance was formed, and the union took place in Paris. Of her brother I have succeeded in discovering no tidings; and now that the danger is past, and the reminiscence of it alone remains, I will not disturb the tranquillity of him whom she has espoused. I have accordingly substituted the name of De Walberg for that by which I knew her and her brother in Germany. Should this publication of the facts meet her eye, she may calm herself with the conviction that through no indiscretion of mine shall any one be able to fix the identity of the heroine of the foregoing narrative with herself. May her present and future mode of life atone for the deeds in which there is too much reason to dread that she was the willing accomplice!

H. J.

WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE, WEAVING, &c.

THIS is a branch of trade which, since the introduction of machinery, may truly be called the peculiar property of our own island. The woollen manufacture of this country have been gradually extended and improved for the last two centuries; but from the commencement of the reign of George III. their advance has proceeded with a rapidity that has no parallel in past times. Till within the last fifty or sixty years, the wool, when shorn and washed, was scrubbed, combed, or carded by hand. It was then distributed among various persons at scattered residences to be spun; and most of the manufacturers had houses for receiving periodically the yarn from the several spinners. In many cases the spinning was performed in distant counties, and much time sacrificed and heavy expenses incurred in the transmission of the material. The warping was slowly performed by hand, and the abhor shoot placed on the quills also by the same tiresome process. The parts of the work which followed the weaving—such as shearing, dressing and finishing, were likewise all prepared by manual labour. By regular and gradual steps, machinery has been invented for the whole of these operations; and, though human labour has been thus abridged, the manufacture has lately given employment to a greater number of hands than at any past period; and, whilst the very lowest description of labourers are now as well paid as the majority of them formerly were, new and superior classes of workmen have been created, who, without the introduction of machinery, would have been left in the general low condition of the cloth-makers in former times. By machine-spinning, a great evenness is given to the threads; and, in shearing and dressing by mechanism less injury is sustained by the cloths, and, with equal durability, more beauty in the appearance is obtained. The whole work is under the eye of the master: he can have the several divisions of it prepared in quantities to suit each other: he knows exactly when the goods can be ready for the market; and a degree of despatch is given to the whole proceeding, which enables the capital employed in it to circulate with a rapidity heretofore deemed impossible.

Of the rapidity of the manufacture a singular specimen was given a few years ago, when the late Sir John Throgmorton sat down to dinner dressed in a coat which on the same morning had been wool on the back of the sheep! The animals were sheared—the wool washed—carded—spun and woven; the cloth was scoured, fulled, sheared, dyed, and dressed; and then, by the tailor's aid made into a coat, between sun-rising and the hour of seven, when the party sat down to dinner with their chairman dressed in the product of this active day.

Although the machinery invented in England, or applied first in England to this branch of industry, has been copied by the manufacturers on the continent of Europe, and naturalized in the United States

of America, the exportation of our cloth has gone on increasing. We have not only worked up all the wool shorn from our gradually augmented flocks, but have found the supply from Spain so inadequate to our demand that we have drawn prodigious quantities from Prussia, Saxony, and many parts of the continent of Europe, from which little or none was formerly imported into this country.

Wool resembles hair in a great many particulars; but besides its fineness, which constitutes an obvious difference, there are other particulars which may serve also to distinguish them from one another. Wool, like the hair of horses, cattle, and most other animals, completes its growth in a year, and then falls off as hair does, and is succeeded by a fresh crop. It differs from hair, however, in the uniformity of its growth and the regularity of its shedding. Every filament of wool seems to keep exact pace with another in the same part of the body of the animal: the whole crop springs up at once,—the whole advances uniformly together,—the whole loosens from the skin nearly at the same period, and thus falls off if not previously shorn, leaving the animal covered with a short coat of young wool, which, in its turn, undergoes the same regular mutations.

Hairs are commonly of the same thickness in every part; but wool constantly varies in thickness in different parts, being generally thicker at the point than at the roots. That part of the fleece of the sheep which grows during the winter is finer than what grows in summer.

While the wool remains in the state in which it was first shorn off the sheep's back, and not sorted into its different kinds, it is called *fleece*. Each fleece consists of wool of divers qualities and degrees of fineness, which the dealers therein take care to separate. The French and English usually separate each fleece into three sorts,—viz. I. Mother wool, which is that of the back and neck; II. The wool of the tails and legs; III. The wool of the breast and under the belly. The Spaniards make the like division into three sorts, which they call *prime*, *second*, and *third*, and denote each bale or pack with a capital letter intimating the sort. Of late a great deal of attention has been paid to wool in this country; and several very spirited attempts have been made to improve it by introducing superior breeds of sheep and better modes of managing them. The British Wool Society was formed for the purpose of obtaining the best breeds of fine-woolled sheep, with a view of ascertaining by actual experiment how far each species or variety is calculated for the climate of Great Britain,—the qualities of their wool respectively,—the uses to which each kind of wool would be most profitably employed in different manufactures, and the comparative value of each species of sheep, so far as the same can be determined.

The process for dyeing woollen cloths differs considerably from that employed in the preparation of silk or cotton. It is first, however, necessary to remove the oil. To effect this, the yarn or manufactured goods are taken to the fulling mill, where they are beaten with large beetles, in troughs of water mixed with fuller's earth: the clay renders the oil soluble in water, the plentiful addition and change of which leave the goods completely scoured. The only colouring matters used in dyeing wool blue are woad and indigo, which are both substantive colours—that is, they are permanent without requiring a mordant. The dye called *Saxon blue* is made with the solution of indigo in sulphuric acid. Reds are formed by a great number of substances, and all depend, either for their fineness or beauty upon the use of mordants: the principal of them are Kermes, cochineal, archil, madder, carthamus, and Brazil-wood. The shades of red are usually distinguished into three classes—the madder red, crimson, and scarlet. When sulphate of copper is employed as the mordant, madder dyes a clear brown, inclining to yellow.

The following increase of the exports of sheep and lamb's wool, and woollen and worsted yarn, and the declared value of woollen manufactures, from the year 1820 to 1832, will doubtless astonish the readers:—

	Wool.	Yarn.	Woollen Manu.
	£.	£.	£.
1820	35,242	3,924	5,386,138.
1832	4,499,825	2,204,464	5,244,479.

The art of weaving is of great antiquity, and may be said, in its application, to furnish one of the main distinctions between savage and social life; for though we find finery and external adornment common to every people, yet comfortable clothing is almost exclusively confined to the inhabitants of those portions of the globe which are far advanced in civilization. The progress of mechanical invention in this country has tended most materially towards the improvement in the art of weaving. This is not, however, so apparent in the perfection, as in the diminution in the price of woven fabrics. It is now well known that the Revd. Edmund Cartwright had applied his mind to the construction of a loom to be worked by machinery as early as the year 1784. In March, 1785, he took out a patent for his machine; then brought to some degree of excellence; and, in the years 1786, 1787, 1788, and 1790, he also obtained patents for successive improvements therein. He had in the meantime established at Doncaster, in Yorkshire, a considerable manufactory worked by a steam engine, where muslins, calicoes, &c. were fabricated by the machine, very little, if at all, inferior to

those wove by hand. In the year 1791 or 1792, a person of the name of Grimshaw made an attempt to introduce Mr. Cartwright's looms at Manchester. He built a manufactory on a large scale; and several of the looms were actually erected, ready for working, when the whole establishment was destroyed by fire. As there was reason to suspect that this was not done by accident, no other manufacturer chose, at that time, to render himself obnoxious by introducing the use of machinery; and Mr. Cartwright's attention being directed to other inventions, from which he expected to derive greater advantage, his machine for weaving remained for some years nearly as much disregarded by himself as it appeared to be neglected by the public.

The great advantage necessarily resulting from this species of loom ultimately induced several manufacturers to attempt modifications of the apparatus, so that its use has now become one of the chief features in our largest manufacturing establishments.

An ingenious artist at Lyons has invented an admirable machine, by which a single workman can conduct six rotatory looms, and weave silk, cotton, flax, hemp, and wool, into plain or figured stuffs, with a celerity and perfection hitherto unknown. This skillful mechanic has conceived the idea of two looms, which, by their combination and the adaptation of two pieces, form a third. The first has already been used in the fabrication of crape, of seven-eighths taffetas, of three-quarters calicoes; the second in making figured stuffs; and the third, set up as a fine fourth machine, two pieces of half-ell wide, each divided by a separate shuttle. All the accessories are applicable to these looms, and are set in motion by the hand, by alternately pushing the clapper, which is on wheels, and works horizontally. It receives its motion from a pulley, with a twisted leather strap, and two springs placed at each side of the loom. It is capable of being applied to an infinite number of purposes. When it is wished to make a strong stuff, such as ticking or thick-grained cloth, the clapper strikes the wool thrice each time it passes. In proportion as it is wished that the stuff should be open or close, slight or strong, the clapper strikes slightly or heavily, slowly or quickly, and the precise strength is controlled by a regulator. A hand-screw and a small mallet suffice to operate these changes. The shuttle, placed on a box which it does not quit except by the impulse of the workman, passes from eighty to a hundred and ten times in a minute, from the time the machine is set in motion. Another advantage is, that the shuttle has a two-fold operation, of a nature hitherto totally unknown, so that it can be varied without trouble or delay, according to the unequal strength of the zones and the stuff; and, notwithstanding the extreme velocity of both clapper and shuttle, the loom can be stopped at will without injury. While the parts stop which serve to fabricate one of the pieces in a loom arranged for 6—4, those of the second stop also. This is an inconvenience which the artist thinks he shall be enabled to obviate, by making each piece of mechanism of a texture independent of the other; but these short intervals are compensated by the rapidity of the simultaneous execution of two pieces. This is nothing compared to the time lost by the workmen in common looms in disentangling and tying the threads.

It is impossible to close an article of this kind, in a journal like *The Teetotaler*, which is devoted to the interests of the working classes, without deploring the destitute condition in which the weavers, of all denominations, are now existing in England. These really industrious and deserving men are pining in distress and misery, because the higher classes give the preference to the manufactures of a foreign country! It was to have been hoped that, while a lady occupied the throne, some encouragement would have been given to the silk-weavers of Spitalfields especially; but the condition of this impoverished district is more deplorable at present than it ever yet has been.

REVIEWS.

The Self Instructing Latin Classics. By W. JACOBS. Part I. 12mo pp. 48. London: W. Brittain.

The Mysteries of the Latin Language Revealed. By W. JACOBS. 12mo. pp. 102. London: W. Brittain.

IMPRESSED with the idea that considerable obstacles are thrown in the way of the student in the classics, by the mystifications of grammar, and still aware that as a grammar can only propose general notions and is therefore always imperfect,—considering also the aversion entertained by all really clever teachers to the mere fact of acting as masters in the first rudiments of a language,—the author of "The Self Instructing Latin Classics" has commenced the work with the design of teaching the sense of standard Latin authors solely in their own constructions, so that the student may at once perceive the nature and the force of Latin composition. The work is designed to supersede the instrumentality of teachers in the study of the Latin language; and most admirably has Mr. Jacobs accomplished his aim, so far as we can judge by the portion of his undertaking now under our notice. "The Mysteries of the Latin Language Revealed" proves

that Mr. Jacobs is a profound classical scholar, and that he has not taken upon himself to teach before he was well instructed. By the aid of these two works, a person of even a very dull comprehension may soon acquire a knowledge of the rudiments of the Latin tongue. It must be remembered that the first gentlemen in the land, some few centuries ago, could neither read nor write; but if such facilities as the works now before us be presented to the public, we shall soon have the sons of the working-man studying Latin.

An Address to Christian Ministers of all Denominations, and the Religious Public generally. By A. GLENNIE. London: J. Pasco.

THIS pamphlet has been published with the hope of inducing the clergy of all sects and denominations to abstain from either direct or indirect opposition to the doctrine of Teetotalism. The aim is a laudable one; but the task difficult. The dissenting ministers, in general, have shown themselves well disposed if not absolutely favourable, to the principle; but the Clergy of the Church of England have, with only a few honourable exceptions, manifested the most decided opposition to the cause of Teetotalism. It has been ridiculously asserted that Teetotalism renders the fraternity which embraces it forgetful of religion. This allegation is as absurd as it is defamatory of a good doctrine. Teetotalism, as observed in our second leading article in this week's Number, prepares the path from the Temperance Hall to the Church; and surely every clergyman must be convinced of the fact that he stands a far greater chance of finding morality established amongst a flock of Teetotalers than a flock of drunkards. Teetotalism and morality are almost synonymous, because nearly all crimes emanate from intemperance; and the abolition of intemperance is the removal of some nine-tenths of the turpitude which now sullies the land. It is therefore absurd to oppose the doctrine of Teetotalism on the score that it is calculated to interfere with religion; and we should remind those clergymen who do adopt that mode of opposition, that Teetotalism, in the course of seven years, has reclaimed more drunkards than the preaching of the Gospel has done in seven hundred. And wherefore? Because drunkards do not visit the church where they can hear the inimitable doctrines of the Christian Church; but those self-same drunkards are induced to repair to the Temperance Hall, and there they are purified and prepared for a course of religious duties. We therefore again repeat, that he who frequents the place of Teetotal Assembly, will speedily be induced to become a constant visitor to the House of God.

The clergymen of the church of England are wrong if they think that the advocates of Teetotalism will be swindled out of the Book which contains the precepts of the Almighty. The Sacred Volume is a book of facts, as well authenticated as any heathen history; a book of miracles incontestably avouched; a book of prophecy confirmed by past as well as present fulfilment; a book of poetry, pure and natural, and elevated even to inspiration; a book of morals, such as human wisdom never framed for the protection of human happiness. Teetotalers will abide by the precepts, admire the beauty, revere the mysteries, and, as far as in them lies, practise the mandates of the sacred volume. In the goodly fellowship of the saints, in the noble army of the martyrs, in the society of the great—the good and the wise of every nation, if the selfishness of the Teetotaler be not cleansed, and his darkness illumined, at least his pretensionless submission will be excused. If the Christian err, he errs with the disciples of philosophy and of virtue—with men who have drunk deep at the fountain of human knowledge, but who dissolved not the pearl of their salvation in the draught—he errs with Milton, who, rising on an angel's wing to heaven, like the bird of morn, soared out of sight amid the music of his own grateful piety!

The work now before us is a very unpretending admonition to "Christian ministers of all denominations," relative to the opposition above alluded to; and we are not sorry to have received it, inasmuch as it has enabled us to record the foregoing observations in fitting time and place. Mr. Glennie says, "If example be better than precept—and it most undoubtedly is so—it becomes the bounden duty of the ministers of religion to throw all the weight of their influence and example into that scale which conduces most to the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men." This is a powerful sentence, and should be well weighed by those for whose behoof it is written. Mr. Glennie speaks of the "splendid talents, mighty mind, and gigantic genius, of a Burder, a Cox, or a Newstead." Who these gentlemen may be, we are at a loss to imagine: these names are not however recorded in the pages of our Literary Club books, and the zephyr of Fame has never as yet wafted the appellations to our ears. What, therefore, they have to do with the subject of the present pamphlet, we cannot determine. In conclusion we will observe, that the intention of this little work is very praise-worthy; and, as it is written in a calm and unpretending manner, its contents can of course do no harm.

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.—No II.

BY JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

As it grew dark, the camels were collected together, and kneeling on the sand near us, their fore-legs were lashed in their bent position, which, rendering them unable to rise, was the only precaution necessary for their safety. A small quantity of gunpowder, bruised in oil, was given to them in form of a bulus, and a bag of beans tied to their mouths, for their evening meal. Hassan and Suliman were returned with fuel for the night, and Abdallah, having in the short space of half an hour ground sufficient wheat for the party, mixed it, chaff and all, in the water of their own skin, baked cakes of it on the fire of dung, and made them, while warm, again into a paste, by breaking them into pieces, and kneading them into a wooden bowl, with oil and honey. Each of the party washed his hands in the sand, before commencing their meal, as water is too precious in the desert to be so used; and all dipping their fingers in the same dish, regaled themselves as at a feast of delicacies.

I could not refuse to join them, but it was a painful tribute to their hospitality; and keen as my appetite had been at alighting, it was more than satisfied by witnessing the preparation of our food, so that I was compelled at last to plead fatigue, and afterwards to sup unseen from my own stock; feeling in this instance, the truth of Solomon's expression, that, 'stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.' We remained awake, and were engaged in rude yet interesting festivity, until midnight, having a large fire, and one of the party always on watch, so that we rolled ourselves in our cloaks, and sunk to rest without apprehensions of evil.

DESERT OF SUZ.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.—The shades of night had scarcely given place to the earliest gleams of morning, before we were again stirring. Coffee and the hasty cakes of yesterday were served with equal expedition, and an hour before sunrise, our little caravan was on the march. The appearance of the country was everywhere the same; dull sandy plains, unbroken and without variety; a wide horizon, almost like the sea, and the elevation or depression of the road seldom exceeding an angle of three degrees. In some few parts, where the sand appeared more loose and deep, were tufts of bitter herbs, and a sort of dry heath, on which the camels fed as they passed along; but by far the greater part of the track was a firm, gravelly soil, covered with white and yellow pebbles, of common flint, forming an excellent road, either for wheel carriages, cavalry, or infantry, and even for laden waggons, if necessary.

In the course of the morning, we had passed several spots strewed with logs, resembling petrifications of trees, or at least portions of their trunks, with the bark on; but remembering the discussion of that question by Volney, and his aspersions on the veracity of Père Sicard, followed by an assurance of his having examined those logs, and found them to be really stones, I passed them by, contented with admiring their close resemblance to timber, yet still wondering at the cause of their singular shape and situation, remote from rocks or quarries of any kind; my confidence in his better judgment setting the question at rest in my own mind as to their real nature, for the present. At noon, however, we passed another spot on which several of these lay, and among them were some so remarkable, that I could not resist the temptation of alighting to examine them more closely; the result of which was, a conviction of their being petrifications. I had selected one of the smallest of the trunks that I could find, among those exhibiting unequivocal characteristics, such as the bark, the circular layers, the knots, &c., intending to load it on our camels alternately, and send it back from Suz to Cairo; but the very proposition was resisted with warmth, and persevered against with obstinacy. I offered an increased sum for its conveyance, and even consented to walk myself, for the rest of the way, while my own camel carried it, as it did not exceed my own weight; but neither entreaties, threats, nor rewards, could prevail on our guide to comply with our wishes; and the silliness of the objections which he urged, only added vexation to disappointment. He knew, he said, that I was 'one of God's wandering children,' that is, an idiot or madman; and as I understood how to read books, that my search was after hidden treasures; but these, he said, were not the 'monied stones'—for so they consider all blocks with inscriptions—as there was no writing on them. He added, that as he was himself a connoisseur of those 'receptacles of hidden wealth,' meaning blocks with hieroglyphics and inscriptions, though he was ignorant how to enrich himself by them, he would not suffer one under his protection to be imposed on by such an error of judgment, as the taking away these stones, in the hope of their being of any value. There was no replying to this mode of reasoning; and the disappointment, like all other evils, was better to be forgotten than to be pondered over, so that I affected at last to make light of the matter, and passed on to overtake the rest of our party, who during this dispute about the petrified trunks, had gained some distance ahead of us.

(To be continued in our next.)

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

HAMBURG.

A TEETOTAL SOCIETY has lately been established at Hamburg; and a grand meeting was to take place at the Assembly-Rooms, on the evening of January 18th. The place of meeting was the Lecture-Hall of a seminary, which had not been used for some time; and the way to it lay by a public-house, the owner of which illuminated his house and invited all passengers to enter. In the front of his house, and in the open space before the school-house, a dense crowd was collected, whose turbulent conduct, as well as the furious cries uttered by some, sufficiently manifested the effects of the invitation of the tavern-keeper. The members of the Total Abstinence Society, and the friends of the plan, had great difficulty in making their way through the crowd. Seven o'clock was the time fixed for the meeting, into which a number of persons found their way with the disgraceful intention of creating a disturbance. Scarcely had the secretary begun to read the rules of the Association, when several of the persons alluded to commenced a most infamous system of clamouring and yelling. This gave the signal to the crowd collected at the door for acts of greater violence. The doors were forced open, and the members of the society had scarcely time to retreat by the back door, from the clubs and sticks with which the adherents of the publican were armed. The mob penetrated to the Assembly Room, broke the windows, tables, and chairs, threw the pieces into the adjacent canal, and did as much damage as they could. They remained masters of the field until the civic guard arrived; and when this was called in, the building was speedily cleared of the rioters. Several persons were arrested, and lodged in the town-gaol, on an accusation of disturbing the meeting; and it appears that the authorities are determined to punish them with severity. As soon as the police had thus effectually interfered, the members of the Association returned to the Assembly-Rooms, and the business of the evening proceeded without farther interruption.

COUNTRY NEWS.

IRELAND.

In consequence of the Temperance movement now in progress in Ireland, and the consequent improved state of the country, hundreds of the natives now in England are daily returning to a land of which they may at length be proud. Opportunities of obtaining work upon advantageous terms in Ireland, now present themselves to many classes of operatives and artisans, as one of the results of the altered condition of the country through the exertions of FATHER MATHEW and his disciples. This excellent man will visit Carrigaholt in the course of the ensuing summer, and in the spring of 1842, he intends to visit London. FATHER MATHEW administered the pledge to an immense number of persons at Tipperary, a few days ago. MR. HOWLEY, the Assistant Barrister for Tipperary, in his charge to the Grand Jury at the opening of the Nenagh Quarter Sessions on January 23rd, made the following highly interesting observations:—

"The Temperance movement has gone back to a chief source of crime, restoring reason to that supremacy which drunkenness deposed. In the madness of intoxication, crimes were planned and perpetrated; and in a great proportion of the murders and violences which were once so frequent in this country, has it not appeared upon the trials that the leading accomplice was whisky? Let no man underrate this great element of social order; let no ingenious fears detract from the value of so wholesome an institution. If men have associated in furtherance of it, why should exception be made to such association? It is but hedging round a great virtue with additional guards; for virtue itself requires outward forms and defences to strengthen it against the inroads of assailing passions. If it have grown up under the auspices of a humble priest, the medium, though humble, cannot take from the value of the precious gift, although it may dignify and exalt the instrument of its transmission. I regret to observe that a writer in a recent periodical of some pretension has stated its chief agent to be superstition, and its ultimate object to be murder. It is hard to account for the visions of men, or why the imagination will sometimes play the traitor to the judgment. It would be unprofitable, and perhaps not becoming to pursue from this place any controversy on the subject; but it is quite within our legitimate jurisdiction to vindicate, so far as a simple denial can go, this great measure of police from any charge that may tend to detract from its usefulness or weaken its powers. In this country there is abundant evidence to silence every evil where public order, and individual comfort, and good conduct are the peaceful triumphs of the Temperance movement."

Comment upon this able and valuable speech, is unnecessary.

At a meeting of the Wigan Branch of the Cork Temperance Society, on Sunday evening, January 24th, a splendid silver medal, set in a silver case, with glasses

at the sides, and appended to a handsome silver chain, was presented to Mr. WILLIAM DIXON, for his indefatigable exertions as principal Secretary to the Association. The ceremony of presentation was superintended by the Rev. E. MORRIS, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society. Mr. Dixon returned thanks in a most eloquent and affecting speech. The following is the inscription on the medal:—"Presented to William Dixon by a few friends of the Wigan Branch of the Cork Society, January 24th, 1841." On the reverse side, are emblazoned the Temperance Arms.

BIRMINGHAM.

THE Teetotalers of Birmingham are energetic in their endeavours to add to the numbers of their Association; and, in spite of the opposition which they experience at the hands of the brewers, distillers, and publicans, the prospects of the cause at that place are exhilarating and encouraging. There is not at this moment one half the number of gin-palaces open in Birmingham that there was four years ago; and several of those, which still maintain themselves against the tide of Teetotal opinion, are in a weak and tottering condition.

ARBROATH.

THE Rechabites of this place have lately been engaged in processions and Temperance Festivals, which have produced a demonstration of the rapid progress and good results of Teetotalism at Arbroath and its vicinity. Upwards of five hundred members on one occasion sat down to tea at the Trade's Hall, the Chief Roler in the chair, with about forty of his brethren on the platform around him. The audience was most effectually addressed by the Rev. Mr. MITCHELL (from Dundee), the Rev. Mr. MOIR, and MESSIEURS MENMUIR, SMART, GARRIK, and WHYTE. On another occasion, during the past month, the Rechabites of Arbroath, headed by the Total Abstinence Society's admirable band of musicians, proceeded in grand cavalcade to the Arbroath and Forfar Railway Depot, and thence to the village of Freockham; where they held a grand meeting in a Hall prepared for their reception by that kind-hearted gentleman, Mr. J. ANDERSON, of that place. In a word, Teetotalism has taken a permanent root at Arbroath and in its vicinity.

MANCHESTER.

THE Teetotal Society of this place has determined to separate the principle from all matters of religious discussion, and to open the portals of its temple to drunkards and moderate-drinkers of all sects, and creeds, and parties. The Rev. Mr. BEARDSALL is no longer one of the officers of the Association. On Monday evening, January, 25th, there was a crowded meeting in the Assembly-Room, Pump-street, London Road, Mr. GRINDROD, the President of the Society, in the chair. Mr. GRIMSHAW, Corresponding Secretary to the Independent Order of Rechabites, delivered an impressive address, and he was followed by Mr. J. LEES, junior. The latter gentleman, who is one of the most eminent merchants of Manchester, called earnestly upon the higher classes to assist in the great Teetotal movement. On the evening of the 26th of January, the *Trial of Sir John Barleycorn* was enacted, with considerable effect, in the rooms lately occupied as a Beer Shop, in New Blakely-street. There are now twenty-five Teetotal meetings weekly in Manchester, and one of our esteemed correspondents, Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS, very properly observes that "the time is not far distant when the nobles of the land will be compelled to adopt the glorious example set them by the working classes."

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TOWN NEWS.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE meetings at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, on Wednesday, January, 27th, and Saturday, January, 30th, were well attended. On Wednesday evening, addresses were delivered by MESSIEURS G. W. M. REYNOLDS, BAYLIS, BATTIS, PRICE, and CRUMP. Mr. Crump gave notice that the Executive Committee had passed a resolution to abolish the charge for admission to the Chapel on Saturday evenings.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

At a late meeting of this flourishing Society, an individual of the name of DAVIS stated that in an establishment of Lead-Works at Rotherhithe, the workmen had to labour sometimes for nearly thirty-six hours at a time, and that those of them who were Teetotalers invariably performed their labours more rapidly, better, and with greater ease to themselves than those who were accustomed to use alcoholic liquors. The principal speakers lately at the Hall, 36, George-street, Chelsea, have been MESSIEURS FARMILLO, CURRIE, BLAIR, SPARKS, LUCAS, DOWLING, ARMON, and DOBBSING.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION,

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 34.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIVILITY OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.—MR. PICKWICK RECEIVES AN INSIGHT INTO COMMERCIAL SPECULATIONS.—MASTER SNODGRASS.—DISCUSSION AND FINAL ARRANGEMENT OF A SENTIMENTAL DIVERSION.

WHEN Mr. Pickwick rose on the following morning, the first thing he did was to ring the bell for his valet, and inquire for the newspaper. His wish was complied with; the newspaper was brought, and Mr. Pickwick desired Sam to give him his spectacles which were lying upon the toilette-table.

"We shall now see what amends the Editor has made for the false report of my case that appeared in this journal of yesterday," said Mr. Pickwick, putting on his glasses, as he sat up in his bed. "I dare say he will make a very handsome apology for the misrepresentation."

"Ah! 'ansome is wot 'ansome does, sir, as the lady said ven the black gen'lman give her a diamond ring," observed Mr. Samuel Weller.

"There is one thing, Sam," continued Mr. Pickwick, turning the newspaper in the most convenient way to get a glimpse of that part where he expected to find his letter in a bold type, with probably the Editor's or Reporter's excuses appended to it,—*"there is one thing, Sam, which makes me proud of being an Englishman; and that is the freedom of the press, in all its details. If a man's character be here impugned, all he has to do is to write a letter to the offending journal, and his reputation is immediately vindicated. The peace of families is never violated by the English press, without every readiness being manifested to repair the injury."*

"Ah! 'tis indeed a verry great blessin', sir, wot you says there, partickler ven the contradiction comes too late to repair the aggravation," said Mr. Weller. "Got at the letter, yet, sir?"

"Well—upon my word, this is very singular—very remarkable," said Mr. Pickwick, looking up one column, and down another, and then in this corner, and then in that—and lastly fixing his intelligent eyes upon a paragraph headed *"THIMBLE-RIOING,"* as if he expected to find his letter there.

"Wot's so verry extraordinary?" demanded Sam. "Has them Editors done the thing so verry 'ansome that a tip of fifty pounds ain't nothin' to it?" and, as Mr. Weller asked this question, he surveyed with considerable interest the tassel of Mr. Pickwick's white cotton night-cap, which bobbed up and down over the top of the newspaper.

"I really can't see my letter anywhere," continued Mr. Pickwick, in a tone of peculiar annoyance. "Here's a long account about a gentleman who refused to pay a church-rate of half-a-crown, because he was a dissenter and used another chapel which he helped to support with his purse; and the Ecclesiastical Court has run the half-crown up to a hundred and thirty nine pounds ten shillings and eleven-pence halfpenny, for which sum the gentleman is sent to prison; and there's also an account of how some noble Earl and a Captain of the Guards nearly killed a policeman a long time ago, and how the matter has been hushed up, and no trial is to take place. A poor man would have been transported for half the offence, Sam. Bot—after all—I don't see anything about my letter."

"Wot a shame to blow you up sky-high von day, an' refuse you any kind o' justification the next," said Mr. Weller. "That is coming it rayther too strong, as the poor vidder said ven three hulking grenadiers was billeted at her house."

"It really is too bad," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Look at the *Notices to Correspondents*, sir," exclaimed Mr. Weller, a bright thought suddenly flashing across his brain.

"So I will," cried Mr. Pickwick; and casting his eyes towards the place where those interesting paragraphs are usually inserted, he read to his horror and astonishment the following words:—*"Mr. Pickwick's Letter is an Advertisement."*

"Vell, that's addin' insult to injury, as the poor donkey said ven the costermonger swore at it after having thrashed it with the leather thong. Blowed if that ain't the rummest go I ever see. They tells lies about a man fust, an' then vants him to pay for windicatin' his character."

"Then I'll not gratify their rapacity, Sam," cried Mr. Pickwick sternly: "I'll not pay for the letter!"

"The fact is, sir," answered Mr. Weller solemnly, "that that there newspaper has so long defended the liberties o' the nation, that it thinks it may take a few vith the characters o' private individuals. But who d'ye think is down stairs?"

"I really can't say," replied Mr. Pickwick. "A gen'lman as wishes verry much to see you, but who von't give his name cos he says it's no use as you don't know him," returned Sam.

"I shall be down in ten minutes," cried Mr. Pickwick; and, banishing from his thoughts the disagreeable adventure connected with the newspaper, the great man proceeded to dress himself.

When he descended the stairs, he hastened to the private study of his friend Mr. Snodgrass, into which sanctuary the visitor had been admitted; and, upon entering that abode of learning (where half the walls had been filled up in a manner to imitate an immense library of books, in the same way as a backgammon board is frequently made to represent two large folio volumes of a History of England), Mr. Pickwick found himself in the presence of a gentleman whom we shall describe.

The individual alluded to was about eight-and-forty years of age, of middle height, rather stout, and somewhat ruddy in complexion. He was dressed in a black surtout coat, a yellow waistcoat, an immense blue satin stock, grey trousers, and polished boots. In his hand he carried an immense yellow bamboo cane: and if his stock of blue satin was very capacious, his stock of impudence was not the less extensive. With such qualifications, it may be supposed that, in the present state of society, such a man might present himself anywhere—as indeed the person in question did.

"Mr. Pickwick, I presume?" said the stranger rising from the arm-chair in which the poetic Mr. Snodgrass was wont to recline his illustrious limbs, when in the agonies of composition.

"My name is Pickwick," returned our hero.

"Ah! I thought so," said the stranger, shaking his head mysteriously. "Excellent name. Pickwick—would look uncommonly well across a bill for a few hundreds,—and better still at the bottom of a cheque for a cool thousand. No fear of you turning out a lame duck!"

"Sir," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, in deep indignation, "I am as far from being anything resembling a lame duck, or a lame goose, as you are, sir. I can walk, sir, as well as when I was twenty, sir;"—and to convince this extraordinary visitor of the fact, Mr. Pickwick walked straight up to him, and viewed him with a threatening aspect.

"My dear sir," cried the stranger, bursting out into an immoderate fit of laughter, "I meant no offence—you have misunderstood me. I merely used an expression which we gentlemen of the City frequently apply upon 'Change to those who do not pay up on settling day. Pray, Mr. Pickwick, do you ever speculate on 'Change?"

"I have done such a thing in my life-time," was the answer.

"And pray, sir, were you a bull or a bear?" enquired the visitor very seriously.

"One thing is very certain," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, who was now worked up to a pitch of the most indignant excitement,—*"one thing is very certain—and that is, you shall not bully me, for I won't bear it. I am not to be insulted in this house, which is my friend's, a bit more than I would be in my own!"*

"Upon my word, Mr. Pickwick, I meant no offence,—upon my word, I did not," said the stranger, with difficulty suppressing his inclination to laugh again. *"Bulls and bears* are also names used upon 'Change, and very familiar to us City men. I hope you are not offended?"

"By no means," said Mr. Pickwick, "if you did not intend to insult me."

"I would sooner die than insult you, Mr. Pickwick," ejaculated the stranger. "But let me explain the object of my present visit—and for which I have to apologize, as it is made at so early an hour. We City men, however, think nothing of early hours."

"Might I inquire the object of your visit, sir?" said Mr. Pickwick mildly, as he took a seat and a long stare at the stranger.

"I must tell you, my dear sir, in the first place," began the visitor, with true English familiarity, "that I am an individual who, like yourself, has devoted the greater portion of my life to philanthropic pursuits."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, beginning to entertain a favourable opinion of the gentleman then present.

"Yes, my dear sir, philanthropy has been my ruin, I may say!" continued the stranger. "I established *The One-Legged Man's Friend Society*—an institution where all individuals who had the misfortune to lose a leg, might obtain a wooden one gratis. But would you believe it sir, the world would not support that valuable institution by its voluntary contributions?"

"Monstrous!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"I then founded an establishment for the blind who had any chance of recovering their sight, but who could not afford to pay for a doctor: but, such is the ingratitude of the world, that the whole scheme was ruined by the villany of one man, who declared that, after having been there for six months, he could see nothing but the humbug of the institution!"

"Well—at all events he began to see a little," observed the ingenuous Mr. Pickwick.

"The failure of these philanthropic establishments," continued the stranger, "induced me to turn my attention to commercial and mercantile affairs. I have lately taken a splendid establishment in Moorgate-street, and am founding one of the largest banks ever known. It is called the *Bank of New Holland*, and offers peculiar advantages to those who wish to remit money to the flourishing colonies in that country."

"A very ingenious undertaking, I dare say," remarked Mr. Pickwick.

"Must succeed—nothing can prevent it, my dear sir!" ejaculated the stranger. "This is the way in which we intend to do business:—For instance, if you want to remit a hundred pounds to New Holland, all you will have to do will be to pay fifty pounds into our bank here, and we furnish you with a letter of credit or draft upon our agent in the colony for double this sum."

"But how can you afford to do this?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, quite amazed at this novel and truly original financial enterprise.

"Oh! we can do it with the greatest facility!" cried the stranger. "Nothing is more easy, my dear sir, than to receive the fifty pounds, and give the order for the hundred. I have calculated all

the advantages to be derived from the system, and feel convinced that I am on the right side of the hedge."

"If you can but carry out such a glorious scheme," said Mr. Pickwick, "you will be conferring a great benefit upon emigrants. This is truly a philanthropic institution. But do you really think that you will ever realize even a part of this gigantic undertaking?"

"Ever realize it!" cried the stranger: "why, I have already realized a considerable portion of the enterprise."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Certainly, I have! I have realized upwards of fifty thousand pounds already; and that is something, I should hope!" exclaimed the speculator. "My dear sir," he continued, lowering his tone of voice, "if people wish to succeed now-a-days, they must strike out of all beaten paths: they must enter upon tracts never previously explored. You do not understand the nature of these vast speculations, I am afraid; but I will explain somewhat of their character to you. In the present age you must do things by millions, or you will not succeed. Moreover, there is no danger to be incurred if an establishment should fail for an enormous amount. If a poor devil fails for a hundred pounds, and unfortunately loses monies entrusted to him by friends, he must apply to the Insolvents' Court, and gets remanded to prison for two years for fraud. His character is blasted, and his name can never afterwards divest itself of the stigma attached to it. But if a man fails for a million, half of which, or the whole, is money entrusted to him by clients or friends to lay out for them to the best advantage, he goes boldly forward to the Bankruptcy Court, demands its protection, never goes to prison at all, is allowed an income for six weeks, obtains a general release from all his debts, and holds up his head higher than ever when it is all over. That is the difference, Mr. Pickwick, between doing things on a grand scale and on a small one. In the former instance, starvation, beggary, and disgrace follow the poor wretch who fails for a hundred pounds; and, in the latter case, indulgence, income, and an entire discharge from all pecuniary liability, or imputation against character, attend the man who breaks for a million."

"And yet," observed Mr. Pickwick, "the poor man could not have ruined a soul, whereas the rich man may have involved thousands in his own downfall."

"Very true, Mr. Pickwick; but such is the blessed state of society and law in this country at the present day. That is the reason why it is much more easy to build up an establishment upon a grand scale than a small one. With all its experience, Mr. Pickwick, the world is easily duped, and will run with its money to those places that offer large advantages, while establishments whose principles of safety and equity are incompatible with vast interest and premium remain unsupported. These observations are, however, only generally applied: they do not for a moment relate to the Bank of New Holland which I have just formed, and which holds out such brilliant prospects of success to its projectors. The object of my present visit is to ascertain two things:—first, whether you will take any shares in my enterprise; and, secondly, whether you will allow me to publish your name as one of the Directors of the Company. Your patronage, as a philanthropist and a public man, will tend greatly to increase the respectability of the institution."

As he uttered these words, the stranger extracted from his pocket a bundle of *Circulars* which he put into Mr. Pickwick's hands: and then, for the first time, did Mr. Pickwick ascertain that the name of the speculator was Joseph Swindlehem.

"Well, my dear sir," said Mr. Pickwick,

whose appetite began to remind him that he had not as yet come in contact with the breakfast table, "I will think of the matter."

"I must have your answer at once," cried Mr. Swindlehem: "there are but two shares of a hundred pounds each remaining in the Treasurer's hands, and upwards of fifty applications have been made for them."

"I really can give no answer to day," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, I will send for your reply to-morrow morning at this hour," said Mr. Swindlehem, taking up his hat preparatory to taking himself off.

"I will then let you know all about the matter," returned Mr. Pickwick; and with this assurance the commercial gentleman took his leave.

Mr. Pickwick discussed his breakfast with that appetite which usually attends upon health and contentment; and, when the meal was despatched, to his great delight, and that of Mr. Snodgrass, the house was embellished by the arrival of Mr. Tracy Tupman and Mr. Nathaniel Winkle. Mr. Tupman had become more stout and sleek than when he was last introduced to the readers of the adventures of Mr. Pickwick, in the work so well known by the title of *Pickwick Abroad*; and Mr. Winkle had also considerably improved in appearance. Mr. Tupman was attired in a full suit of black, with white neckerchief and lemon-coloured gloves (although it was in the middle of winter); and Mr. Winkle imparted lustre to a green coat with brass buttons, a French silk waistcoat, brown unutterables, and a striped stock which circumvented his neck.

"More visitors," said Sam, as he admitted these gentlemen into the parlour where Mr. Pickwick and the Snodgrass family were seated: "it never rains but it pours, as the blind beggar said ven he seated his-self under the water-spout."

"How are you, Sam?" demanded Mr. Winkle.

"Wery well, sir, thank'ee," was the cheerful reply; "an' wery much obleeged for the compliment. I don't think that you stands any chance o' spilin' by keepin', sir, as the nobleman said to the Stilton cheese."

"Well, what do you think of Mr. Tupman then?" asked Mr. Winkle in a whisper.

"Surprisin' fat, sir," returned Sam, with a solemn shake of the head. "It ain't wery difficult to see that he don't take his breakfast at the town-pump, with a penny roll an' no butter. I rayther think he must be somehow or another related to Daniel Lambert."

Mr. Winkle laughed heartily at this sally, and then sallied into the presence of Mr. Pickwick.

"I am very glad you have come, my dear friends," said our hero, when all the usual salutations, compliments, inquiries, and answers, were over; "for I wished to see you for many reasons. In the first place, I want you both to accompany me and Snodgrass to a ball—a city-ball, got up for a very philanthropic purpose."

"A ball!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman joyfully; and, in the delight occasioned by the announcement, he attempted to cut a fling in the air, but flung himself with all his weight upon Mr. Pickwick's toes instead.

"Pray, my dear Tupman, be more cautious how you practise your steps beforehand," cried Mr. Pickwick, whose expressive countenance was screwed up in a most extraordinary manner by the pain he experienced in his pedal extremities.

Due attention was now paid to the elder son of Mr. Snodgrass. That beautiful specimen of the Snodgrass race was lugged forward by an admiring father, to be presented to admiring friends; and a most astonishing boy he was too—that is, according to his parent's account. He

was only eight years old—was already conversant with the Latin grammar—and could eat at one meal more than his father did at three collectively. These were certainly grand qualifications; and Mr. Snodgrass had a right to be proud of his boy.

"He's a fine healthy fellow," said Mr. Tupman.

"I'm sure you wouldn't like to board him," cried the delighted Mr. Snodgrass.

"Why not?" demanded his friend.

"Because he eats a great deal," was the reply conveyed in a punning sense. "They call him *Time* at school."

"What for?" again asked Mr. Tupman.

"Because they say that he is the *Devourer of all things*," replied Mr. Snodgrass. "*Tempus edax rerum*, you know."

"Does he get on with his grammar?" enquired Mr. Winkle, by way of saying something.

"With his *Eton* grammar prodigiously."

"Can he decline a substantive?"

"He'll decline anything in the school-room, but nothing at the dinner-table."

"So he has a great thirst for knowledge—eh?" said Mr. Tupman, patting the boy's head.

"Ah! and such an appetite too," cried Mrs. Snodgrass.

"What profession do you intend to bring him up to?" asked Mr. Tupman.

"I was thinking of having him educated for a public—a parliamentary career," returned Mr. Snodgrass.

"Von't never do, sir," cried Mr. Weller, who entered the room at this moment.

"Why not, Sam?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"'Cos by the time that there youngster grows up," answered Sam, "all people will be sure to have wery liberal ideas. That bein' the case, he'll have to advocate annual parliaments; an' I feel wery sure that anything like *short commons* will be partickler disagreeable to him. You'd better aend him to study in the Temple for a barrister."

"Why, Sam?" again asked Mr. Pickwick, who sate in deep admiration of his lacquey's system of reasoning.

"'Cos, sir, the study's a wery pleasant 'un, an' all he'll have to do will be to eat his terms."

"I am afraid, Sam," observed Mr. Snodgrass, "that a barrister who has only eaten his terms, gets very little to eat afterwards out of his practice."

"Vell, sir," cried Mr. Weller, "all I can say is that I've always heerd up to this time that, in all great cases, the clients *fee'd* the lawyers wery 'ansomely."

But as little Master Snodgrass was not of an age when it was necessary to adopt plans relative to his future career in life,—and as his mother had at that moment nearly knocked him down for not looking up when he was spoken to,—the subject was dropped for the time being; and the conversation took a turn of a far more interesting nature to Mr. Pickwick.

"We have made the acquaintance of such a nice family in the city," said this gentleman mildly.

"Yes—the Sagos are very nice people indeed," cried Mr. Snodgrass; "and, between ourselves, our friend Pickwick is regularly smitten with the youngest daughter, Teresina Hippolyta."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Tupman. "Is she pretty?"

"Very," answered Mr. Snodgrass.

"You old rogue," said Mr. Tupman, addressing the very friendly and flattering appellation to Mr. Pickwick, and shaking his head and his forefinger simultaneously.

"You don't mean to say that you are smitten in that quarter?" ejaculated Mr. Winkle.

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling. "But I should like to introduce Tupman to Amelia Sophia."

"Let us hit upon some novel scheme of demonstrating our respect towards them," cried Mr. Tupman, although he was totally unacquainted

with the family alluded to. "In Spain, when a noble cavalier wishes to introduce himself especially to the notice of some fair lady, he serenades her beneath her window, by the light of the silvery moon."

"And we can serenade the Miss Sagos by the light of the gas-lamp," suggested Mr. Pickwick, who was very sentimentally inclined at that moment. "What say you to a serenade?"

Mr. Snodgrass glanced furtively towards his wife, and perceiving that her countenance offered no encouragement to the idea of her husband forming one of the serenading party, he immediately made a merit of necessity, and ejaculated, "I for one shall not go!"

"I will though!" cried Mr. Tupman; "and I will take a triangle with me, which I can borrow of the blind man who plays me a tune beneath my window every morning at breakfast time."

"And I shall decline being of the party too," said Mr. Winkle. "A married man has no business with a midnight serenade."

"Quite right," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "I and Tupman will carry the plan into effect to-morrow evening. Snodgrass can write us a song, at all events, if he cannot accompany us."

"Oh! with pleasure," returned the poet-laureat of the Pickwickians; "and it shall contain some pretty compliments too, I can tell you. I'm sure I don't see why a serenade should not be got up as effectually and sentimentally in London as Madrid."

"It is a pity that their house does not overlook the Thames," said Mr. Pickwick. "If it did, we might go in a wherry, and that would be a beautiful imitation of the gondola beneath the window of some lovely Italian lady in Venice."

"Vy, p'rhaps it's jist as vell as it is, sir," said Mr. Samuel Weller, who had been a mute but not an uninterested hearer of this admirable plan; "cos you might happen to get hold of a drunken boatman, an' he wouldn't help out the truth o' the pickler by actin' the character of a very sentimental gondolier."

"Sam is quite right," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; "it is much better as it is. What night shall it take place?"

"The sooner the better," answered Mr. Tupman, who was anxious to carry the scheme into execution with that promptitude and decision which marked all the actions of these truly illustrious men.

"To-morrow evening, then," said Mr. Pickwick; "and that will allow Snodgrass time to write the poem. But, by the bye, when I think of it—I can't sing."

"Well," said Mr. Tupman, whose fertile brain so happily provided against all difficulties, "we can hire a couple of singers, and they can stand a little way down the street—under a gate-way, or behind a pump, if there's one near; and no one will know that they are not our own voices."

"No—I think we will confine the amusement to ourselves," observed Mr. Pickwick. "We will do the best we can in the singing way. You shall play a triangle, Tupman: Sam shall go with us, and play something; and I will beat a drum."

"It is settled then for to-morrow night," said Mr. Tupman, surveying himself in a looking-glass: "I am sure we shall acquit ourselves respectably."

"Ah! I des say you vill indeed," cried Mr. Weller, with a serio-comic air. "The Lord Mayor's show von't be nothin' to it; nor Punch an' Judy neither."

(To be continued in our next.)

PORCELAIN.

This is a peculiar species of earthenware, and is principally manufactured in China. All earthenwares, which are white and semi-transparent, are generally called *porcelains*; but amongst these such great differences may be observed that, notwithstanding the similarity of their external appearance, they cannot be considered as matters of the same kind. These differences are so evident, that even persons, who are not connoisseurs in this respect, prefer much the porcelain of some countries to that of others.

The art of making porcelain is one of those in which Europe has been excelled by oriental nations. The first porcelain that was seen in Europe was brought from Japan and China. The whiteness, transparency, fineness, neatness, elegance, and even the magnificence of this pottery, which soon became the ornament of sumptuous tables, did not fail to excite the admiration and industry of Europeans; and their attempts have succeeded so well, that in different parts of Europe earthenwares have been made so like the oriental that they have acquired the name of *porcelain*. The first

European porcelains were made in Saxony and France, and afterwards in England, Germany, and Italy; but, as all these were different from the Japanese, so each of them had its peculiar character.

The following is the manner in which porcelain is made in China. The principal ingredients of the fine porcelain are *pe-tun-tse* and *kaolin*—two kinds of earth from the mixture of which the paste is produced. The *kaolin* is intermixed with small shining particles: the other is purely white, and very fine to the touch. These first materials are carried to the manufactories in the shape of bricks. The *pe-tun-tse*, which is so fine, is nothing else but fragments of rock broken from certain quarries and reduced to powder. Every kind of stone is not fit for this purpose. The colour of that which is good, say the Chinese, ought to incline a little towards green. A large iron club is used for breaking these pieces of hard stone: they are afterwards put into mortars, and by means of levers headed with stone bound round with iron, they are reduced to a very fine powder. These levers are put in action either by the labour of men, or by water, in the same manner as the hammers of our paper-mills. The pulverised mass being afterwards collected, is thrown into a large vessel full of water, which is rapidly stirred with an iron shovel. When it has been left to settle for some time, a kind of cream rises upon the top about four inches in thickness: this is skimmed off, and poured into another vessel filled with water. The water in the first vessel is stirred repeatedly, and the half-fluid material collected, until nothing remains but the coarse dregs, which, by their own weight, precipitate to the bottom. These dregs are carefully collected, and pounded anew.

With regard to what is taken from the first vessel, it is suffered to remain in the second until it is formed into a kind of crust at the bottom. When the water above it seems quite clear, it is poured off by gently inclining the vessel, that the sediment may not be disturbed; and the paste is thrown into large moulds proper for drying it. Before it is entirely hard, it is divided into small square cakes, which are sold by the hundred. The colour of this paste, and its form, have occasioned it to receive the name of *pe-tun-tse*. The *kaolin*, which is used in the composition of porcelain, requires less labour than the *pe-tun-tse*. Nature has a greater share in the preparation of it. There are large mines of it in certain mountains, the exterior strata of which consist of a kind of red earth. These mines are very deep, and the *kaolin* is found in small lumps, that are formed into bricks after having gone through the same process as the *pe-tun-tse*. The Chinese have, however, lately discovered a new substance, proper to be employed in the composition of porcelain. It is a stone, or rather species of chalk, called *hoa-che*, from which the physicians prepare a kind of draught that is said to be detersive, aperient, and cooling. The manufacturers of porcelain have thought proper to employ this stone instead of *kaolin*. It is called *hoa*, because it is glutinous, and has a great resemblance to soap. Porcelain made with *hoa-che* is very rare, and much clearer than any other.

To the elementary earths thus described, as the component parts of porcelain, must be added the varnish from which it derives its splendour and whiteness. This is of a whitish colour, and is procured from the same kind of stone which produces the *pe-tun-tse*; but the whitest is always chosen, and that which has the greenest spots. The stone is first washed and pulverised: it is then thrown into water; and, after it has been purified, it throws up a kind of cream. To a hundred parts of this cream is added one part of *chekao* (a mineral something like alum), which is put into the fire, till it becomes red-hot and is then pounded. This mineral gives a degree of consistence to the varnish, which is however carefully preserved in its state of fluidity.

The next process consists in again purifying the *pe-tun-tse* and *kaolin*. The workmen then proceed to mix these two substances together. For fine porcelain they put an equal quantity of the *kaolin* and the *pe-tun-tse*; for the middling sort they use four parts of the *kaolin* and six of the *pe-tun-tse*. When this mixture is finished, the mass is thrown into a large pit, well-paved and cemented in every part: it is then trod upon, and kneaded until it becomes hard. This labour is so much the more fatiguing, as it must be continued without intermission; were it interrupted, all the other labourers would remain unemployed. From this mass, thus prepared, the workmen detach different pieces, which they spread out upon large slates, where they knead and roll them in every direction, carefully preserving them in a solid state, and taking care to keep them free from the mixture of any extraneous body. When this paste has not been properly prepared, the porcelain cracks, and melts, or becomes warped.

After a piece of porcelain has been properly formed, it passes into the hands of the painters. The *hoapei*, or painters in porcelain, follow no certain plan in their art, nor are they acquainted with any of the rules of drawing: all their knowledge is the effect of practice; assisted frequently by a whimsical imagination. Some of them, however, show no inconsiderable share of taste in painting flowers, animals, and landscapes, on porcelain, as well as upon the paper of fans, and the silk

used for filling up the squares of lanterns. The labour of painting in the manufactories of which we have spoken is divided among a great number of hands. The business of one is entirely confined to tracing out the first coloured circle which ornaments the brims of the vessels: another designs the flowers, and a third paints them; one delineates waters and mountains, and another birds and other animals; human figures are generally the worst executed.

After the porcelain has received its proper form, its colours, and all the intended ornaments, it is transported from the manufactory to the furnace. The various pieces of porcelain are enclosed in cases, and thus baked.

The Chinese divide their porcelain into several classes, according to its different degrees of fineness and beauty. The whole of the first is reserved for the Emperor. None of the largest and finest porcelain of China has ever been brought to Europe. The Chinese set some value upon Dresden porcelain, and still more upon that which emanates from the manufactories of France.

Manufactories for the fabrication of porcelain are now established in almost all the states of Europe. But in no country in Europe have such attempts been made to discover porcelain, or so many manufactories of it established, as in France. Porcelain had long been made at Saint Cloud, and in the Faubourg Saint Antoine at Paris; and this was very beautiful. Since that time, considerable manufactories of it have been established at Chantilly, Villerot, and Orleans. But the porcelain produced in the manufactory at Sevres holds at present the first rank, from its shining white, its beautiful glazing, and its coloured grounds. In the magnificence of its gilding, and the regularity and elegance of its forms, it surpasses every other kind of china.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE life of this unfortunate, but talented individual affords a striking example of the ruinous consequences of intemperance, and presents us with a convincing proof that nothing can supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible. Indeed, genius and knowledge are utterly useless, without good moral principles and rectitude of conduct.

Richard Savage was born in 1698, and was the son of Anne Countess of Macclesfield, by the earl of Rivers, and might have been considered as the lawful child of the Earl of Macclesfield; but his mother, in order to procure a separation from her husband, made a public confession of her shameful conduct. As soon as he was born, the Countess treated him with every kind of unnatural cruelty. She committed him to the care of a poor woman, to educate as her own; and she prevented the Earl of Rivers from making him a bequest in his will of six thousand pounds, by declaring him to be dead. She endeavoured to send him secretly to the American plantations; and, at last, to bury him in poverty and obscurity for ever, she placed him as an apprentice to a shoemaker in Holborn. About this time his nurse died; and, in searching her effects, which he imagined to be his right, he found some letters informing him of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed. He now left his humble occupation, and tried every method to awaken the tenderness and attract the regard of his mother: but all his assiduity was without effect, for he could neither soften her heart nor open her purse; and he was reduced to the miseries of want. By the care of Lady Mason, mother to the Countess, he had been placed at the grammar-school at Saint Alban's, where he had acquired all the learning which his situation allowed; and necessity now obliged him to become an author. The first effort of his uncultivated genius was a poem against Bishop Hoadley of Bangor, of which the author was afterwards ashamed. He then attempted to write for the stage, but with little success. He however became an assiduous frequenter of the theatres, and imbibed the habit of drinking in consequence of associating with the actors. He formed the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Wilks, and in 1723, by the patronage of the former, he brought a tragedy upon the stage, in which he himself performed a part, the subject of which was "Sir Thomas Overbury." If we consider the circumstances under which it was written, it will afford a proof of strength of genius, and an evenness of mind not to be ruffled. Whilst he was employed upon this work, he was without lodging, and often without food; nor had he any other convenience for study than the fields or the street. The habits of Savage were at this period intemperate in the extreme; and his dissipated conduct and drunken practices speedily alienated from him the affection of all his friends. The profits of the play amounted to two hundred pounds, and procured him the notice of many people of distinction; and he might have now risen to importance, had not his predilection in favour of drink plunged him into a misfortune by which not only his reputation, but also his life was endangered. In a night ramble he entered a low ale-house, near Charing-Cross, became intoxicated, engaged in a quarrel with a Mr. Sinclair, and killed his antagonist in the fray. Savage was tried for murder, and condemned to death. His mother, at this juncture, used all possible means to prejudice the queen against him, and to in-

tercept all the hopes he had of life from the royal mercy: but, at last, the Countess of Hereford, out of pure compassion, laid a true account of the extraordinary story and sufferings of poor Savage before her Majesty, and obtained his pardon.

He now recovered his liberty, but had no means of subsistence; and the little money he obtained from the casual charity of friends he expended in liquor, to which he was now the slave. It suddenly struck him that he might compel his mother to do something for him, and extort that from her by satire which she had denied to natural affection. The expedient proved successful; and Lord Tyrconnel, on his promise to lay aside his design, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a pension of two hundred a-year. In this gay period of life, when he was surrounded by affluence and pleasure, he published "The Wanderer, a Moral Poem," which was approved by Pope, and which the author himself considered as a masterpiece. It was addressed to the Earl of Tyrconnel, with the highest strains of panegyric. These praises, however, he in a short time found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by that nobleman on account of his licentious conduct and intemperate habits. He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother, and accordingly published "The Bastard, a Poem." This had an extraordinary sale; and, as it appeared at a time when the Countess was at Bath, shame obliged her to quit the place.

Some time after this, Savage formed a resolution of applying to the queen. She had given him his life, and he hoped her goodness might enable him to support it. He published a poem upon her birth-day, which he entitled "The Volunteer Laureat." She graciously sent him fifty pounds, with an intimation that he might annually expect the same bounty. The moment he received this pension, he immediately retired to an obscure lodging, where he passed his time in drinking and licentious conduct. At length he made his appearance again amongst his friends, penniless as before; and this line of conduct he pursued every time he received his stipend. His wit and politeness always retained a few friends about him; and Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister, was warmly solicited in his favour. Promises were given, but ended in a disappointment; upon which he published a poem in "The Gentleman's Magazine," entitled "The Poet's Dependence on a Statesman."

This wretched life was rendered more unhappy, in 1738, by the death of the queen, and the loss of his pension. His distress was now publicly known; and his friends proposed that he should retire into Wales, with an allowance of fifty pounds *per annum*, which they offered to raise by subscription. The proposal was accepted with joy; and he set out on his journey with fifteen guineas in his purse. He however stopped at a tavern upon the road, and there dissipated all his money in riotous living. A fresh remittance was sent to him, and he reached Bristol, where he also remained for some time, pursuing the same vicious courses. At length he arrived at Swansea, where he resided for a year, and wrote a tragedy which he was determined to bring out on the London stage. Contrary to the wishes of his friends he returned to Bristol, where he speedily disgusted all the acquaintances he had formed there on his first visit, by his intemperate habits. His clothes were worn out, his money was spent, and his appearance made it difficult for him to obtain even a dinner. Here, however, he stayed in the midst of poverty, hunger, and contempt, till the mistress of a tavern, to whom he owed eight pounds, arrested him for the debt. He could find no bail, and was committed to prison, where he commenced a satire entitled "London and Bristol Delineated." In that gaol, also, did he heave his last sigh. He was seized with a disorder which at first was not supposed to be dangerous; but in a few days it took a fatal turn, and he died on the 1st of August, 1748, in his fiftieth year—one of the myriads of victims whose present and eternal welfare has been sacrificed to the demon INTemperance!

FRENCH CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

NO. IX.—THE VICTIMIZER.

It is an art to know how to dine without money; and this art is practised in Paris as well as in London. Amongst the Parisian population there are numerous men about town who turn pale at the presentation of the bill at a tavern or coffee-house.

At that hour when the multitudes of hungry persons of all kinds flock to the coffee-houses and dining-places of all classes to partake of repasts at all prices, many an appetite is condemned to the ignoble necessity of playing the part of a mere observer: numerous individuals consult their purses before they enter the temples where hunger is assuaged; and others, more advanced in social logic and economy, say to themselves, "Well! a man must eat. Now, eating takes place in some establishment for the purpose. Consequently a man, be he who he may, has the right to enter that establishment." By dint of arguments of this kind, they summons the waiter, order up dishes more or less succulent, and endeavour to drown in intoxicating liquors the thought of the moment which is approaching, when the Commissary of Police will arrive to ascertain

the reason wherefore no money is forthcoming for the payment of the expenses of the festival.

The Victimizer makes it a rule never to suffer the hour of dinner to pass without paying the debt due to his appetite, even though he should not be able to pay that which is due to the landlord. When the Victimizer has done his day's business, he loves to recline upon a chair near a well-covered table, and in the presence of a friend; and when the friend does not pay, then nobody pays. This species of behaviour was however incomprehensible to the waiter of a coffee-house on one particular occasion.

"Sir," said the waiter, one day presenting the bill to the Victimizer, who had just risen from the table and was taking up his hat and cane with the greatest coolness in the world,—"Sir, here is the bill."

"And what am I to do with this bill?" demanded the Victimizer.

"Sir, I hope that either you or your friend intend to pay it," said the waiter.

"My friend does not pay; and when my friend does not pay, nobody pays. Tell your master that: he will understand you; and you will come back and apologise to me."

The waiter hurried to the bar, to report *verbatim* the words of the extraordinary guest to his master; and the landlord hastened to receive an explanation of the enigma. The Victimizer had however departed by the window; and his friend, who was accustomed to follow him, had imitated his example.

On another occasion, the waiter of a coffee-house presented the bill to the Victimizer. The amount was fifteen francs.

"Waiter," said the Victimizer, "go and tell them at the bar to give you five francs for me, and let them put down twenty francs to my account."

"But, sir—"

"I am desirous of giving you five francs: that is, I am desirous that five francs should be given to you for your civility to me. I am perhaps justified in doing so, if I choose."

"Yes, sir—but they don't know you," said the waiter.

"It is not necessary to know me in order to give you five francs. All that is required is that you should be known, since it is to you that the remuneration is to be given."

The waiter left the room, astonished by this system of reasoning; and the Victimizer again converted the window into the purposes of a door.

On a third occasion the Victimizer had made a famous dinner with a friend whom he had invited. The moment approached when the fatal bill was to be presented. The Victimizer suddenly dropt a custard which he was eating, and uttered an exclamation of horror and disgust, crying at the same time, "Waiter! waiter!"

"The gentleman has asked for the bill," cried the waiter. "The bill! the bill!"

"It is no use to talk of the bill," exclaimed the Victimizer. "Summon the cook!"

The cook presented himself, as desired, and was followed by the master of the establishment.

"Do you know—can you guess what I have found in this custard?" demanded the Victimizer.

"Perhaps the pip of a lemon," said the landlord, submissively.

"No such a thing, sir!" cried the Victimizer: "I found two teeth!"

"Two teeth!" ejaculated the cook.

"Two teeth!" repeated the landlord.

"Two teeth!" added the Victimizer,—"two enormous teeth! What an abomination! But here are the proofs;"—and he threw the two teeth upon the table.

"Silence! Say not a word," exclaimed the landlord.

"But I nearly choked myself; and my friend here might have perforated the windpipe and lost his vocal instrument."

"What does he mean?" said the friend, aside, as he did not understand the motive of the farce.

"I must ascertain to whom these teeth belong," persisted the Victimizer: "you must not expose your customers to these species of danger. If these projectiles have fallen from the mouth of your bar-maid, the thing is less repugnant, but still dangerous; and, perhaps, you are going to add them to the bill—to put them down as an item of the account?"

"No one says a word about accounts," murmured the landlord. "All I ask of you is one thing—and that is to forget that you have been here to-day. Do not insist upon paying—you would only annoy me."

"Well, I will consent not to annoy you," said the Victimizer.

The two friends issued from the dining-house, escorted to the door by the landlord.

"My dear friend," said the Victimizer to his companion, "I invite you to dine with me to-morrow at the house of that excellent hearted individual. After dinner I will put my handkerchief into the cream cheese."

On the following day, the waiter watched the two friends very narrowly; and the bill was presented before the scheme was executed.

"Well—upon my word," exclaimed the Victimizer, "this is very unfortunate! By the greatest of all pos-

sible hazards, my friend and myself have not brought out any money with us this morning. As you have not the honour of being acquainted with us, I beg you to accept as security these six shares in a new joint-stock company which I have just founded; or else, you may take my friend's hat—"

"I should even prefer your friend's hat," interrupted the waiter; and thus the matter was settled: but, as the hat was only worth a couple of sous, it was never redeemed.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sketches of Character" will be inserted. We thank Mr. James Ardery for his letter, the contents of which are highly creditable to him.

We have received the letter from Mr. T. B. (of Nottingham), and referred it to the proprietor of this journal, Mr. GEORGE HENDERSON, who returns his thanks for the proposal, but does not wish to establish agencies upon the principle of "sale or return."

The rebuke of W. T. (Kendal) is just. The Editor of this journal has no prejudices of the kind to which he alludes; but, on the contrary, endeavours to conduct the paper on the most fair, liberal, and impartial principle.

We will comply with the desire of our correspondent at Barnsley in a few days.

To S. W. L. we repeat, that we insert the Reports of all Teetotal-meetings, without reference to Societies or parties.

We thank our correspondents at Chipping Norton for the letters relative to C. We shall see the information most probably next week.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the 4th Number of a second Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1841.

WHEN the Saviour of the World came upon earth to proclaim the divine precept of the Gospel, he chose not his followers amongst the high and the mighty of Judea, but selected a few humble fishermen as the fittest instruments for his important purpose. Thus was it, also, in our times that the light of Teetotalism dawned first upon the heads of individuals moving in the humbler walks of life; and the peer became destined to receive lessons of morality from the peasant. It was in the summer of 1834 that Mr. JOHN LIVESY first delivered his celebrated Lectures upon Malt Liquors in London, and that the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors were first broached in the English metropolis. MR. LIVESY had commenced at the right point, in respect to the line of argument to be adopted in the foundation of the system; he did not merely appeal to the sympathies of his audience, he reasoned in a manner calculated to exercise their common sense. The result was that an immediate impression was made by this Lecture. A year however elapsed ere any apparent good was effected in London; and then the first metropolitan Teetotal Committee was formed at Mr. GROSJEAN's residence, in the Quadrant. On the 10th of August, 1835, a seed was thus planted in the ground; and the seed rapidly burst forth—grew into a goodly sapling—expanded into a noble tree—and now covers three kingdoms with its grateful foliage.

Towards the end of the same month, the Committee just now alluded to founded the British Teetotal Association; and the first public meeting was held at a Lecture-room in Theobald's-road. In spite of strenuous opposition, the founders of this Society pursued their praiseworthy aims with indomitable courage: numerous places of meeting were opened in all directions; and each day seemed pregnant with fresh circumstances of encouragement. In 1836, the name of the Association was changed into the following denomination: "The British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance;" and, on this occasion, the two pledges, called the *long* and the *short*, were recognised as the principles of the institution. The prospects of the Association and the enterprise now began to wear a more encouraging aspect than ever; donations were received from all quarters; and the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors attracted considerable attention amongst all classes.

Towards the close of the month of October, 1836, *The Temperance Intelligencer* was first published; and Mr. Pasco's Temperance Publication Warehouse was opened in Bartholomew-close. These were fresh evidences of the growing importance of the cause, and new instances of triumph. About the same time, a medal was presented to Mr. GROSJEAN, for his unwearied exertions in aid of the new principle; and a few months afterwards, a present was made, for simi-

lar reasons, to Mr. J. TEARE, of Preston. In the spring of 1837, EARL STANHOPE openly patronised the Teetotal cause; and about the same time the denomination of the Society was changed to "The New British and Foreign Temperance Society." Just before the Christmas of 1838, Mr. GRINDROB, the eminent surgeon of Manchester, received one hundred guineas for his admirable work entitled *Bacchus*.

At the commencement of January, 1839, the dissensions, which had for some time previously agitated the Teetotal world, menaced the principle with the most disastrous consequences; and a disunion ensued in the Society. One moiety continued to be represented by *The Intelligencer*, and advocated the *short pledge*; and the other, whose head quarters were fixed at an office in Tokenhouse-yard, near the Bank of England, adopted the *long pledge*, and established a paper, entitled *The Journal of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society*. It was thus that a most absurd quarrel about pledges was made the ground of dissension, and the rock upon which the whole cause might have been irretrievably wrecked. In the month of May, of the same year, the annual assemblage was held at Exeter Hall, EARL STANHOPE in the chair. A strong discussion ensued, relative to the two pledges; and the Association was eventually split into two parts as effectually as if it had been so organised from the commencement. One portion was called "The British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance," retained EARL STANHOPE as its President, was represented by *The Intelligencer*, and advocated the short pledge: the other portion was denominated "The New British and Foreign Temperance Society," was presided over by Mr. W. JANSON, kept *The Journal* as its organ, and based itself upon the long pledge.

At the commencement of January, 1840, "The United Temperance Association" was established by MESSIEURS H. W. WESTON, LEIGHS, J. H. DONALDSON, &c. &c. Grieved at the divided state of the Teetotal world, and anxious to propagate the principle of Union amongst the real friends to the cause, these gentlemen determined upon adopting both pledges, and thus placing aside the subject of dispute. The idea of leaving to all members the option of embracing a pledge in its individuality or generality was certainly a meritorious and an encouraging one; and the object would have been fully worked out, had not a few—perhaps not a dozen together—interested individuals, belonging to the other Societies, strenuously opposed the plan. *The Teetotaler* was established, and immediately advocated the plan, and inculcated the necessity of Union; and during the last few weeks, the articles, which have appeared in its columns upon the subject, have produced an extraordinary sensation in the Teetotal world.

From this slight sketch of the origin and rise of these principal metropolitan Teetotal Associations,—and when we consider that the Roman Catholics, under circumstances of a separate organization, also form a most important section of the Teetotal sphere in London and its vicinity,—the expediency of the principle of Union will become apparent to all our readers. It is preposterous to dispute about pledges, when the principle is the same; and, under that impression, *The Teetotaler* has, from its commencement, studiously avoided any discussion of the merits of either the long pledge, or the short pledge—the American pledge, or the Birmingham pledge. *The Teetotaler*, however, advocates the necessity of Union, with all its zeal, and with the utmost sincerity of purpose; and the great mass of Teetotalers are anxious to behold so happy a consummation. The Societies should no more suffer themselves to remain disunited on account of discrepancies in pledges, than they should from varying points of religious credence. The Roman Catholics should be united under the same banner with the Protestants—the Dissenters with the votaries of the Church of England—and the Christian with the Jew, the Turk, or the worshipper of Bramah. The grand aim to which all efforts ought to tend, is to preach the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; and let each new convert adopt the pledge which he chooses. Each pledge will suit the circumstances and conditions of some better than others; and on no account let us suffer religious principles or party-feelings to interfere with the good work. To those who would connect Teetotalism with the Protestant creed, we should say, "Wherefore shackle a measure of

independent morality with circumstances which will exclude the Catholic?" and to him who would unite Teetotalism with Catholicism, we should say, "Why plan your institution upon a basis that will exclude the Protestant?" To both of these we should say, did they wish to connect the principle with their creed, "Is this salutary measure only for Christian countries? Will you not admit its application to Jews and Mahometans? Can such a glorious measure of social reformation be made exclusive in favour of a few?"

In the same way should we speak to the advocates of the long pledge. "Will you not allow an individual, who wishes, in himself, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, but who will not at the commencement so far change the economy of his habits, as to refuse to his friends that which they unfortunately continue to indulge in,—will you not admit such an individual amongst you? Will you refuse to receive his pledge, and allow him to relapse into those habits which will ruin him, and from which he really wishes to escape?" And to the votaries of the short pledge we should say, "You certainly must admire the principle of the long pledge, although, as a matter of convenience, in the infancy of Teetotalism, you admit the short one."

In this manner do we address ourselves to the Teetotal world in respect to Religion, and in respect to Pledges. We demonstrate the impropriety of mixing up Teetotalism with religion, one atom more than with politics; and we prove the folly of disputing about pledges. We say more—no one has a right to interfere with another's religious opinions, either in or out of the Teetotal world. In what state would society be, if QUEEN VICTORIA were to refuse to receive the Turkish ambassador, because he is not a Christian; or if English merchants were to refuse to trade with the Indians and Chinese, because they differ in religious opinions? and again—would any clergyman of the Church of England have refused a legacy, had it been left him by Rothschild, because the donor was a Jew? Oh! Prejudice, where is thy reason? Oh! Liberality of Sentiment, where is thy blush?

The dissensions existing amongst the societies give rise to many unpleasant occurrences at public meetings, where popular advocates belonging to all necessarily congregate. One says he will not speak if another be allowed to do so; and much valuable time is frequently occupied in recrimination and personal attack. Much malignity is thus encouraged; and much spite exists against individuals with whom the venom-breathers are probably unacquainted. Jealousy and envy are also fomented by these bickerings and divisions. When an individual who, by his rank in the social world, as well as in the literary world, is entitled to respect, joins the Teetotal cause, instead of being hailed as a brother on all sides, he is viewed with distrust and hatred. Of course, as a man of sense, he scorns such conduct, and smiles at it within himself;—but the feeling does not the less exist: and these are the motives which induce us to advocate so frequently, and so zealously, the necessity of Union.

The Teetotaler enjoys the confidence of the whole Teetotal world (speaking generally), in consequence of the liberality with which it is conducted. It never refuses to record the meetings of Societies, from the paltry motive of being unwilling to mention particular names. It shows no favour to a particular sect or party:—its praise and its castigation are impartially directed to the points which deserve either. Coming from a well-known publishing establishment, conducted by an individual whose numerous literary productions have received an extensive amount of public patronage, and issued in a manner which almost defies competition, *The Teetotaler* offers guarantees of respectability, impartiality, and sterling worth, which render its opinions authoritative and command attention. This power it however exercises with discretion, and with a constant reference to the good of the cause it is proud to advocate. In its straight-forward course, it will not hesitate to proclaim those measures which are absolutely necessary to the welfare of Teetotalism; and it will unsparingly expose those parties or individuals whom it knows to be acting from selfish and interested motives. The Union of the Teetotalers in London shall take place; and that Union is near at hand. In every Association and Society there are members who are devoted to the cause, who know that the Union is necessary. These mem-

bers will not suffer themselves to be controlled by half a dozen individuals sitting in Committee;—they will not suffer the cause to languish to serve the purposes of a few men who make Teetotalism a trade;—nor will that mighty mass, whose intellects have been enlightened by the doctrine, permit their organized armies to skirmish amongst themselves in civil discord, instead of uniting in one grand and serried phalanx to march with connected and overwhelming forces against the enemy.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A GIN-GLASS.

HALF-PAST eleven o'clock at night! I am very glad that the business of the day is over, and that I shall at all events obtain a few hours' repose. The landlord, my master, has just washed me, and placed me upon this shelf at the back of his bar, where I shall remain quiet till about six o'clock in the morning, when he will come down to put his vitriol into the gin, and his coppers and alum into the beer, before any one else is up; and then he'll make use of me for his first dram. Ah! little do his customers think that he would not for the world drink one drop of the spirits which he dispenses to them, but that he has his own private bottle of unadulterated gin in a snug corner! But I find that I am speaking in rather a singular tone of voice. Oh! I remember—I have sustained a slight crack by being put down upon the leaden part of the bar a little too heavily by a drunken coalheaver this afternoon. Be that as it may, nothing shall prevent me from telling the secrets of this den; and even if I were dashed to pieces, each morsel should become armed with a tongue to raise a cry against the infamies I see practised around me.

I have been here hardly five years; and the only wonder is that I have existed so long, when I consider the dangers which I have incurred. I remember that I entered the house the same day as the present landlord; and the same night I heard him say these words to his wife:—"Well, we've at all events managed to get into a public-house at last. The only thing to know how to stay in it. We haven't a single farthing in the world: all the money I could raise has gone to purchase the goodwill and the stock; and I understood when it was too late, that no one yet had ever made this house pay."—"And yet," said his wife, "every one has always praised it for selling the best liquors in London."—"That remark of yours has let me into the secret," cried the landlord, joyfully clapping his thigh with the palm of his hand. "I see how it is!"—"How?" demanded his wife.—"Why, the liquors were too good, my dear," answered the landlord; "and that is the reason why no one could ever make the house pay. But I will!"

And there ended the conversation; but sure enough he put his threat into execution; for he got a *Publican's Guide*, and he turned his cellar almost into a chemist's shop. He made three butts of beer out of one; and each gallon of gin which he got from the distiller's, he converted into two and a half. His customers began to murmur; but he soon got up a "Benefit Society," which produced no benefit to any one but himself; and then he was called a fine, spirited, disinterested fellow. But the women complained that the gin was bad; and so he established a "Females' Benefit Society;" and then all the women praised him for sticking up for their prerogatives. All this was very comfortable for him; because, being treasurer to both Societies, he had the capital to play with; and he so arranged matters that two of his cousins, who belonged to the Men's Society, were taken ill the moment it was formed, and have received weekly assistance ever since.

These plans have succeeded wonderfully; and the landlord is now worth a large sum of money. The richer he grows the more he adulterates his liquors, because the less he fears detection. But now let me say a word with regard to the people who come to the house, and with whose faces I am familiar.

The moment the door opens of a morning, a young woman comes in for a dram. She was married to the poor shoemaker opposite, about four years ago. I recollect the wedding-day; and I have observed that family ever since. If ever a man were amiable, he was the man. If ever a husband were amiable, he was the husband. His hope, his joy, his ambition were domestic. His toils were forgotten in the affections of his house; and amid every adverse variety of fortune, hope pointed to his two children, and he was comforted. But his wife learnt to sip out of the jug when she went to fetch the beer at the public-house; and now and then a friend would treat her to a drop of spirits. In a word, she became a drunkard, and, by that act, all her poor—her loving—her unfortunate husband's hopes were blasted: that house is a desert; those children are penniless. In vain do they look to their father—his heart is broken—his mind is in ruins—his very form is fading from the earth. He had one consolation—an old mother, on whom the protection of his children seemed to rest. Even that is now over. She could not survive the shame which had crept into her son's household: she never raised her head—she became hoarse in his misfortunes; he has followed her funeral. If this be not the climax of human misery, tell me in what does human misery consist? Wife, parent, future prospects, happiness—

all gone for ever! The mother to the tomb—the wife to the gin-shop—the children to the workhouse—and the husband to the suicide's grave!

Who is the next customer that I recognise amidst the crowd now conjured up to my imagination? A gentleman of about six or seven and thirty—a merchant, who lives in a street near Aldermanbury. He was lately a good looking man, with florid complexion, and sufficiently engaging in his manners. He has now frequented this house for nearly a year, and already is his utter ruin consummated. His business has left him, and his friends have deserted him. He is encumbered with debts; and he skulks about as if the Middlesex side of London were too small for his large fears of the Sheriff. His face is disfigured with scars received in drunken broils, or by tumbling off an omnibus when intoxicated. A wife and two or three children are almost starving at home, while he passes his time at this bar or in our parlour. His intellects are failing; he gazes upon his acquaintances with a vacant stare; he cannot open his mouth without uttering a lie or a vain boast; and he will assuredly end his days in St. Luke's, unless an accident intervene to kill him shortly!

The ruin of a fine man by drink reminds me of that of a splendid city by the hands of an enemy. Let me only recal to memory the downfall of Moscow. A few years ago Moscow stood, splendid and secure. Fair rose the morn on the patriarchal city—the empress of her nation, the queen of commerce, the sanctuary of strangers, her thousand spires piercing the very heavens, and her domes of gold reflecting back the sunbeams. The spoiler came: he marked her for his victim; and, as if his very glance were destiny, she was before the nightfall, with all her pomp, and wealth, and happiness, withered from the world! A heap of ashes told where once stood Moscow. Alas! the splendid panorama of the armies of France could not produce upon a city, or upon a nation, effects more terrible, than those which spring from the presence of that single enemy—Alcohol!

Every afternoon there hobbles up to the bar an old man, leaning upon crutches, clothed almost in rags—emaciated—blear-eyed—toothless—haggard in countenance, trembling in limbs, shaking in his head, and stammering in his voice. He is but sixty years old, and might be still walking erect—happy—lively—robust and hale, had not his whole life been devoted to intemperance. And yet this besotted idiot persists in declaring that drink has never injured him! Not injured him!—It has robbed his old age, which it has made premature, of all its comforts,—it has heaped loathsome diseases of all kinds upon him,—it has given him that crutch,—and it has pulled out his teeth,—it has digged his grave at the age of sixty-one; instead of leaving him to complete the natural term of human life—ninety years!

And every evening—sometimes twice or thrice—young female enters this den, to seek in stimulants that artificial gaiety and excitement which are denied by nature and by conscience to her almost-broken heart. Alas! poor girl—she is but seventeen; but the woes of fifty winters are upon her mind! The cold blast of poverty—the searching mists of shame—the storm of an agitated existence—the torrent of reckless passions—the whirlwind of ever-varying emotions—and the eddies of heart-rending feelings, have all vented their rage upon the frame, the intellect, the soul, and the life of that hopeless girl! Oh! is it in the zenith of an enlightened age that woman will go astray, if she be not watched with more than Spanish vigilance, and harassed with more than eastern severity! Must woman sin because she is allowed the dignity of a human soul, and man does not degrade himself into a human monster? Does so young a girl parade the streets in a land of courage and chivalry, where the female form has been held as a patent direct from the Divinity, hearing in its chaste and charmed helplessness the assurance of its strength, and the amulet of its protection? Alas—the demon Alcohol will undermine the purity of woman, and remove her by means of moral debasement beyond the exercise of the chivalrous feelings of man,—this will alcohol accomplish, if she do but lend an ear to the wiles of the tempter!

Alas! alas! while I am thus moralizing I should remember that I am part and parcel of the horrible temptations of this den. It is from my lips that the fatal poison is sucked,—that poison which destroys domestic peace, ruins female virtue, conducts the merchant to ruin, opens the gates of the madhouse, throws chains around the criminal, inspires the wicked with courage to execute his meditated crime, establishes workhouses, gilds the sign of the pawnbroker's shop, and places a bar across the portals of the house of God! It is I who am the accessory to the evil of intemperance,—who am the medium of a vicious enjoyment,—who am as culpable in conveying the dread poison to the lips of the victim as the landlord whose servant I am. Oh! myriads have drunk damnation from my lips. I am the cause of blows, of strife, of domestic misery, of disease, of death! The agonies of wives whom hope has deserted—the piteous screams of children who famish for want of food—the last prayer of the malefactor upon the gibbet—the anathema of the convict toiling in chains in a foreign land—the woes of an existence lingered out in the workhouse—the howls of lunatics—the dying murmur of the suicide—the remorseful whisperings of the lost girl's conscience—the

wounds, the tears, the oaths, the shrieks, the screams, the wails,—all, all the tokens of human misery which exist abundantly around, and which have converted a lovely and fertile earth into a charnel-house of horrors, may be traced to me!

And oh! I am afraid—I am afraid, in the darkness of the night; for there—in that corner—is the spot where the man sat when he imbibed from my lips the liquor under the influence of which he went home and assassinated his unoffending wife; and there is the spot where stood the young and half-famished girl, who drank, through my medium, the draught that drove her, in a maddened state, to the bridge whence she cast herself into the river; and on that seat sat two men, a few days ago, who plotted and arranged between themselves a terrible crime, with all its fearful details of burglary and murder; and—

—But I can say no more! This place is fraught with appalling reminiscences for me!

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS. No. III.

BY JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

IN the course of the afternoon, we met several small caravans, on their way from Suez to Cairo, laden with charcoal from Sinai and Tor, and saw also straggling parties of Bedouins on foot, their arms and clothing as wretched as the imagination could possibly paint them, one in each party carrying the water-skin slung across his shoulders, and every one else apparently bearing his own provisions.

After having passed a small building, and a single tree, considerably on our left, lying nearly in the centre road, and continuing our route easterly across the same tiresome and unvarying scenery, we halted about four o'clock in a sort of loose sand, it having been pitched on for the convenience of our camels rather than ourselves, as it afforded a few shrubs for them to feed on, and soft ground for their knees.

The same duties as those of the preceding evening were again gone through; the dish of meal, oil, and honey, were again served up; but as I felt no more reconciled to it than before, I joined in appearance only, supping on the boiled rice which I had separately prepared for my own use.

DESERT OF SUEZ.—THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH.

—The conversation of the last evening surpassing that of the preceding, both in length and variety, kept us all awake until past midnight; and in the course of it, I had often reason to be convinced that when the mind is active, and the heart at ease, even the solitude of a desert can be rendered cheerful, and have, as well as more polished circles, its gay and social parties. For myself, I had a thousand questions to ask of my Bedouin companions, as to the modes of living, feeling, and thinking, among a race so little known, whose manners, like the wilds they inhabit, have suffered scarcely any change since the age of the patriarchs, and who have, among their reputed vices, a candour, fidelity, truth, and independence, worthy the imitation of nations and people the most refined. In fact, so powerful was my desire of correct information on those subjects, that but for its incompatibility with the object of duty in pursuit, I would willingly have returned with them into the depth of their retreats, and have borne all the inconveniences of living among them, for a few months at least. I regretted even the small portion of time which was necessary to recruit the fatigues of the day by sleep, and thought every hour thus passed, so much lost of an opportunity not to be recalled.

When we started, therefore, which was by the faint light of the morning moon, I found myself as tired as when we had first broken up our conference to retire to rest; though a cup of coffee, the motion of the camel, and the renewed chain of inquiries which sleep had interrupted, very gradually restored me.

Our route to-day lay through a more broken country, but neither hilly nor rocky; the ascents and descents were in general more sudden, but there was still a tiresome want of variety, nor had the country yet changed its character of an irregular sandy plain. About noon, the high mountains of Adaga interposed their blue bulk in the south-east, and were interesting from mere contrast; dead camels were seen occasionally upon the sands, and the bleached skeletons of those whose bones had long been bared by the sun and wind, were visible at a distance of many miles, on the edge of the horizon. We saw neither jackalls, hyenas, nor antelopes, in this part of the desert. A few solitary ravens, of a large size, and the finest glossy jet, appeared to enjoy undisturbed the empire of the plain; for beside these, we saw no other living creatures, except some flocks of quails, a few gray swallows, hardly distinguishable in colour from the surface of the sands they skimmed, and a beautifully delicate lizard, of about three inches only in extreme length, whose form and colours might vie with the most exquisite of nature's animated productions; its topaz eyes, and silky, spotted skin, were the richest combinations of variety that could be seen; and its panting timidity, when held in the hand, gave an additional glow to every tint. When suffered to escape, the rapidity of its pace, and resemblance of general hue to the sand itself, rendered it difficult to be distinguished: nor could the eye follow it, but for the serpentine

track left by the print of its feet and tail upon the surface of the smooth sand, forming a wavy chain, of a delicacy and regularity as surprising as it was perfect.

It was not before the usual hour of the evening halt, that we gained sight of the Castle of Adjerood, a caravanserai, a short march from Suez; and it was then some miles distant. I had already suffered so much in my eyes, which were by no means recovered from the effects of the ophthalmia when we left Cairo, and the back part of my neck was now also so blistered by exposure to the sun, that I was anxious to reach some shelter for the night, especially as the wind had risen very high, and annoyed us by the clouds of sand with which it filled the air. I therefore desired that we might continue our march until we gained the caravanserai, where we might regale at leisure, and sleep in comfort and security. Neither of the Arabs urged the slightest objection to the prolongation of our march: but all refused to enter the walls of Adjerood, and preferred to sleep unsheltered in the open air. This contempt of enclosed dwellings had been deeply rooted in their minds by early impressions, and was confirmed by habit: and to this they added another reason. 'Are you not now with friends and honest men,' said they, 'with whom you may trust your gold uncounted, and will you enter among thieves and robbers, where one eye must be waking while the other sleeps?' It was impossible to change their opinion of men in civilized life, whom they characterized as treacherous and deceitful, from the Sultan to the Fellah; or to persuade them of there being many bright exceptions to the general wickedness of mankind. 'Mahommed Ali Basha,' said they, 'is he not a robber of the highest class, living on the plunder of the people (for so they consider taxes of every description), and obliging them to be dishonest, that they may be able to answer his never-ceasing demands? And has he not carried the war into Arabia, rather to gain the riches of the Wahabees, than to change their religion? These questions were unanswerable; and when I endeavoured to explain to them the necessity of individual sacrifices for the public good, and of general contributions towards the maintenance of national security, they replied in terms as expressive as they were laconic: 'Let every man's industry be his provider; his vigilance his protector; and his courage his defender.' As there was no sophistry in their arguments, so they were not easily to be refuted; and a consciousness of its truth in their own minds, as forming the real principles of their general conduct occasioned them to be firmly adhered to.

It was only in consideration, therefore, of my eyes suffering from exposure to the night air, that my request was complied with, and our conference on this subject continued even until we reached the walls themselves. It was by that time past sun-set, and as the evening was cloudy, it had grown extremely dark; the gates of the castle were shut, and not a voice was to be heard from within. Phanoose, however, by loud knocking, brought a porter to the wicket, whom, instead of entreating for our admission as a favour, he loaded with manly reproof for closing his gate against the weary stranger. 'What is your castle built for?' said he; 'to maintain a lazy governor and his train?—or did not Sultan Selim, and the holy Sheick, both found a caravanserai, which you have converted into a fort?' The man replied as loudly, and with equal warmth, until the dispute grew so serious, that I was afraid at last shelter would be absolutely refused us. Phanoose entered, however, by force, unbarred the large gate, and with great difficulty drew his camels after him, the animals seeming to be as averse to enter enclosed buildings as their master.

Phanoose, the Bedouin Arab, refused, however, to remain in the castle, among 'thieves and tyrants,' as he invariably called the Turks who occupied it; and though he left our camels within the walls, he took his sacks of money with him, and joined the camp of his companions on the outside, in the open plain. After he left us, I was soon surrounded by the attendants of the place, and our evening was passed in obtaining from them some information as to the age and nature of this establishment.

Adjerood is a square enclosure of stone walls, about a hundred feet in length on each of its sides, and flanked at the angles with round towers, not exceeding the height of the walls themselves, which may be about twenty-five feet. It has one large gate only, with a wicket entrance, and the interior is merely an open court, with a range of low and mean chambers running round the whole square of the walls. Near it is an enclosed well, upward of two hundred feet in depth, but yielding only foul and brackish water, though shaded by the tomb of a venerated saint.

The Arabs say it was built by Sultan Selim, but know not the date of its erection, though all agree that it was founded as a caravanserai for passengers, on account of the adjacent well. Its architecture is plain and solid, resembling the style so prevalent in the Arabian buildings of the last and preceding century, that is, of the Saracenic order, but of inferior execution to the works of the Caliphs. At the present moment, it is called a fort, and maintains a Turkish governor and twenty Arabs, with four rusty cannon, badly mounted, and all of different calibre and construction, the largest not ex-

ceeding an English 4-pounder. Its professed object is the securing of deserters, Albanians, Greeks, &c., from the public service, as it lies near the junction of the three roads to Cairo, and as far as the apprehension of straggling individuals is intended, may be effectual. Officers, soldiers, and messengers of government, also halt here in their way, but other passengers, except by favour of the governor, never.

ARGUMENTS FOR TEETOTALERS.

DR. FANE has observed that it is a law of our constitution, that the circulation falls off in a greater degree than it is forced. "By placing our thumb upon the bulb of a thermometer," writes the author of *Anti-Bacchus*, "we may raise it eight or ten degrees, as the case may be; but if we remove it, the mercury will sink to the point of temperature at which it stood before. Not so on animal spirits; if we raise them ten degrees, they will sink, as soon as the unnatural stimulus is gone, twelve or fifteen. He who, after the toils of the week, dooms his stomach, his nerves, his brain, and consequently his already-jaded body and mind, to the excitement of stimulating liquors, imposes upon his constitution a task which it is ill able to bear, and which must eventually break it down." We know that a perpetual wear and tear of the human frame is going on through natural means,—we know that even the exercise of the intellect, which is never still, produces a constant state of irritability,—and that the circulation of the blood is also, of itself, a principle of this unceasing excitement: wherefore, then, should we add an artificial means of excitement to those which nature has already established? It is this perpetual excitement which conducts the animated being to that catastrophe which is denominated death; and, by augmenting the temperature of that irritability—to use an expressive phrase—is to hasten the period of dissolution. And who wishes to hurry the advance of death? Whose life is so long, whose years so numerous, that he can afford to abbreviate his existence even by a single day?

The sensible answer to the question, "Wherefore do we drink?" is this one—"Because we are thirsty." If then drinking be merely required for allaying thirst and dryness and diminishing the tenacity and acrimony of the fluids, then is cold water, when limpid, light, and without smell and taste, and obtained from a clear running stream, the best drink for a robust man. Food, not too fat, or gross; and water as a drink, render our bodies the most firm and strong. The *Disertatio Physica Medica* says that water is a remedy suited to all persons at all times; that it is the best preservative from distempers, and is assuredly serviceable both in acute and chronic diseases. "Those who drink water are observed to have whiter and sounder teeth than others," says the same work. "Drinkers of water are more brisk and alert, in all the actions both of mind and body, than such as use malt liquors."

In *Bacchus*, Mr. Grindrod writes as follows:—"In the first Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, certain pernicious heresies are adverted to; and the inefficiency of any plan of salvation exposed, which was not founded on the word of God. Allusions are made to some who in the latter times shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. 'Forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving; for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer.' In this Epistle, St. Paul merely refers to a superstitious reliance on bodily abstinences, as calculated to procure divine favour; and does not in any way impugn his former declarations of the inexpediency of many things under certain circumstances, or the propriety and necessity of Christians abstaining from such indulgencies as might prove a stumbling-block to their weaker brethren." Those opponents to Teetotalism who assert that alcohol is a good creature of God, and fitted for our use, should remember that alcohol does not itself exist in nature—that it is the product of the decay of vegetable matter—and that even if it did exist already formed in fruits or vegetables, it is no more fitted for use than the Prussic acid which may be extracted from the kernels of peach-stones. Many poisons exist in a natural state; and yet no one will assert that they are the good creatures of God, and fitted for our use. Let not, then, the opponents of this great doctrine, which *The Teetotaler* so strenuously advocates, have recourse to the Bible to discover weapons wherewith to attack the disciples of that moral principle which is second only to the Christian religion itself.

REVIEWS.

The Modern Literature of France. By G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Member of the French Statistical and Agricultural Societies, Author of "Pickwick Abroad," &c. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London: G. Henderson.

THE second edition of this popular work is now published at a price which places it within reach of many readers who could not afford the purchase-money of the first; and for those who are desirous of obtaining an insight into French Literature, these volumes will be

found very useful. The Preface and a song, which appeared in the first edition, and which excited the anger of the press, are omitted in this reprint. We must, however, observe, that in introducing the song alluded to, the author expressly reminded the reader that, as it was merely a translation, he was not answerable for the sentiments it contained, and that indeed he by no means agreed with those sentiments. The volumes contain critical notices of the principal works of the most eminent living French authors, and copious translations from their best productions. The critical notices are interspersed with Parisian literary chit-chat, anecdote, and useful information, and are written with impartiality. Relative to the pecuniary position of authors in France, it would appear that they are much better paid than English writers, and that a more liberal line of conduct is adopted by the world generally to them than in this country. Speaking of Eugene Sue, the naval novelist in France, who may be placed alongside of Captain Marryat in England, the work before us says—

"The scenery of Eugene Sue's novels shifts and varies as often as that of a theatre; and each chapter is a new act, commencing with new characters, whose range of action is transferred to a new sphere. From the deck of the gallant vessel, magician-like—or rather dramatist-like, he will transport the reader to the regal halls of a monarch's abode: from the raft floating at the mercy of the wild waves and winds, does he carry his audience to the burning regions of Africa; and thence, again, to the gloomy walls of a noisome prison. His imagination travels faster than those splendid vessels which he describes so well; but the reader is never wearied with keeping pace with him."

And a little farther on, speaking of the same author, we find this passage:—

"In M. Sue's novels the reader must not expect to find a revolting account of a sailor's flogging; because that terrible and degrading penalty has long been abolished in the French navy,—and, would to God! it were in ours;—nor should he hope, when once introduced to the quarter-deck of M. Sue's vessels, to be surrounded by nought but tobacco-smoke, the odours of pitch, and the smell of grog. No:—M. Sue entertains his audience with love tales whispered in a cabin, and with incidents which might as well have occurred in a suite of apartments at Paris, as on board the *Sylphide* or the *Salmandre*."

Speaking of Victor Hugo, the author of the volumes under notice does great justice to him both in his capacity of a poet and a novelist:—

"If Hugo smile, we must smile with him: If he weep we must share his sorrow. With him we are ready to mathematize Deutz, who betrayed the Duchess of Berri; and with him we are prepared to curse Lovel, the murderer of that noble lady's husband! We enter into the spirit of his grief at the downfall of Charles the Tenth; and we gladly walk hand-in-hand with him to the foot of that shrine where he offers up the incense of his praise and admiration to Napoleon and his son."

After having noticed the contradictions which exist in the world's institutions, and which are alluded to by M. Hugo in the preface to one of his works, Mr. Reynolds observes:—

"And yet all is exquisitely connected together by a grand invisible chain, the links of which are numberless and imperceptible—a chain that circumvents space, passes by thousands of glittering worlds, traverses the realms of millions of suns—of planets—and of moons, and stops only at the footstool of the Divinity!"

Mr. Reynolds has translated a considerable portion of Victor Hugo's *Chants du Crépuscule* (or "Songs of Twilight") into English verse. Of this a specimen is annexed:—

"Henceforth to the priest be all splendour unknown,
Let his cross be of wood, and his cushion of stone;
The church is his refuge—the church is his rest—
In her arms he is safe—in her care he is blest:
For when the volcanic eruption is red,
Like the froth of the wine-press that Burgundy fed;
When the sides of Vesuvius are glowing and bright,
When Naples re-echoes with cries of affright—
'Tis then that the groans of the children resound,
And mothers despairingly fall to the ground—
'Tis then that in vain they expose to the air
The half uttered words which are meant for a prayer,
While black lines of mist from the crater ascend,
And seem to foretell that the world's at an end.
Those lines have divided—a fire, that broke
From the bowels of the mount, superseded the smoke:—
Then, Naples, adieu to the grots in thy vales—
Adieu to thy ships—the flame spreads to their sails;
The lava has fallen on the sides of the hill,
As the locks of a maiden float wild at will!
And farther—Oh! farther the lava rolls on—
O'er meadows, o'er streams—to the Gulf it has gone:
The smoke forms a canopy sombre and drear,
Though the waves of the torrent be glowing and red,
And the homes of the great—and the paupers' hall
Were doomed in that deluge to totter and fall!
'Twas a chaos of ruin! The chimneys were strewn
O'er a town late so lovely—now shapeless and rude:
From dwelling to dwelling proceeded the assail—
The houses were burning in city and vale;
The earth was naked—the waves of the sea
Boiled white on the shore—and the tocsin rang free,
Though no human hand were the cause of the sound—
'Twas raised by the steeples that tottered around!
'Twas a chaos immense! But the arm of the Lord,
That scattered such ruin and havoc abroad—
The arm of the Deity, powerful to kill,
And pour out the wrath of his thunder at will—
That arm, on the brink of the crater, can spare
The hermit who kneels to his Maker in prayer!"

As another specimen of the poetic genius of Victor Hugo, we quote the following singular lines, which comprise the whole life of Napoleon in a few words:—

"To-morrow foaming steeds to battle wend,
To-morrow Moscow's flames to heaven ascend,
To-morrow martial hosts flock o'er the plain,
To-morrow Waterloo is fought in vain,
To-morrow exile marks the hero's doom,
To-morrow—see! they bear him to the tomb!"

In the critical notice on the writings of De Tocqueville and Michel Chevalier, both of whom have produced excellent works upon America, Mr. Reynolds gives the following description of the foundation of the United States:—

"In those stormy times when religious discord lacerated the bosom of the Old World, numberless individuals of upright character—according to the ideas of their contemporaries—and austere morals, traversed the ocean, to practise in a foreign and fruitful clime those virtues which their own countries could neither appreciate nor endure. To the sacred equality prevalent amongst those votaries of the reformation was immediately associated the equality of the desert, and the pioneer was formed from the puritan. The members of that little circle of society—the only one of the kind, perhaps, at that time existing in the world—asserted no superiority over another, they all deemed themselves martyrs in a common cause, and were devoted to the same end. In leaving their ancient land—the territory of their forefathers—they forgot the distinctions they left behind them, and debarked on a shore where their wants, their necessities, and their mutual interests consecrated the equality that prevailed amongst them. They were strangers to luxury; but they lived in comfort and tranquil ease. They all partook of a common banquet; and the trees of the forest succumbed to him whose able arm could best wield the axe and use the saw. All were landholders to the extent of their physical means or capacities; and all were equal on account of circumstances, and of that creed which raiseth the humble and abaseth the proud. Thus intellectual superiority was unknown amongst them, save in their rustic arguments, or evening tales, the uniformity of that life, which alone consisted in daily labour and the exercise of religious duties, could not do otherwise than efface all reminiscences of former grade and distinction."

Of Charles Nodier, one of the most celebrated French novelists, Mr. Reynolds writes thus:—

"Charles Nodier is also a poet; and the charms of nature delight his impassioned mind. He loves to contemplate the wide world, with its sea, its fertile lands, its crowded cities, and its naked deserts. He admires the ocean and the earth as the poet only can admire them; and he suffers his imagination to wander from one to the other in all the enthusiasm of surprise and delight—to sport with the waves, those billows of the ocean, and the hills, those waves of the earth!"

The last chapter of the volumes now before us is devoted to French National Songs, Airs, Poems, &c. We extract the Song entitled "The Nightingale," and translated from the French of Florian:—

"Charming, charming Nightingale,
Happy, free, and all alone—
From the myrtle in the vale
Echoes forth your dulcet tone.
Tremble lest peevish hand
Snatch you from your soft retreat:
In the foliage where you stand
Meshes may ensnare your feet!
Yes—though thickly round you spread,
Waves the ever-verdant screen,
Danger hovers o'er your head:
Hope is typified by green!
Klail! the warning that I give—
Charming Nightingale, beware!
In the world in which we live
Hope itself is but a snare!"

In taking leave of these volumes, we can only observe that for the small outlay of five shillings the reader may possess himself of a complete key to the modern literature of the French, and obtain a work originally published at sixteen shillings.

J. S. T.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

IRELAND.

THE REV. MR. MATHEW, the true philanthropist, who has regenerated Ireland and diffused such blessings amongst the great and generous Irish nation, visited Kilkee last Sunday week, and preached a charity sermon. MR. MATHEW's language was as usual plain, nervous, and abounding in touches of the deepest pathos that carried his auditory with him; and the collection, exclusive of private contributions, amounted to upwards of a hundred and twenty pounds. After the sermon, the rush into the building of those anxious to take the pledge was tremendous. At six o'clock, more than forty persons sat down to dinner at Lewis's hotel, at which repast the REV. MR. MATHEW was present. Early next day this worthy and estimable gentleman proceeded to Donbeg, four miles from Kilkee, where he administered the pledge to nearly four thousand postulants.

We are enabled to state, upon the best authority, that his Majesty the KING OF THE FRENCH has addressed

an autograph letter to the Rev. Mr. MATHEW, congratulating the apostle of temperance upon the benefits he has conferred upon the Irish nation, and inviting him to the capital of France as soon as his glorious work shall be accomplished in his own country.

BARNSELY.

THE Catholic Society and the original Teetotal Association of this place have done wonders, and quite changed the aspect of the town. Mr. LEICHS has been lately expected to lecture there. On Friday week, a meeting was held in the school-room at Ardsley, Mr. GEORGE SMITH in the chair. It appears that there is such a demand for lecturers in the surrounding villages that the wants are not nearly adequately supplied.

BURY SAINT EDMUND'S.

THE Teetotal cause has taken firm root in this town, and indeed throughout the county of Suffolk, thanks to the fostering care of that respected philanthropist, Mr. R. D. ALEXANDER (of Ipswich). A Rechabite Tent, in connexion with the Independent Order of Rechabites, has been opened at Bury Saint Edmund's, under the denomination of *The Philanthropic*, No. 326. A female Tent is about to be opened there. A very popular dissenting minister, the Rev. CORNELIUS ELVEN, has signed the pledge and warmly espoused the cause. At Mildenhall a small society has just been formed, and bids fair to prove a powerful one. At Thetford the cause is also progressing favourably. On February, 29th, a grand meeting will take place at the Baptist Chapel, Garland-street, Bury, when Mr. J. INWARDS will deliver an Address upon the "Signs of the Times." We shall always be glad to hear from our correspondent at Bury Saint Edmund's.

LEICESTER.

THE South Midland Association has lately done wonders in favour of the cause; and that enterprising and praiseworthy advocate, Mr. TREAR, has exerted himself nobly during the busy time when the bazaar was opened. Speaking of this Teetotal arrangement, the *Temperance Messenger* for February says:—"Upon the whole, we do rejoice, and will rejoice, that ever this Bazaar scheme was adopted. It has presented the subject of teetotalism in a new and lovely garb; it has awakened the zeal of many of our brethren, and has especially brought out the energies of our fair friends. We paid our way at Leicester, and have sent between £40. and £50. worth of goods to Rugby, where a room can be had free of expense, and our friends have engaged to print Bills, &c., at their own cost; and we doubt not parties will be found to arrange the matter, who can afford to devote time to its interests."

SCOTLAND.

THAT excellent monthly publication, the *Scottish Temperance Journal*, contains the following paragraph:—"In December last, a meeting of Highlanders was held at Glasgow in Rev. Dr. Bates's church, Mr. DONALD MACINTYRE in the chair; when, after addresses had been delivered in Gaelic by Mr. FRASER, agent of the Western Union, and others, it was resolved to form a Highlanders' Total Abstinence Society, in connection with the Glasgow Society. A committee was chosen, but office-bearers have not yet been appointed. Several meetings of the Society have been held since, and the number of members is daily increasing. This society has a fine field to work upon, and we trust it will flourish, and do much good to our Celtic brethren in Glasgow." It appears, from the columns of the same journal, that the cause of Teetotalism is progressing well at Crunnoch, Kilparnack, Catrine, Troon, Kilwinning, Tarbolton, and Dalmeilston. An excellent advocate, of the name of SAMSON, has been lately engaged with considerable success in the cause, at New Lanark, Lanark, Carstairs, Stratham, and elsewhere. Favourable accounts have also been received from the various Teetotal Associations established at Cowdaddens, Vale of Leven, Buchlyvie, Kilpen, Stonehaven, Donaghadee, Danoon, Moffat, and Mothenvell. The Glasgow University Total Abstinence Society has effected immense good amongst the students.

TOWN NEWS.

SUNDAY MEETINGS OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

LAST Sunday evening, the Working-Man's Chapel, Dockhead, was opened for the purpose of communicating moral and religious instruction, and for promoting social and kindly feelings amongst all sects and parties. These meetings will in future be held every Sunday evening at half-past-six. We shall not lose sight of this excellent institution.

WORKING-MAN'S TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

A MEETING for the public recognition of this Society was held on Thursday evening the 4th instant, at Aldersgate-street Chapel, Mr. BLACKWELL in the chair. Mr. R. P. BATON, the Secretary, read the Rules, and an Address from the Committee, showing the great

necessity of a society of this kind; after which the meeting was addressed by Mr. BATEW, who was followed by Mr. WILLIAMS. He was succeeded by Mr. CURRIE of Chelsea, who spoke in his usual interesting and convincing manner, and promised any assistance he could give at all times. Mr. NEXSON requested permission to say a few words, and stated that he had paid very particular attention to the entire business of the evening, that he was highly gratified with everything that had been said by the various speakers, but more particularly with the Address, which did great honour both to the heads and hearts of the Committee who had prepared it. On the following evening the first weekly meeting of the same society was held at the British School Rooms, Honduras-street, Old-alreet, when Mr. STARKS presided, and addresses were delivered by MESSIEURS BAYLISS, BETTE, BOOTH, BOYLES, and ANDERSON. Both meetings were well attended, and at the close, many names were entered as members. We shall always be happy to insert the Reports of the transactions of this Society.

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

WE mentioned a week or two since that the Anniversary Meeting of this Society would take place next Monday evening, the 15th instant, at the Parochial School Room, Anwell-street, Pentonville, when Sir C. E. SMITH, Bart., will preside, and we have now the pleasure to state that the following gentlemen have also promised to attend:—MR. BROTHERTON, M. P., Rev. D. ANDREWS, Rev. J. F. WILLY, M. A., Rev. W. TYLER, Mr. MINGAY SYDER, Mr. R. HICKS, Surgeon, Mr. WALKDEN, M. C. TAYLOR, High Chief Ruler of the Rechabites, and Mr. CURRIE; Mr. JOSEPH PHASE, M. P. is also expected.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, on Wednesday evening, February 3rd, was addressed by MESSIEURS KNIGHT (of Cambridge), DEXTER, EALES, BAYLISS, and DRAPER.

On Saturday evening, February 6th, Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS took the chair; and MESSIEURS CRUMP and BENSTEAD addressed the audience in their usual impressive manner. Mr. Reynolds then said that he had much pleasure in introducing to the meeting a gentleman who would be received with enthusiasm. This gentleman was the Rev. JOSEPH BURKE, a Catholic minister of Connanght, and one of the Secretaries to the Rev. THEOBALD MATHEW.

THE REV. MR. BURKE said that having been compelled to visit London on business of an important nature, he had deemed it to be his duty, and had been expressly requested by the Rev. Mr. MATHEW, to call upon Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, in order to express to this gentleman the gratitude of the Irish Teetotalers towards him for the manner in which he conducted *The Teetotaler* generally, and the attention he paid to the progress of Teetotalism in Ireland especially. Mr. Burke then gave an interesting account of the labours of Father Mathew. He himself (Mr. Burke) had administered no less than 17000 pledges in his own country, and was the President of a society consisting of 7000 staunch and sincere Teetotalers. The number of Teetotalers altogether in Ireland at this moment are 3,750,000, all of whom had received the impulse to sign the bond of their salvation from one man! Ireland had been a prey to the greatest misery, distress, and ignorance; but, thanks to Mr. Mathew, it was now elevated to its proper rank in the category of nations. The Rev. Mr. Mathew had devoted his life to deeds of philanthropy and charity. He had commenced his humane career by building a cemetery, and orphan's asylum, and founding other charitable institutions for the poor. He then cast his eyes around him, and seeing that his native land was a prey to the vice of intemperance, he commenced his Temperance career, encouraged at first by only five individuals, viz. three members of the Society of Friends, one Methodist, and one Protestant minister. At the end of four months he had administered the pledge to 400,000 postulants. The Rev. Mr. Mathew then travelled to all parts of the country, administering the pledge. He had frequently administered it to 20,000 individuals before breakfast; 40,000 between breakfast and dinner; and 30,000 between this meal and supper. Mr. Mathew never touched upon political subjects, and paid no attention, in reference to the Temperance movement, to the sectarian opinions of individuals. Teetotalism, thought Father Mathew, is totally distinct from religion and politics. All Christians are brethren; bear they what denomination they may. No one must be rejected from the sphere of Teetotal salvation (said Mr. Burke) in consequence of religious or political opinion. The doctrine of Teetotalism is universal, and not exclusive. On one occasion he (Mr. Burke) accompanied Mr. Mathew on a journey of forty miles before breakfast, and saw 20,000 souls receive the pledge before the great Apostle of Temperance had even broken his fast! Teetotalism is now so well established in Ireland, that all the powers of hell cannot shake the colossus. But the grand principle of safety on which Irish Teetotalism

is based, is the principle which is so strenuously advocated by *The Teetotaler* journal—UNION! Without this principle, English Teetotalism would never progress effectually and well. All present knew the fable of the bundle of sticks, and that alone would convince them of the absolute necessity of UNION. It was distressing to find that the English Teetotal sphere was agitated by intestine disturbances; and Mr. Mathew himself was anxious to extend the hand of friendship, to fix the bond of Union between Irish and English Teetotalers. Mr. Burke understood that Union was the principle advocated by the United Temperance Association; and he was glad of it. The religion of Christ was not the religion of dissension; neither should Teetotalism be the cause of disunion. Mr. Burke concluded a most able, eloquent, and interesting oration with an earnest appeal to all present to exert themselves in favour of the good cause; and, when the reverend gentleman sat down, the chapel echoed with the enthusiasm of applause. We may also observe that at every portion of his speech in which he alluded to the Rev. Mr. MATHEW, the more mention of the name was received with the most unfeigned delight. Altogether, this was one of the most interesting meetings and one of the most effective speeches, that have as yet characterised the history of the United Temperance Association.

MR. REYNOLDS begged to express, in the name of the audience, the gratitude which was experienced by all present for the visit of the Rev. Mr. Burke to that chapel; and he hoped that the Rev. gentleman, on his return to Ireland, would not forget to express the high admiration entertained by all English Teetotalers of the humane, philanthropic, and noble character of the regenerator of Ireland, the Rev. THEOBALD MATHEW.

CHelsea AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS lectured on Friday evening, February, 5th, at the Temperance Hall, 56 George-street, Chelsea, to a crowded and most respectable audience. This Auxiliary is producing the most beneficial results in the district: the Hall is invariably well attended; and there is an excellent Temperance Coffee-House in the same street, the proprietors of which are remarkable for the civility of their manners and their peculiar tact in administering satisfactorily to all the comforts of those who visit the establishment.

CATHOLIC TEETOTAL ASSOCIATIONS.

ON Sunday, January 24th, a Catholic Total Abstinence Association was formed at the School Rooms, No. 1, Henrietta-street, Manchester Square. Mr. JOHN GILES was in the chair. Speeches were delivered by this gentleman, and by MESSIEURS SULLIVAN, KETTER, BUCKMAN, FAIRBROTHER, O'LEARY, and WADDICK. Mr. M. P. HAYNES also addressed the audience in a most eloquent and impressive manner. This new Society is calculated to produce the most beneficial results in the district in which it has been established.

A general meeting of the Metropolitan Catholic Total Abstinence Association took place, as announced, on Monday, February, 1st, at the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton Buildings, Holborn. The Rev. DR. MAGEE, the General President, was in the chair.

HACKNEY.

THE Ladies' Teetotal Association of this metropolitan suburb held a grand Tea Festival, on Monday evening last, in the School-Room attached to the Temperance Hotel. The tea was provided by Mr. Weston, the proprietor of this hotel, and was served up in a manner highly creditable to his establishment.

CATS.—These animals have met with very different receptions among various nations. By the Egyptians they were worshipped as deities, and at death were embalmed, and interred in catacombs. If the statement of Herodotus is correct, when the house of an Egyptian took fire, he first hastened to convey his cats to a place of security, and afterwards looked about for his wife and children. In some cities of Europe, on the contrary, it was the custom, on St. John's day, to burn a cat, with all the honours of an *auto da fe*. Buffon was of opinion that the cat was "a selfish and faithless servant." Rousseau preferred the cat to the dog, because the one has preserved its freedom and independence, while the other has willingly entered into bondage. Petrarch entertained the most lively affection for a cat; Mahomet preferred cutting off the sleeve of his robe, to disturbing the repose of his favourite grimaldin, that had fallen asleep on it. Poets have sung their praises, and artists devoted their talents to them; amongst the latter, Godfrey Kneller, of Switzerland, is distinguished; he painted them in every situation and attitude.

INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY.—Industry will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the bottom.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

Vol. I., No. 35.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1847.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER V.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF MR. BENJAMIN WOTTLE.—THE TRULY POETIC AND HIGHLY SENTIMENTAL EFFUSION COMPOSED BY MR. AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS.—THE SERENADE AND ITS PARTICULARS.

THE scheme of the serenade having been well digested and settled, Mr. Samuel Weller procured the various instruments to be used by these amateur-musicians, and it was arranged that the party should proceed to Wood-street, Cheap-side, at the hour of eleven on the night of the day following the one on which the subject was first broached. It however struck Mr. Pickwick that, as the weather was inconveniently cold, it would be more prudent to obtain, if possible, an entrance into the warehouse of Mr. Sago's establishment, and there practise the vocal and instrumental harmony which was intended to revive the days of the troubadours. In order to effect this desirable aim, some one in the grocer's dwelling must be made acquainted with the intended diversion; and the difficulty was to find the right individual to enlist in their service at that moment. With his usual sagacity, Mr. Pickwick appealed, in his dilemma, to Mr. Weller; and Mr. Weller immediately came to his aid by announcing that all possible trust and confidence might be reposed in the porter of Mr. Sago's establishment. Mr. Pickwick accordingly despatched Sam into the city to arrange matters with the porter; and it was not very long before the faithful valet and the aforesaid porter were talking over the business in a coffee-house, in the neighbourhood of Wood-street.

Mr. Benjamin Wottle, the porter here spoken of, deserves especial notice. He was a man of considerable talent and observation, and had risen from a comparatively obscure and humble situation in life to the respectable and onerous post of confidential porter in Mr. Sago's establishment. There is no task more pleasurable to the faithful historian than that of tracing the career of great men. Mr. Wottle had no one to thank for the fabrication of his fortunes but himself. The acuteness of his perception was at once the origin of all his happiness as well as of his occasional sorrows in life. Educated at a charity-school, he had noticed that a great intimacy existed between the master and a pious old lady who paid a quarterly subscription for the benefit of the establishment, and gave away coals, and candles, and pea-soup, in winter, to the poor. This lady was the patroness of the school; and her own gardener had been raised to the rank of village pedagogue. The undue friendship existing between the master and his former mistress was duly observed by Master Benjamin Wottle and buzzed abroad; and Master Benjamin Wottle was thereupon soundly scourged for having made public the effects of his profound observation.

From the charity-school Master Wottle was admitted into a cobbler's shop, where his range of observation was for some time circumscribed to the soles of shoes. But here his great talent was his besetting enemy; for having observed that the cobbler always made a hole in the upper leathers of a pair of boots when he had to mend the under, and *vice versa*, in order that the said hole might, in process of time, furnish him with fresh work, he took the liberty to suggest the impropriety of this mode of behaviour to his master, and a short time after to his master's customers. Thus the cobbler lost his work, and Master Wottle his place; and so he came up to London from the village which had the honour of witnessing his birth.

It is a sad thing when the head of a talented

youth is full of brains, and his pockets full of emptiness. Master Benjamin Wottle felt this, and was determined to strike into some path that would eventually lead to fortune. He accordingly attached himself to the person and interests of a gentleman who earned his livelihood by rectifying public abuses through the straightforward and simple means of laying informations at the various police-offices against delinquents, and thus obtaining, as a well-earned recompense, a moiety of the fine imposed. As a witness to this gentleman, Mr. Benjamin Wottle had found not only the means of subsistence, but also of indulging his peculiar talent of observation to the utmost of his desires. The great public benefactor (called by malicious and evil-disposed persons a common informer) who employed Mr. Benjamin Wottle, praised him very highly for the clear way in which he gave his evidence concerning things which he did see: and at length, in the fulness of the confidence which the gentleman knew he could repose in the aspiring youth, he requested him to be equally explicit and unembarrassed in speaking of certain things which he did not see; but Mr. Wottle, who was by this time twenty years of age, and well able to work for himself, manfully threw off the yoke of his employer, and declined to observe on any one's account but his own. The gentleman, however, pretended to notice a handkerchief in Mr. Wottle's pocket, which said handkerchief had only a few hours previously emanated from that of an individual walking down the Strand in a glorious state of intoxication, and whom Mr. Wottle had kindly conducted to his own house. Upon this frivolous pretence, Mr. Wottle had been ignominiously conducted before a magistrate at Guildhall. Now this magistrate was no other than Mr. Alderman Fitzbuggins, of Portoken; and knowing the accuser to be a common informer, he dismissed the case. Mr. Wottle made a very eloquent speech by way of thanking the alderman for his decision; and this circumstance so operated upon the worthy magistrate's heart, that he recommended the youth to Mr. Sago, who was in want of a porter at the time. In this manner did Mr. Benjamin Wottle obtain an introduction into Mr. Sago's house; and there had he been for upwards of fifteen years when he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Weller, on the first occasion of the latter individual's visit to the grocer's abode.

Now Mr. Benjamin Wottle, being an observing man, perceived that Mr. Samuel Weller was an excellent fellow, and readily fell into the scheme. It would be useless to describe the manner in which Mr. Samuel Weller broached the delicate subject, or how Mr. Benjamin Wottle hastened to meet him half-way in his views. Suffice it to say that the porter suddenly found Sam slipping half a guinea into his hand—a sum supplied by Mr. Pickwick for the purpose,—and that he agreed to admit the serenading party into the warehouse on the ground floor, with all due caution, at eleven o'clock precisely on the following evening. Charmed with the success of his mission, Mr. Weller was hastening up Wood-street to take the omnibus in Cheap-side, when he nearly knocked a rather stout gentleman down in the hurry of his pace.

"Now then, blind'un," ejaculated the stout gentleman thus assailed; "don't you come that there again, or else I'll let you know who's who, and wot's wot. Holloa!" he added, as he surveyed the countenance of him whom he was thus addressing: "Is this you, Samivel?"

"Me, indeed!" returned Sam, very coolly taking the hand that was now proffered to him; "vy, you wouldn't go for to wollop your own son, would you?"

"How should I know who it was a-runnin' up agin' me like a locomotive without a driver?" de-

manded Mr. Weller senior, for the stout gentleman was no other than Sam's venerable and venerated father, in all the glory of a broad brimmed hat, shawl covering up half his purple countenance, immense striped waistcoat, brown breeches, tops, and olive-brown coat; "you wouldn't never do for a coachman, you wouldn't, Samivel; cos you never looks to see vich way you're a-goin'. But wot are you doin' here?"

"Guv'nor's up in town," replied Sam, "and is a stayin' with Mr. Snodgrass. To-morrow evenin' they gives a serenade in this here street."

"A wot?" demanded old Weller, putting on his most solemn expression of countenance, and stepping back a few paces.

"A serenade," said Sam.

"A serry-nade!" repeated his father. "Wot's that—something to eat?"

"What a old curiosity you air!" cried Sam.

"A serenade is a vocal and instrumental concert, given out in the public street, or down a area, or in a warehus."

"Who gives this here concert, Sam?"

"Guv'nor, Tupman, and myself."

"An' wot's your master a-goin' to make a image and a specktle of his self for at his time o' life?" demanded old Mr. Weller. "He's too far advanced in years to drive them ere kind o' vehicles. Short stages is his look out."

"Some o' them old fellers gets exceedin' rum notions into their heads at times," returned Sam. "But you must let 'em have their own way, as the man said to the Turk ven he married his four wives."

"Wery true, Samivel," said old Weller. "I'm a goin' to stay a day or two in this here part o' the city, afore I goes back to my cot on Shooter's Hill: think your guv'nor 'ud care if I was to come an' peep at that there little serry-nade? I think I could come the bass uncommon well: I've jist got the rekvisite quantity of hoarseness about my voice at this moment."

"Vell—come, then, if you like, old feller," said Sam, after a moment's consideration. "The more fools there is the more we laughs, as the Speaker says ven he takes the cheer in the House o' Commons."

"Adoo, Sammy," exclaimed Mr. Weller, senior; "I'll be punctual. Wot time is it, though?"

"You be jist half vay down this here street to-morrow night at eleven," returned Sam; "and you'll find us."

The father and son here bade each other adieu, and Mr. Samuel Weller returned to Half-moon-street, Piccadilly, where he communicated the two pleasing facts that the porter had met his wishes relative to the warehouse, and that his own respected father would make an interesting addition to the sentimental party.

The remainder of that day was passed by the great and learned Mr. Pickwick in the philosophic occupation of fixing tails on to the kites of the little Snodgrasses, in anticipation of the summer, which was, however, a long way off; while Mr. Snodgrass locked himself up in his study, and began the composition of a song to be sung by the serenading party. After having dashed his hand a hundred times against his forehead, and wasted a quire of paper, this illustrious poet produced the following beautiful effusion, which he hastened to submit to the consideration of his friends:—

SONG.

While pitiless the cold wind blows,—
While torrents fall, or winter's snows
Freeze the poor traveller's luckless toes,
Or frosts vindictive nip his nose,—
Still to his post the lover goes,
In ardent verse to sing the woes
That every tender bosom knows,
When smarting with love's anxious throes!

Yes, lady—while your flick'ring lamp
Burns dimly with its thick wick,
Beneath your window still must tramp
Your own devoted Pickwick.

Lady, while echoing from the street,
Haply this song thine ears may meet,
Believe that though the torments beat,
And drench your swain from head to feet,
The bitter tempest still is sweet;
And the cold night appears a treat
To him who now is come to greet
Thee, lady, in thy soft retreat!

Yes, lady—while you slumb'ring lie,
And no one says, "Come up, man!"
Beneath your window here am I,
With Weller and with Tupman!

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, when
this effusion was brought to an end.

"Nothing could be better!" cried Mr. Tupman.

"But don't you think," asked Mr. Winkle, submissively, "that it is improper to say who the serenaders are?"

"Oh! no one can distinguish the words of a song!" said Mr. Tupman. "All I am thinking of is, that I have my doubts whether a serenade means merely music or singing, or both."

"Never mind what it means," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick; "we will have the whole thing managed just as we have laid down the plan. I am sure nothing could be better than the song!"

"Be it as you say," returned Mr. Tupman, surveying his great leader with the most profound veneration and respect; and yet without a single sentiment of envy or jealousy with regard to that master-mind.

We shall occupy the attention of the reader with no details of the events which occurred during the interval that elapsed until the important moment for departure upon the ever-memorable expedition arrived. A hackney-coach was summoned to the door at ten o'clock precisely; and Mr. Pickwick, muffled up in his great coat, with a large white comforter coming up to his nose, and looking uncommonly like a sentimental lover, was bundled into the vehicle by his faithful valet. Then followed the illustrious Tracy Tupman, whose exploits in love would require a Homer to describe, and a nation of Greeks to read them. After these gentlemen, an immense drum was tumbled into the coach; and Mr. Samuel Weller ascended to the dickey.

The vehicle departed; and the only thing that in any way annoyed our heroes inside was, that it did not snow at that precise moment, and that therefore the allusion in the song was somewhat infelicitous. But to make amends for this disappointment, it rained in perfect torrents; and from this circumstance Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman derived considerable consolation. The song dwelt in their capacious memories; but in order to acquit themselves properly, they repeated it over again to each other; and in this way they beguiled the time till the coach stopped at the entrance to Wood-street.

The two gentlemen alighted; and the vehicle was ordered to wait for their return. Followed by Mr. Weller, and attended by a shower of rain, which highly delighted them, as it imparted a species of chivalrous daring to the adventure, they walked down the street, Mr. Weller carrying the drum. But scarcely had they got a little way down the street, when some one rushed out of a door-way in so suspicious a manner that the two chivalrous adventurers began to take to their heels, exclaiming, "Thieves! Help! Fire!" as loud as they could. It was with the greatest trouble that Mr. Samuel Weller could re-assure them, and fortunately the neighbourhood had not been alarmed.

"It's on'y my father, sir, as persents his self in that there very unceremonious manner, or rather without no manners at all," said Sam. "I never see such a old bear as it is: a sweep tumbling out of a chimbley-pot into a apple woman's lap in the street ain't nothin' to him."

"Wot's up now, Sammy?" cried the old gentleman: "no offence, sir?" he added, turning towards Mr. Pickwick.

"None, Mr. Weller," said our hero. "I am glad you have come to take a part in this little amusement."

"I promised Samivel I'd jine you, sir," returned old Mr. Weller; "but I couldn't get no wery slap-up musical hinstument; an' so I've brought a preshus big bell with me in my pocket."

"That'll do," said Mr. Pickwick; and the party proceeded along the street as far as the

dwelling of Mr. Sago, where the porter was waiting for them with the door of the warehouse ajar.

The moment they entered the spacious warehouse, Mr. Benjamin Wottle closed the street-door; and the serenaders proceeded to wipe the rain off their faces, and then to examine their musical instruments. The warehouse was an immense room, filled with chests, boxes, and barrels, full of all kinds of articles used in the grocery line; and the munificence of Mr. Wottle had supplied four candles to illuminate the interesting scene.

"I shall stand upon this barrel," said Mr. Tupman, pointing to an immense vessel near a computer; and, scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when he clambered first upon the computer, and thence on the top of the barrel. "The music," he added, "is always much better near the ceiling."

"Is it?" said Mr. Pickwick; and glancing towards another barrel nearly as high as himself, he exclaimed, "Sam, help me up here."

Mr. Samuel Weller, who was in an excellent humour, thought that the amusement would be enhanced by this arrangement, and accordingly complied with his master's desire. As for himself and his father, they seated themselves upon a couple of chairs; and, matters being thus arranged, the preparations for the concert began. Mr. Pickwick had his drum hoisted up to him by Mr. Benjamin Wottle, and nearly fell off the butt as he fixed it to his person: Mr. Tupman took a triangle from his pocket: Mr. Samuel Weller stuck a set of pandean pipes just beneath his chin; and old Mr. Weller lugged a capacious front door bell from his coat-pocket. As Mr. Wottle was determined not to be behindhand nor idle on this memorable occasion, he procured a poker and shovel from the kitchen, by way of completing the assortment of instruments.

And now began one of the most terrible and appalling combinations of sounds that ever fell upon mortal ears, or was made by mortal men. Mr. Pickwick beat his drum; Mr. Tupman played his triangle; Sam vented all the exhalation of his powerful lungs upon the pandean pipes; Mr. Wottle imitated marrow-bones and cleavers to perfection; and old Weller agitated his bell with astounding fury. And in the midst of this awful dinrose the voices of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman, shouting the song as loudly as they could bawl; but as Mr. Tupman had forgotten the first stanza, he commenced with the second; and as Mr. Pickwick had forgotten all but the first line, he, on his part, stuck manfully to that only. The greatest harmony seemed to prevail amongst the party in every thing except in the music; and the longer they proceeded, the greater became the noise.

It was at that very interesting moment,—while the din was at its loudest,—while Mr. Tupman was shouting the chorus of the second stanza, which contained his own name, with all his might and main, for the behoof of Miss Amelia Sophia,—and while old Mr. Weller was absolutely black in the face with the violence of his exertions in ringing the bell,—it was, we say, at this interesting and memorable moment, that Mr. Pickwick suddenly disappeared from the view of his companions. The fact is, he had mounted upon a cask of treacle; and, forgetful that the top of it might give way, he had begun to cut a few capers in the enthusiasm of the entertainment. The top did give way, as suddenly as the drop falls on the scaffold at the Old Bailey; and down plumped Mr. Pickwick into the midst of the treacle. The drum rested over the side, and his head alone appeared above the cask.

The music stopped in a moment; and the unfortunate gentleman's companions surveyed the accident with countenances expressive of the most ludicrous astonishment. At that moment, the inner door of the warehouse opened, and in rushed Mr. Sago senior, and Mr. Francis Sago, in their dressing-gowns, trousers, and slippers, which they had huddled on as soon as they had tumbled out of their respective beds.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" demanded Mr. Sago, senior, in a tone of desperate anger.

"I tell'ee wot it is, sir," said old Mr. Weller, rising from his chair, and advancing towards the master of the house, who surveyed the portly figure of the old coachman in profound surprise: "it's on'y Mr. Pickwick as took it into his wery sagacious head to give a—wot d'ye call it, Samivel?"

"Mr. Pickwick!" ejaculated the elder Mr. Sago: "and where is he then?"

"Here I am, my dear sir," cried the immortal gentleman, protruding his animated and philanthropic countenance over the sides of the treacle-barrel.

"Where?" said Mr. Sago.

"Here!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; and, guided by the sound of the voice, Mr. Sago succeeded in discerning the position of his friend.

Mr. Sago senior and Mr. Francis burst out into a violent fit of laughter, as they caught sight of the strange predicament of our hero; and, after having indulged their mirth for upwards of five minutes, it was impossible to be angry with him or his companions for the disturbance they had created.

"You see wot comes o' them there serry-nades, gen'lemen," said old Mr. Weller, who was himself nearly suffocated with laughing. "Who'd ever think o' goin' to make love to a young gal with a drum, a mouth-organ, an' a triangle. Blowed if this don't beat cockfighting all to shivers, or else nothin' does."

"You hold your tongue, old image!" ejaculated Sam, pulling his father back by the tails of his capacious coat: "every one has his own peculiar way o' courtin'; an' all ways is good as succeeds. There ain't no harm in a little good music as the gen'lman said ven he played the key-bugle over the sick lodger's head."

"But had you not better help your master out of that unpleasant predicament, Sam?" said Francis, still laughing as he spoke.

By the aid of Mr. Samuel Weller and Mr. Benjamin Wottle, Mr. Pickwick was extricated from the barrel of treacle; and a most piteous spectacle did he present to the gaze of those who beheld his plight. About fifty pounds of treacle hung about his person; and, when he attempted to walk, streams of the syrup fell upon the floor. Mr. Wottle obtained some water and towels from the kitchen; and by dint of scrubbing and washing, Mr. Pickwick was somewhat eased of the load he carried about with him.

In the mean time Mr. Tupman had descended very cautiously from the barrel on which he was mounted, for the fearful accident which had befallen his great leader filled him with the most painful apprehensions of experiencing a similar fate. He took the liberty of introducing himself to the Messieurs Sago, as Mr. Pickwick was too much occupied with his own misfortune to think of others; and he made a very neat and appropriate speech (as the newspapers would have said) by way of explanation and apology for this memorable serenade. The apology was cheerfully received; and the Messieurs Sago again enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of Mr. Pickwick. Francis, however, procured him a thick cloak to wrap himself up in; and the serenading party bade adieu to the grocer and his son.

Thus was it that the noble and daring attempt of Mr. Samuel Pickwick to revive the habits and customs of ancient times, and recal to England's shores a chivalrous practice which has lately been sustained only in the southern states of Europe, proved abortive, simply from the distressing failure of the lid of a barrel of treacle. It however seems to be the destiny of great men to raise up a host of imitators; and amongst the various attempts to revive the customs of the days of chivalry, to which this exploit of the Pickwickians gave rise, must be included that wretched complication of ostentatious foolery—the Eglington Tournament!

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PROGRESS OF INEBRIETY.

DEVELOPED IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.

ALTHOUGH every one of our readers will comprehend the meaning which is here attached to the word *Gentleman*, there is really no word in the English language of less definite signification than this. The word gives no idea of the qualities of the person, nor of his abilities and virtues. The Marquis of Waterford and the Earl of Waldegrave may be called "gentlemanly men;" but if their usual conduct were to be taken as the standard qualifications of a Gentleman, the sensible individual would, in this case, rather be a sweep than a Gentleman. When some fellow is taken before the police-magistrate, charged with having been drunk and disorderly, and having insulted decent females, in reply to one of the first questions put to him, he says, "I am a Gentleman." It is also a singular fact that attorneys are Gentlemen by Act of Parliament; and yet some of the pettifoggers of this fraternity would be a disgrace to a society of street-sweepers. The

word *Gentleman* is no explanatory medium of particular station. If Rothschild himself gave a waiter at a tavern only a few halfpence, the waiter would say, "He is no Gentleman;" and yet, if a shilling or eighteen pence had been the donation, the waiter would have said, "There is a regular Gentleman for you!" A person, although of humble birth, is said to be "quite the Gentleman," if he be polite and engaging in his manners; and the son of a Duke, when his manners are alluded to, may be set down as "anything but a Gentleman." A clerk in a counting-house is frequently declared to be "a perfect Gentleman in his dress;" and one of the aristocracy, with respect to attire, may be taken for "anything but a Gentleman." We often say that some particular action "is very ungentlemanly;" and yet we say "that Gentleman was guilty of it!" Who, then, are gentlemen? and what are the qualifications of a Gentleman?

In a worldly point of view, a man who is born of parents who are not tradesmen, or do not belong to any working class, is a Gentleman. A man may therefore be a Gentleman by birth, or may acquire the title by his riches, and yet he uncouth in manners and appearance. But in a moral, and consequently in a correct point of view, the Gentleman is one who conducts himself properly, and whose actions are characterised by honesty, probity, and scrupulous honour.

It is, however, in another acceptation that the word *Gentleman* is used in reference to the Series of Illustrations now presented to the readers of *The Teetotaler*. The Gentleman is here the son of rich and well-born parents, and has received his education at one of the public schools or universities. He is genteel in appearance and engaging in his manners, possessed of many mental and good personal qualifications, and enters upon life with all the bright prospects which, in an aristocratic country, usually form the perspective of the Gentleman's destiny. Let us see how far his conduct will justify his right to the denomination which by courtesy and conventional privilege he assumes.

PLATE I.—We are first introduced to our hero in a Ball-Room. We may suppose that he has just commenced his career of dissipation and pleasure,—or that, in the language of fashionable life, he has just "come upon town." Now the qualifications of a "Gentleman about town" are numerous and peculiar. He must study all opportunities to encourage in his acquaintances a belief that he is "an excellent fellow." He must be enabled to drink his bottle of wine every day after dinner,—to wrench knockers off doors,—to assault the police,—to insult respectable females in the streets,—to fight with hackney-coachmen,—to get rid of a dun,—to defeat the sagacity of the sheriff's officer,—to pass six weeks from time to time in the Queen's Bench Prison, in order to qualify himself on each occasion for the Insolvents' Court,—to seduce any respectable man's daughter,—and to associate with horse-jockeys, black-legs, and gamblers. He must frequent Hell's and "flash cribs," and must be an excellent judge of horse-flesh. He must be a Tory in politics, and bribe *The Satirist* not to notice his proceedings. He must look upon the working-classes with the utmost contempt, and be a great supporter of all aristocratic institutions. In a word, he must imbibe all possible kinds of bad habits—commit all kinds of excesses—and indulge in all species of debauchery. He will then be a "Gentleman about town." Such is the course of education through which the hero of these pictures has past; and he relates his feats in love and police-frays with the pride of a Soult or a Wellington narrating their campaigns. Of all species of dissipation, in which the Gentleman about Town indulges, intemperance necessarily forms a large section; indeed, dissipation and intemperance are almost synonymous, because none of the pranks of the Gentleman about Town are ever entered upon until the perpetrators be well primed with wine. We now find our hero in a Ball-room, where he is feeding his evil habits with deep libations from the wine-bottle—or rather the poison-bottle. Probably he will not return home until, urged on by the effects of the fire-liquid, he has committed some excess alike disgraceful to his reputation and rank, and prejudicial to the tranquillity of the community at large.

PLATE II.—We here find the Gentleman returning home from his Club-House in a dreadful state of intoxication, and supported by two of his friends (Heaven protect us from such friends!) who are only one degree less inebriated than himself. The Clubs at the West-End of the Town are the sinks of every kind of infamy, amongst which Gambling and Drinking are the principal features. The Clubs take married men away from their families, and encourage them in intrigues by affording them a convenient place of address for their letters; and young unmarried men are ruined—ay, irretrievably ruined by the "hoary old sinners" who frequent these Pandemonia. While the Gentleman exclaims against pot-house vulgarity, he forgets Club-House infamy; and while the senators of this land compel the resort of the poor to close their doors at eleven, they themselves may drink all night at their own clubs. The stock of wine that is kept in some of these Club-Houses will afford an idea of the immense consumption of that article which takes place amongst the members; and as the quantity consumed

is perpetually renewed, the amount seldom varies from the following average proportions:—The value of the stock of wine at the Carlton Club is about £16,000; that of the United University, £2000; the Athenæum, £4000; the Union, £8000; the Junior United Service Club, £4000; the Senior United Service Club, £8000; and Crookford's, £70,000. Start not, gentle reader—the average value of the wine in the cellar at Crookford's Club-House, or rather Hell, (for it is nothing but a Pandemonium of Gamblers) amounts to *seventy thousand pounds sterling!* The Gentleman of our narrative has been to Crookford's, where some of the experienced members have plied him well with the most costly wines, and have plundered him of all his ready money, a considerable per centage upon which loss has found its way into the pocket of the proprietor of the establishment. When the Gentleman was fleeced of all he had about him, he played upon credit, and gave cheques for the morrow upon his banker. His good-natured friends, who had thus condescended to initiate him a little into London life, laughed at him in their sleeves, and two of them agreed to see the "poor young fellow" home.

PLATE III.—To what particular vice does not intemperance lead? When the Gentleman is wearied of his Club, and is anxious for a change in his diversions (if diversions his deeds can be called), he proceeds to one of the most infamous neighbourhoods, and seeks the society of the daughters of crime, whose ruin was originally effected through the same medium as his own rapid progress towards his downfall. Intemperance has sent more unfortunate girls to earn a precarious livelihood by a dreadful traffic, than Poverty ever condemned to the same course; and, much—much as we are bound to pity those degraded beings, we must not allow our sympathies to interpose themselves between our mental eyes and the fact that the objects of our pity have chiefly fallen in consequence of their early predilection to strong drinks. The Gentleman, after having partaken of a luxurious repast at some house of entertainment in the fashionable quarters of London, and having indulged to excess that craving after wine which is rapidly becoming more insatiable and less easy to overcome, is totally unfitted for the society of ladies; and this conviction breaks upon his mind notwithstanding the clouded state of his brain. He, accordingly, seeks the company of those poor degraded females for whom his own habits of dissipation have qualified him as a companion; and all the delicate feelings, all the chivalrous sentiments which should fill the mind of man when his ideas are occupied with the loveliness and accomplishments of the chaste portion of the female sex, are undermined and destroyed by this contiguity with the frail and demoralized daughters of iniquity. He learns to judge the generality of the sex by the specimens now thrown in his way; and his ideas of female virtue consequently become loose and derogatory to the noble mind. "Wine and lewd woman," says Mahomet, "are two deadly poisons;" and, all impostor as he was, the founder of Islamism said much that was true and is worth recording.

SOCIALISM;

OR MR. OWEN'S NEW MORAL WORLD.

No one doubts the sincerity of Mr. Owen. We believe he would waste all his substance, and spend, nay, lose his life, were these sacrifices to create a world of happiness. But still, we are equally confident, that no man who is not an enthusiastic theorist—that no man who takes for his guides common observation, and common sense—much more, that no person who has studied and who confides in the doctrines of the Bible, can ever become a convert to his views, or consider him other than an eccentric and strong-headed theorist, who deals far more in strenuous assertions and unsupportable dicta, than in calm, plain, and convincing argument. Many years ago, before the author's opinions were so well matured as it is reasonable to suppose they are now, he put forth a pamphlet, (the title of it we do not recollect,) which contained many of his favourite fancies. Their import amounted to the following doctrines:—"That vice and misery existed in this world—that vice and misery might be driven out of it—that this would be accomplished by one whose soul like a mirror was to receive and reflect the whole truth and light which concerned the happiness of the world—and that I, Robert Owen, am that mirror!" We think we are not in error as to the general meaning of the resolutions, and the arguments in support of them which the pamphlet in question set forth. Now, however bold, unauthorised, unsupported, or ridiculous they may have been, or however incredible our report of them may appear to those totally unacquainted with the author's system, yet, let our readers peruse the title of another publication, which modestly declares the work to be "The Book of the New Moral World; containing the Rational System of Society, founded on Demonstrable Facts, developing the Constitution and Laws of Human Nature of Society." We might quarrel with the phraseology of this announcement, and object to the words "demonstrable facts," inasmuch as it would have been more philosophically correct and clear had the author used the term *truth* instead of *facts*; truth being the result of an induction

of facts, while facts stand as individual and separate propositions, which all can judge of justly in their isolated capacity the moment they are perceived. We do not need new facts, nor a demonstration of any of those that happen to be before us; but we require a manipulator who can compare and adjust them, and when they are thus properly arranged, can draw the truth from them. However, this amendment would not be material with such a metaphysician as Mr. Owen, who is well known to indulge in a curious jumble of philosophy, popular truths, and unauthorised conclusions. If he be technically correct in one place, or a disciple of the schools, he flies off in the next to pounce upon some current aphorism, strange guess, or ridiculous assertion; but when you have him, or when you have him not, is quite uncertain. To be able to argue with him, it would be necessary to have some well-defined and common ground to start from; and even then, every inch of the way would have to be cleared, on account of his preconceived notions, unauthorised habits of thinking, and peculiar phraseology, before any good could result from the labour of love.

As already stated, no one who takes the Holy Scriptures for the rule of his faith, will treat Mr. Owen's opinions as better than the dreams of an enthusiast or the speculations of a sceptic. A Christian will at once exclaim, on hearing the words "this volume professes to be the Book of the New Moral World," "I thought that the New Testament was that book; I thought that he whom I believe to be the Redeemer of the world was its hero." We admit that it is the right and the duty of every man to inquire after truth for himself; and that, so long as he is honest in his search, whatever conclusions he arrives at, these ought to be candidly considered and not ridiculed till refuted, however much they may stand in the way of preconceived notions and opinions. To this respectful dealing we consider Mr. Owen to be entitled. Let us for a moment try him by this rule. We are not going to attempt a metaphysical or regular argument with him; for, as already said, this would require, ere he or we were convinced of error, a common starting point and a labour greater than was likely to be rewarded in full. But let us take a plainer and shorter method with him. It is this:—he is fond of facts—demonstrable truths. Now, is there any truth better founded and more generally known in this country, concerning a merely philosophical question, than that Robert Owen's doctrines and creed have never found acceptance with the mass of sober intelligent thinkers; nay, that few or none, whose opinions in the ordinary affairs of life are worth consulting, have ever become and remained his disciples? We deny not, that, at the first, novelty lent a transient attraction to his fancies; but that charm has passed away, and the Owenites are almost extinct. Whence is this?—Can it be that his system is founded on demonstration, that is, on self-evident truths; and yet that the great body of respectable, intelligent, and inquiring people remain unconvinced, or unmoved if convinced, when their happiness is at stake? Impossible! The truth must therefore be, that Mr. Owen's system is incapable of furnishing materials or doctrines which can ever renovate the world—ever create it anew in all its moral phenomena; because it is not demonstrably true.

After this general method of speaking of the New Moral System according to Owen, we shall do little more with the present exposition of it, than select a few passages from its details.

Mr. Owen recommends to all Governments and People, "that the old prejudices of the world, for or against class, sect, party, country, sex, and colour, derived solely from ignorance, should be now allowed, by the common consent of all, to die their natural death; that standing armies of all nations should be disbanded, in order that the men be employed in producing instead of destroying wealth; that the rising generation should be educated from birth to become superior, in character and conduct, to all past generations; that all should be trained to have as much enjoyment, in producing as in using or consuming wealth, which, through the progress of science, can be easily effected; that all should freely partake of it; and that, thus, the reign of peace, intelligence, and universal sympathy, or affection, may, for ever, supersede the reign of ignorance and oppression."

All very fair offers, and promises, and requests; but there are two parties at the making of every bargain, and the *how* and the *when* check our hopes. Mr. Owen then addresses himself "to those who prefer a System of Society which will ensure the Happiness of the Human Race throughout all future Ages, to a System which, so long as it shall be maintained, must produce misery to all." Show us this ensured happiness, and then see why will turn his back upon it. Notwithstanding this tempting promise, we see that the system which is said by the author to ensure such entire happiness is felt by himself not to be *ensured*, or founded upon easily demonstrated truths; for he says that the perusal of his works "will be appealing to those who are incapable of viewing the subject, or comprehending an entirely new system to re-form and to re-constitute society. For a more limited conception of this all-important subject will only perplex the intellect, between old prejudices and new truths; and, therefore, make it less competent to understand arrangements designed to constitute a new state of human existence, one founded on the laws of

nature, in direct opposition to the erroneous notions on which the arrangements of the world have been, hitherto, conceived, based and constructed."

Mr. Owen would endeavour to persuade us, that man is no longer to be endowed with passions, and that he is to be put beyond the influence of motives. "Ignorance and poverty," the author says, "and the fear of poverty, will no longer disunite man, and be the hane of his happiness." Again, "money, which has hitherto been the root, if not of all evil, of great injustice, &c., will be no longer required to carry on the business of life." But this is to be demonstrated; and how? Chiefly by taking Mr. Owen's word for it, and for all he says, merely because his system is the result of extraordinary reading, intercourse, observation, and reflection. We question not his labours and ardour; but we think it far more likely that these exertions and this enthusiasm have rendered him an incompetent and partial theorist, an erring zealot rather than a true apostle of truth, wisdom, and moral amelioration.

In conclusion, let us observe that if Mr. Owen's principles were followed the state of society would be most insipid, to say nothing worse of it. It would be all sugar, without any admixtures as in our present world are necessary to render life exquisite. We wonder if all natural evil will cease under this new system of moral good. If not, surely the first thunder-storm that destroys human life will cause unhappiness, unless, with man's motives for activity and emulation, he be bereft of his sensibilities; and what a happy condition will that be! It will be that of sloth and of sleepers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A PORTRAIT.

By B. Simmons.

I left thy side, pale-plect'd girl,
In early erring youth;
I wash'd away in passion's whirl
The memory of thy truth.
Yet in her ivy-curtain'd bowers,
Thou'rt crept hush'd my head on flowers,
She could not hide, in sooth,
The vision'd eyes, whose mournful blue
Like summer-ought still glist'n'd through
I dash'd deliciousness away,
And mingled in the world;
I wrought where commerce day by day
His giant dag unfur'd;—
Yet still I labour lost and health—
Lost all but the remember'd wealth
Of thy dear ringlets curl'd,
That round me once their lustrous gold
In coils of bright profusion roll'd!
The sky's now sad—nor sunny scenes
Chequer the fountain fair;
The marble nymph that o'er it leans
Is glass'd for ever there!
Thou, Mary, through the calm or strife,
Or gloom, or gladness of my life,
Pale Angel of Despair,
I see thy form, bright, silent, chill,
But fix'd for ever near me still!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Sketch of Christ's Hospital is declined with thanks. Mr. MYNOXE SYDRA is decidedly the most popular medical Lecturer within the Teetotal sphere. We cannot inform P. Z. of the amount of the charge made by this gentleman for a course of three Lectures in a provincial town. His address is, 162, Fleet-Street. It would be invidious to attempt to answer the fourth query in our correspondent's letter.

O. M. is informed that the principles of Teetotalism have been discussed in all their bearings, relations, and modes of application, in the columns of *The Teetotaler*.

It is impossible for O. P. Q. to be correct in the information he has sent us. The date alluded to, fell upon a Sunday, when the public-houses are closed till one. How can he reconcile this with his assertion?

Z. S. is assured that no Report has ever been refused admittance into our columns. We again repeat, that *The Teetotaler* is an independent journal.

How can we reply to the queries of *Britannicus* relative to a man with whom we are totally unacquainted.

Mr. H. W. Weston, who is now the proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, Hackney, is the same who was the Secretary of the United Temperance Association.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1841.

IRELAND has set her Sister Island a great moral example which should exercise all the emulative spirit of the inhabitants of the latter. The Irish Teetotalers are ornaments to the country to which they belong, and should be mentioned with gratitude and respect by all the supporters of the great principle of Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Liquors. Out of a population of little more than eight millions it was calculated that there were three millions and a half of souls who were liable to habits of frequent intoxication; and this appalling fact naturally accounted for an immense proportion of the misery and the crime which existed in a land so favoured by Nature. There seemed to have been a spell upon the character of the Irish. Time, which carried forward other men, left them stationary. In the midst of modern civilisation, they remained, in many respects, monuments of ancient barbarism. Fierce passions—mad desires—dreadful combinations of violence and mischief—reckless indif-

ference under suffering alternating with appalling murmurs and desperate retribution—a consciousness of degradation without a feeling of self-reproach—a proud and sullen conviction that their conduct was baser than it should be, but charging the dishonour upon external causes instead of seeking for its cause in their own domestic habits,—these were the darker elements of Irish character; and it was in allusion to these that BISHOP BERKELEY exclaimed, in his *Querist*, "Whose fault is it if poor Ireland still continue poor?" The philanthropist deplored the pitiful ignorance of the Irish, and was astonished at their stupid miscalculation of the means whereby to extinguish their sufferings and their wrongs. All their complaints of misgovernment and oppression would not account for their miseries and their ignorance. Their pride, during a century and a half, may have been mortified by certain symbols of subjection; the ambition of a few gifted minds may have been chafed and irritated at being excluded from a career of honour which they would otherwise have pursued; and the humanising efforts of civilisation may have been partially restricted by a perpetual collision between two religions;—these facts will only explain the why the Irish may have been less happy than they ought, but will not account for why they should have been so little happy and prosperous as they lately were.

Ireland was steeped in blood—torn by frantic dissensions—and in the lowest stage of barbarism. Civilisation had departed from her soil without leaving a foot-print. Even admitting that a particular line of policy will cramp the energies of a nation, and materially check her social development, it will not produce such terrible results as many imagined it to have done in Ireland. We will not measure the respective excellence of creeds: we have no desire to rob Saint Peter of the keys to give them to Saint Paul. The gates of salvation may be in the custody of one saint or of all: but one thing is certain—that against no form of Christianity will they be closed! For all purposes of heaven, Protestantism and Roman Catholicism may be of equal efficacy: on earth they only represent the different-coloured glasses through which the sublime truths of Christianity are surveyed. Let not, then, the late miseries of Ireland be attributed to either political or religious dissensions only: but let a considerable amount be set down to the true, the fertile, and the palpable cause—**INTEMPERANCE!**

There sprang up a man, a great philanthropist at heart, and one who felt deeply for the degraded condition of his country, and who was determined to exert himself to elevate it to its proper eminence amongst civilised nations. This philanthropist was FATHER MATHEW, whose name is now become a subject for the history of his native land, and whose generous deeds will never die. MR. MATHEW is an acute observer of human nature, and he saw that all the evil which was considered to be native in Ireland was merely artificial, and that it would cease when its cause was removed. The sick man frequently labours under the influence of a terrible incubus in the form of an appalling visitor or night-mare; but the sagacious physician knows how to remove the subject of terror by restoring the stomach to a healthy tone. Ireland was thus oppressed with an incubus; and FATHER MATHEW was the sapient physician who immediately detected, and undertook to remove, the evil by attacking the cause. He preached against intemperance, and he soon collected myriads and myriads of disciples beneath his banner. He came not with the circumstance of a statesman, nor with the pomp of a ruler, nor with the solemn grandeur of a political innovator:—he came in his simplicity, he raised his voice in his humility, and he propagated the doctrine of reformation in his meekness. Ireland was astonished; and the efficacy of the principle thus introduced to her was immediately recognised. The three millions and a half of individuals liable to intoxication from the nature of their habits, enrolled themselves in the ranks of MR. MATHEW'S disciples; and the effects became apparent throughout the country. These effects justify our previous reasoning, and now convince the most stubborn and obstinate that the noble energies, the generous disposition, and the estimable qualities of the Irish, had been long obscured and thrown backwards in the march of civilisation by the hand of Intemperance.

The Irish are a noble race—a great and powerful nation, and one whose character has only

just begun to be understood. Hitherto it has been seen "through a glass darkly:" now it is developed in all its unclouded glory. England may now be indeed proud of the alliance with her sister island; and English Teetotalers will do well to imitate, in sincerity and zeal, the Teetotalers of Ireland. But one of the great elements of success and of permanent efficacy in Teetotalism in Ireland, is the UNION which exists amongst the disciples of the same doctrine. In Ireland, Teetotalism is kept apart from religion and politics; and although the ministers of the church in Ireland have taken a noble and active part in furtherance of the Teetotal reformation, they are still aware of the necessity of confining their sermons to their Chapels, and their Teetotal addresses to their Temperance Halls. Hence is Teetotalism prospering in Ireland in a manner calculated to produce the most lasting benefits to that country, and to excite the emulation of the friends of the good cause in England. *The Teetotaler* is the only English Temperance journal which has obtained any footing in Ireland, and which has succeeded in pleasing the whole Teetotal fraternity in that country; and such has been the favour with which this publication is received in the Sister Isle, that an attempt was made by a few unprincipled men in Dublin to establish a periodical upon the same plan, but the whole of the matter in which was copied *verbatim* from the columns of *The Teetotaler*. The reason wherefore *The Teetotaler* has become so popular in Ireland is because it strenuously and unceasingly advocates the principles of Union amongst all those who have signed the pledge of Total Abstinence; because it will not allow Teetotalism to be mixed up with religion; and because it is conducted upon a liberal, an impartial, and a bold plan, which suits all really independent minds.

FATHER MATHEW must be considered the saviour and regenerator of his country; and never—never will the Irish nation be enabled sufficiently to demonstrate its gratitude to one who has conferred such lasting benefits upon that land. Instead of the Irish character being naturally impregnated with the seeds of disorder and turbulence, it is now found that there is no disposition more really noble and generous than that of the Irish. The Catholics have been termed intolerant and prejudiced: the Catholics of Ireland are neither. The Irish peasantry has been characterised by ignorance, and therefore deemed naturally averse to education: the effects of Teetotalism have developed a love of information and reading which will shortly elevate Ireland to a high rank in the sphere of intellectual accomplishment. Ireland was degraded by one vice, from which all others emanated: that vice is uprooted, and its concomitant evils have disappeared. And this sudden change—a change effected with the rapidity of an enchantment brought about by a magician's wand—has been accomplished by the REV. THEOBALD MATHEW!

MY FIRST GUINEA.

By A. L. GORDON, B.A.

It was my first and my last! How I worshipped that piece of gold! My dear mother gave it to me as a reward for having gained a prize at school—a prize for a copy of Latin verses. You may think perhaps that the Latin was not worth a guinea; or that if it were worth anything, it was worth more than a guinea. Perhaps it was so; but in the pride of her heart, my dear mother robbed that day more than one poor family of its expected soup of charity. Who dares blame her? None: for she stinted the widow and the orphan to reward and encourage her only son.

My poor mother, thou wast not rich: yet thy generous heart opened at the attempts of thy beloved son, the only hope of thy venerable age! Thou gavest into his hands thy little—little savings!

How did he requite thee? Woe, woe to him who gives a trembling answer to that awful question! Yet, trembling, he replies, "Mother, my more than mother—I squandered away thy money, and by my follies hurried thee prematurely to thy grave!" Silence, reader: hast thou no sins wherewith to reproach thyself?

But my first and my last guinea—one of my poor mother's last bright remnants of happy and prosperous days! What did I do with thee? I looked at it long before I would change it; but love of gold on the one hand was no match for love of cakes and fireworks on the other, and the bright piece was changed at last. I did not hesitate from avarice: it is not often that a boy at seventeen entertains feelings of avarice; yet I grudged to change it, because the sight of it recalled my victory over my competitors to my recollection; and when I looked on it, I thought of the pleasure that beamed in

my dear mother's eyes as she gave it into my hand as the reward of my success.

But before I changed my guinea, I determined to mark it, with a faint hope that in happier days it might come again into my hands. I took my penknife and engraved my initials on the coin, under them I scratched as well as I could those of my beloved mother.

Four and twenty hours afterwards I had forgotten my guinea, and spent all the change I had received out of it.

I went to college, but my mother was not rich, as I had said before: she fell lower and lower in the scale of pecuniary respectability—she could no longer maintain me at the University. I was therefore obliged to quit it, abandon all hopes of distinguishing myself there, and take a situation as a merchant's clerk.

I soon found one, for, owing to my knowledge of accounts and my handwriting, I easily obtained a place at a pound a week.

A pound a week was not much; but I gave all I received to my mother; and we lived.

I had not been long in my situation when, one day, as I was settling the account of money due to me from my employer, I perceived among the pieces, which he counted out to me, my guinea—that guinea which I had welcomed with so much joy, which I had let out of my hands with so much regret, and on which I had imprinted a mark not to be mistaken.

I kissed the coin—I could not help doing so: it brought consolation to my thoughts, when it was really welcome, for my master, as he paid it to me, told me that he had no farther need of my services.

I left his house, thinking how I should break these distressing tidings to my mother. As I walked along with my guinea in one hand, keeping it apart from my other money as a talisman, I passed a lottery-office. The devil prompted me, I believe, to risk my beloved piece of gold. I entered. "There is the price of a sixteenth," said I, telling down my money on the counter; "but, do me the favour to put that guinea on one side, because, whether I win or lose, I will come back and redeem that guinea to-morrow." The office-keeper laughed at the singularity of the request, but promised to attend to it. I went home, but said nothing to my mother.

The next morning I returned to the lottery-office, and found myself the gainer of a sixteenth of £20,000! I received back my guinea with joy indescribable: I was so foolishly attached to it that I had a small morocco case made for it, in which I enclosed it; and I swore, that it and I should never part again.

With my gains in the lottery, I embarked in sundry commercial speculations. I was lucky, and at the end of two or three years was worth twenty thousand pounds.

My mother—my ever kind provident mother, begged me to invest this sum, and live upon the interest of it, with her and a wife of my own choosing. But, no! all her advice was useless: fortune had turned my brain—I thought myself doomed to be lucky—I entered into larger speculations; they failed—and I was ruined!

On the receipt of this intelligence, my dear mother was seized with an apoplectic stroke: her life was saved by her medical attendants, but she remained a paralytic—living only in mind and sensibility. Her body was dead.

All my household goods were sold by my creditors: I had not a sou left. As I could no longer support my poor mother, I used the little remaining influence I had with my friends, and got her admitted as a patient in a hospital. The ticket of admission arrived; but how to get her conveyed thither—there was the difficulty! I had not a farthing! I had nothing left me in the world but my mother's love—a sorry coin to give to those sordid beings who knew not its value. In this agony of despair, I tore open drawer after drawer in an old desk which the mercy of my creditors had left me; and on opening the last, I saw my cherished guinea, which had escaped their Argus-eyes.

I descended the staircase three stairs at a time: I do not know how I got to the bottom;—but when I was there, I sent for a hackney-coach. I assisted my poor mother—my revered mother, into it: my last guinea, that guinea which she had given me in her pride and in her joy, served to convey her to her death-bed in a hospital, in her humiliation, in her sorrow!

My poor mother!

STEAM AND GAS.

AMONG the physical agents which, by stimulating our curiosity in the examination of their qualities and habits, are wisely appointed to minister to our necessities and our enjoyments, there are none, perhaps, which have exercised the ingenuity or tested the patience of man with happier results than *water* and *coal*.

Steam and gas furnish decisive and beautiful illustrations of what untiring perseverance is capable of accomplishing. They exhibit some of the elements of nature brought into a state of combination that fits them, if left uncontrolled, to spread terror and death; but, when under proper management, we behold them in such a state of subjection, that it may be literally said, "A little child may lead them." So intimately

associated are steam and gas with our own age and country, their properties and capabilities occupy so large a portion of public attention in almost every part of the civilised world, that we think we cannot introduce more interesting subjects for contemplation than are suggested by some of the modes of employing the one and of preparing the other. All that we intend at present is a few general remarks: let these be viewed as introductory to more elaborate accounts.

The active properties exhibited by steam; and by which it is so eminently adapted for a motive power in machinery, are due entirely to heat. It is not worth while to attempt a solution of the question, "What is heat?" because we believe the endeavour would only be a waste of time. Heat may be an elementary substance, existing, in some cases, independently of matter; or it may be a condition of matter, and inseparable from it, yet influencing its forms, and producing in its changes, with a degree of certainty that is equalled only by its extraordinary energies. From what we know of heat, by its effects, we may affirm that it is a highly refined—an all pervading—and an irresistible agent. It is known to us only as it is combined with the diversified forms of matter; and we know nothing of matter unassociated with heat. With this ignorance respecting the nature of heat, it seems we must at present be contented.

Steam is water in a very minutely divided state, by which division it is capable of containing, and of carrying along with it, under particular circumstances, to any required distance, a greater quantity of heat than when in its ordinary state as a liquid. But whilst this capacity for heat, as manifested by water in a state of vapour, is one cause of its great utility, it possesses another peculiarity not less important—viz., the facility with which a certain portion of the heat may be separated from the water with which it had been temporarily combined; the steam, by a very simple expedient, instantaneously assuming the liquid form, and the heat as quickly disappearing and taking up its abode in some other material.

Heat and water, then, are the primary sources of motion in those wonderful combinations of machinery, denominated the steam-engine. At no very distant period, it will be our business to show how these powerful agents co-operate in producing these results which, while they excite our admiration, should also awaken our gratitude.

Turn we now, for a few moments to gas, which, like the steam, owes its existence to heat. In a general sense, gas implies those substances which retain their æriform state under ordinary circumstances of temperature and pressure. We shall limit our observations at present to *coal gas*, that being the material to which we alluded in a former part of this article, and which is now so extensively employed as a medium of artificial light.

We mentioned above, as a valuable property of steam, that a part of the heat it contained could be so easily separated from it, entering into some other material, and leaving the water as it found it—that is, in a liquid state. A property the very reverse of this, is possessed by coal gas. The inflammable and luminous elements which enter into combination with heat, in the formation of this curious substance, retain so firm a grasp of each other, if we may be allowed the expression, that neither cold nor pressure of any ordinary kind, will separate them. Hence is it, that gas may be stored and kept ready for use, and transmitted with certainty, both as respects time and quantity, to any distance from the place where it is produced. To those who have never thought much upon this subject, it may appear strange that a part of the heat, and consequently of the light emanating from gas, burning several miles distant from the manufactory, is the very same heat and light which, a few hours before, had been produced by the combustion of coal and coke. Such, however, is the fact. The heat arising from the ignited fuel, passing through the retort, and combining with certain elements in the coal, constitutes gas, whether stored for use, or immediately passed into the mains,—finds its way, in a little time, to the burner, whether in a street-lamp, a shop, or a theatre; but wherever it makes its appearance in a stage of ignition, it there yields up a part of the heat received at the manufactory;—its elements are transformed, scattered hither and thither, and are thus prepared for new combinations in the economy of the universe.

FRENCH CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

NO. X.—THE AGENT FOR STOLEN GOODS.

"PRAY take a seat, Madam! What is it that procures me the honour of this visit? I am not conceited enough to suppose that your call is based upon any other motive than a mere matter of business; you will therefore excuse me for receiving you in my public-office, and at a desk covered with a heap of papers, calculated to alarm the Graces. Do you come, Madam, to obtain information relative to a *pannie*? We call a burglary by that name."

"I am aware of all the slang terms, sir," replies the lady: "the *Gazette des Tribunaux* gives us all the information we require in that respect."

"Probably you have been the victim of a *smasher*,"

says the Agent; "and that is an individual who obtains his livelihood by—"

"I am perfectly well acquainted with the fact, that a *smasher* is a person who passes base coin," cries the lady.

"Probably you have been plundered by a *morning lark*, madam?" continues the Agent. "That is a person—"

"I know who he is, sir, also, thanks to the journal to which I alluded just now. He is the robber who introduces himself into hotels and inns, under pretence of having an appointment with a friend whom he is to arouse early, and who runs off with anything on which he can lay his hands."

"Upon my word, madam, I must compliment you upon your profound knowledge of the *flash language*. Such a knowledge is highly creditable to a lady, and proves the excellent taste of the present age with respect to literature. Talking of the *morning lark*, however, reminds me that a most remarkable piece of information has been communicated to me. A robber introduced himself into the house of one of the popular actresses of the day. He knew not to whose dwelling accident had thus directed him; but he soon relieved himself of his ignorance, for he perceived the name of the lady written upon a note which lay as yet unopened upon her table. Close to the note, lay a beautiful watch set with diamonds; and in the middle of the table a magnificent nosegay of flowers. Which of all those things do you suppose he took?"

"The watch most probably," says the lady.

"No such thing, madam!" ejaculates the Agent: "he took a simple flower—one single flower from that nosegay which stood upon the table."

"Who then could have known that he visited the house?" demands the lady.

"The indiscreet young man carried his joke to such an extent as to return to the same house on the following morning. The actress met him upon the stairs, and cried out, 'Thieves! thieves!' The young man was too proud to deny his real profession; but the magistrates would not believe that his conduct could have been so disinterested—that he had only taken the flower on the previous day, and that he had only returned to take another. The family of the young man have accordingly given me instructions to find out whether the prisoner has ever acted in a similar manner on any other occasion; and one of our best barristers is engaged to defend the prisoner, on the ground that he is afflicted with the monomania of going to people's houses to steal flowers. Probably it is relative to a similar thing that you have called upon me, madam?"

"No, sir," replies the lady; "I am not sufficiently fortunate to have any young man call at my house the first thing in the morning. The object of my visit to you is to inform you that I have been the victim of a common cut-purse."

"The most common—the most vulgar—the most disgraceful of all robbers!" ejaculates the Agent, in deep indignation. "The cut purse possesses not the slightest elevation of ideas—the slightest feeling of delicacy in his soul! That is the system of robbery in all its nudity, without embellishment or ornament. I am possessed of all the names of those practitioners: they are despised by the more elevated class of thieves."

"Well, sir," says the lady, "to come to the point—I have been robbed of a Bank-note for a thousand francs, which was taken out of my reticule."

"I can arrange this affair for you, madam: the thief is one of my friends."

"Can I have back my Bank-note, and ascertain who took it from me?" demands the lady.

"Nothing is more easy!" answers the Agent; "give me fifteen hundred francs for my trouble, and to-morrow morning the thief shall return you the Bank-note, and leave his card at your house."

"Fifteen hundred francs! Why—your terms are exorbitant!" ejaculates the lady.

"I really ask you little more than my absolute expenses in this affair," says the Agent. "No one can tell the tremendous outlay which it is necessary to make in these kind of affairs. If we do not come to an understanding together, I shall lose my consultation fees. A hundred persons a-day come to my office, and I make them all the same advantageous offers which I have just submitted to your consideration, these people hesitate—reflect—and abandon the matter—and all that time, the expenses of my office are going on. Would you believe, that I am compelled to keep upwards of ten thousand thieves? When they have no occupation, I am obliged to provide them all with food, and money, and clothing?"

"What? do you keep an ordinary for the robbers of Paris, then?" asks the lady.

"Ordinary is not exactly the word!" ejaculates the Agent; "but I am constrained to provide for all those gentlemen some-how or other. When they transact any business, they are compelled, upon a principle of honour, to let me know the nature of it; and I in my turn, give the necessary information to the person plundered. If the person cares anything about the article stolen, he must first pay its value to the thief;—this is but right, possession being nine points of the law,—and it is the law that says so. Then I must have fifty per cent. for my trouble; and this mode of doing

business will explain to you, madam, wherefore I demand of you the sum of fifteen hundred francs in this instance."

"But I shall be better off to put up with my first loss of a thousand francs!" says the lady.

"Better off, indeed!" cries the Agent; "why—only think of the humiliation to which you will be subject in your own mind, by not obtaining possession of your note again; whereas, should you recover it, the robber will be the person humiliated, and you can boast of your success wherever you go. You are not obliged to tell people upon what terms you recovered this note: I will even allow you to invent and circulate the most pathetic tale you choose, with respect to the matter. You may say, for example's sake, that you met the robber upon the New-Bridge, that he endeavoured to avoid you by plunging into the river, but that you, who can swim as well as a sprat, threw yourself in after him, and that as you dived together you fished the Bank-note out of his pocket. I swear to you by my gray hairs (I have none, but I might have) or by anything else of any other colour, that I will not contradict your statement in the public journals—not even in those in which I am accustomed to advertise, and which will therefore say anything for me."

"I am delighted with your disinterestedness," says the lady, "but must beg to decline the arrangement proposed. The first loss is the best!"

WATER VERSUS ALCOHOL.

THE testimony of the Right Honourable Earl Stanhope to the good effects of Total Abstinence from all Intoxicating Liquors, is as follows. "I adopted the practice of total abstinence towards the close of the year 1831, when I suffered, as I had done occasionally, from a weakness of the stomach and a want of appetite. Since that time I have steadily adhered to that habit; and I find that my general health has in consequence been very much improved, and that it has very rarely been requisite for me to take any medicine, and then only such as is mild in its nature and moderate in its quantity. The powers of my digestion are vigorous, as well as my appetite; and I never feel heavy or heated after dinner, but am as fit for bodily and mental exertion in the evening as in the morning. Although I often expose myself to all varieties of weather, I hardly ever catch cold, and the complaints to which I am sometimes, though very seldom, subject, never assume an inflammatory character. My bodily strength is increased, instead of being diminished, by drinking only water, and I consider that my mental faculties are far less liable to be disturbed than was formerly the case. From the numerous advantages I have received, notwithstanding my advancing years, I cannot too much recommend water-drinking for the health and strength both of the mind and of the body, and consequently for the enjoyment of life, and for the performance of its duties. I am aware that spirituous liquors may seem to give a temporary stimulus to the strength and to the appetite; but in both these respects they are very injurious, for the body is thus urged to exertions which are beyond its powers, and which are followed by exhaustion and debility; and the stomach may thus receive more than it is well able to digest. It is a very salutary, and, as I have found, a very important precept, not to eat to the full extent of the natural and usual appetite: and of course, then, more caution is necessary when the appetite is factitious and exceeds the powers of digestion. The stimulus which such liquors may, for a time, give to the spirits, is also prejudicial, and is followed by corresponding depression; but I have derived very great benefit by taking an effervescent powder, like that of lemon and kali, when in a state of lassitude, or when the spirits require to be revived."

Mr. Fox, of Argyle-street, London, speaking of the effects of spirituous liquors upon the teeth, says—"The teeth acquire a very stained and foul appearance; the gums being more or less inflamed, are covered with a slimy mucus, and are often liable to bleed; the breath also becomes very offensive; and as the regular passage of the spirituous liquors over the tender skin of the mouth creates a constant degree of inflammation, the heat of the mouth is greatly increased. Thus by the baneful influence of intemperance, similar mischief to the teeth is induced, as might only be expected from a malady which threatens life."

The learned Dr. Lee, of New York, says that he has tried alcohol in most of the forms in which it is used, and under the circumstances in which it has been supposed to be innocent, if not useful; and he now conscientiously declares that he has never received any benefit from it. "As a restorative, in cases of fatigue," he observes, "it was truly a mocker—appearing, for a short time, to give strength, but always inducing greater lassitude and debility, when its first effect had subsided and placing the system in that condition in which it could not sustain extra exertion, without great exhaustion. After abandoning the use of alcoholic drinks, I found my general health improved." The whole system of using intoxicating liquors has been raised and supported by a monstrous delusion, which the good advocacy of Teetotalism tends to dissipate. Ignorance of the real effects of intoxicating drinks has encouraged

their use as much as the love of them; and, therefore, when the disciples of Teetotalism, upon the authority of thousands of medical and learned men, shall have proven that alcoholic liquor is neither useful, necessary, nor beneficial—but, on the contrary, noxious, demoralizing, and unhealthy, the reasonable portion of the community will be induced to adopt the principle of total abstinence. Rostan, a celebrated French writer, has recorded the following sentiments:—"Water is, beyond all question, the most rational drink—that of which man made use in times of primeval manners. Abstemious persons are not pale and weak, as supposed: this effect only occurs when water is drunk to excess. Those who take it in moderation enjoy, to a very high degree, all the faculties, as well moral as intellectual, and often attain advanced age." Van Swieten, physician to Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and author of *Commentaries upon Boerhave*, says, "Miserable is the condition of those who daily indulge themselves in the use of wine and spirits, for a fatal necessity of repeating them then follows; and at length, almost the whole system of the vital and animal actions depends upon a continuance of them." Dr. Oliver, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine at Dartmouth College, America, says, "Who has not observed the extreme satisfaction which children derive from quenching their thirst with pure water; and who that has perverted his appetite for drink by stimulating his palate with bitter beer and sour cider, rum and water, and other beverages of human invention, but would be a gainer even on the score of animal gratification, without any reference to health, if he would bring back his vitiated taste to the simple relish of nature? Children drink because they are dry; grown people drink whether dry or not, because they have discovered a way of making drinking pleasant. Children drink water because this is a beverage of nature's own brewing, which she has made for the purpose of quenching a natural thirst. Grown people drink anything but water, because this fluid is intended to quench only a natural thirst, and natural thirst is a thing which they seldom feel."

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.—No IV.

BY JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

ARRIVAL AT SUEZ.—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH.—We were roused before sunrise, and taking our breakfast on the sands, without the walls, loaded our little caravan and departed, taking leave of the venerable old Moosa Abdallah, and the Bedouin boys, who continued their route easterly, to pass round the arm of the Red Sea above Suez, while we branched off more southerly towards the town.

An hour after setting out, we reached another enclosed building, but of a much ruder kind, the interior of which I did not see, although we alighted for that purpose, as the occupants of it refused to open the doors without a positive order from the Aga himself. Without the walls was a large trough, out of which our camels drank, though the water was blacker, and of a stronger smell, than the foulest bilge-water I had ever seen. The bitter, dry, and thorny herbs on which these creatures fed in the desert, and their capability of swallowing water like this, surprised me even more than the fatigues and privations they have the power of sustaining in their desert marches.

On leaving this building or watering-place, the scenery gradually improved. The high mountains of the Adaga on our right were grand and picturesque; the sea opened to our view; and the town, the harbour, and part of Suez, with the few vessels at anchor there, were all interesting objects, after so monotonous a journey in point of scenery as ours had been.

We reached Suez about ten o'clock, and alighted at the Okella of the Greeks, but finding there neither accommodation for ourselves or camels, we waited immediately on Hassan Aga, the governor, to whom I presented my letter from the Kiah Bey, the Pasha's representative at Cairo. My reception was extremely favourable, and I was offered a seat beside him on the same sofa, an explanation as to the motive of my disguise having removed the prejudicial impression created by the appearance of my Bedouin dress.

After an hour's conversation on the affairs of Europe, the state of the war in Arabia, and other topics of mutual inquiry, an officer was directed to show me a room in an adjoining house, where I took up my quarters for a short stay, and had reason to be pleased with its situation, as it received the cool breezes of the north-east, and overlooked the small harbour for boats abreast of the town. It was soon furnished with our own mat and cooking-utensils, neither chairs nor tables being known here; and the luxuries of undressing and enjoying a clean change of linen were of the highest kind.

After dining on a rice pilau at noon, I passed three or four hours agreeably in rambling through the town; and the evening was spent with the governor, whose divan was filled with visitors of all classes: soldiers, merchants, traders from Yemen, and Arabs from all parts of the surrounding country. Even Phannose paid his respects to the governor in person, filled his pipe, and was served with coffee by the men in waiting; but he persisted in his motive being rather to take care of me, than to gratify himself. Upon the whole, indeed, I had

much reason to be pleased with my reception and entertainment by the governor, Hassan Aga, who was more polite and intelligent than the generality of Turks in corresponding situations.

TOWN OF SUEZ.—FEBRUARY 19TH.—I was visited, very early in the morning, by an old Arab, of Suez, who spoke a few words in English, and who showed me some Grammatical Exercises in that language, with corresponding phrases in Turkish and Arabic, written by a Mr. John Jones, supercargo at this port, for the house of Forbes and Company, at Bombay, some few years since; as well as by a Greek captain of a vessel, who had been in London, and who spoke Italian very intelligibly; and obtaining from Hassan Aga, the governor, one of his soldiers as a guide, I was accompanied by those three in my walks through the town, to which I devoted most of the day, examining its interior, as well as making the circuit of its walls.

As a station for transporting the merchandise of the Red Sea to Cairo, and shipping off supplies of grain from Egypt to Arabia, considering the limited extent of the trade at the present moment, Suez answers the purpose most effectually; but as a town, scarcely any assemblage of houses, to which that name is given, can be imagined less deserving it. Situated on a point of land, faced by shallows toward the sea, and having a wide desert behind it, not a tree, a bush, or a blade of verdure, is anywhere to be seen. It has been recently enclosed with miserable walls, formed of stones loosely piled together, without cement, and having a range of loop-holes for musketry; though one need only be within ten paces of them, to be convinced that they would fall before the first discharge of half a dozen field-pieces. This wall surrounds it on three sides, leaving it open toward the north-east, where are the wharves for loading, and the scale for the boat harbour. The whole circuit of the town is, however, less than two British miles, its greatest length being north-west and south-east, and its shape irregular.

The many open spaces within the walls of Suez, unoccupied by buildings, leave little more than five hundred separate houses, among which are a great number ruined by the French, during the campaign in Egypt; others forming the temporary operations of strangers, and others again used only as magazines for merchandise. Like the majority of their dwellings at Cairo, the basements are built of hewn free-stone, above which wooden balconies project into the street, resting on the ends of stone beams, and the upper parts of the walls are built either of unbaked brick, or wood, with latticed windows, in the Arabic style. The lower door-ways, too, are generally surmounted with the carving and pointed arch of the Saracenic age, and appear to have been originally well finished. There are, proportioned to its size, an equal number of starving dogs, ragged Arabs, ugly women, and filthy children, as in this metropolis of Egypt itself; and its general resemblance of aspect proves its close affinity to the capital, as no colony could preserve the features of its great original in a more unadulterated manner than they are displayed here.

Although there is nothing at Suez which can deserve the name of a fortification, a company of forty or fifty soldiers are stationed here, and eight or ten pieces of cannon are mounted in different directions; but, like all the Turkish artillery I have yet seen, they are little calculated for show, and still less for service. Three mosques, and one small Greek chapel, are all the places of worship in the town; and these offer the best guide as to the proportion of numbers between the Mahomedan and Christian worshippers who visit them for devotion.

The fixed resident population, I have been assured from various quarters, does not exceed one thousand persons, employed as tradesmen, merchants, mechanics, porters, &c., while there are frequently in the town from two to ten thousand strangers, arriving either in caravans from Egypt, or in vessels from Arabia, and consisting of persons as varied as the quarters from whence they come; but as these are almost invariably the bearers of their own provisions, neither scarcity, nor an increased circulation of money, attend their arrival or departure, more particularly as their stay seldom exceeds a few days.

The first great necessity of life, and one for which so few substitutes can be found, is as deficient in quantity as it is disagreeable in taste. Every drop of water consumed here, except that used by camels, is brought in skins from wells in the neighbouring deserts, and from the opposite coast of Arabia; the summer price being about threepence per skin, though by strangers it can only be drunk either in coffee, wine, or spirits; the two last of which are articles scarcely ever to be found here, at any price. Although their supplies of the best Egyptian wheat are always regular, they make worse bread here than in any part of the East; and nothing but extreme hunger could make it palatable. No other meat than mutton is sold, and this is coarse, tough, lean, and exorbitantly dear; fowls, five piastres, or a dollar each; eggs ten paras, or threepence each; milk and butter, brought only to the governor and his officers; and fish, though said to abound in this sea, of bad quality, and extremely scarce. Under such circumstances, it is rather to be wondered at that its sta-

tionary inhabitants are not still less in number: but what are the privations to which the pursuit of gain will not reconcile men?—or the severer dictates of necessity enable them to bear?

Our evening was passed again at the governor's, in as large a company, and as agreeably as the preceding one. By turning the conversation on localities, the inhabitants were flattered, and at the same time, furnished me with many interesting particulars, with which I could only have become acquainted by indirect inquiry.

REVIEWS.

John Chinaman. Number 1. Svo. pp. 32. London: W. Brittain.

THIS is a very singular publication, and one which will doubtless attract a considerable share of public notice. It contains a lucid description of the opium trade; and proves that both English and Chinese are wrong in the manner in which they have conducted this affair. The publication is a species of Magazine, or Miscellany devoted to Chinese subjects, and contains two or three papers which are excellently written. We have both prose and verse; and of the latter we shall lay a specimen before our readers:—

"In his Lon-lon* chair Commissioner Lin
Leaned back, but not to repose;
For he switched his tail,
Like a thresher's flail,
And he twitched his rubicund nose:
And his foot he stamped on the porcelain floor,
As never a foot had been stamped before.
"If you call'th's words be true," he said,
"I stand a chance of losing my head."
So, after giving his nose a wipe,
He took seven puffs at his opium pipe.

"The Commissioner rose with an ominous start,
And his voice he raised on high:
Then the dong he smote till every part
Of the porcelain dome was shook thereby.
And again, and again, he called aloud,
Till around him gathered his menial crowd,
Who never before had seen such a grin
As adorned the cheeks of Commissioner Lin.
By each the Ko-row† was then deftly performed,
As the burly Commissioner raved and stormed;
At length he brake
The silence, and spake,
And his voice was as hollow and loud as a drum:
"Fe!—Fo!—Fi!—Fum!
I smell the breath of an Englishman:
Whether he be 'live, or whether he be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"
This oath he swore—and then toddled to bed."

This—if intended as such—is an excellent burlesque upon Ingoldsby's Legends, which are themselves burlesques upon ancient chronicles. There is in this number, the first portion of "The Pirate, a Tale of Chinese justice;" and from this we extract the following description of a shipwreck:—

"And, in obedience to the haul, the main-yard sprung round, the straining ropes yielded through their sheaves, and as the vessel veered upon a weather tack, the mainsail filled again, and she dipped her chains into the whitened foam beneath. So far all was safe, and the hands were immediately employed to clear the fragments which encumbered the rigging aloft. The setting sun now became obscured with dark and lurid clouds, the gusts in the weather beam pealed louder and louder, while to the leeward the dark and rugged mountain land became more fearfully apparent. The captain saw immediately the dangers which awaited him, and was on the point of giving orders for another tack, when a vivid flash of lightning struck the main-mast and shivered the iron-bound spar, which, reeling, fell overboard into the yawning gulf beneath. A dozen hatchets in a few seconds cleared it from the rattlins, and once more the vessel righted on the waves. At this instant, a shout was raised on the fore-castle, breakers a-head, to which it was evident the ship, now almost unmanageable, was drifting with the current and the tide; and as it neared the roaring reef, inevitable destruction appeared the only alternative. 'Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave.' It was now that the fearful reality of their danger burst upon them, as they perceived the vessel drifting mid-channel of a current which poured and rushed in gushing foam between the dark and mountainous reef; in a few moments they were passed, only to encounter a danger more appalling. The sudden gusts of wind gave no steady power to her canvass, and in passing the shoal the rudder was unshipped. Thus there was no chance of escape, except in the merciful dispensation of that Providence, which directs even the fall of a sparrow. Dismantled and disabled, *The Lady Anne*, 'mid darkness and breakers, on a strange coast, was borne towards land, and before anything more could be done, a heavy swell of the tide dashed the vessel on the beach, and the next moment retiring, left her high and dry on shore. The tempest raged fearfully during the night, but when the morning dawned all was peace and calm, and but for the wreck before them, the poor mariners might have been unconscious of the events of the evening. At an early hour the beach was crowded with a troop of Chinese from a neighbouring village, whose kindly offices were proffered and gladly accepted by the sufferers. Every comfort, such as China hospitality can provide, was lavishly expended; and when these were afforded, arrangements were

entered into for the sale of the vessel and its stores, which has effected; and the bargain being concluded, a junk was hired to convey the crew to Macao."

An Address to the Working Classes on the Advantages of Total Abstinence. By JOHN BEATON. 12mo. pp. 23. London: Shaw and Sons.

THIS is a very clever, though perfect unpretending little pamphlet, and will doubtless effect much good in the Teetotal world. We shall select a few paragraphs for extract, and thus afford specimens to justify our favourable opinion of the work:—

"Teetotalism will make you a more temperate, a more enlightened, and a more moral class of men, and in proportion as you become temperate, enlightened, and moral, so will you be respected. It is the only ground upon which you can reasonably demand political power, and it is the only ground upon which no government can refuse your demands."

No one can resist the force of the following very excellent argument:—

"The principle of life is the same in a horse as a man. Is not that animal capable of the severest labour? Are not the muscles finely developed? And what does it live upon? Solid food and water. Can any argument be more convincing than this, that the more simple the fluids taken into the stomach, the better for health and vigour. We all know and admit that if men gorge enormously, they require a stimulating drink to force the action of the stomach—but avoid the first evil, and there will be no necessity for the second."

We conclude this notice of a very excellent Address to the working classes with the following judicious observations:—

"You are all aware that the drinker's loss does not end with his money; there is his time, his health, his independence, his character, his domestic comfort. Now, if the man who is in the habit of drinking freely intoxicating liquors, at once discontinues the practice, he will in the first place save his money, and employ his time in earning more, thus producing a double advantage; he will find his health improved, his character respected, the real comforts of life at his command, and his labour always in demand as a man to be relied upon. The blessings that flow to the wife and family of a temperate man are inconceivable to those who have never experienced them; in such families you generally meet with peace and contentment, and, however moderate their income, a portion is frequently saved, which gives a humble independence to the character of the individuals, and protects them against the tyranny of arbitrary employers."

Sacramental Wines. BY ANDREW GILMOUR. Minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Congregation of Grenock. 12mo. pp. 64. Glasgow: G. Gallie; London: J. Pasco.

THE "Wine Question" (as the subject of the fermented or unfermented wines of the Hebrews is generally denominated in the Teetotal world) has so long agitated the disciples of and opponents to the doctrine of entire abstinence from all inebriating liquors, that the profound and learned disquisition now before us will prove most welcome to the friends of Teetotalism, as being calculated to settle the dispute. Whether the generality of the Hebrew wines were intoxicating or not, we care but little; being well convinced that the Saviour neither countenanced nor created such deleterious moral and physical poisons. The reasoning in this work is ingenious. The author begins by showing that many Hebrew substantives are direct derivatives from verbs expressing some characteristic or quality belonging to those substantives: thus *lion* is derived from a verb expressing "to snatch, or seize suddenly;" *eagle* comes from a verb meaning "to lacerate, or tear;" and *wine* emanates from a verb signifying "to squeeze." From this fact, it is fair to presume that the Hebrew word *wine* means only "the expressed juice of the grape;" and this supposition is borne out by many paragraphs quoted from Scripture by the Rev. Mr. Gilmour. Wine, in the Bible, is often alluded to as a blessing; but, were it that wine which intoxicates, it would have been spoken of as a curse. And indeed, in several instances it is thus alluded to, especially in the Book of Proverbs. "It brought disgrace upon Noah," says our author; "and stained the fair fame of Lot. It has proved, in the most emphatic sense of the expression, that, whatever those who indulge in it may think of it at the moment, 'at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'" That there were two kinds of wines existing amongst the Hebrews, is therefore evident; and hence it is fair to conclude that the sacramental wine used by the Saviour was the unfermented wine, that is the unintoxicating juice of the grape, which is either drunk before fermentation has taken place, or in which that fermentation is prevented by due precaution. Altogether, this is a most excellent publication, and one for which the Teetotal world should sincerely thank Mr. Gilmour. Especially were we struck by the truly unpretending and christian feeling in which it is written—the calmness of the reasoning, and yet the clearness and precision with which all the arguments are advanced. The style of

the work is perspicuous and correct,—chaste where ornament is proper,—harmonious in the structure of sentences, and mellifluous in the flow of periods,—animated and dignified where the topics admit of animation and dignity,—and never descending below the horizon of good sense, right taste, and sound judgment. The subject is illustrated by all the labours of diligence, and by all the resources of learning.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

SHREWSBURY.

A GENTLEMAN of this town, whose initials are J. M., has addressed to us a most feeling letter, in which he describes his conversion to the doctrines of Teetotalism through the agency of a lady. It appears that the sermon upon Teetotalism, lately preached at the Surrey Chapel by the Rev. Mr. SHERMAN, was the principal system of reasoning made use of by the lady; and its effects were almost immediate. J. M. deeply regrets "that he has not before given the moral aid of his example to so good a cause, which has been the means of rescuing thousands from wretchedness and woe." An extract from a letter written by the lady to J. M. before his conversion, is now given, as a specimen of the zeal with which the fair sex are advocating the principles of Teetotalism:—"By partaking of intoxicating liquors, you more or less sanction drunkenness. By abstaining, you may reclaim the drunkard,—nay, farther, you may be the means of saving a soul from death. Will you dare drink any more, when you compare the worth of an immortal soul with a glass of intoxicating drink?"

We before alluded to the first Teetotal meeting ever held at Hopton, a place upon the Holyhead-road, and a few miles distant from Shrewsbury. During the last few weeks, several more meetings have taken place there; and Mr. DRAYTON has on all occasions proved the most zealous and effective advocate. Due praise must also be accorded to MESSIEURS BROWN, GRANT, EDWARDS, and JONES. The second Teetotal meeting at Hopton was held on Monday, the 8th instant. The Chapel was literally crammed to excess. The audience was most impressively addressed by the Rev. H. TURNER (a clergyman of the Established Church), and by MESSIEURS CORFIELD, DRAYTON, &c. Mr. Drayton in particular seemed to rivet the attention of this rural audience: he is very justly termed the "Father Mathew of Shrewsbury." Altogether, the cause progresses most favourably at Shrewsbury, Hopton, and the vicinity.

MANCHESTER.

A NEW place of meeting has been opened in Wilmott-street, Hulme. On the initiative night, Mr. BOUTON, the respected Treasurer to the Manchester District Temperance Society, presided; and MESSIEURS LOMAX, POLLARD, GARRILL, &c., addressed the audience. On Sunday evening the 7th instant, Mr. LOMAX commenced a course of lectures in the meeting-room of the New Blakely-street Branch, upon his "twenty-one reasons for becoming a Teetotaler." Upwards of three hundred signatures have been obtained within a few weeks at this place of reunion. Mr. BIRCH lately delivered a lecture in the assembly-room of the Every-street Branch. The new Executive Committee of the Manchester Society are determined to burst the chains of party-spirit, and to keep Teetotalism distinct, as it should be, from Religion and Politics.

BRADFORD (YORKSHIRE).

ON Monday, February 8th, an excellent meeting took place at Undercliffe, in this district, Mr. BOOTH in the chair. MR. WOOLER (a reformed drunkard) stated that since he had emancipated himself from the chains of intemperance, his fears of the Sheriff and his officers were removed also. The alcohol was extracted from half a pint of beer, and burnt. The landlord of a public-house then came forward and honestly declared that he knew that Teetotalism was good, and that if he could obtain any other decent employment, he would abandon the sale of intoxicating liquors. Such a statement did honour to this man; and we are proud to record it in the columns of *The Teetotaler*. Another meeting took place at the Centenary Chapel, Bolling, on February 9th, on which occasion another reformed drunkard addressed the audience, and explained the details of his experience as a "drinker" and as a Teetotaler. He declared that when he now took an inventory of his cupboard, he found beef instead of red herrings, and comforts in addition to bare necessities. He beheld smiles upon the countenances of his wife and children. We hope that our correspondent, Mr. BULMER, will often favour us with a letter.

GREAT MARLOW.

A public meeting was held in the Mission-house, Dean-street, on Tuesday, February 9th, which was crowded to excess. The Rev. J. W. BURNHAM was called to the chair. The meeting was addressed by MESSIEURS DAVIS, ROBERTS, COOPER, WILKS, &c.,

* Bamboo chair.

† A humble act of respect.

THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION,

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER VI.

A SHORT CHAPTER, IN WHICH VARIOUS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS OF IMPORTANCE PASS BETWEEN SEVERAL HIGHLY INFLUENTIAL INDIVIDUALS.

SEVERAL days passed away, after the evening on which the luckless serenade took place; and Mr. Pickwick was finely laughed at by the Sago family when he called for the first time after that event. But as he had shown particular attention to Miss Teresina Hippolyta,—as he was reputed to be well off,—and as all prudent mammas are anxious to secure a good match for their daughters in these times of commercial embarrassment and agricultural distress,—and, lastly, as the minds of bachelors were generally supposed to be in an unsettled state, in consequence of the dreary aspect of the political horizon,—all these things being considered, I say, it is not to be wondered at if Mr. Pickwick were welcomed as cordially as ever in Wood-street, in spite of the disturbance of which he had been the author.

It was on the day of the ball, which Mr. Pickwick had promised to attend, that Mr. Samuel Weller presented his revered master with two letters which had arrived by the twopenny post. The contents of the first ran as follows:—

"My dear sir,—I have not sent for your reply to my proposals ere this, because I was determined to give you due time to reflect upon the immense advantages you will reap from embarking your money in the Bank of New Holland, and allowing your name to appear as a Director upon the prospectus of this establishment.

"Anxiously awaiting your reply,

"I remain, my dear sir,

"Yours most truly,

"JOSEPH SWINDLEHEM."

Mr. Pickwick read this letter aloud; and explained to his faithful attendant Sam, the nature of Mr. Swindlehem's propositions.

"Ay, I daresay he would be very well pleased to have both your name and your money," exclaimed Mr. Weller very seriously; "and rayther the money than the name too, may be. But jist let me answer this here little note: I know how to tackle them kind o' fellers, as the bandle said ven the charity-school boys broke out in rebellion."

Mr. Pickwick abandoned the letter to his valet, who forthwith indited the ensuing reply:—

"sir, i hain't no manner o' doubt in my mind but that you has the interest of me and pickwick and all on us wery much at art, and consekvently is exceedin' anxious to show us how to lay out money to advantage: there's a many wery philanthropic gen'lemen like you now existin' in the city, but I'm wery much afeard your admirayble views isn't dooly appreciated. This must be wery galling, as the jocky said ven the horse kicked cos o' the crupper. it would howsomever be wastly encroachin' of us as is strangers to you to okkipy your attention with our affares; and this needn't offend you, cos it's the wery same observation as the gen'leman made to Bloody Mary ven she asked him whether he'd rayther be hanged, beheaded, or burnt. so no more at present from your wery dewoted servant,

"SAMUEL VELLER."

While Sam was busily engaged in composing this note at a table in Mr. Pickwick's dressing room at the house of Mr. Snodgrass, the learned gentleman himself was conning the contents of the other letter he had received. Those contents were as follows:—

"Sir,—I have been fated during my scientific career to encounter many of those stumbling blocks with which ignorance so frequently be-

strews the path of genius; but the keenest insult I have ever experienced was that which was offered to me at a time when I was about to give to the world, through the medium of the Mudfog Association, the results of my discoveries in Entomological Science. That insult, I received from Professor Grime, with whose unprofessional and ungentlemanly conduct I hasten to acquaint you, as you are yourself one of the corresponding members of that Association. The paper, which I have the honour to transmit to you, was read over to several gentlemen of profound information on the science to which it relates, and at the time I was not aware of the presence of Professor Grime: indeed, he was up to that moment unknown to me. I was interrupted—rudely interrupted by a strange chuckling noise resembling the gurgling of a choaking frog; and, looking round, I beheld the professor, his mouth hideously elongated, his cheeks puckered up like a dried Normandy pippin, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his whole visage distorted in a remarkable manner. Surprised and disgusted, I ceased reading, and cast on the Professor a look which might have checked any man not entirely dead to the finer feelings of our nature;—but, unabashed, he continued his hideous grimace. 'Sir,' cried I, my naturally harmonious voice rendered hoarse by resentment, 'sir, are you disposed to insult me?'—'Not at all,' was his reply, uttered with provoking coolness; but he smiled more hideously than before.—'What is there to provoke your derision, sir?' I cried: 'is there anything of a ludicrous nature in my paper?'—'Nothing,' replied he;—'but I was thinking that he who could write so lucidly on such a subject must be intimately acquainted with that animal which the immortal Shakspeare tells us is a familiar beast to man, and that indeed your very head must be a store-house for Entomological curiosities.'—My good genius interposed at the moment, or I should have annihilated the Professor,—or at all events have so far abridged his existence as to have knocked him into the middle of the next week. I however reined in my wrath and turned to my auditors, whom, to my horror, I found convulsed with laughter, two or three of them being literally black in the face. I saw that the Professor had his triumph: philosophy yielded to the cap and bells; I thrust my treatise into my pocket with something approaching to an oath, and vowed that the Mudfog Association should not be irradiated by any effort of mine. To be brief, I have determined upon submitting it to your judgment, sir, and hope that it will obtain for me an introduction to your especial notice.

"Your obedient and admiring servant,

"DIONYSIUS GRUBB,

"Professor of Entomology; Corresponding Member of the F. U. D. G. E. Society, &c. &c."

In the same envelope, which contained this epistle, was the invaluable treatise that had been so scurvily treated by Professor Grime. Mr. Pickwick hastened to place it before his eyes and spectacles; and we hasten to place it before our readers:—

"ENTYMOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

"I.—SCARABÆUS LONDINENSIS, Cuvier:
COAL-PORTER, Neumann.

"The most interesting specimens of this genus are found in great numbers near Whitefriars Docks. Their heads are characterised by a peculiar covering, which extends over the back, completely hiding and protecting the neck. The legs are party-coloured, and have a dusky white appearance towards the feet. This the insect sheds and renews hebdomadally. They live principally by absorption of liquids, having an apparatus peculiarly adapted to the purpose of suction. Cuvier was right in adopting the name

given to these insects by Schamenberghen—*hofsensedenigger*, the only legitimate specimens of the creature being found in the metropolis.

"II.—SCARABÆUS PAROCHIALIS, Cuvier:
PARISH BEADLE, Neumann.

"The *Scarabæus Parochialis* is a dull heavy insect, but easily provoked, and, when irritated, becomes spiteful. Its prevailing colour is blue, and the edge of the wings are beautifully tipped with gold fringe, which on the older *scarabæi* of this genus is however less brilliant. Its head has two lateral projections terminating in points and ornamented by a gold border similar to that which appears on the wings. Its disposition, as we before remarked, is at times extremely irritable; and on a fine morning it may be seen flying at the boys across the churchyards, which it constantly haunts, especially on Sundays. Its dislike to paupers is a remarkable characteristic of this instinct, while it is equally notorious that it will plume itself, and express by animated flutterings its great delight at the approach of an over-aer or churchwarden. There is a species of this race of insect to be seen on some of the metropolitan bridges, or in Covent-Garden Market, &c. &c. This latter species resembles the former in all its respects save the lateral projections of the head, and is generally furnished with a dusky brown proboscis, the extremity of which is of a brilliant red. Like the legitimate species, it has a great antipathy to boys, and often attacks horses upon the bridges, and old women in the markets, with the ferocity of the gad-fly. A fine specimen of this insect may be seen on either London or Blackfriar's Bridge.

"III.—TIPULÆ, Cuvier:
TIPLERS, Neumann.

"*Tipulæ* are characterised by their lengthened and attenuated forms. They may be seen swarming round the *Thomas* and *Jeremiah Shops* on a fine summer's evening. The varieties are numerous. Specimens of various kinds may be found in the workhouses, the lunatic-asylums, the hospitals, the gaols, the hulks, the debtors' prisons, &c. They die off very rapidly, and are liable to a thousand terrible diseases.

"IV.—TEETOTALERÆ, Cuvier:
TEETOTALERS, Neumann.

"A fine insect, whose principal drink is water. These insects are quite distinct from the *Tipulæ*, and are never to be found near the haunts of the latter. They are active and laborious, like the bee, and gather provisions in summer against the winter. Their utility is great, and their length of life extraordinary.

"V.—HUMBUGÆ, Cuvier:
HUMBUGS, Neumann.

"A species of insect which has greatly increased within the last half century. They are a bold and obstinate insect, and are particularly fond of associating with the timid and the unwary. Their voracity is great; and whenever they make an inroad into the habitations of other insects, they never leave until they have consumed everything. A great many of them flock round the court of the sovereign, and some hundreds frequent the Houses of Parliament. Others have found their way into the offices of the journals, and the houses of the publishers, in the metropolis. They are not less attached to many banking-houses, insurance companies, and divers joint-stock companies, which have been lately started in London. Fine specimens of the genus of Humbugs may be seen in some of the government offices at the present time, particularly at the Treasury and the Horse-Guards."

Mr. Pickwick concluded the perusal of this entertaining paper with regret. There seemed to his capacious mind to be a great deal of sound

judgment necessary to distinguish the various characteristics even of insects; and he felt anxious to form the acquaintance of Mr. Dionysius Grubb. He accordingly wrote a letter to that gentleman, to invite him to dinner on the following Sunday, as he was enabled to do just as he liked at the house of his friend Mr. Snodgrass.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE INTEMPERATE.

In Prout's *Bridgewater Treatise* we read the following excellent observations:—"Providence has gifted man with reason: to his reason therefore is left the choice of his food and drink, and not to instinct, as among the lower animals. It thus becomes his duty to apply his reason to the regulations of his diet, to shun excess in quantity, and all that is noxious in quality, to adhere in short to the simple and the natural, amongst which the bounty of his Maker has afforded him an ample selection; and beyond which if he deviates, sooner or later he will suffer the penalty." Actuated by these impressions, we select that substantial food which pleases our palates and benefits our frames; but we do not obey the same wise regulation with regard to drink. Mankind has long degraded his character, and destroyed his health by not using his discrimination in choosing wholesome liquors and eschewing poisons. Man will not eat arsenic; but he will drink alcohol! Arsenic produces an almost instantaneous effect upon the human frame; but alcohol is more slow, though not less fatal in the end; and hence does short-sighted man neglect a peril which is at a distance, while he avoids with horror the danger that is near.

"Intemperance," observes the author of *Bacchus*, "diminishes and finally destroys the vital powers—that property possessed by the human frame which may be denominated the self-preserving power of nature. The vital power is that mysterious influence which pervades all living matter, imparting life, vigour, and animation, in addition to the power of sustaining existence for a limited period." Having explained the principles and conditions of life, Mr. Grindrod continues thus:—"Intemperance thus shortens the duration of human life. Each act of indulgence decreases the energy and strength of the vital power, until at last the unhappy victim of strong drink falls an unavoidable and premature victim to his unnatural career." For man to have recourse to alcoholic liquors, is to fly in the face of his Maker, and wantonly abridge that existence which the Deity intended to extend to a certain period, if properly cared for.

In every twenty-four hours, the skin, upon an average, parts with twenty ounces of useless matter. This waste must be constantly supplied; and in addition to this medium of waste, there are other channels, which also demand restoration. The use of alcoholic liquor effectually prevents the organs of restoration from executing their duties in a healthy and suitable manner. Mr. Grindrod, speaking upon this subject, says,—"Intemperance in two ways injures the human system,—1st. in preventing the effectual separation of old and useless matter; and 2nd. in the new matter not being possessed of the healthy nature essential to proper restoration. In the one case, the system becomes laden with matter not possessing vitality, which consequently diminishes from its self-preserving powers: in the other, particles of crude matter are lodged in the system, and are injurious in their consequences in proportion to their unfitness to supply nutrition."

We cannot refrain from transferring to our columns the following appalling statements given in *Bacchus*:—"Medical men of experience in the metropolis are familiar with the fact that confirmed beer-drinkers in London cannot scratch their fingers without risk of their lives. A copious London beer-drinker is all one vital part. He wears his heart upon his sleeve, bare to a death-wound, even from a rusty nail or the claw of a cat. The worst patients brought into the metropolitan hospitals are those apparently fine models of health, strength, and soundness, the London dray-men. It appears that when one of these men receives a serious injury, it is always necessary to amputate, in order to give the patient the most distant chance of life." The dray-men have the unlimited privilege of the brewer's cellar. Sir Astley Cooper, on one occasion, was called to a dray-man—a powerful, fresh-coloured, healthy-looking man, who had suffered an injury in his finger from a small splinter of a stove. Suppuration had taken place in the wound, which appeared but of a trifling description. This distinguished surgeon, as usual, opened the small abscess with a lancet. Upon retiring, however, he ascertained that he had forgotten his lancet-case. Returning to recover it, he found his patient in a dying state. In a few hours the unfortunate man was a corpse. Every medical man in London above all things dreads a beer-drinker for his patient in a surgical case."

Some forty years ago there flourished a London dray-man of large proportions, a regular beer-bibber, and known by the name of Big Ben. Ben was reckoned one of the strongest men within the bills of mortality; and he was occasionally seen showing off as second in these prize-boxing matches which used to delight our

moral and intelligent ancestors—those same ancestors who have handed down to us their drinking customs. When stripped of his upper garments, and engaged in the attitudes of this brutalizing sport, seldom or never had there been exhibited a frame so robust, or one which promised better to endure the shocks which might assail it. "There stands," you would have said, "an invulnerable giant: death will certainly find it no very easy matter to level him." Yet for all this apparent hearty strength, Ben was brought down by an injury which would not have seathed a child. One day his hand received a slight graze from the wheel of a passing carriage in the crowded street:—the skin was only ruffled! Ben wiped away the starting blood, and thought no more of the matter: in one week afterwards Big Ben was in his grave!

A clergyman in Leicestershire, some years ago, who was accustomed to drink his bottle of wine every day after dinner, and who at the age of sixty-three boasted that he had never had a day's illness of any kind in his life, shortly after this assertion trod upon a nail protruding from the floor of his bed-room. He merely grazed his heel the slightest thing in the world, and of course paid but little attention to that which appeared so trivial an incident. When he awoke in the morning, his leg was swollen, and his foot much inflamed. Poultries were applied to the wounded part. A medical attendant was summoned in the evening, and the wound was washed with a preparation of caustic. On the following evening amputation of the limb was declared necessary; and on the fourth morning after the occurrence of the accident, the patient died. A relative commented upon the uncertainty of human life when a nail would take it away. "You do not sufficiently extend your view of the causes of your friend's death," said the medical man; "the wound inflicted by the nail would have been harmless, had it not been for the bottle of Port wine which the patient drank every day after dinner. His life hung upon a thread; and although that thread remained unbroken for so many years, the slightest touch that was given to it, instantly snapped it. There are thousands—nay, millions of men, whose lives depend upon a no more certain tenure. And this horrible condition of existence is brought about by their own folly!" These observations produced such an effect upon the gentleman to whom they were addressed, that he instantly determined to abandon all intoxicating liquor: he has signed no pledge; but he has kept his word most faithfully since the period of his vow.

ON SUICIDE

POLONIUS.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?
HAMLET.—Into my grave!

HAMLET.

I HAVE often observed how ambitious we weak mortals are to throw an air of grandeur over our designs, our thoughts, and our actions,—how desirous we are that the most insignificant of them should appear in public under an imposing exterior. And perhaps it is not to be wondered at, that we should do so: we naturally regard our thoughts and our actions as a sensitive parent does his children. We are partial to them as emanating from ourselves, and are ambitious that they should appear to advantage in the eyes of others. Yet as the fond father, who ostentatiously introduces his lubberly boy to his friend, as a prodigy, with the proud exclamation of "My son, sir!" is often cruelly mortified at seeing the said son turn out half an idiot; so a man is sometimes annoyed at seeing the contemptible nothingness of his favourite ideas, and his most studied actions, peeping out visibly from beneath the approved garb in which he has carefully endeavoured to clothe them. We often, however, succeed in dazzling the eyes of many; the *éclat* of an action will frequently prevent its cruelty or its injustice from being seen; the bold daring of a crime will in many cases eclipse its turpitude, as the beautiful colours of the rainbow will sometimes divert our attention from the shower which is wetting us to the skin. In all ages this desire has prevailed;—in all ages it has succeeded more or less. Who is more celebrated than Alexander the Great? Yet he was an unprincipled monarch! The victorious career of Sylla, and the apparent magnanimity of his resignation, cast a gloss over his crimes. Both he and Caius Marius are more often thought of as noble conquerors than as base assassins, as they were. In reading the triumphs of Cæsar and Pompey, we, even at this distant period, forget, as we read, that they deluged Rome with the blood of her best and bravest citizens. Cæsar in particular is regarded as a hero, while his victim, Cato, a far better man, is scarcely remembered, because he was vanquished; or, if he be remembered at all, it is with a feeling of contempt for his suicide—for that death which we regard in a far different light from the poet, who lauds the noble *bellum* of that last of the Romans! And to come down to our own times, how few, as they reflect upon the brilliant career of Napoleon, ever think of the waste of life which his conquests occasioned!

The love of fame has in many instances prompted a man to commit suicide, as it urged Erostratus to fire Diana's temple, although he knew that death would follow his exploit. What! is this longing after notoriety so deeply implanted in the human breast, that even if we cannot render ourselves conspicuous by the terror of our lives, we seek to make ourselves notorious

by our manner of dying? There is a certain charm about this posthumous fame; and though these imitators cannot hope to rival the celebrity of Sappho or of Cato, yet there appears to be a certain degree of romance attached to suicide, which an acts upon certain persons as to induce them to commit a great crime for the sake of being talked of after they are dead, although they can never enjoy the fruits of their bold deed, even if it bear any.

The coroner who presided at the inquest on Lord Castlereagh was right, when he asserted it as his belief that every man who committed suicide was more or less under the influence of insanity. It must be so—even though the insanity be but momentary. Mere distress of mind cannot induce a man to give up all hopes in this world, and to rush unbidden, and reeking hot with crime, into the presence of his Maker:—his distress must first unbinge the mind upon which it acts, before a man can be reconciled to the idea of laying violent hands upon himself. Some men, it is true, commit suicide from apparently trivial causes; others will endure the most cruel misfortunes and deprivations, yet never think of committing suicide at all. This is the natural result of the different degrees of mental sensibility in different individuals, in consequence of which some people are as deeply affected by the death of a pet dog, as others are by the loss of a wife or a fortune.

Some people deny that there is any insanity in the matter, and maintain that it is a mark of courage to cut short our existence when we are overwhelmed with misfortune. What a miserable self-deception is this! There is far more real courage in breasting bravely the flood of misfortune, than is required to commit an act of self-destruction. If, again, the desire of making a noise in the world have some influence over the diseased mind of the suicide, how miserably is he deceived in his expectations! If the suicide could but dream in his grave, to which he has hurried himself, of the ill-natured remarks to which his crime gives rise, he would be ready to rise from his blood-stained tomb with indignation!

Many individuals imagine that when a sensitive and high-wrought spirit has received some irreparable wound, it is a deed of noble daring to seek a speedy relief from intolerable sufferings in the forgetfulness of the tomb. Weak, unfortunate man! Does the suicide hope to find in death the oblivion which he seeks? How dearly will he purchase one little moment of forgetfulness when the day of judgment shall arouse him from his tomb and reveal his condemnation to eternal woes! Empidocles in ancient times, and a young English nobleman a few years ago, plunged into the crater of Vesuvius: the flames of that mount were but a small foretaste of the fires of hereafter!

I do not mean to offer an excuse for suicide on the ground of insanity: far from it. I look upon it as a crime—a great, a crying crime. The high, the noble, and the good, have destroyed themselves, it is true—and a lamentable fact it is, that by so doing they have encouraged others to follow their example. Even granting that the suicide be insane at the very moment of committing the dreadful act, he is still criminal in not having resisted feelings, often criminal in themselves, which have brought him to such a state. Napoleon Bonaparte issued an ordinance in respect to suicide, and declared that to "fly from a misfortune without resisting it is the same as abandoning the field of battle without having conquered."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PAST.

By Robert Styles.

Ere chaos into order rose,
And matter from its dark repose,
Roused by the voice of God,
Form'd sea and continent, and Isle,
And light and beauty, from His smile,
Their glories spread abroad:

Ere Time began his measured flight,
The Past appear'd in mystic light,
A boundless, trackless sea:
And man is lost in deep profound,—
For who that awful gulf can sound—
A past Eternity!

The finite never was designed,
To pass the boundary defined,
That ceaseless link to trace,
Which binds all living worlds to Him
Before whose throne the Seraphim
Low bow with wing-veil'd face!

But e'en the history of Time
Presents to man a height sublime—
To which he cannot soar:
Where wonders follow wonders, till
The more he thinks, the mystery still
Bewilders him the more.

The history of the world is fraught
With subject deep for serious thought,
But our own lives present
A scene which memory can recal,
Where truth is found; if found at all—
Our living monument!

On which inscribed our hopes and fears,
Our struggles, sorrows, smiles, and tears,
And failings truly drawn—
A lesson gives which makes us wise,
And trains us for those happier skies
Where perfect light shall dawn;

Where the eternal Present reigns,
Nor sun e'er sets, nor moon e'er wanes,
Nor heard or sigh or groan—
Where Time nor Death can ever blight,
But all shall dwell in love and light,
And know, as they are known.

THE SCULPTOR OF FLORENCE.

A TALE.

OUR tale commences upon one of those delicious evenings when the splendour of an Italian sunset, and the beauties of an Italian sky, seem purposely adapted by nature to imbue with tenderness and joy the hearts of those lovers who seek the shady groves, or wander on the banks of the Arno, to breathe in each other's ears renewed vows of affection and fidelity. The balmy breeze was laden with the perfume of sweet flowers; the feathered choristers of the woods were closing their daily harmony with a few plaintive and touching notes of melody; and already were the lamps bright and numerous in many of the gay cassinos which adorned the vale of Arno. The towers and spires of the city of Florence were for a moment gilded with the departing rays of the setting sun; the mighty dome, which at that period adorned the ducal palace, shone as if it were covered with a sheet of the most precious of metals; and then a soft and delicious twilight succeeded the evanescent effulgence of that splendid sunset.

The period to which we allude was the middle of the sixteenth century: and on the evening in question, and at about the hour of sunset, two forms might have been distinguished in a secluded spot on the banks of the Arno. They walked slowly up and down the place, which they had evidently selected as one of rendezvous; and, from the melancholy which pervaded their countenances, and the earnestness of their conversation, an imaginative mind might gather all their history of hopeless and unchangeable love—of passion which some stern command or unkind fate refused to render happy—of vows which were probably never to be fulfilled—and of promises which young hearts so long, so tenaciously, and so faithfully cling to.

By what we have ere now said, the reader will have no difficulty in perceiving that the individuals to whom we have partially introduced him were a lover and his fond mistress—a youth and a beautiful girl, on both of whom nature had been prodigal in the distribution of her embellishments. The former was tall and handsome, with a countenance cast in a Grecian mould, and had a slender though sinewy form, which the vesture of the age set off to peculiar advantage. His companion was nearly as tall as he: and her graceful figure, with her long robe dragging upon the ground, resembled the Madonnas whom the artists of those times loved to trace upon their canvases. Her large black eyes were suffused in tears—her vermilion lips, apart, disclosed a set of the whitest teeth—and her scarf falling from her shoulders, revealed short glimpses of a bust of which the low corsage then in fashion could not conceal the snowy beauties.

"Wherefore thus distress yourself, Leonora?" said the youth, in a soothing tone of voice. "Destiny cannot have so sad a fate in store for us."

"Oh, Manuel!" exclaimed the weeping girl; "my father is inflexible; and, as he himself declared, the laws of the Persians and the Medes were not more unalterable than his will. The Marquis of Appiani is rich and powerful; he is the favourite of the Grand Duke—and through his influence my father hopes to re-establish his fallen fortunes."

"True—alas! it is too true, Leonora," said the young man, striking his forehead with his hand. "Appiani is wealthy and great—and I a poor sculptor and artist, without a name—a wretch whose daily toils are scarcely sufficient to procure him his daily bread! Oh! Leonora—Leonora!"

"Do not give way to despair, Manuel."

"And yet you dare not bid me hope, Leonora!"

There was a bitterness of woe in the words of each, which went to the hearts of the disconsolate lovers.

"And yet," said Manuel, hastily, and after a long pause—"and yet I have one chance of acquiring fortune, fame, and the consent of your sire, Leonora; but it is madness—it is childish to entertain so ambitious a design."

"Speak! speak!" cried Leonora, a ray of hope animating her pale countenance. "Speak: in situations like ours, I could fain see flowers of hope growing on the verge of impossibility itself."

"Leonora," said the youth, in a solemn and impressive tone of voice; "in ten days the exhibition of the prize statues takes place. The Grand Duke awards a laurel crown, a princely fortune, and a title to him who produces the best statue of St. Cecilia. Michael Angelo—the pride of Italy, and the wonder of the whole world—Michael Angelo is the judge; and he is as impartial as he is just in his perception of real merit."

"All this I know, Manuel," cried Leonora, somewhat impatiently. "But what reference has it to our position? You are aware that my father has fixed the wedding to take place on the day succeeding the one which marks the election of the happy artist, who shall please the great Michael Angelo by his talent and his labour."

"I know that you will laugh at me, Leonora—that you will fancy my words to be the ravings of an idiot, or a conceited fool," continued Manuel, impetuously; "but all may not be so vain and futile as you think. I have prepared my statue also; I have worked night and day for months past."

"Hence those hollow eyes—that pale countenance!" interrupted Leonora, glancing tenderly at her lover.

"Ah! I have toiled as never yet man toiled," pro-

ceeded the enthusiastic youth; "and my work is complete, save the arm which supports the lyre. Three strokes of the chisel and it is finished! And my St. Cecilia is the counterpart of my Leonora; else had not the statue stood the slightest chance of success!"

"Manuel, you have not been guilty of this impudence!" said Leonora, in a melancholy tone of voice, which went like a dagger to the heart of her lover.

"Oh! it is too true," returned the sculptor, after a moment's pause. "But do not laugh at my folly. I cling to that statue, not as an artist—Oh! no—as a lover. The Greeks concealed the most sublime truths in their fables; that of Pygmalion is my history. When I am with my statue I am not alone; and now that it is almost complete—now that it has the appearance of a lovely living object, I tremble before it as before you. It seems to me that the statue palpitates as I approach it; and then I kneel to it; and I imagine that sweet music issues from its lyre. Oh! that statue is now my only hope and joy!"

Leonora threw herself into the arms of her lover and wept bitterly. Her voice was lost in sobs; he kissed her chaste forehead, besought her to be calm, and when she had again recovered her presence of mind he resumed his discourse.

"When the Grand Duke had filled all Italy with the news of his proclamation relative to the intended competition, of which Michael Angelo was invited to be the judge and arbiter, a sudden idea struck me that I would hew from a shapeless block of marble the image of the most faultless of God's creatures. And I have succeeded, Leonora; and oh! I know not what urges me thus to hope; but I feel that if my statue be exhibited on the day appointed, the prize will be awarded to him who sculptured it."

The hope that thus illuminated the mind of the enthusiastic Manuel speedily communicated its invigorating influence to the bosom of his Leonora; and she smiled through her tears at her lover, as she poured forth her sanguine anticipations and heartfelt wishes that the laurel crown should encircle his brow.

"And, oh!" said the beautiful girl, as she leant upon the arm of Manuel, "how dear in after life will be this spot to us both. It was here," she continued, in a more playful tone, "that we first met, Manuel—here that you first told me that you loved me—here that your first statue of the Virgin was placed, for pilgrims to kneel to—and here that you first disclosed the existence of your St. Cecilia."

Scarcely had Leonora ceased speaking, when the lovers drew near to a remarkable image of the mother of our Saviour, which ornamented the spot. It had been placed there agreeably to the will of a miser, who had died a few years previously; and the moderate pecuniary tender of Manuel to the executors of the bequest had procured for him the sculpture of that monument of a miser's penitence and charity in the hour of death. The lovers drew near the statue and gazed upon it in silence.

"The hand that moulded this form will one day produce works which shall be the glory of Italy," said a solemn voice; and in a moment an old man, whom the shades of evening had hitherto concealed from the view of the lovers, stood before them; but even in the dubious light of that hour, they could not fail to mark his keen dark eyes, his venerable grey hair, and his modest attire, which gave him the appearance of a patriarch-shepherd of the olden time.

"And yet so splendid a production is suffered to remain in the public road," continued the old man, surveying the outlines of the statue as he spake. "I examined it this morning when it was light, and it is faultless."

"You are then a judge in these matters, old man," said Manuel, hastily.

"A little," returned the venerable stranger, carelessly. "I once made them my study."

"And do you attach much importance to a work which scarcely occupied the sculptor a month to complete?" resumed Manuel.

"Even in a rough design the germinations of great talent may be discernible," was the reply. "But how know you that only a month—"

"Because it is the poor fruit of my toil," said Manuel, anticipating the stranger's question.

"Ah! this is a strange coincidence, then," observed the old man; and with a chuckling laugh he added, "But may I be informed if you have prepared a St. Cecilia for the election that is to take place a week or ten days hence?"

"What artist in Florence has not?" demanded Manuel, impatiently; for there was something in the manner of his interrogator he liked not. He accordingly bade the inquisitive stranger farewell, and having conducted his beautiful Leonora to the gate of her father's cassino, he hastened back to the modest apartments which he occupied in a humble dwelling, situate in one of the most obscure streets of the city of Florence.

Manuel was met at the door of his apartments by a laughing, fair-haired, bright-eyed, intelligent youth, of sixteen, who ran to him and embraced him fervently, crying at the same time, "Good news, dear brother Manuel; we have gold enough now for many days!" and he displayed a well-filled purse as he repeated his ejaculations.

"Whence came that money, Stephano?" demanded Manuel.

"From the sale of the statue of St. Peter you gave me to take to Solomon the Jew, this morning," was the immediate reply.

"And Solomon gave you thirty ducats?" said Manuel, in a tone of unaffected surprise.

"No, no—not he!" answered Stephano, with an arch smile. "But I will not keep you in suspense, dear Manuel; I was hastening to old Solomon's shop, with the little statue in my hands; when, as I passed the grand exhibition hall, I just stepped in to see the statues that are already sent thither. An old man dressed like a countryman, with white hair—"

"And a cap without a plume?" said Manuel, hastily.

"Exactly," replied Stephano. "Do you know him?"

"I have seen him this evening," said Manuel. "Proceed!"

"Well, this identical old man, then, was busily examining the statues with a most critical eye, and peering at each as if he were the best judge of all their respective merits in Christendom, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'What a splendid production!' I turned round, and saw that he was gazing at your little statue of St. Peter, which I held in my hands. 'Is that yours, young man?' said he. I replied that it was my brother's; he asked your name and place of residence, and I could not help telling him the truth. 'Manuel Ascanio?' cried he, repeating the name several times. 'What! he who was employed to sculpture the statue of the Madonna on the banks of the Arno? I only arrived here yesterday,' continued he, 'and I have already heard much about it.' I replied in the affirmative. He asked me to sell him the little statue I had with me; and when he offered me that purse, containing thirty ducats, for it, I was only too glad to make him close the bargain. Old Solomon would not have given us more than six ducats at the outside."

"This is a fortunate presage," said Manuel, "and argues well for the St. Cecilia."

"O my dear brother," cried Stephano, "I am so rejoiced that I have at last met some one who knows how to appreciate your works! I feel certain that you will succeed at the approaching exhibition."

"To supper and to bed, Stephano," exclaimed Manuel, without noticing his brother's observations. "I must arise betimes to visit the gallery and inspect the statues of my rivals. My own performance shall not be placed there before the grand day of trial."

Manuel slept soundly that night, for hope beat high in his breast; and in his dreams he saw Leonora smiling upon him. He fancied that all obstacles would be speedily removed, and that he should shortly lead the beautiful girl to the altar, where his most sanguine anticipations were to be fulfilled. But when he awoke in the morning he recollected that he had still the Marquis of Appiani as his rival; and he hastened to the gallery, where the exhibition was to take place, to distract his mind for an hour or two from dwelling upon aught that was disagreeable to him.

Manuel had not left his modest dwelling half an hour when a loud knock summoned Stephano to the door; and in the visitor, who walked unceremoniously into the front room, the youth recognized the old man who had purchased the statue of St. Peter of him the day before. Stephano accordingly received him with all possible politeness, and desired him to be seated.

"Good morning," said the old man, sinking into a chair. "Is your brother within?"

"He is gone to inspect the statues," was the answer delivered in a respectful tone.

"Perhaps he intends to send one himself to the exhibition?" continued the stranger.

Stephano nodded an affirmative in a certain mysterious and arch manner, which implied that the matter was more than half a secret.

"I must see it," said the old man, abruptly.

"Impossible!" cried Stephano. "My brother has given me the most positive orders never to admit any one into his private studio."

"Did I not proffer you a good price for your little statue yesterday?" demanded the old man.

"You did; and I thank you," answered Stephano; "for never was money more welcome. We had not an ohole in the house."

"And in case your brother's statue does not obtain the prize," continued the stranger, "which is very probable, especially as some of the first artists have forwarded their works to the exhibition,—what would become of St. Cecilia then?"

Stephano's countenance became suddenly clouded, as he calculated the chances and consequences of his brother's failure. The stranger saw the advantage he had gained, and hastened to follow it up.

"In case your brother's statue should be rejected," said the old man, "I will purchase it."

"You!" exclaimed Stephano, starting from his seat.

"Yes—I!" calmly rejoined the stranger. "Although an humble individual, I fancy that I have some taste and discrimination in the fine arts; and I pledge myself to purchase the statue if it be rejected at the exhibition."

Stephano did not hesitate another moment.

"Follow me, then," said the youth; and he led the way to an inner apartment, in which the statue of St. Cecilia was standing upon its pedestal. That was the

room in which Manuel had toiled "as never before man had toiled"—in which he had devoted hours and days to the contemplation only of his magnificent work—in which a faithful lover had hewn from a shapeless block of marble an all but speaking counterpart of her he adored—in which he had reiterated in private all the vows and protestations he had ever made to Leonora during their evening walks. That was the room, in fine, where had been passed some of the most felicitous as well as some of the most wretched hours of Manuel's life! And that room contained the statue on which rested all his hopes—the symmetrical, the beautiful statue which was full of life, and meaning, and love, and tenderness to him—the statue which, although bearing the name of the patroness of music, might immortalize the transcendent beauties of her whom he loved so sincerely and so well.

"This is the statue!" said Stephano.

"A master-piece!" exclaimed the old man.

Stephano clapped his hands together in delight.

"It is no wonder that your brother kept this delicious image concealed from every eye!" cried the old man, with a smile of the most unfeigned rapture. "The very air—the very breath of mortals would almost seem to be capable of spoiling that fragile marble, and tainting that most exquisite flower of beauty—ah!" And the old man started as if he were suddenly bitten by a venomous reptile.

"Is anything the matter! Are you ill?" enquired Stephano, anxiously gazing upon the changed countenance of the stranger.

"No, boy, no," said the old man, in an agitated tone of voice. "But there is a fault—a greivous fault—or rather negligence in that statue. The arm which supports the lyre is incomplete."

"A fault! Oh no!" cried Stephano, "it cannot be!"

"A fault, I say," cried the stranger. "Three strokes of the chisel—three blows of the hammer, and that statue is complete."

And as he uttered these words, the old man seized the chisel and a hammer which lay upon the table near him, and approached the statue.

"Consider, signor!—what are you about?" cried Stephano, rushing forward, and catching the stranger by the skirt of his doublet.

"Boy, did I not say I would purchase that statue if it failed to please at the exhibition?" said the old man, calmly pushing Stephano aside. "I will forfeit a thousand ducats if I should spoil it," and he advanced towards the statue.

"And my brother!" cried Stephano.

"He will rejoice at what I'm about to do," was the reply.

Stephano urged no further objection, but stood trembling in the middle of the room, while the old man slowly and cautiously applied the chisel three times to the defective part of the statue, and then surveyed his work with admiration and delight. At that moment a knock was heard at the door. Stephano recognized his brother's signal, hurried the stranger into the front room, closed the studio, and hastened to admit Manuel, who started when he recognized in his visitor the individual he had spoken to the evening before on the banks of the Arno, at the statue of the Madonna.

"This is the gentleman who purchased the statue of St. Peter," said Stephano, presenting the stranger to his brother. "He has called to ascertain if you intend to exhibit a specimen of your abilities."

"Oh, no!" cried Manuel, in a sorrowful tone of voice; "I have just now inspected the statues already placed in the gallery, and see so much perfection there, that I dare not expose myself to the certainty of defeat and consequent disgrace."

"Be not discouraged, young man," exclaimed the stranger. "I am not vain, but I flatter myself I am able to discern merit where it exists; and by the specimens of your capabilities I have already seen—the Madonna and the St. Peter—I augur well in your favour."

The old man waited not for a reply; but having wished the brothers a hasty "good morning," he abruptly withdrew.

"Be not discouraged, dear brother," said Stephano, when the visitor had departed. "That individual is apparently a judge, and his opinion must not be lightly valued."

"Oh, Stephano! I have this day seen some splendid productions of art," exclaimed Manuel. "Let me contemplate my own statue once more, and thus acquire fresh hopes and fresh courage."

"One moment," said Stephano.

"No; come with me," cried Manuel; and he led his brother into the adjacent room.

Manuel cast one look at his statue, and gave a sudden start. He ran up to it, examined the arm, passed his hand over his eyes, and convinced himself that it was no delusion.

"Stephano!" said he, in a voice of thunder, as he turned hastily round to his terrified brother; "that individual who has just left the house—"

"Pardon me—and I will tell you all," cried Stephano, falling upon his knees.

"He applied the chisel to my statue!" ejaculated Manuel; "and there is only one man living who could touch it as he has touched it."

"Oh! my dear brother—pardon me!" cried Stephano, still trembling at Manuel's feet.

"And that old man—" continued the sculptor.

"Who is he?" said Stephano.

"Michael Angelo himself!" was the answer.

"Michael Angelo!" cried Stephano, leaping upon his feet. "Manuel, he will award you the crown, and we shall be rich and happy evermore."

"Michael Angelo is my friend!" exclaimed Manuel, in a paroxysm of the wildest joy. "Michael Angelo has seen my statue—Michael Angelo has been in my house! Oh! this mean dwelling will henceforth appear to me a palace! For Michael Angelo has been here—the pride of Italy—the wonder of Europe—and he has bade me hope! Stephano, I suffocate with joy! I fain would weep, and cannot! Oh that such unexpected happiness should have been in store for me!"

"He said your St. Cecilia was a *chef d'œuvre*, Manuel," cried Stephano. "The opinion of Michael Angelo is the opinion of Italy: a prophecy of Michael Angelo is an order of destiny. O what a great man has deigned to visit us! And what bounty on the part of Heaven is this!"

"What will happen to me during the next ten days I know not," said Manuel, solemnly; "but this I feel that I have just experienced the most profound emotion which a man can support. Another such a shock, of happiness or misery, would kill me on the spot, or send me a raving madman to a receptacle for the insane. But, O God! my prayers are pure, and thou canst change my crown of thorns into one of laurels!"

Ten days passed tediously away; and during that period Manuel had not a single opportunity of conversing with Leonora Vivaldi. Her father, who was well aware of her passion for the obscure sculptor, and who was desirous of accomplishing the union between her and the Marquis Appiani, ordered her to be so narrowly watched that she could not once repair to the usual place of rendezvous during the time that elapsed between the evening on which our tale opens and the day that was fixed for the exhibition of the statues, and the final judgment of Michael Angelo. A note from Manuel had, however, informed her of all that had occurred in reference to his statue, and the great man who had spoken so highly in his favour.

The morning of the eventful day dawned; and many an artist rose from a sleepless couch with a brow rendered feverish, and a heart aching with uncertainty, hope, and fear. Florence was all confusion, mirth, bustle, and joy; the streets leading to the gallery in which the statues were exhibited were crowded to excess. Every one was anxious to catch a glimpse of the ducal cortège; but all were more impatient still to see the arbiter of the competition, Michael Angelo—the mighty artist who had been invited from Rome to preside at the ceremony.

It had been ordered by proclamation that all the statues should be conveyed to the gallery by mid-day; the decision was to be made at about three in the afternoon. Manuel and Stephano rose early, and were anxiously waiting for the arrival of the vehicle which had been ordered to convey the St. Cecilia to the gallery, when a letter was brought by a page bearing the livery of the Count Vivaldi. The missive was addressed to the elder brother, and its contents were as follows:—

"MANUEL.—I have long been aware of your attachment for my daughter; and were I alone with her on earth, if I had not a son whom I should leave poor and miserable, I would gladly consent to your union. But this cannot be. If the Marquis Appiani espouse my daughter, my fallen fortunes will be established once more, and my son will be placed in a condition worthy of his family and his ancestors. Ought not Leonora, then, to sacrifice herself for her parents and her brother? If thou thinkest she ought, I pray thee show thy love for her, and do not dishonour her. Recollect that Lisa del Giscando was disgraced when Leonardo de Vinci published her portrait. Renounce, then, the exhibition of your statue—consider my old age, my grey hairs—respect the honour of Leonora—and we will both bless you together."

"VIVALDI."

The letter dropped from Manuel's hand—Stephano picked it up and perused it hastily.

"I wait your reply, signor," said the page.

"Lisa del Giscando was disgraced," mused Manuel, audibly, "and she awarded not stolen interviews to her lover, and she was not promised to a Marquis Appiani. Tell the Count, your master," he added, in a firm tone of voice, turning to the page, "that I obey his wishes, and that if he order me to break my statue to pieces, I am ready to fulfil his orders."

The boy was about to depart, when Manuel, recollecting a question which he was desirous of asking, called him back.

"You are acquainted with the contents of this letter?" inquired Manuel.

"I am in my master's confidence," was the reply.

"Tell me, then," resumed Manuel, "how came the Count Vivaldi to ascertain that my statue was the image of his daughter?"

"Michael Angelo was presented to the Count, last evening, by the Marquis Appiani; and when he was introduced to Signora Leonora he discovered the likeness."

"You may go," said Manuel; and the page with-

drew to bear the sculptor's message to his master. So soon as he was despatched Manuel shut himself up in his studio, and Stephano gave way to his grief in the front chamber.

It was about one o'clock when the Marquis Appiani, who was ignorant that Manuel was his rival in Leonora's affections, called at the humble dwelling of the two brothers. Manuel was summoned by Stephano from his studio, and the Marquis hastened to unfold the object of his visit.

"Your name, I believe, is Manuel Ascanio?" said the Marquis.

"It is, my lord," was the reply.

"You have accomplished a *chef d'œuvre*, signor," continued the Marquis; "and the Grand Duke has sent me to fetch it. My followers wait outside. You are to accompany me; his highness is desirous of seeing you."

"Accident, my lord," said Manuel, with a deep sigh, "or rather the indiscretion of my brother, discovered that statue of which you are speaking, to a great man—"

"Despatch—I am anxious to see it," interrupted the Marquis. "Michael Angelo has already spoken so highly of its merits."

"I dare not show it to a soul," said Manuel, with difficulty suppressing his tears.

"But I," urged the Marquis, smiling, "am ordered by the Grand Duke to carry it to his presence, and I dare not disobey."

"My word is pledged," said Manuel.

"So is mine," returned the Marquis, taking a heavy purse from his pocket and throwing it upon the table. "If the statue be sold, there is the money. I re-purchase it; but mine it must be;—and the Marquis summoned his followers from the passage where they were waiting without.

"You dare not take it by force," cried Manuel, fiercely confronting the Marquis Appiani.

"I dare execute the Duke's orders," was the calm reply, as the Marquis beckoned his followers to attend upon him whithersoever he might lead.

"This tyranny—this injustice is insupportable!" exclaimed Manuel, wildly.

"O brother! give them the statue," cried Stephano; "your fame—your fortune depend upon it!"

"Wait one moment—one moment only," said Manuel, after an instant's consideration, "and the statue shall be yours."

The Marquis nodded an affirmative, and Manuel rushed into his studio, and closed the door.

"He wishes to take one last fond view of it alone," said Stephano, as his brother disappeared.

But a loud and long laugh, and then a cry of rage echoed from the adjacent apartment; and these were followed by the din of a chisel and a hammer upon the marble; and then succeeded a crash which shook the house to its foundation. Stephano, the Marquis, and his followers ran into the studio; and as they entered, they stumbled over shapeless pieces of broken marble, which Manuel had scattered upon the floor. The statue had disappeared; but the remnants were before them!

"Oh, Manuel! what have you done?" exclaimed Stephano, bursting into an agony of tears.

"Let them take the statue now—the face is all disfigured, and the limbs are scattered over the room!" said the sculptor, with an ironical laugh.

"What can I say to his Highness?" cried the Marquis, as he turned to leave the spot. "It is as much as my head is worth to have been the cause of the destruction of that statue!"

With these words the Marquis Appiani departed, followed by his attendants, and leaving behind them two hearts so full of sorrow that a misanthrope would have wept at the sight of the despair which was depicted upon their countenances.

"Fame and fortune for ever gone!" cried Stephano, after a long silence.

"And her honour preserved from calumniating surmise," added Manuel, firmly; and he felt a momentary glow of pride and of happiness, for he knew that he had done a noble and a generous deed: but these sentiments soon passed away, and gave place to others of a more gloomy character still. "And yet, Stephano—I can weep—I can gnash my teeth with rage. I have destroyed a statue which Michael Angelo had perfected—I have effaced the most lovely lineaments that ever represented a living thing! Oh! it is a crime, that which I have done—a great crime!"

"Yes, weep, brother,—weep! Oh! you have good cause for sorrow," said Stephano. "But—hark! numerous footsteps approach our door: the Grand Duke has sent his sbires to take us to the Inquisition for the deed you have done."

And as Stephano spoke, the outer room, the door of which had been left open by the Marquis and his followers, was filled with visitors, at the head of whom were Michael Angelo and Count Vivaldi.

"Rash youth!" cried Michael Angelo, addressing himself to Manuel; "you destroy the masterpiece of the age, at the moment when I obtain the consent of Count Vivaldi to your union with his daughter."

"Impossible!" cried Manuel, scarcely daring to believe his ears: "and the Marquis Appiani?"

"The Duke has pardoned him," said Michael Angelo; "and here is the golden crown for you. His

Highness, moreover, awards you a year to perfect another statue of St. Cecilia!"

"And Leonora anxiously waits to greet the champion of the exhibition," said Count Vivaldi. "You made a noble sacrifice, Manuel—and you are well worthy of my daughter. Let us hasten to the casino in the Vale of Aruo, and there celebrate the happy termination of this eventful day!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The MS relative to Christ's Hospital is left at the publisher's, 2, Old Bailey.

The Lines sent from Sleaford are perfectly inadmissible, in consequence of the great length of the poem.

A Juvenile is thanked for his hint, which shall be attended to. A Teetotal Epigram is declined with thanks. We repeat for the tenth time that we do not count poetic contributions of any kind. We shall be glad to receive J. R.'s promised prose article.

Mr. E. Perry's letter has been referred to the proper quarter; but the offer is declined with thanks.

To our Correspondent at Rivington.—We are much obliged for your communication. The donation of Two Shillings and Sixpence to the Coal-Whippers' Fund shall be devoted to the purpose desired. We regret to state that Mr. Robert Parry is indeed the backslider alluded to in the journals, and who obtained so much celebrity in Wales.

The verses upon *Pottinger* are good. The rhymes are not however complete, because the first syllable in *Pottinger* is hard, and the second soft.

We thank Mr. G. J.—n. of Glasgow, for his letter, and shall be glad to receive communications from him relative to the progress of Teetotalism in that city. The work he enquires about, can be obtained at Mr. Strange's, Paternoster Row.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841.

It is our pleasing duty to inform our readers in the country, that an establishment, entitled THE UNITED KINGDOM TOTAL-ABSTINENCE LIFE-ASSOCIATION, has been founded in Moorgate-street, for Mutual Assurance on Lives, Annuities, Endowments, and Deposits.

Of all the many institutions civilised society has devised to ameliorate and guard against the thousand and one casualties to which we are liable, as weak and mortal beings, none would appear to be more beneficial and praiseworthy than the various establishments for the Assurance of Life. Comprising in their purpose the first duty of man—that of ultimately providing for those near and dear relations naturally looking to him for support—the practice of Life Assurance becomes, through its effects, a sacred obligation, as well as a wise and prudential provision. Without it all the sweet charities of life are incomplete. If we would have "our memories smell sweet and blossom in the dust," we cannot too soon secure to those we may leave behind, a refuge from the storms of the world—a shield from the chilling blasts of poverty, and the gnawing pangs of want. A more noble and useful investment than that of Life Assurance can scarcely be conceived. The scruples of some Roman Catholic countries long forbade the introduction of Life Assurance Companies amongst them, on the pretext that it was contrary to morality, and an offence against public decency, to set a price upon the life of a freeman, which is above all valuation. This prejudice has at length disappeared before the spread of public opinion. The association of individuals, to secure to the husband and father the means of providing for his wife and children, when by his death they shall become the widow and orphans, is one in which all may well join. To increase the sphere of the benefits of these associations is the duty of all who understand their principles; and, with this impression, we have penned this article to recommend to public notice the first Life Assurance Company ever yet established upon the salutary and glorious principles of Teetotalism.

But Life Insurance is not only valuable as a provision for families after death: it is also infinitely useful in various commercial and legal transactions. Among many others, the following may be enumerated:—

Capital, laid out in the purchase of annuities depending on a life, will acquire permanence by assuring such a life.

Securities on life interests may, by insurance, be rendered eligible for the purpose of raising loans.

The *Guardians* of a person who, at a certain age, will come into the possession of property, may obtain a security for advances made in the meantime, by assuring his life until he shall be at the given age.

Dependants on the lives of others may, by assuring such lives, be relieved from the anxiety natural to their situation.

Debtors, who are unable to satisfy the demands of their creditors immediately, but who

may have the means of liquidating the amount in a certain time, should they live so long, may, by the aid of a temporary assurance on their lives, offer a satisfactory arrangement; or, should their views fail in discharging their debts in the given time, and they or their creditors continue the assurance, the amount will be by that means realised at their decease. The ruinous consequences of insolvency may in this way frequently be averted.

Marriage settlements may be effected advantageously through the means of Life Assurance, particularly where the husband is engaged in trade. For instance,—suppose the lady's fortune be £2000, one half may be placed at the gentleman's disposal, and the remaining half be invested in the funds, in the names of trustees, on behalf of the lady. The interest on this investment, in an assurance on the gentleman's life (his age being twenty-five, say), will realise £2000, the whole amount of the lady's fortune, at his decease, which, with the principal money in the funds added, will make £3000. Thus the lady's original fortune is here increased by one half, and entirely independent of the gains of her husband.

To *Military and Naval Men* the utility of Life Assurance must be so apparent, that it is almost supererogatory to offer any argument in its support.

Merchants, and indeed all who are engaged in precarious pursuits, from the highest to the lowest—they, whose vessels interchange the productions of distant climates with those whose more humble occupations consist in retailing them—are alike interested in Life Assurance, and are imperatively called on, by the voice of prudence and duty, to avail themselves of its benefits.

These are some of the leading examples; and it is presumed they will suffice as illustrative of the excellence of Life Assurance. Indeed, it is almost impossible to detail the various ramifications of the system, or to limit the extent to which it may be carried in a country of such extensive commercial relations as Great Britain;—but certain it is that the more widely it be spread, and the more comprehensive it be made, the more stable will it become.

We must here remark that, in effecting Life Insurances, the interest must be a *pecuniary* one; and that a parent (for instance) cannot legally assure the life of his child in order to be reimbursed (in the event of the child's death) the expense he has been at for his education, &c. But this objection does not extend to the case of a wife assuring the life of her husband, who need not prove that she is interested therein; nor to a creditor assuring the life of a debtor. An assurance effected to provide for payment of a sum of money won at play, would not be held legal.

Turn we now to the *Prospectus* of the UNITED KINGDOM TOTAL ABSTINENCE LIFE ASSOCIATION. In the first place, it is ushered to our notice beneath the auspices of a number of most respectable and influential individuals, in the capacity of the PATRONS of the undertaking. The Trustees are MESSIEURS JAMES DAY, R. WALKDEN, and R. WARNER: the Physician is DR. DUNDAS THOMPSON; and the Chairman of the London Board is MR. WALKDEN. The *Prospectus* enters upon a few observations on the advantages of Life Insurance, and affords the following satisfactory information:—

"The present Association has been formed with a view to the promotion of a great moral reformation, and the securing to persons of temperate habits the pecuniary advantages resulting from their increased longevity, together with the ordinary benefits of mutual assurance. The Association being strictly mutual, and confined to persons abstaining entirely from the use of intoxicating beverages, the surplus payments will not contribute to the benefit of the intemperate and careless, as is the case in societies composed of all classes indiscriminately; but whatever the profits may be, they will be divided exclusively amongst those who have contributed towards them,—the assurers being the only proprietors."

This is as it should be; and the plan will doubtless be as successfully carried out as it has been well digested. The *Prospectus* goes on to inform us, that disputes will be settled by arbitration—that no assurer is individually liable for any loss the Society may sustain—that premiums may be paid annually, half-yearly, or quarterly—that no charge, except for the stamp, will be made on the policies, &c. &c. There is only one point in these arrangements which might be altered with a view to its amelioration; viz., the *payments of the premiums might be made weekly*, if required. This modification would allow thou-

sands of working men to avail themselves of an institution which is established principally for a class whose condition has been so much improved through the medium of Teetotalism.

We will now quote from the *Prospectus* before us a few striking observations, the truth of which will be apparent to the meanest capacity:—

"The average consumption of intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom is estimated at £2. 10s. per annum, or nearly 1s. per week, for every individual, man, woman, and child. If every one at the age of 21 years applied the money thus spent in injuring himself and his fellow-creatures, to effect an assurance in this Association, he would leave to his family at his decease, *whenver it might occur*, no less than £135, besides all the profits of the Association which fell to his share. Or if he preferred assuring a sum to be paid on his attaining the age of 60 years, the same weekly saving would secure him about £300. Or he might secure £115, to be paid to his family at his death, whenever it might happen, or to himself, if he lived to be 60 years old. Or, again, the same weekly saving would purchase an annuity of £26, to commence at the age of 60, and be paid every year during the life of the annuitant.

"If a man, instead of spending three pence per day in intoxicating drink, were to lay it by, at the end of four weeks he would have saved 7s. (to say nothing of time, and health, and character, &c.); and if he put this 7s. every month into the Deposit Department, it would amount in five years to £24. 2s.; in ten years to £52. 2s. 6d.; in twenty years to £122. 5s.; and in fifty years to £513! Thus a man who takes a pint of ale every day loses in fifty years from three to five hundred pounds in DRINK!"

We sincerely hope that all the readers of *The Teetotaler* will give their earnest consideration to the subject now brought before them. We care nothing as to which Teetotal Association established the institution we have been praising: it is sufficient for us, as an impartial journalist, to know that the aforesaid institution is highly respectable with regard to its founders, and highly praiseworthy in respect to its principles. To every working man, who will feel inclined, after a perusal of this article, to lay aside a shilling or eighteen pence per week, in order to secure a provision for his family at his death, we say, "Go to the UNITED KINGDOM TOTAL ABSTINENCE LIFE ASSOCIATION."

THE SHIPS OF THE ANCIENTS.

As no human device is more worthy of admiration than the ship, so no investigation can be more curious than to trace, step by step, the slow progress of improvement, from the first rude attempt of incipient navigation, down to the perfection of modern times. And here, at the very threshold of the enquiry, our attention is arrested by a singular fact—the uniformity, with which the human mind, prompted by the same desires, and aided by the same faculties, arrives at the same results. How small indeed is the difference with respect to principle between the canoe of the Esquimaux, framed of the bones of beasts and fishes, and covered with the skins of seals, and those in which the poets show us Dardanus fleeing before the deluge, or Charon conducting his trembling charge to the shades below!—between those said to have been used in primitive times by the Egyptian, the Ethiopian, and the Arab, and the light barks of the early Britons, made of osiers and hides, which Cæsar imitated in Spain to extricate himself from the perilous situation in which he was held by the lieutenants of Pompey! In what does the canoe of the islander of the South Seas and of the native African differ from those which the savage Germans hollowed from a single tree in the days of Pliny.

It is an old tradition that the first idea of the canoe was suggested by a split reed, seen by some ingenious savage floating safely upon the billows. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that the raft, as it is the most easy and obvious means of crossing the water, was likewise of most early invention. The savage who first ventured forth upon a solitary tree that the river had brought within his reach, must have found his situation unsteady and precarious: his ingenuity suggested the idea of fastening several together, and the conveyance became at once a safe one. The earliest records which history affords on this subject show the Egyptians traversing the Nile upon rafts. The Phœnicians also availed themselves of the invention; and we are told that many islands, even the remote ones of Sicily and Corsica, were colonised with no better assistance. This will seem less improbable if we remember that the Peruvians still make sea voyages on their raft, called *balsa*, from the spongy tree of which it is made. It consists of a number of logs tightly bound together, and strengthened transversely by beams. They are tapered at the prow, to facilitate the division of the water, whilst vertical planks, descending below the surface, prevent drift, and enable it to sail towards the wind. These *balsas* are occasionally met in the open ocean, laden with ten or twelve tons

of merchandise, and contending effectually with the trade wind which prevails along the coast of Peru. This form of ship is not, however, always safe: lifted as the logs are unequally upon the waves, the thongs which bind them together, if old or neglected, sometimes break or disengage; the bark of the mariner disappears treacherously beneath him, or the logs washing rudely together, serve for his destruction. Yet the attempts of the uncivilized navigator do not always shun comparison with those of a maturer age. We find the native of North-western America, in his little skin-covered bark of admirable symmetry, venturing forth amid the most boisterous waves, which pass harmless over him, and outstripping the fleetest barge in his rapid course. The flying proa of the Ladrone islands sails towards the wind with unequalled nearness, and with a velocity far greater than civilised man has ever attained, with all the aids of philosophy.

It were a vain task to record the various fables connected with the origin and improvement of ships, though the inventors were esteemed worthy to take rank among the gods, and even the ships to be translated to the heavens, where they still shine amongst the constellations; how Dædalus invented the art of flying, to escape from the labyrinth of Crete—an allusion to the sails with which he eluded the pursuit of Minos; how Hercules sailed with the hide of a lion, which was only his well-known garment hung up for the purpose; or how the first idea of the sail was taken from the poetic voyages of the nautilus; how Atlas contends for the invention of the oar, and how many heroes claim the honour of the rudder. These inventions all, doubtless, originated in the earliest dawns of civilisation, before there were any means of recording them; and the ascription of them to individuals may have formed the pastime of succeeding poets. It may not however be equally vain to enquire what was the nature of ships among those nations which made the first advances towards civilisation.

We find that the Egyptians, in improving upon the rafts and canoes which they first used, built vessels of stout joists of Acanthus wood, which were made to lap over like tiles, and were fastened with wooden pins. The stoutness of the joists precluded the necessity of a frame, except what was formed by the benches of the rowers. The seams were tightened by introducing the leaves of the papyrus. It would not have been long before ingenuity suggested the application of a natural agent for the relief of human toil; a mast of acanthus was raised, a papyrus sail suspended from it, and the rower rested on his oar, or only used it for the direction of his bark. In ascending the Nile, when the wind was either unfavourable or too light, the vessel was drawn against the current by men on shore. In descending, a hurdle of wood was often let down from the prow, which taking a deep hold of the stream, neutralised the efforts of the strong north-east wind. The early Egyptians did not however greatly improve upon this noble invention: their peculiar prejudices, by confining them for many centuries to the navigation of the Nile, checked the progress of improvement. The Phœnicians were not allowed by the Egyptians to enter the Nile, and were thus compelled to adapt their ships to the necessities of a more precarious navigation.

Coeval with the Phœnicians, in the use of ships, were the inhabitants of China. But situated as they are, in the neighbourhood of a circumscribed sea, surrounded by islands, and, moreover, possessing in their own resources a supply for every want, discovery and improvement have long lain dormant there. It is believed, and the fact is wonderful, that the Chinese have floated down through thirty centuries in the same junk which now excites the ridicule of our seamen, and which they are yet unwilling to exchange for the improved models that daily pass them in their own seas, and continually force upon them the most humiliating comparisons.

In the Chinese junk of our day we may, perhaps, see the counterpart of what the ship was in the days of the Phœnicians and of incipient navigation. Among the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Greeks, the earlier ships used in commerce were flat floored, broad, and of small draught of water; the floor-timbers were continuous at first, and they were without a keel, having instead a streak of wood on either side to take the ground when stranding. Next, the keel was introduced, in order to diminish the drift with a side wind; and, to increase the strength, a keelson was soon added, overlying the floor-timbers and confining them to the keel; beams were also placed aloft, to hold the sides together, and sustain the deck. The planking, which took its name, among the Greeks, from the garment which covers the human body, was very firmly attached to the frame by means of iron nails, some of which passed through and were clinched within. When, however, the ancients discovered the tendency of iron to rot the wood, they substituted copper. To obviate the danger of starting the plank ends (a danger still sometimes fatal to the mariner), a piece of wood was let into both in the form of a dove-tail. Oak and pine, then as now, were the woods most in favour. To stop the leaking at the joints, lime and pounded shells were first applied: these being found soon to fall off, wax, resin, and pitch were advantageously substituted;—flax was also driven into the seams, and leather occasionally used as a sheathing.

The general form and size of the ancient ships varied

with the progress of improvement, and with the warlike or commercial purposes for which they were constructed. The war-ships of the Greeks were at first but row-boats, with which they rushed upon the enemy, and decided the battle by superior force and valour. In the course of time the row-boat grew into a galley, which being moved chiefly by oars, was of an entirely different form from the merchant-ship. The size of the earlier ships was necessarily inconsiderable, as they were drawn on shore at the termination of every voyage, and had but a single mast and sail of cloth. When, however, the keel was added and the size of the ship increased, stranding became no longer practicable, and the anchor and cable were invented to confine the ship at a due distance from the land. At first this useful machine was but a large stone; it was afterwards of wood and stone combined, and lastly of iron, having teeth. In the progress of enlarging their ships, the ancients attained, about the Christian æra, a size quite equal to the most monstrous of modern times. In the time of the Emperor Constantius, a Roman ship was built, which carried 2600 tons: the Santissima Trinidad could have carried no more.

We shall next week give an account of the Ships of the Moderns.

REVIEWS.

The Temperance Messenger. Number for February. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This excellent little periodical contains some very useful articles. "The Physiological Question" is well discussed by Mr. G. Wilson, whom we should conclude to be a medical man. The following observations are important:—

"Persons who have read accounts of shipwrecks and of the sufferings of survivors, in some cases for days or weeks with scarcely sufficient food and water to preserve life, may have observed how GREATLY RELIEVED, on obtaining a small supply of cold water, or some simple food, such persons have been, though at the time when this scanty refreshment was obtained perhaps some of them appeared to be sinking from exhaustion. But when these same individuals shortly afterwards have been taken up by some ship, or have obtained access to dwellings of civilized and hospitable people, when they have been treated with mistaken kindness, provided with warm beds, in warm rooms, with warm food, and wines, cordials, &c.,—HAVE THEY THEN BEEN suddenly GREATLY RELIEVED as they were when they obtained the sparing refreshment in the former instance? No! new and alarming symptoms have seized them, and their ultimate recovery is rendered extremely doubtful. This is not a mere imaginary picture,—there have been many such instances. Even in cases of exhaustion from disease stimulants have no doubt in many instances done much harm. Many cases of violent Asiatic cholera, where there is extreme exhaustion, have been successfully treated under the COLD WATER system. The thirst is great, and the patient is plentifully supplied with cold water and kept in a cool room. No stimulants are given, nor is any attempt made to keep up the animal heat. The patient sinks almost into a state of torpor, the disease spends itself, and the system gradually resumes its functions."

Speaking of the advantage of establishing Teetotal reading-rooms and literary institutions, the periodical now before us says:—

"Moreover, when we consider the multitude of questions which the Temperance movement has caused to be mooted, the extensive and untrodden field it lays bare for scientific inquiry, the deep mine it opens for philosophical research, and the vast arena it displays for controversy of all kinds,—when we consider also the numbers of our opponents, the variety of objections raised by well-meaning friends, and the numerous quarters from which assailants rush upon us, it gives us reason to wonder that something of the kind has not been attempted before this time, to suppose that we have suffered much disadvantage in consequence. Our cause is yet in its childhood. But few understand it in all its bearings; and fewer still wisely anticipate what unspeakable blessings awaits its ripened age. Its destinies, in our estimation, are glorious. But how shall we expect to see them attained in our day while we neglect opportunities of furthering the cause, and making it more strong and vigorous by not providing every one of its members with a mass of knowledge which shall so empower him that he can either sustain an attack of an enemy unhurt, or vanquish him by reason of the superiority of his skill and goodness of his weapons? We do not fear being charged with exaggeration when we say that nine-tenths of our present number are unacquainted with the true and sound principle of Total Abstinence. This, we imagine, is one chief cause of the many apostasies we experience. Their faith is not well grounded. No sooner does the influence which led them to sign the pledge begin to weaken, than their faith begins to stagger, and no very great temptation is then required to induce them to return to their former practices. We could point out many instances corroborative of this. And what else can we expect? Does it not seem irrational to suppose that a man who is ignorant of the principles of his faith will continue steadfast in practice?—Is it not akin to folly to expect

a man to abide by his creed; to live up to it and attest its truth, while he is unacquainted with its doctrines? We should like every member of our body to be able to state distinctly and explicitly his reason for giving in his adherence to the belief that Total Abstinence from alcoholic drinks is best for man, and to be so far conversant with the various sciences that he could logically prove the truth of his belief."

In dismissing the February number of *The Temperance Magazine*, we again record our approval of the manner in which it is conducted.

Comic Scraps. By JOHN PHILLIPS. London: W. Brittain.

THIS is a collection of humorous lithographic drawings and steel engravings, by Mr. Phillips, who is well known in the world of artists for his peculiarly facetious vein, and his readiness in "hitting off" the various odd physiognomies he encounters in his rambles. To any one who, for the sum of two shillings, is desirous of possessing himself of twenty-four laughable drawings, we can safely recommend these. The design of some of these pictures is excellent. A girl, in one, is offering an iron to a pawnbroker, enquiring, "Do you take in irons, sir?"—"We take in flats," is the answer. In another of these drawings, a poor mendicant solicits charity of a very stout gentleman, whose protuberant stomach bears evidence to the succulency of his diurnal meals. "What!" ejaculates this gentleman, in a fit of most virtuous indignation, "you complain of hunger, the greatest blessing that can befall you? How can you enjoy a dinner without being hungry? I'd give the world to be hungry!"

A Series of Subjects for Drawings. By MR. J. C. DELLY. London: W. Brittain.

THESE are excellent copies for students. There are drawings of flowers, butterflies, shells, roses, insects, dogs, landscapes, ruins, animals' heads, hares, and an excellent view of Windsor. This publication will prove eminently useful to the *tyro* in the art of drawing. Copies may be had coloured, if required.

Sacramental Wines. By ANDREW GILMOUR. Glasgow: George Gallie. [SECOND NOTICE.]

WE again refer to this excellent work, as our notice of it last week was too concise to afford the reader an adequate idea of the style in which it is written. We now proceed to lay a few extracts before our readers:—

"Nor must the pious reader of the word of God be startled by the objections of men who display more zeal than knowledge in opposing this view of the matter. They will tell him that, as the Hebrew word is applied to wine, whether it is spoken of with approbation or with disapprobation, therefore the wine must also be the very same in both cases—as there is no difference in the words, there can be no difference in the nature of the wine spoken of. Now, this is abundantly flimsy and superficial. Apply this reasoning to man as a holy being, and as a fallen creature, and to what conclusion would it bring us? We should be compelled to conclude, according to this reasoning, that because the same name is given to Adam before and after the fall, *therefore, his nature must be the same!* We know to the contrary, not from mere verbal criticism, however; for this can tell us as little about the sad change in Adam's character as it can tell us about the sad change that has taken place in the nature of wine; but we know this from the history of man, as given in the divine word. The Bible tells us that Adam was made upright, but that he sought out many inventions—that he was created in the image of God, in knowledge, in righteousness, and in true holiness; but he disobeyed God; he fell into a state of spiritual darkness and distance from his Maker, into a state of condemnation and wrath, into a state of moral pollution, into a state of legal and spiritual death. But the same Bible that tells us of Adam, the child of God, the heir of glory, becoming an apostate, a rebel, and a child of the devil, that same Bible tells us also of wine, a great temporal mercy, and an emblem of every spiritual blessing, becoming a curse 'a mocker,' the 'poison of dragons,' &c."

From this reasoning the author infers the inefficiency of mere verbal criticism. In another part of this work, the author quotes the following admirable opinion expressed by a Frenchman upon the Port-wine used in this country:—

"There is a liquor sold in this country, which they call wine, of what ingredients it is composed, I cannot tell; but you are not to suppose, as the word seems to import, that this is a translation of our word *vin*, a liquor made of the juice of the grape; for I am well assured there is not a drop of any such juice in it.—There must be many ingredients in this liquor, from its many different tastes, some of which are sweet, others sour, and others bitter; but though it appeared so nauseous to me and my friends, the English swallow it with avidity."

SLANDER.—Look on slanderers as direct enemies to civil society; as persons without honour, honesty, or humanity. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS. No. V.

BY JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

PORT OF SUEZ.—FEBRUARY 20.—Hassan Aga, the governor, had engaged to take me over the harbour, and on board the vessels in port, in his own boat, this morning; but intelligence reaching him of the arrival of the grand caravan, from Cairo, which had set out the day before we left that city, he was prevented from accompanying me, and politely begged my acceptance of his boat and eight men for the day. We left the wharf at an early hour, and taking with me the Greek captain and our attendant of yesterday, we steered out into the deep channel, the banks being dry at low water, and the wind from the southward. We first visited a ship of four hundred tons, and a brig of about three hundred, the former ready to depart for Jeddah, laden with grain, brought across the desert from Egypt; the latter recently arrived from thence in ballast. Both of these were vessels belonging to the Pasha; they were nearly new, and had been built in the yard at Suez; nor were they, either in their construction or equipment, inferior to the ships of the Adriatic. Each of them was armed with fourteen guns, manned with a very motley crew of fifty men, and commanded by Greeks of the Archipelago, under Turkish flags.

After obtaining from their commanders all the local information they could afford me, relative to the prevailing winds, weather, and navigation of the Red Sea, we procured from them a hand-lead and line, and with the chart and compass I possessed, we proceeded to survey the harbour, and take the soundings and bearings of the best anchorage-berths. It was a long and tedious duty, with so bad a boat's crew; but as the weather was extremely favourable, I succeeded in executing it much to my own satisfaction; and had the whole of the best anchorages marked with their accurate bearings, and their depths in fathoms, upon the chart.

Mr. Browne, the African traveller, in his work, says: "At Suez, I observed, in the shallow parts of the adjacent sea, a species of weed, which was of a hue between scarlet and crimson, and of a spongy nature. Perhaps this, if found in abundance, may have given the recent name to this sea; for this was the Arabian Gulf of the ancients, whose 'Mare Erythraum,' or Red Sea, was the Indian Ocean. This weed was perhaps the *Suph* of the Hebrews, whence again *Suph*, their name for this sea." I sought personally, and by inquiries among them, after such a weed, but neither saw nor heard of any other than the common brown weed of the English channel, approaching nearer in colour to those floating fields which are carried northward by the Gulf of Florida stream, and having rather a yellowish than a reddish hue. Even this, however, was by no means abundant, any more than the beautiful shells of which he speaks, and which are found only to the southward.

We returned in the evening with a light southerly breeze against the ebb tide, and had scarcely landed, before the wind flew round to the north-west, and blew with great violence, increasing with the night.

As a port, Suez is infinitely superior to Cosseir, farther down the Red Sea; and the difficulty of access to it from the southward on account of the prevailing northerly winds, may be considered as its greatest if not its only disadvantage. When the port is gained, however, the shelter from those winds, under the high land of Mount Adaga, is secure; the depth of water, from two-and-a-half to ten fathoms, is convenient; and the holding ground, being firm sand, is good. The prevalence of fine weather will generally allow good anchorages to be deliberately chosen; and for the same reason, berths may be shifted at pleasure. The tides, having not more than five or six feet rise and fall, are not violent in their rate of ebb and flow, and are but little influenced by winds. The time of high water, at full and change, is about twelve o'clock at noon, the new moon of to-day affording me an opportunity of actual observation; and from the testimonies of others, those tides are extremely regular in their courses and returns.

Vessels lightened of their cargoes, and laden boats, pass from the outer harbour to the town, through the deep channel, at all times of tide; and for small boats, there is water through the shallow channel at about quarter flood. Cargoes may be therefore shipped and landed in the large barks of the country, with perfect safety; the distance of the anchorage to the wharfs being at least three miles, would render the use of ship's boats unnecessary, unless to tow against the wind or tide.

Of the vessels now actually employed in the trade of the Red Sea, from Suez only, there are upwards of a hundred sail, including the dows, or boats of forty to sixty tons each. These bring from Mocha, Jeddah, Yambu, and the ports of the south, coffee, gums, spices, drugs, Indian pepper, etc., and return thence with Egyptian corn. Their passages to the southward are in general short and favourable; but in beating up the Red Sea, their practice is to turn to windward during the day, and anchor on the coast until morning, as the northerly winds die away at sun set, and make night anchorages safe. For this purpose, they are provided with light anchors and grass cables, and these in more than usual abundance, from their liability to loss by the chafing of the coral rocks. Fresh water is bad and scarce through every part of the Red Sea; it is therefore an article of expense, and one that requires rigid economy in its use. The fountains of Ayoon, on the

Asiatic coast, supply ships at Suez for their voyage to the southward, and at Tor they generally touch to replenish, after a long passage up.

The wages of sailors are low, and their provisions cheap, being chiefly rice, coffee, ghee or butter, and corn, etc.; but they are so unskilful in their profession, that a double crew is almost indispensable to insure the safety of the voyage. The pilots of the port are also extremely ignorant of their duty, and everything combines to render capacity and vigilance the more necessary on the part of those who may be entrusted with the direction of vessels in this sea. The magazines for the reception of goods are cheap, and sufficiently secure for a climate in which it seldom rains. Camels for their conveyance to Cairo can always be depended on, and the slight escort of a field-piece and twenty or thirty cavalry, may be considered ample protection against the plundering wanderers of the desert.

The want of docks at Suez, the necessity of having every material either for building or repairs brought by the caravans from Egypt, the difficulty of heaving a vessel down, from the existence of a tide, and of leaving her dry on the beach, from the insufficiency of its rise and fall, are all serious obstacles to the making it a naval arsenal, or to the giving ships even a temporary refit in its harbour. Vessels trading from India hence should therefore be invariably coppered, and so complete in their equipments, as to have on board everything necessary for their own repairs: the simple articles of a needle or a skein of twine to repair a bread-bag, a bung for a water-cask, or a broom to sweep the decks with, being as difficult to be found here as a mast, an anchor, or a cable.

In visiting the small yard for building, where two vessels were on the stocks, I could not but remember the very curious observations of Mr. Browne on the subject during his visit here. He says: "The Arab mode of building is singular, for they use no art to bend the timbers, none of which are crooked, unless naturally so, and where the upper and lower ribs join, they do not pass over one another, but by the side of each other!" There are few subjects perhaps on which literary men are more liable to error, than on that of maritime affairs. When those errors are of a trifling kind, they are very pardonable; but when they display a total ignorance of the matter on which they treat, one cannot but regret that they should so commit themselves, by a misapplication of talents, or by venturing remarks on affairs with which they are not conversant. In the present instance, more particularly, had Mr. Browne been in the slightest degree acquainted with the principles of ship-building, or known only the outlines of marine architecture, he would have found that those very characteristics of the Arabian mode, were also the leading features of our own; and that from a first-rate line-of-battle ship, down to a frigate's launch, it is the universal practice of the British yards; first, because artificially-bent wood for knees and floor timbers, would be inferior in strength to those preserving the natural form of their growth; and secondly, that the side-joining of the ribs gives double strength to their immediate point of union, and admits a smooth surface for planking; whereas, to obtain this, the timbers, or the upper and lower ribs, as he terms them, were joined by passing over each other, it would be necessary to taper off the extremities of each, to form a smooth surface for the reception of the outer plank, when the point of union between the timbers, where most strength is required, would, by such a method, be made the weakest.

The artisans of this naval yard are all Greeks of the Archipelago, chiefly from Idera, Ipsera, and Mitylene, and are not inferior in the knowledge of their art to the shipwrights of the Mediterranean. Their supplies of building-timber are chiefly from the coast of Caramania, in Asia Minor, transported by way of Cairo and the Nile; their spars, cordage, sails, pitch, tar, anchors, guns, &c., are drawn either from Constantinople or the Black Sea; and all this renders the building of a vessel and her outfit extremely expensive here.

Lord Valentia remarks, that Suez labours under considerable disadvantages from its situation at the extremity of a narrow and difficult gulf, down which the wind blows nine months in the year. "In early times," says he, "it was some counterbalance, that a canal communicated with the most fertile part of Egypt, by which they could be supplied with grain for exportation to Arabia. Yet with all this, the Ptolemies, who were good judges of what was for the best, thought it advisable to establish a new emporium at Berenice (lower down the Red Sea), though it obliged them to convey the goods upward of two hundred miles over land to Coptos, before they could be embarked on the Nile. From all this disadvantage of situation, even if the canal again existed, Berenice would be preferable to Suez."

On the fact of Suez having, in many respects, a disadvantageous situation, and on the propriety of the reasons assigned, no one would differ from his lordship, any more than they would doubt the historical truth of the Ptolemaean establishment at Berenice. Under so wealthy, so powerful, and so well regulated a government, as that by which Egypt then flourished, when the dominion of the desert was maintained by the intervening posts between the Red Sea and the Nile, and when the transportation of merchandise both by land caravans, and river fleets, were both attended with security of property to all concerned, such a route as that of Berenice and Coptos was preferable; because

the imperfect state of navigation in those days rendered the perils of the upper part of the Red Sea more dreadful than the present, and the shortening of a vessel's voyage of more importance.

At this moment, however, the case is very different. Grain forming the chief, and one might almost say the only, staple article of exportation from Egypt to Arabia, can be had no where in such abundance, and with such facility of transportation, as at Suez; because of its being nearer to the most fertile provinces of Lower Egypt, the grain of which is firmer, and better fitted for exportation, than that of the Said, or Upper Egypt; and because the road thence is not one-third the distance of the Coptos route, is less mountainous, and more clear from the attacks of freebooters; thus, affording a facility of transportation across its firm gravelly plains, which renders the loss of the ancient canal of less importance than is imagined. The conveyance of the grain down the Red Sea, when once embarked, is performed in one-fourth of the time that it could be, if sent from the Delta in boats, to be conveyed to Berenice, by ascending the Nile to Keneh. Thus far as regards the exportation; and to the mode of importation, many of the same remarks would apply. Supposing, then, the ports of Berenice and Suez to be equally good and safe, it remains for us to judge, whether the additional distance by sea—at a period like the present, when that sea is so much better known, navigation so much more perfect, and ships themselves so much better constructed, both for safety and despatch, with only one discharge of cargo, and its transportation immediately to the capital, by a securer and a shorter route—is not more advantageous than the landing of merchandise at Berenice, farther south: having it conveyed a triple distance, across a mountainous track of desert to the Nile, where its remoteness from the metropolis would render all caravans more liable to attack and plunder. No man can hesitate in deciding for the preference of Suez over Berenice, who weighs well the reason assigned.

APHORISMS.

DELICACY.—Fastidiousness has committed so many forgeries on the firm of delicacy, that this poor virtue is nearly reduced to a state of bankruptcy. Familiarity inevitably destroys delicacy. Perhaps this is the reason why the society of strangers is sometimes more agreeable than that of our most intimate relatives. Delicacy respects the feelings of every body. It not only abstains from wounding the sensibilities of a modest woman, but even from trifling with the fancies of a nervous hypochondriac. Human life is full of so many grossnesses, each of which gives a fresh wound to delicacy, that at length she expires under repeated blows. At fifteen, our feelings are in their most sensitive state; at thirty, we regard with indifference things which, in younger and purer years, would have annoyed us exceedingly; at fifty, our beauty and our delicacy are both withering together—it is but paint for the former, and affectation for the latter; and, in old age, to find those emotions of the soul, would be as wonderful as to meet a smooth and rosy complexion. To a certain degree, delicacy is a virtue; let it get a step beyond, and it becomes the most childish imbecility.

DEATH.—They who have experienced a very severe and alarming illness, can, in some measure, realize what their feelings will be on the approach of the king of terrors. They found the things of this world, one after another, deserting them:—first, their common amusements, their interest in the bustle of life; then a thousand long-cherished but foolish hopes; and lastly, even then, (what to a creature standing on the borders of eternity becomes tasteless, wearisome,) then the consolations of friendship. What remained? A frightful void! or the love of God! and in that, all which cheers an angel's heart! Here is a sublime sight—a creature hovering between earth and heaven, unfit for the one, unacquainted with the other; incapable of holding any intercourse with the inhabitants of either world: hanging on the Supreme Governor of the universe alone for comfort, as a child holds with implicit confidence the hand of its tender parent.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

STOWMARKET.

THE Teetotal cause has taken a fresh stir here. A Tea Party was held at the Temperance Hall, on Thursday, the 11th instant, for the express purpose of establishing unity among the Teetotalers of the place. An able and zealous friend, Mr. SERVICK, was called to the chair. Mr. SOREWELL ably proved that Knowledge is Power, and Drunkenness a Curse, by detailing an account of the rise and fall of states and nations. Mr. STIFF, from Ipswich, explained the benefits of the institution of the Rechabites, and proposed the establishment of a tent in this town. Mr. C. CUTNAR and Mr. BARRY then addressed the audience. About seventy persons sat down to tea, and highly delighted with their evening's entertainment. One of the Christian ministers of Stowmarket has at length signed the pledge—a circumstance calculated to produce the most beneficial results amongst his flock.

DAVENTRY.

THE Teetotalers of this town have had much opposition to contend against. They have, however, exerted themselves nobly and well in the good cause, which is now prospering amongst them. The principles of Teetotalism have already defaced many of the prejudices of the inhabitants, and prepared the way for more rational customs and enjoyments than those connected with the use of intoxicating liquors. A series of lectures has been lately delivered at Daventry by MESSIEURS BEGGS, (of Nottingham), BENDOW, (of Birmingham), and MANNING, (of Leamington). A Temperance Tract Loan-Society has been established at this place: this is an idea which might be successfully carried out elsewhere. The Association of Total Abstinents at Daventry now consists of nearly two hundred and fifty staunch members: the appearance of the town has therefore undergone a complete change since the establishment of this admirable Society. We shall always be glad to hear from the Secretary.

KENDAL.

TEETOTALISM progresses here in a manner highly encouraging to the friends of the cause. The principle of Union, as advocated by *The Teetotaler*, is favourably received by the Society at Kendal. A clever correspondent from this place observes,—"I compare Teetotalism, when properly understood, to a good father whose benevolence and tender care engender numerous virtues in the bosoms of his offspring. That such a kind parent should possess children who are occasionally unruly, is to be deplored; but Teetotalism is a new principle, and has yet to triumph over vitiated feelings, uncharitable sentiments, and rude notions. Unity is decidedly strength; impartiality is a strong feature of improvement in the judgment of men; and benevolence is a foundation upon which a colossal pyramid of good deeds may be raised. Welcome the Teetotaler, be he Turk, Jew, or Infidel; and, if a man sin in many things, do not overlook that virtue which may serve as a redeeming quality." We regret that we cannot lay the whole of this very clever letter before our readers.

SHREWSBURY.

ON the 15th instant, a grand meeting was held at the Sunday School belonging to the Trinity Church, Coleham. The REV. J. COLLEY, M.A., took the chair. The reverend gentleman said, that many generations had been deluded for ages past, by the use, and what has been considered the necessity, of strong drink. But it remained for our generation to explode this ancient fallacy. He was desirous that the community should be set right by giving things their proper names. It was admitted that strong drink was a stimulant. Now what was a stimulant? It might be called a spur, and a spur was only necessary for a jaded horse; a fleet horse needed no spur; therefore the more the horse is spurred, the more jaded he becomes. The more we are ourselves excited by stimulants, the more we need their repetition, and the weaker we shall become, mentally and bodily. He feared that the statement that we have in Great Britain, 600,000 drunkards; and that from 40,000 to 50,000 die annually, was awfully true, and could not be too well known in this country. MR. WAKLEY, the Coroner for Middlesex, has stated that drunkenness produces him 1000 inquests annually, and that from 10,000 to 15,000 persons die every year in London and its vicinity, from their propensity to Gin-drinking! We sympathize for the heathens in distant regions. We abhor the cruelties of the horrible Slave-trade; but until very recently, we have not been aroused to the slavery of drunkenness, in the precincts of our very houses. The heathens subject themselves to various tortures, with a view of some reward in a future state. The slave was in bondage to the tyranny of his master; but the drunkard is the voluntary slave, not only inflicting disease and misery on himself, but rubbing his family of bread by his filthy habits. Was is not then surely time something should be done to reclaim the slaves of our own nation from this debasing propensity, this demoralising habit? He trusted that these facts and arguments would be seriously considered by all present, for he was certain that Teetotalism was a doctrine of truth, and in spite of all opposition it must prevail.

The reverend gentleman was listened to with great attention. He was followed by MESSIEURS W. BROWN, T. CORFIELD, and PARLOW, who delivered most admirable addresses, which produced a great effect.

BOLTON.

WE have received the *Seventh Annual Report* of the Bolton Temperance Society, extracts from which we hasten to lay before our readers:—

"The Committee, at the beginning of the year 1839, passed a resolution at one of their weekly meetings to make an effort to build a Temperance Hall. As the Teetotalers, as a body, mostly belong to the working classes, it could not be expected that they could accomplish task of themselves; it was, therefore, determined to wait upon a number of wealthy individuals, who, though not members of our Society, were known to be favourable to it; and the result exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Receiving encouragement from

nearly all sects and classes of the community, the Committee were induced to take immediate steps for the accomplishment of the, to them, gigantic undertaking; and the first stone was laid on Friday, May 24, 1839, by James Spence, Esq., of Liverpool, to whom a silver trowel was presented on the occasion. While the building was in the course of erection, that portion of the public who are opposed to our principles indulged in various speculations, and gave utterance to numberless predictions as to the final completion of the work; and there is no doubt, if wishes could realize anything, that their prophecies would have received a fulfilment. A happier destiny, however, awaited us; under the blessing and care of a gracious Providence, the work went on in the most satisfactory manner; and on New Year's Day, 1840, our Temple of Freedom was opened to the public. The cost of the building, including its furniture, amounts to two thousand one hundred pounds, towards which about seven hundreds has been collected, leaving a debt on the premises, at present, of fourteen hundred pounds; and although your Committee did not, at one time, venture to anticipate such liberal aid, they feel assured that the gloomy state of the commercial horizon, during the two last years, has prevented them from receiving several hundred pounds more.

"That the subject is making steady advances, they can have no doubt; and that it must and will continue to advance, until the drinking of intoxicating drink, as a common beverage, is deemed a violation of moral and religious propriety, they feel equally certain; and considering the fearful amount of moral and physical evil which must inevitably afflict the human family so long as its use is sanctioned and perpetuated, they cannot but fervently pray that God's fair world may speedily be delivered from 'the abominable thing.'"

We earnestly call the attention of all our readers to the noble exertions made by the Teetotalers of Bolton in the foundation of a Temperance Hall.

THAME.

MR. MINGAYE SYDER, delighted the inhabitants of this town with two physiological lectures upon the question of true temperance, in the British School-room, Feb. 18th and 19th. We understand that the cause is likely to lose the assistance of this gentleman, owing to the individual sacrifice being more than he can consistently continue to make. We hope the friends to true temperance will make one great effort to secure such a giant of medical learning yet a little while; or that if he be determined upon resuming his professional duties, the Teetotalers will mark their sense of his exclusive devotion to the cause for above three years, by some public testimonial.

TOWN NEWS.

TEMPERANCE HALL, SHOREDITCH.

THE Metropolitan Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Association has engaged this place of meeting for every Thursday evening. This Society is progressing at a wonderful rate, and effecting worlds of benefit, thanks to the exertions of MR. JOHN GILES, MR. HAYNES, DR. MAGEX, and other strenuous advocates.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

DR. LOVE, M.D., has accepted the Presidency of this Society. A course of lectures will be given at the Temperance Hall, 56, George-street, Chelsea, on the under-mentioned subjects, and by the following gentlemen:—February 22nd, *Astronomy*, MR. MEE. March 1, *Astronomy* (continued) MR. MEE. March 8, *The Effects of Intemperance*, MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS. March 15, *Geology*, MR. G. H. WHEELER. March 22nd, *Geology* (continued) MR. M. H. WHEELER. March 29, *Education*, MR. STALWOOD. April 5, *Education* (continued) MR. STALWOOD. The above lectures will be illustrated by globes, diagrams, &c. &c. Public meetings are held every Tuesday and Friday for the advocacy of the principles of Teetotalism.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

ON Saturday evening, February 20th, the meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel was crowded, in order to hear a discussion between MR. CRUMP, and a MR. BALLARD.

MR. BALLARD said that he was not opposed to persons, but to principles; that he objected to drunkenness as much as any man; but that he certainly thought no one ought to object to the moderate use of those things which God had provided. He said that alcohol was contained in almost everything, bread, sugar, fruits, &c. He moreover said that wine was nutritious.

MR. CRUMP expatiated at considerable length upon the evils of intemperance, and showed the good effects, moral and physical, resulting from Teetotalism. The majority of the audience expressed itself in favour of this lecturer.

We believe that MR. JOHNSON will continue the discussion with MR. BALLARD on Saturday night, February 27.

[We are surprised that any man should display such extraordinary ignorance relative to the nature and properties of alcohol, as this MR. BALLARD. Alcohol exists, in its native state, in nothing. Its principles are disseminated in various matters; and when these mat-

ters run into decay, and fermentation takes place, *then*—and *not till then*—is alcohol engendered. There is no alcohol in the grape in its natural state; but the principles of alcohol are there, only in a disseminated state. When the juice of the grape is expressed, the sugar, the ferment, and the fermentable matter are amalgamated together: fermentation then takes place; and *alcohol is then formed*. It is as absurd to say that alcohol exists in nature, as to say that ginger-beer exists in nature, in a natural state. The elements, of which ginger beer is composed, exist in nature; and the amalgamation forms the drink. The artificial aid of man is required to make this compound; and the aid of nature, in the process of decay, is required to produce the alcohol. MR. BALLARD then said that wine was nutritious. It is only so far nutritious in proportion to the amount of substantial matter to which it can be reduced; and we know that a quart of wine, when reduced to substantial matter, is not equivalent in nutritious powers to one ounce of bread. —EDITOR OF "THE TEETOTALER,"]

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

THIS admirable association held its anniversary meeting at the Parochial School, Amwell-street, Pentonville, on February 15th, when, in the absence of their respected President, the REV. J. WEBB, of Harefield, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the REV. W. TYLER, MR. MINGAYE SYDER, MR. CURRIE and MR. CHARLES TAYLOR, Treasurer of the Clerkenwell (adults) Society, and H. C. R. I. C. B. Rechabites. In the course of the evening a splendid gold medal and chain, and pearl pen, were presented by MASTER BROOKS, in the name of the Society, to MR. R. P. BATGER, the Secretary, "as a trifling testimonial for his valuable services." The meeting was crowded throughout the evening; upwards of two thousand persons, including the parish authorities, being present. We were gratified in noticing, among many other distinguished individuals on the platform, MR. R. HICKS, surgeon, and MR. EMBERSON, the esteemed Treasurer of the United Temperance Association. A grand vocal and instrumental concert in aid of the funds of the same Society will take place at Aldersgate-street chapel, on Monday evening next, when upwards of forty talented performers will attend.

MR. MINGAYE SYDER.

THE following is a portion of the petition presented to Parliament by this gentleman, through MR. BROTHERTON, M.P. for Salford:—

"The respectful Petition of Mingaye Syder, of No. 74, Blackman-street, Southwark, Licentiate and Teacher of Medicine, Sheweth,

"That your Petitioner has attended meetings, examined individuals, and delivered lectures in above two hundred of the larger towns in England, to numerous and highly respectable audiences, and has used every exertion to ascertain the effects of an entire and sudden abandonment of alcoholic fluids upon the human constitution, in all its varieties, and under all possible contingencies.

"That the results of your Petitioner's diligent inquiries are, first, a thorough conviction that the use of fluids containing alcohol habitually, in any proportion, tends to disturb the animal economy and nature's several balances, upon a maintenance of which perfect health depends. Secondly, that, being productive of functional derangements and organic disease, intoxicating fluids disqualify persons as progenitors of healthy offspring, and hence an immense proportion of those peculiarities of constitution, nervous affections, hereditary predispositions to disease, &c. &c., terms quite familiar to your honourable House. Thirdly, that your Petitioner, during the last three years, has done greater service to fellow man in the shape of preventing, by influencing persons to abandon the chief cause of disease, than during twenty years' extensive practice by his efforts to cure disease.

"Your Petitioner most respectfully begs to remind your honourable House that it is computed that one drunkard dies every ten minutes; and if to this be added the probable amount of the premature deaths by a more slow but certain system, enough will be presented to rivet the attention and strike with awe every man who admits his responsibility.

"And your Petitioner will ever pray, &c.

"MINGAYE SYDER.

"74, Blackman-street, Southwark, February fourth, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the 6th Number of a second Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 37.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE AND IMPORTANT CHAPTERS OF OUR NARRATIVE, AND WILL BE FOUND TO BE INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH THE TITLE THEREOF.

THE sympathy excited in favour of the distressed Cannibals was very great at the epoch of which this memorable history is now treating; and although a great number of the city folks did not precisely comprehend in what manner the hopes of the philanthropists, who had taken up their cause with so much ardour, were to be carried out, the ball-room at the London Tavern was thronged with all the beauty and fashion east of Temple Bar. Indeed, it had struck the erudite Mr. Pickwick himself that the messengers, who would be doubtless despatched to the Society Islands with provisions purchased by the proceeds of the ball, would stand a very good chance of becoming food themselves for the famished Cannibals. Be all this, however, as it may or might, it is not the less a fact that the ball took place; that there was the usual amount of music, dancing, light, mirth, and noise; that the Sago family was there in all the bloom of respectability and costly garments; and that the countenances of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass gave additional animation to the joyous scene.

When the first quadrilles were over, refreshments of all elegant kinds were handed about by the obsequious waiters; but many persons who were present have since declared that nothing was more refreshing both for the imagination and the spirits than the manner in which Mr. Pickwick suddenly darted away from his companions, tripped airily across the room, nearly knocked down one of the aforesaid waiters in his way, and hastened up to Miss Teresina Sago, whom, with the boldness and manly decision natural to his character, he challenged to be his partner in the next dance. The eyes of this extraordinary man twinkled, like stars, behind his spectacles; one of his feet, both of which were embellished, or rather themselves embellished black silk stockings, was slightly raised from the ground, and pointed downwards in a manner calculated to menace rivalry to the science of Taglioni; and while his right arm was partly extended, his left hand played negligently with the eye-glass that was suspended by a black riband to his neck. Never was seen a more graceful attitude; and so cheering was the scene, that many who beheld it could not conceal their mirth, but laughed outright.

At the farther end of the room did Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle stand to admire the proceedings of their great leader; and, as if the spirit which had animated him were suddenly transfused to them, they all abruptly burst into animation and motion, and hurried to different parts of the room to select partners for the ensuing dance. Mr. Tupman was introduced by the master of the ceremonies to a middle-aged lady, with an immense yellow turban, who had never hoped to dance again;—Mr. Winkle recognised the niece of an acquaintance in one direction; and Mr. Snodgrass the daughter of a common councilman in another;—and thus, in far less time than the details have occupied to relate, did Mr. Pickwick and his three friends accomplish four triumphs well worthy of being recorded in this narrative of important events.

The ladies and gentlemen now began to take their places for the next quadrille; and the Pickwickians with their partners did the same. Mr. Tupman and the lady in the yellow turban became the *vis-à-vis* to Mr. Pickwick and Miss Sago; and then, when she was thus standing up, Mr. Tupman found reason to felicitate himself in having fallen in with a partner who could not

have weighed much less than sixteen or eighteen stone. He was just thinking how very unpleasant it would be were she to happen to tread upon his toes, when the symphony bade him prepare for an exhibition of his skill in the Terpsichorean art.

The dance began; and—either through an unusual springiness in the boards, or in consequence of his body having suddenly partaken of the lightness of his heart,—Mr. Pickwick began to cut some of the most extraordinary flings that ever were seen in or out of a ball-room, or off a gibbet. Certain it is that he was not now dancing upon nothing; for the floor creaked beneath his weight; and the elasticity of the boards only served to increase the height of his capers. His three friends evidently felt proud of this splendid display of agility on the part of our hero, and did all they could to imitate it.

"Pray who is that stout gentleman whom you recognised just now, as we passed our *vis-à-vis*?" enquired the lady in the yellow turban of Mr. Tupman.

"Oh! that is Mr. Pickwick," was the ready answer.

"Indeed!" said the lady. "He seems very fond of dancing."

"And yet it is a very long time since I saw him exhibit his powers," observed Mr. Tupman.

"The philanthropy of the cause for which this ball is given," said the lady, "is probably the inducement to a little additional gaiety on this occasion."

"It certainly is a most humane purpose," remarked Mr. Tupman.

"Pray, sir, do you know how far off the people live for whom the charity is intended?" enquired the lady.

"I really cannot say," answered Mr. Tupman; "but I should think some thousands of miles."

"Oh!" cried the lady, with an air of delight; "then I suppose it will be all salt provisions which will be sent to them?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Tupman.

"Ah! I'm glad of that!" cried the lady.

"Are you any way interested as to the nature of the food to be forwarded to the suffering Cannibals?" demanded Mr. Tupman, in a gentle tone.

"Oh! to be sure I am," ejaculated the lady. "I'm in hopes of having the contract. I'm in the ham and boiled beef line myself!"

Mr. Tupman surveyed with astonishment the lady whom he had taken for a substantial widow with about fifteen hundred to two thousand a year, and probably three or four nice little freeholds within the bills of mortality; and he screwed up his nose in a highly edifying manner, as if his olfactory nerves were suddenly assailed with the odours of boiled beef and greens.

In the meantime Mr. Snodgrass had "done the amiable" as well as he could to his partner, and as well as a man usually does who has left his wife at home to take care of the children: in other words, he was wonderfully well pleased at being emancipated from the thralldom of the domestic circle for a few hours.

"How highly poetic is this scene," said he to his partner, with a sigh such as a votary of the Muses alone could be expected to heave.

"Yes—only the candles do smell so horrid," answered the young lady thus appealed to.

"What would Byron have said had he seen so much youth and beauty assembled together in one spot?" asked Mr. Snodgrass, with another sentimental sigh.

"He would have wondered, as I do, that the old lady who is dancing with your friend should have thought of making such a fool of herself," returned the partner of the poetic Mr. Snodgrass.

"And what think you of this divine melody?"

enquired Mr. Snodgrass. "Is not the music enough to transport the soul, with enthusiasm, to other spheres, and plunge the imagination in a delicious dream—?"

"There's another false note, I declare!" exclaimed the young lady. "I wonder that the Committee should have hired such a band. But it is a Charity-Ball in all respects, I should say."

Mr. Winkle, on his side, was also taking advantage of the intervals between the figures to indulge in a little pleasant chit-chat with his partner, with whom he was well acquainted, and with all her family.

"Why is your father not here to-night?" he enquired.

"Why didn't Mrs. Winkle accompany you?" asked the lady.

"What a beautiful day it has been!"

"How crowded the room is!"

"Have you seen the new melo-drama at the Adelphi?"

"I wonder who mamma is talking to over there."

"They tell me it is a capital piece."

"I can't think who it can be."

"The author is unknown."

"Oh! quite unknown—I never saw him before."

"The costumes are elegant."

"Well—I can't say that I think he is well dressed."

"To whom do you allude?"

"To the gentleman talking to mamma."

All this colloquy was very pleasant and agreeable; and at balls few people are entertained upon any more substantial or satisfactory grounds. Indeed, it frequently happens that a gentleman and lady will converse together for ten minutes, while the music is playing with all the might and main of the performers, and smile, and look intelligent, and nod, and shake their heads, and exclaim, "Indeed!" "You don't say so!" "Well—I couldn't have believed it!"—and all the while neither of them hears a syllable the other utters.

But what passed all this time between Mr. Pickwick and Miss Teresina Sago? It is not without a purpose that we deferred a reference to him and his partner until we had satisfied the curiosity of the reader with regard to the conversation which took place between his friends and their partners. We reserve the greatest treat to the last, as a prudent cook places her most succulent dishes upon the table when the more gross food is disposed of.

"It is a very long time since I danced," observed Mr. Pickwick, down whose countenance the perspiration was pouring.

"You have not forgotten your steps, Mr. Pickwick, at all events," returned Teresina.

"I should not have thought of dancing had it not been for—a particular circumstance," added Mr. Pickwick, with a fond glance towards his partner.

"Oh! I fully comprehend you," said Teresina, who imagined that the philanthropic nature of the ball had thus induced Mr. Pickwick to exhibit his acquirements.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; "well—I am glad you comprehend me! On such an occasion I feel that I could dance for hours!" he added enthusiastically.

"All the best feelings of human nature are excited by the occasion," remarked Miss Teresina Sago.

"Devoid of feeling—worse than rock—more passionless than stone, should I be," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, "did I not acknowledge the truth of your observation?"

"The heart is soon melted, Mr. Pickwick," said Teresina, in a plaintive tone that fell like the notes of a silver bell upon the ears of him to whom the remark was addressed.

"Yes—the heart is conquered by such feelings, and becomes the slave to such sentiments," said he rapturously.

"It is to be desired that all our hopes in this instance will be realised," pursued Teresina.

"I think it depends entirely upon ourselves," returned Mr. Pickwick slyly.

"Oh! not entirely," cried Teresina.

"No—certainly not," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily. "There are parents to be consulted—"

"No parents will refuse to aid their children in so virtuous a design," remarked Teresina.

"Oh! how delighted am I to hear this assurance from your lips!" cried Mr. Pickwick, in an impassioned tone.

"And how happy the poor Cannibals will be when they hear of it!" returned Teresina, with an equally joyous accent.

Mr. Pickwick stared at his partner in the most unfeigned astonishment. He now perceived that a most singular misunderstanding had existed between him and Teresina relative to the topic of their conversation, and that their colloquy had consisted of a most provoking series of equivokes. In a word, he had been delicately and—as he thought—adroitly describing the state of his feelings with respect to Teresina; and she had been alluding all the time to the charitable object for which the ball was given. This misunderstanding was particularly provoking; but Mr. Pickwick was compelled to conduct his partner through the mazes of the next figure; and he, therefore, determined to postpone any further conversation upon the state of his heart—or rather any further attempts to turn the conversation upon that subject—until the termination of the quadrille should afford him a better opportunity.

The quadrille *did* terminate at length; and, according to prescribed custom, Mr. Pickwick promenaded with his partner two or three times round the room, preceded and followed by the other ladies and gentlemen who had been engaged in the last quadrilles. He then led Miss Teresina to a seat; and this sent happened to be in a secluded part of the room—at a distance from those occupied by any other persons.

"Shall I procure you some lemonade?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, as his companion complained of the heat of the room.

"I will not give you that trouble, Mr. Pickwick," returned Teresina: "I am afraid of drinking anything cold after dancing."

"You are right," said our hero. "I admire such prudence in young ladies: it is not always met with."

"Oh! I only follow mamma's advice," returned Teresina, with bewitching *naïveté*.

"And you do right to follow your excellent parent's counsel," continued Mr. Pickwick. "A dutiful daughter always makes a good wife."

Teresina started slightly.

"Yes—I have always noticed that a good daughter becomes a good wife," said Mr. Pickwick. "Alas! how happy should I be if I had some one to be my constant companion—some one to whom I could impart all my thoughts and sentiments—some one, in a word—"

"I thought that you were in the habit of putting great confidence in your valet," said Miss Sago.

"Oh! Sam is an excellent fellow," returned Mr. Pickwick; "but that is not the exact companion to whom I was alluding. I mean a companion of a more intimate and more endearing kind—a companion, Miss Sago, who is your equal, and who becomes your friend by legal and religious ties, as well as by those of the heart—a companion—"

"Let us join mamma, Mr. Pickwick," said Teresina, in a tremulous tone.

"I will never rise from this seat till I hear your decision," answered Mr. Pickwick boldly, "unless indeed it is to fall at your feet—or—to fetch you a glass of lemonade—"

"Mr. Pickwick—"

"Never—never," repeated our hero, who had now wound his courage up to the necessary point to make the disclosure, and who saw that it would be useless and cowardly to retreat.

"Mr. Pickwick," again murmured Teresina, who was in reality both bewildered and alarmed by this announcement, which she could not affect to misunderstand, in a public ball-room.

"I await your decision," said Mr. Pickwick, who, with his usual sagacity and prudence, had selected for his declaration of love a time and a

place when the slightest peculiarity of manner or variation of countenance would have been remarked:—"I await your decision, Miss Sago! I have not known you long—scarcely a month, I believe; but I have learned to appreciate your good qualities. I am not a young man; but I can be kind and affectionate to one who will be the same to me. I am possessed of a competency—and—and—I love you, Miss Sago!"

This eloquent avowal called up a deep blush to the cheeks of the young lady to whom it was made; and for some time she sat motionless and speechless—uncertain how to act, or how to reply. She had certainly noticed that during his recent visits to her father's house, Mr. Pickwick had paid her a considerable amount of attention; and, when he had taken his departure on those occasions, her mother and sister had certainly joked her relative to the impression she had made upon the "old gentleman;" but she did not anticipate so speedy an avowal of his passion, even if she had ever expected it at all; and as she was a very prudent and well-behaved young lady, she was bound to demonstrate, on such an occasion, a considerable degree of trepidation and embarrassment.

"I hope I have not offended you, my dear Miss Sago?" at length murmured Mr. Pickwick; and then he endeavoured to recal to mind all the tender things which lovers were made to say to their mistress in the novels and romances which he had read; but he could not bethink himself of one single sentence applicable to the present occasion. He looked upwards—but there were no stars to compare her eyes to; he looked to the right, and he saw his friend Tupman's late partner with the yellow turban; he looked to the left, and he saw a waiter poking the fire;—he looked down, and he saw his own kerseymer tights and black silk stockings. None of these objects afforded him a simile to interweave into the language of love.

"No—Mr. Pickwick," said Teresina, after a long pause; "you have not offended me. But let us return to my mamma and sister."

"And may I hope?" asked Mr. Pickwick, as he escorted the fair one to her relatives.

"I beg you will not press the subject with me," returned Teresina. "My papa will—"

And here she stopped; but Mr. Pickwick was a man of the world enough to know that he was accepted by the daughter, and referred to the father. He bestowed a tender squeeze upon the hand of the young lady as he conducted her to a chair next to her mother, and then hastened to rejoin his three friends, who were once more assembled together at the farther extremity of the room.

"How smiling Pickwick is!" said Mr. Tupman to Messieurs Snodgrass and Winkle.

"I think he meditates a conquest in a certain quarter," observed Mr. Winkle.

"All great minds are accessible to love," said the poetic Mr. Snodgrass.

"Thank you for the compliment, Snodgrass," cried Mr. Pickwick. "I am not an exception to the general rule."

The three friends surveyed their leader with mingled admiration and respect; and those master-minds immediately comprehended the state of the great man's feelings.

In the course of the evening Mr. Tupman was introduced to Miss Amelia Sophia Sago; and they danced a quadrille together. To be brief, the ball passed off amazingly well; and so the papers said on the following morning.

On the return of the friends to Half Moon Street, Mr. Pickwick hurried up stairs to his own bedroom, to indulge in the luxury of his private reflections. But to his momentary annoyance he found Mr. Weller reading a book by the fire which was blazing cheerfully in the grate.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as he took off his coat, and slipped on his dressing-gown by the aid of his servant, "I have done it at last."

"Done wot, sir?" demanded Sam. "Discovered the perpetual motion?"

"No, Sam," answered Mr. Pickwick; "I have done something much more calculated to ensure my happiness."

"So the gen'lman said ven he threw his wife out o' the four wheeled shay an' broke her neck," observed Mr. Weller.

"Sam, I am serious!" cried Mr. Pickwick.

"So am I, sir—wery," was the rejoinder.

"Well, then, Sam—this is what I have done," continued Mr. Pickwick, seating himself by the fire, and poking it fiercely as he spoke, in order

that he need not be compelled to look his valet in the face;—"I have decided upon a step which I ought to have taken twenty years ago."

"Ah! sir," said Sam very seriously, "many's the feller, that if he'd on'y taken a step on the tread-wheel twenty year ago, wouldn't ha' been transported now: he'd a profited by the example."

"You don't by any means comprehend my meaning, Sam," continued Mr. Pickwick mildly. "I shall, sir, ven you'll give me a chance," cried Sam.

"I have long thought that when a man arrives at the evening of existence, he requires some bright constellation to cheer the gloom of his waning existence," observed Mr. Pickwick, by way of rendering himself intelligible to his domestic, while he shook his head most mysteriously.

"Ah! I des say its all wery right, sir," said Mr. Weller: "I von't dispute it—I'll take your word for it; your head's crammed wery full o' good things, sir; on'y I can't get to see wot's in it, and I can't tell by the shaking, as the nobleman said ven he bought the cocoa-nut."

"I mean, Sam, that I wish for a companion for my declining years; and that—"

A long, loud, and shrilly whistle now emanated from the lips of Mr. Samuel Weller, upon whose brain a ray of intelligence had suddenly darted.

"I see wot you're a drivin' at now," he exclaimed; "an' if so be as the young gal isn't a wixen, and won't go pitchin' into you, and clawin' out your eyes, and writing her name on your face with her nails, and none o' them anticks, I can't see why you shouldn't go to the himminal haltar as well as any von else."

"You speak like a very rational young man, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, considerably delighted with this observation.

"My father used to say that I had a great deal o' good nat'ral ability ven I was a boy, sir," returned Sam: "I remember how he praised me, and gived me a half-crown 'cos I invented a thing to entice the neighbours' chickens over the wall—"

"I didn't mean abilities of that kind, Sam," hastily interrupted Mr. Pickwick. "But—as I was saying—I intend to unite myself with Miss Teresina Sago, whom you have seen."

"A wery nice gal, sir," observed Sam.

"And so you approve of this change in my condition—do you, Sam?" enquired our hero, with a smile of satisfaction and complacency.

"In course I do, sir," answered Sam. "Ven's the veddin' to take place?"

"Oh! all that will be settled by-and-bye, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick with a smile. "Rome wasn't built in a day: we must get on by degrees."

"So the insolvent said, sir, ven he offered to pay off the thousand pounds vich he'd borrowed of a friend, at a penny a week," observed Mr. Weller.

"Well, Sam, we will converse upon the matter to-morrow morning. Good night."

"Good night, sir," cried the faithful valet; and in half an hour master and servant were snoring and dreaming comfortably, each on his respective couch.

(To be continued in our next.)

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

In France there are 7000 barristers, 4000 attorneys, 12,000 notaries, 7000 magistrates, and 22,000 medical practitioners. The number of freemen is 184,000. In Paris there are 1414 boot and shoe makers; 1079 jewellers and silversmiths; 319 hosiers; 1713 grocers; 300 coffee-house keepers; 1350 medical and surgical practitioners; 1058 tailors; 2790 wine-merchants; 960 hair-dressers; and 601 bakers.

The hundred thousandth part of a grain of gold may be seen by the naked eye; and a cube of gold, whose side is but the hundredth part of an inch, has 2433 millions of visible parts. A cylinder of silver, covered with gold leaf, may be drawn out 350 miles long, and yet the gold will cover it. Gold leaf can be reduced to the three hundred thousandth part of an inch, and gilding to the millionth. Silver leaf can be reduced to the hundred and seventy thousandth.

The Inquisition, since its foundation in the fourteenth century, has burnt at the stake above 100,000 persons of both sexes, besides destroying twice that number by imprisonment. Religious wars amongst Christians, for differences of opinion on points of doctrine, have cost the lives of about three millions in direct slaughters; and the wars to establish Christianity, and those waged against the Mussulmans in respect to the Holy Land, have cost fifty millions of lives. The wars of Charlemagne to christianize the Saxons, and of the Spaniards

to christianize the Moors and Americans, cost fifteen millions of lives.

A dozen English words end with *a*, and two dozen with *o*: nearly five thousand with *y*. *Ough* has seven sounds,—*up, o, off, us, ov, ow, and au*. The Irish Alphabet is the Phœnician. The modern characters of the Chinese are 40,000; but the works of Confucius only contain 4000. Johnson's Dictionary contains 30,000 words; the Scapular 44,000 Greek words; and Ainsworth's Dictionary, 45,000 Latin words.

There were published in Paris, during the year 1840, no less than 9,700 works in French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Latin, and Greek; 1349 engravings and lithographs; and 1250 works on music.

France contains 5412 founderies; 39,030 manufactories; and 10,996,785 landowners.

In Germany, from October to April last, 3941 works were published by 530 publishers. Four hundred and six of these were printed at Berlin.

In the year 1821, the population of England was 20,874,158 souls. In 1831, it was 24,099,850, showing an increase of 3,225,692 in ten years.

About 1,800,000 letters are annually thrown into the Unclaimed Letter Office at the French post-office in Paris. During the last six years, the sums of money sent in unclaimed letters have amounted every year to about 25,000 francs, or £1000 sterling.

The advantages of taming wild beasts may be thus demonstrated. The owner of an ambulating menagerie lately calculated that if all the ferocious animals which are now confined in Europe were let loose in an immense forest, it would contain 225 lions, 289 tigers, 302 leopards, 270 panthers, 67 elephants, 10 rhinoceros, 2700 wolves, 78 rattle-snakes, 216 boa-constrictors, 1040 hyenas, and 96 crocodiles.

Since the year 1558, the number of gold pieces coined in England amount to 164,702,335, which, if formed into a cubic metallic mass, would measure more than fourteen square feet.

Speaking on the law of imprisonment for debt, Lord Eldon is reported to have said, some years ago, that the system allows a license to act in a manner more infamous and inhuman than was ever done towards slaves.

In the event of the death of the Emperor of China, the intelligence is announced by despatches to the several provinces, written with blue ink, the mourning colour. All persons of rank are required to take the red silk ornaments from their caps, with the ball or button of rank: all subjects of China, without exception, are called upon to forbear from shaving their heads for a hundred days, within which period none may marry, play on musical instruments, or perform any sacrifice.

A blacksmith of Milan, named Ponti, has discovered that by suspending a chain to one of the corners of the anvil by means of a ring, the noise of the hammer may be almost entirely deadened.

France grows 7,000,000 of mulberry trees, which give 3,000,000 lbs. of raw silk annually. The united value of her silks and wines reaches £25,016,220 sterling, on the yearly average. The wines of France produce half as much to the state as her land tax, and from a twenty-sixth of her entire soil, supply one tenth of her revenue. The vines of France cover 4,265,000 acres (English), and the average produce is nearly 250 gallons an acre. About 115,067,360 gallons of brandy are produced by the distillation of wine. The wine-sellers in France are 240,000; and the annual consumption in every mode is equal to 18 gallons for each individual. In Champagne, the land is worth £800 per acre in many parts. Four acres of land, in the Romanée district, were lately sold for £3,300. The Clos de Vougeot estate, which consists of a hundred and twelve acres, sold for £42,000.

Lace gilding is the millionth of an inch thick: gold leaf of the two hundred thousandth of an inch: 500 inches of gold wire have been drawn from a grain. Tin-foil is the one thousandth of an inch; that is, 200 gold leaves are only equal in thickness to one of tin-foil. One grain of gold will cover $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches each way, or 52 square inches, or can be 1500 times thicker than writing paper; that is, a sheet of writing paper would be 1500 leaves. A cubic inch of mercury, at 620.301, weighs 3425.35 grains.

The average length of human life in France is 33 years, 8 months, and 11 days.

Malthus and others, who propose to forbid marriage unless the parties can give security for providing for their children, forget the lottery of life, and that the most auspicious outset often ends in pauperism, and the most unpromising in affluence.

THE PROGRESS OF INEBRIETY:

DEVELOPED IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.

PLATE IV.—We now continue the narrative of the Gentleman who is the hero of the illustrations presented with *The Teetotaler*. In the *Fourth Plate*, the Gentleman is represented in the magnificent saloon of his Club-House, sitting at a card-table. With regard to the gambling that is carried on to a frightful extent at the Club-Houses at the West End, Mr. Grant, the well-known author of the *Great Metropolis*, puts the following observations upon record:—

"Respecting all those who enter the hazard-room, I saw at once the policy of plying them with the choicest wines, and with a sufficient quantity of them, because 'when the wine is in, the wit is out,' according to the proverb; and men are then, of course, in the best of all possible conditions to risk their money and play too in such a way as is most likely to result in their losing it." A little further on, Mr. Grant says,—"A superb supper, with a liberal supply of the choicest wines which London can afford, often inspires a disposition to gamble, when nothing else will. Nightly observation teaches the proprietors of these establishments that the transition from the supper-room to the hazard table is as natural as the transition from the latter to utter ruin." There are men about town whose whole time is occupied in what they call picking up flats; and the conduct of some of these gentlemen is heartless in the extreme. They will lay plans to plunder officers in the army or navy, and threaten to expose them to their clubs if they do not pay the amount lost upon credit on the previous evening. A Major in the army was a short time ago compelled to sell his commission to pay a gambling debt contracted to one of these harpies. And yet the aforesaid harpies walk about the West End with head erect, and are ever ready to challenge or to chastise those who dare to question their honour, or tell them that "they are not gentlemen." Into the hands of such wretches as these has our young hero now fallen; and, while his head is turning with the effects of wine, his money passes rapidly over to the gambler who sits opposite to him. Could the professed gambler once stand by and forget the proceedings of the game, so as to contemplate only the various emotions betrayed by the countenances of those who are occupied in it, he might receive a lesson that would probably tend essentially to his benefit. There is an agony in the very gaze of the sharper, when he marks with anxiety the different chances of the cards, or the varied throws of the dice. Whether he be successful or unfortunate, the contingencies of loss, and perhaps of consequent ruin, or at all events of material embarrassment, are perpetually before him; nor are the pleasures of taking up the plunder of an antagonist ample enough to recompense him for the dreadful moments that passed ere the event was decided. The constitution of man suffers by an over excitement of spirits, that in a moment may verge into despondency, and then again be as suddenly elevated to joy by the return of fortune. Frequent potations are necessary to support the tings of loss, and are deemed equally indispensable even when the gambler touches his winnings. In either case he requires liquor. This, with the late hours, the anxious watchings, the periods of varying grief, bliss, despair, exultation,—in fine, dissipation, and an irregular flow of spirits, rob him of many good years of his existence. We have said before a hundred times,—and we now repeat the assertion, and with an equal conviction of its truth as heretofore, that Intemperance is the parent of all vices—and of none more generally than gambling. The Club-Houses at the West End of the Town are plague spots in the metropolis; and the laws which tolerate them, and which forbid gambling in public-houses, only prove the inequality of those statutes which relate to the rich and the poor. The former may indulge in all the vices which their wealth can procure; but the petty failings of the latter are punished with vindictive ferocity.

PLATE V.—The Gentleman and the two friends, with whom he is seen in *Plate II*, have now found their way into the City, to commence a crusade against the bell-pulls and knockers of the worthy burghers east of Temple-Bar. The Police-Officers are alarmed at the astounding peals of laughter which emanate from the corner of a street, leading out of Cheapside into Ladlane or Cateaton-street, and hurry to the spot. A number of knockers are immediately thrown upon the ground, and the Gentleman raises his fist—proud of the aristocratic accomplishment which he has derived from the initiative kindness of some of the ruffians who are denominated "prize-fighters." The Policeman draws forth a bludgeon, and calls for assistance. A struggle ensues: the three gentlemen are heated with wine, and they offer a desperate resistance. They are however overpowered and carried to the station-house! We must however observe that the wealth of the rich man, especially if he bear a title, will enable him to escape any punishment, even should he so barbarously maltreat a police-man as to render the man an idiot for the remainder of his days. That such aristocratic scoundrels as Earl Waldegrave and Captain Duff should have found favour in the eyes of the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, is calculated to encourage notions of a somewhat extraordinary nature in the minds of those who hitherto imagined that justice was certainly still distributed with an impartial hand by the Judges of the realm. But here we have had an instance of a Lord Chief Justice quietly and coolly assenting to an arrangement being made by means of pecuniary recompense for an injury the infliction of which would have ensured the transportation of a poor man. Yes—boldly and fearlessly do we assert that a poor man would have been transported for that diabolical outrage which is now to be hushed up in respect to its aristocratic perpetrators, for a sum of money! Merciful heavens, is this a land of justice? Is this a

country in which the same law exists for both rich and poor? In the first place, the wealth of Earl Waldegrave enabled him to remove the adjudication of the matter from a court where the poor man would be tried at once, to another where not only delay is acquired, but also additional facilities of arrangement are secured, and consequently a court which the poor man could not appeal to. Yes—the rich man may drink on Sunday morning at his Club, and gamble all day there,—he may wrench off knockers, and nearly murder the police, and then escape with a small fine or a pecuniary disbursement of some nature; all this may he do,—but tread-mills, correctional prisons, and severe penalties of various kinds await the delinquent who is neither possessed of wealth nor influence! For the present we must bid adieu to our hero—the Gentleman; leaving him in the safe custody of the City-Police.

BEAUTY.

THE thousand different ideas of beauty which nations and individuals entertain, and which differ so essentially one from the other, exist entirely in the imagination. That which one race of men esteems, another hates. Ideas of general beauty are founded upon utility and convenience. A person, therefore, unacquainted with those purposes of utility and convenience would be unable to judge of the degrees of beauty: hence the idea of beauty is not innate. What is reckoned a beauty in one thing, is thought a blemish in another. A thin neck is reckoned a beauty in a horse, and a blemish in a bull, because it denotes tractableness and docility. A thick neck is reckoned a beauty in a bull, and a blemish in a horse, because it denotes strength and stubbornness. If a savage were shown the old and new buildings of the British Museum, he would (being ignorant of the knowledge of utility and convenience) probably hesitate to which he should give the preference. The commonest rules of architecture are founded upon convenience. Thus, when a person weakens the building by making a window below, it is necessary he should lighten the weight in that part by making a window over it, which adds as much to the beauty of the structure as to the convenience of it. If a child were shown a picture, the finest that could be painted, and a paper daubed over with different tinsel colours, he would immediately fix his eyes on the lustre of the colours, and possibly pronounce the daubing the more beautiful. All this shows that ideas of beauty are not innate.

With regard to beauty in women, the discrepancy in taste is remarkable. In some parts of the world, long hair is considered an ornament; in other regions it is deemed disgusting and filthy. There is a tribe on the eastern coast of Africa which totally reverses the fashion prevalent amongst us with regard to the hair. With the members of that tribe the men wear their hair long, and the females crop theirs close. The Moor points out a woman excessively fat and coarse as a specimen of beauty: the Europeans give the preference to the sylph-like form, and reject that of the over-grown Hebe. The Cherokee Indian sees more loveliness in his squaw than in the finest of America's white daughters; and that squaw would not quit her grim-looking chieftain to become the bride of a fair-haired son of Albion. There are islands in the vast southern seas where the countenances of the women are disfigured with scars made by hot irons; and these are supposed, by the male sex, to enhance the charms of the female.

The poet of Europe has also his standard of female beauty. He admires the regular features, eyes flashing fire, vermilion lips disclosing white teeth, hair clustering in a thousand ringlets—parted over a forehead fair as snow and broad with intelligence—and then falling down on ivory shoulders; the finely-moulded form, the attitude of grace, the air of retiring modesty and virgin bashfulness, the amiability and the look of innocence;—all this is attractive indeed; and yet this combination of charms is only the standard of beauty for a certain portion of the population of the world. And even this standard is varied in its details, to suit especial tastes. Some men prefer light hair and blue eyes: others dark hair and black eyes. Thus, one delights in a brunette; and a second in a fair complexion, composed of delicately blended white and red. This amateur follows in the train of a tall woman; that amateur follows a beauty of short stature. So capricious are the effects of phantasy—so volatile the choice of imagination, that volumes might be filled in detailing the various matters wherein nations or individuals differ.

In one of the *Arabian Tales* there is a history of a country where age is considered beauty: with us, youth is said to be so. It even appears that Helen of Troy was sixty years of age when she ran away with Alexander, or Paris; it must therefore have been the reputation of her beauty only that won the seducer's heart. The beauty of Florinda in Cava ruined Spain, and was the cause of the admission of the Moors. Agnes Sorel kept Charles of France in the silken chain of love a long while ere his energies were aroused to combat for his country. The only being who had power to soothe Alonzo the Third of Spain was the once beautiful Isabella, daughter of the Duke of Savoy; and two Ottoman Sultans, Emperors as they were, trembled beneath the sway of Roxelana, the Russian, and Baffa, the Venetian.

How just are the following lines from the *Bride of Abydos* :—

"Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray!
Who doth not feel, until his fading sight
Falls into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness!"

This is perfectly true. I am certain that the greatest misanthrope in the world would relax his stern determinations of unexceptionable seclusion, when the entreaties, the voice, the appeals of Beauty desired him. Let us see what Moore, our favourite poet, says in *Lalla Rookh*. The tale entitled the *Light of the Harem* contains the passage to be quoted :—

"There's a beauty for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer's day's night,
Shining on—shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour!
This was not the Beauty—Oh! nothing like this,
That to young Noormahal gave such magic of bliss;
But the loveliness, ever in motion, which plays,
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheeks, from the cheeks to the eyes,
Now melting in mists, and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heav'n in his dreams."

This is a rich and delicious picture—and yet unsatisfactory at the end. It is a general description, and affords no correct notion by detail. We have before spoken of the power of beauty. Is it to be wondered at, then, if Rolando, the woman-hater in the play of the *Honeymoon*, uttered these words?—

"..... How is her absence irksome!
There is such magic in her graceful form,
Such sweet persuasion on her gentle tongue,
As thaws my firm resolves, and brings me back
To that same soft and pliant thing I was
Ere yet I knew a laughing woman's scorn!"

But, alas! the power of mere beauty is insignificant if it be not supported by the charms of wit and eloquence, indeed, if beauty alone do make a conquest, it is after the manner of those generals who possess themselves of a province by a sudden attack, but who do not know how to retain it. The empire of lovely woman over the heart of man is as much preserved by the attractions of the mind, as by the loveliness of form and feature. Beauty and wit are two graces requiring the aid of each other, and capable of mutual good service. The conversation of many would disgust, did not the charms of the speaker give a certain brilliancy to the insipid language of her mouth. In like manner would the beauties of the exterior frequently fail to delight, unless wit first created an impression. Still, as brilliancy of wit is generally the chief means of retaining conquests, and even occasionally of making them, we may look upon it as the most essential assistant to the support of the throne of beauty. But, after all, if reputation be the best figure in rhetoric, as Napoleon observed at Saint Helena, that figure has never been better nor more frequently employed than in the praise of lovely woman!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter, from our esteemed correspondent, J. W., at Manchester, although dated January 30th, did not reach us until a few days ago. In *The Teetotaler* of the 30th of January, we represented the Northern District Teetotal Society of Manchester to have held a meeting on January 17th (Sunday), whereas it took place on the 16th (Saturday).

We thank Mr. Moon for his suggestion, and shall endeavour to attend to it.

Mr. Mingaye Syder's letter shall appear shortly.

To F. W. P.—Luclio Vannoli was the victim who was burnt for an imputation of atheism. Benedict Spinoza died a natural death.

O. L. must be mad to offer us such verses, and then write us an insolent letter under the impression that he will induce us to insert them. We have much discrimination to use in catering for the public, and do not insert articles from motives of favour, but of merit.

We have answered privately *A Constant Reader*, *Juvenis*, *A. B. C.*, *A Young Teetotaler*, *Home*, *X. Y. Z.*, *A Parent*, *A Reader from the Commencement* and *A Medical Practitioner*.

T. V. is informed that we only receive advertisements for the wrapper of the MONTHLY PART. The price varies according to the length.

M. D. is informed that we do not answer legal queries.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6th, 1841.

WHEN we contemplate the numbers of Teetotal halls and places of meeting now established in every town and village throughout the British dominions, we are lost in astonishment at the popularity already acquired by a principle which proclaimed, at the outset, such uncompromising warfare against favourite habits and deeply-rooted prejudices. Is it possible that Teetotalism would have succeeded in collecting beneath its banners so many millions of men, had it not presented to the world benefits which were immediately appreciated, and enjoyments far more real than the evanescent excitement obtained by means of artificial stimulants? Teetotalism is one of those reformatory principles which may be denominated *human*, inasmuch as it can be applied to all climes, to all classes, all creeds, and all conditions: it is exclusive nowhere, and is universal in essence as well as in result. It resembles that tree whose branches extend

to the earth and renew themselves again in myriads of fresh stems and trunks, and which covers immense districts with its umbrageous foliage. Beneath that grateful shade thousands of travellers may seek repose with comfort and ease; and did not some local circumstances check the progress of that perpetual increase of new stems shooting from the branches to the earth, and then themselves yielding forth fresh boughs, that tree would spread itself to an extent which no one can determine. Thus is it with Teetotalism. The sapling was planted at Preston; and the boughs and the branches, renewing their energies and their extent by means of a thousand new stems, have spread their luxuriant foliage over two islands and millions of their inhabitants. Denizens of all climes may seek refuge beneath the shade; and the feelings, which discrepancy of political or religious opinions may have severed and disunited, may there be renewed and blended again in the language of thanksgiving and ineffable joy.

If it be true that the works of an author represent (as more or less we think it a matter of necessity that they must) his heart as well as his mind, then few writers have ever taken more pains to exhibit the foulness of their own spirits than those who have taken up the pen to attack the doctrines of Teetotalism. Such a talent delights in rioting in noisome places; and, like the unclean beast in the parable, the malignant and unprincipled assailants of Teetotalism return again and again to their "own vomit," and to their "wallowing in the mire" with an appetite as insatiable as it is unwholesome. The unhalloed exhalations of spite and hatred, scurrility and deceit, pervade the writings of the champions of the brewers and the vintners, and shed an atmosphere about their perpetrations which the most polluted can scarcely like to breathe. It is impossible for a healthy spirit to linger amid their miasma, and not come out the worse for their evil influence. How different are the characteristics of the few publications of any note which have as yet emanated from the Teetotal press. If we peruse the *Bacchus* of GRINDROD, the *Anti-Bacchus* of PARSONS, the *Curse of Britain*, by BAKER, and others of the standard works upon the subject, we find them written with the calmness of a conviction which requires no extravagant hyperboles to make up for a deficiency of argument.

Thus is it that the state of the Teetotal world presents on all sides evidences of the rapid progress made by the principle, and which progress is only checked for a moment, but never entirely overcome, by the absence of Union amongst the disciples of the doctrine. The Working Man's Association has now been formed, upon principles exclusive in respect to those who do not exhibit titles to the denomination of a Working-Man; and this Society promises to achieve an immense proportion of good in the English metropolis. But wherefore should the Working Men have thus been driven to establish a society independent of those which admit members of all grades and classes? The reason is obvious: undue pride has been manifested by some who have acquired or usurped elsewhere undue influence. The Working Men are therefore right in separating themselves from societies ruled by individuals who have done this;—but still the necessity which compelled the Working Men thus to isolate themselves, is not the less to be deplored. Nor shall we for one moment cease to proclaim the principle of Union; and the isolation here referred to appears to render such a measure more necessary than ever. It grieved us to behold the following paragraph in the *Temperance Messenger*, the representative of the South Midland Temperance Association, for the present month :—

"'Tis true but little notice is taken of our proceedings by the organs of the two parties into which the London Teetotalers are divided; but this need not excite surprise, so long as we maintain an independency as an association. The object of those periodicals is to report the proceedings of their own agents and auxiliaries. *The Teetotaler*, which stands on neutral ground, and is laudably endeavouring to effect a general union, has done more justice to our efforts."

We do not quote this passage because it contains a compliment to our own impartiality: we are too independent to be compelled to publish testimonials to our own merit, and too sincere to be actuated by any sinister motives of pride. We merely extract the paragraph in order to afford an additional proof of the necessity of Union

amongst the Teetotalers. Wherefore should not all journals, embarked in the same cause, record the triumphs of Teetotalism in all directions and quarters? Surely all sensible and impartial men will perceive the necessity of forming one Grand Metropolitan Society, with which all the provincial Associations will be glad to correspond. A mutual interchange of benefits will then ensue; the expenses of general management will be diminished; and the name of Teetotalism will represent one grand fraternity, whose united efforts will avail ten thousand times more than all the disjointed endeavours of various societies and sections.

Our articles upon the subject of Union have produced an immense sensation in the country; and each day brings its communications from influential societies and friends, urging us to continue our advocacy of that principle. We shall not lose sight of the subject; for we feel convinced that the progressive march of Teetotalism will be accelerated or impeded in proportion to the amount of disunion existing amongst its disciples. And who will not exert himself in so good a cause, and endeavour to remove all obstacles in its way? There are thousands—nay, millions, who are so devotedly attached to the principle which has restored happiness to their houses, that they would deem no sacrifice too great to ensure its prosperity. How many wounds has not Teetotalism healed—wounds in the heart, long, deep, and obstinate;—how many eyes has it not dried, eyes that long had been accustomed to shed scalding tears from morning until "dewy eve;"—how many sinners has it not redeemed, sinners whom friends deemed lost beyond all redemption;—how many diseases has it not cured, diseases which had long baffled all the skill of medical science;—how many souls has it not redeemed from the paths which lead to the realms of Satan, and placed them in the road which terminates at the footstool of the divinity! All this has Teetotalism done: it promised much, but it performed more; and the amount and extent of its blessings have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of even its most enthusiastic admirers. Teetotalism has now resisted the opposition of the prejudiced, and the malignity of the perverse: it has withstood the scoffs of the aristocratic, and the power of the press; it has made converts even in the very hearts of the manufactories of alcoholic liquors themselves;—and it is not to be now destroyed by the opposition of the few who still venture to raise their feeble voices against its progress. A disciple of the cause is no longer ashamed of the fraternity to which he belongs; nor is he to be laughed out of the principles which he professes. He knows that Teetotalism is the safe side,—that prevention is better than cure,—and that it is better not to become a drunkard, than to stand the chance of being one and then admitting the access of conversion again. He despises while he fears the Moderation doctrine, well-knowing that it is an indefinite term, capable of being described by no line of demarcation, and to be considered only as the preparatory rudiments for an elaborate initiation in the mysteries of the bottle. He turns to his happy home, and points to a smiling wife and joyous children; and he reflects that their felicity would be changed to woe were he to frequent the tap-room or the tavern. He dreads not the arrival of the Saturday evening, because he is well aware that he has no creditors who will seek his door and leave it without having obtained satisfaction for their demands. In a word, he knows that Teetotalism retains him in bodily health, supplies him and his family with good clothes and provisions, renders him an honourable and respectable member of society, educates his children, banishes poverty from his dwelling, places a few pounds each year in the Savings' Bank, and adds from time to time a variety of comforts to his domestic hearth. All this does Teetotalism do:—can the opponents of the doctrine convince us that the Moderate Use of Intoxicating Liquors will do one quarter as much? If they cannot, let them be silent!

Let them not come forward to swindle us out of that which is beneficial to us, and the place of which they cannot supply with something one hundredth part so good! Let them prove that the Teetotalers is not ranked upon the right side, the safe side—and we will throw down our pen and remain for ever silent upon the subject!

YES AND NO;

OR THE POST-HASTE WOOLER.*

If the English are distinguished above all other nations for their keen sense of the humorous, they are not less remarkable for exhibiting in their own persons, sayings and doings, the richest specimens of that quality. "They are not only" humorous themselves "but the cause of" humour "in others." We shall lay before the reader a prose version of a Danish comic poem, founded on some of John Bull's eccentricities, in which we have incorporated the notes with the text.

Of all the adventures I have ever heard of, says Baggesen, the Danish poet, none ever so delighted me as those whose history reaches us from the western side of the German Ocean. In no other country do so many occur. In a thousand other parts of the world no doubt people make the best of the good things of this life, as far as they can: they chat, sing, marry and laugh, fall in love, remain bachelors and weep, now and then they produce a book, and so on; they are born, eat, drink, sleep, dream, and die. All this is done by Russians, Danes, Germans, and many others in a passive sort of way, as if there were no art in the matter; the Englishman alone *acts*. Like the rest of us mortals he does many a silly thing in his day, but then he is sure to do it in an original manner: like us he does many wise, and good, and amiable things, but then in doing them he often soars to a sublimity of excellence far above our flight. In short, he does everything the rest of us mortals do, but everything with a more original energy.

One Englishman shoots himself.—Well, there is nothing new in that, when capricious fortune bears a man too hard; but to shoot oneself just because one has brought one's pigs to the best possible market, that is undeniably a sin exclusively English. Philip Mordaunt was seven-and-twenty, handsome, rich, of good family, of sprightly and agreeable manners, and to crown all, fondly loved by the amiable object of his affections; all this gave him such a disgust of life that he grew desperate, took to writing verses, and shot himself.

All over the world mankind bows beneath the sceptre of love. The lover laments, sighs, burns and blazes, hears a strain or so of the harmony of the spheres, thunders out odes, or snivels elegies, and occasionally loses his reason, though that, to be sure, is generally a trifle. Sometimes, if the lady is inexorably cruel, he gets at last into such a towering passion (that is, if her beauty is worth the trouble) that oft he goes and makes away with his life, which also is for the most part a trifle. Does the ill-fated swain fancy his foot is too big, and fear lest it cause him to lose favour in his lady's eyes, chop at a wink from Cupid, goes the great toe off each foot. All this is plain and simple enough; but for a man to rid himself of the whole leg in order to soften the obduracy of a wood-legged beauty, that, you may see with half an eye, is a job for none but an Englishman. Sir Thomas Dolsey had till his forty-fourth year bid defiance to all the charms of the fairest dames of London. The crafty little archer had his revenge; Sir Thomas in process of time fell over head-and-ears in love with a country beauty. Miss Lucy long said him nay, and at last exhibited to him that inseparable obstacle to all wedlock, her wooden leg. "If that be all that stands in my way," he exclaimed, "I shall soon be the happiest of men!" He sent for a surgeon. "Here, sir, cut off my leg, and be quick!" The surgeon thought him mad. "Look ye, sir, here are three hundred guineas, and here is a loaded pistol. Take your choice." The poor surgeon was forced to comply, and provided his patient with the wooden leg he wished for. Such a proof of heroic devotedness could not fail to touch the heart of Miss Lucy: she became Lady Dolsey.

It is surely a most desperate run of ill luck with the dice when a man throws incessantly crabs, and nothing but crabs; in such cases, it is by all means customary to yell, gnash the teeth, tear the hair, stamp, and run frantically up and down the room, cursing all the while the gambler's whole litany through. But to stand quietly during the play, with the hand in the bosom, and slowly to claw one's heart out from beneath the ribs, this is one of those happy strokes of genius that never could occur to any one but a desperate Englishman; and tradition tells this has been done by a gambler of that nation.

Want of money is a prolific source of notable stratagems, and none but a hungry Englishman could hit on the device of playing chess with heaven, to give him a pretext for genteelly squeezing the pockets of one of its stewards on earth, an archbishop. A broken London merchant betook himself to a lonely roadside, where sitting himself down in hermit fashion, he took to playing chess incessantly—with God as he said. The Archbishop of Canterbury happening to pass that way, on a journey for the purpose of receiving a large sum of money, cast his eyes on this extraordinary player, who with the utmost deliberation alternately moved his own piece and his antagonist's. While the archbishop was looking on, the human player lost a game for rather high stakes, which he im-

* From the Ladies' Cabinet for March.

mediately paid to God's servant. His grace found this very reasonable and quite as it ought to be; but just as he came up again to the spot on his way back, another game was decided in the hermit's favour for thirty times the amount of the former stakes, of which the victor upon the most obvious principles of equity claimed payment at the hands of Heaven's treasurer. The archbishop paid the demand, perhaps, because he was convinced of its justice: perhaps, because they were alone, and the hermit was the stronger of the two. See, says the Danish author, all the French and English newspapers of the day. But for this last observation we should have been inclined to regard the tale as a mystic fable, true, perhaps, in the poetic and transcendental, though not in the literal sense; but since the story appeared for the first time in the "newspapers, whose truth all know and feel," we surrender our doubts. The fact must be historical.

I could go on thus till sunrise without stopping, continues our author, to tell the humours of the English, and every word would confirm my assertion that the English are above all others men to *act*. But, courteous reader, let these specimens content you for the present, and now listen to a little trait of English originality.

Some time ago there was in London amongst many other things a merchant, whom, in all haste we shall call King, not to waste our precious time in turning over old papers for another name.

When I shall have said something more of my hero, the judicious reader will perceive that his name was the least important circumstance about him. A name we know is a mere nothing, every commonplace fellow has got one; but a certain thing called sound sense, and another still more important, a mass of metal, which our prosaic merchant called four tons of gold, were much more distinguishing marks of his individuality. Furthermore, he was active in his calling, cheerful, witty, good-looking, and gentlemanly, but in all his proceedings as restless, hasty, and impetuous as the bell of an alarm clock in full play.

A thousand pardons, my dear madam! Brevity is my choicest hobby, and so I had nearly passed over an important circumstance respecting our King, viz, that though he had now some thirty years waked, eat, drank, and slept, he was still neither married nor engaged. Unpardonable! you exclaim. Certainly he would have been inexcusable had he ever seen such a charmer as you. Be that as it may, it is no business of mine to inquire why he was not married; all I know is, he was incessantly bored by his friends and relations with entreaties that he would take a wife.

Gently though! I am running on too fast. In obedience to truth, and to the honour of the King family, I must admit, that no member of it had ever said a word to him on the subject. Relations certainly must be mad who could tease the proprietor of four tons of gold with such proposals. No, the thing is against nature, and let who will contend against her, I prefer retracting my words. It was only his friends then that urged him, and not all these even, for then he would have had half England on his shoulders, whoever had but a stomach, (and where is the Briton that wants one,) being his most cordial friend. The simple truth then is, that some dozen or so of his good friends incessantly pressed him to make still more beings happy, and with the help of an amiable partner to live again after his death in an interesting little posterity.

"Done!" said he one evening. "I'll see about it. But the question is, where can I put my hand at once with all speed upon a pretty amiable girl?"

"That you can soon do," replied his friend. "Mount your horse early in the morning, and ride out to the country-house I shall give you the address of, belonging to the father of three charming and well-educated girls. I cannot lead you to expect any fortune with them, but excepting that they want nothing that can contribute to the happiness of wedded life."

"Done!" cried King. "I'm off there in the morning."

"Is that settled?"

"Poz! Good bye for so long."

The following morning saw King galloping towards the country-house. Arrived there, a lad received from him his panting horse, and he bounced in like a rocket at the kitchen-door; a little servant-girl stopped him short in his blind career—for a man going a-wooing or to hang himself is next door to out of his wits—"If you please, sir, the hall-door is the other way. I will show you, sir." King followed her, and was ushered into the breakfast-parlour. There he saw five persons, three of whom dressed in rural negligée coloured bashfully, bowed, and glided away. The lady and gentleman of the house remained. "Sir," said King, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance, but I am very desirous to make it. It struck me it would be a capital thing to breakfast with you this morning; and, to tell you the truth, I have a very good reason for this, that you will hardly guess at. You must know then.—But no! I must not take you so by storm. First of all I will beg leave to ask you for breakfast. There are some things that never

slip pleasantly off the tongue till one has breakfasted."

After breakfast our hasty wooer delivered himself nearly in the following terms:—

"I am pretty well off as to the gifts both of Nature and Fortune. I have got three or four tons of gold, sound health and strength, and a very good temper: but one treasure I want, the very greatest treasure of this earth, an affectionate wife to share all these good things with me. Perhaps one of your three daughters may make up her mind to do so. If it is agreeable to you, do me the favour to let me see them at once in negligée as they are; for should it so happen that none of them has a mind to take me, I have too much to do to spend my time here to no purpose."

"Immediately! With great pleasure!" exclaimed the father and mother, and the good lady called in her three daughters.

In simple morning dresses, with clean white caps, from beneath which their hair streamed down in brown waves upon their shoulders; their bosoms half-concealed, and adorned each with a rosebud, that eagerly opened its little red lips at the charms beside it, as if it would kiss them in spite of the tucker; with aprons that, like summer clouds floating before the moon, fell in light folds over the round knees almost to the little fairy feet; so stood the three Graces side by side, with bashful smiles and blushes. King was enchanted, and looked, and looked, he could do nothing but look, and looked himself almost blind and senseless; for in such cases the soul flies out through the eyes towards the fascinating object till it is wholly overcome. Only ask the Shepherd Paris if I am not right.

Long did he stand gazing on the magic charms before him, and wishing to himself that he was all eyes from the crown of his head to his toes. "Ay!" he said at last, "I could stand here for ever: but I have something to do besides. I must choose one, for I suppose I cannot take all the three, though that would be the most comfortable arrangement. What say you? I do not exactly remember how the law runs; this has put law and everything else out of my head."

Mr. King must by all means content himself with one, and there are men who think one even rather too many. I do not pity those gentlemen however; it is usually their own fault; for women, as every one very well knows, are just what we make them. Well, the choice was not an easy one for our poor wooer, especially as he now saw so badly, and had stared himself quite out of his wits. His thoughts danced a complete gallopade in his head, and chased each other about like the pictures of a magic lantern. "The devil take all this bother of choosing," thought he, "I like them all, and the one that I get will I warrant be the right one."

Having made up his mind to this very sensible view of the case, he turned to the parents. "Choose which of the three I may," he said, "I am sure to choose well. If you please then let us say, without any more fuss, it shall be that one who—attend young ladies—who first says Yes!"

The father and mother nodded their assent; the mother only adding in a low voice, "You must judge for yourselves, my dears; so consider what is best for your own happiness." But all the three were silent, and a bashful look was the only answer they gave. Our swain stood and stared three whole minutes, watching with all his eyes and ears whence the first sound should come; still no "yes" stole through the closed portals of those coral lips.

"Ha!" said King, "I see you wish to reflect upon the matter. Be it so; I wait with the utmost possible patience a quarter of an hour for the elder, but not a minute longer."

"That is a very short time for reflection, Mr. King," interposed the mamma.

"Can't wait a moment longer on any account. It is just now turned ten."

"Well, then, we shall see. Come with me, Mary."

This was the name of the eldest, whom, between you and me, Mr. King had most particularly taken a fancy to, though he had not had time to make this out to his own satisfaction. For, during the scene we have just described, it is certain that, without being himself aware of it, he cast a special sheep's eye upon her. But all this while I am afraid the reader will think my narrative rather prolix: on condition of her gracious pardon I promise to get to the end of my story with the speed of my hero.

The quarter of an hour passed; mamma came out from the adjoining room, and our wooer flew into it like the wind.

"Well, if you will have me, tell me so quickly!"

"No."

"In earnest?"

"In earnest."

"You will not have me?"

"Sir."

"Well?"

"Sir."

"You will?"

"No."

"Hum! Then I may mount horse, and be off again."

He ran back into the parlour to take leave of the young lady's parents; but they were of opinion, notwithstanding his whimsical hastiness, that Mr. King was a match not so easily to be parted with. They therefore begged him earnestly to stop a little longer. "You see," they said, "the weather is fine and the roads are in good order. Try another quarter of an hour."

"Very well then; I will try once more."

"Come with me, Sophia," said the mother to her second daughter. The quarter elapsed, as it had done before, and the gentleman rushed in and presented himself to the young lady.

"Yes or no?" he said, and thrice he received a very distant "No" for an answer.

Our hero returned to the parlour, and, to own the truth, rather abashed. To be rejected once is bad enough; but twice, lord help me! I think I should go crazy. King did nothing of the kind; he seemed to take his refusal very calmly; but what really vexed him was the irreparable loss of his precious time, and therefore he said he would have no more to do with the matter, though the parents pressed him strongly to try the last quarter of an hour. But, alas! Father Wessel says,—

Against three powers, my honest friend,
'Tis vain to bluster, and contend;
And these three powers, in spite of cavil,
I say are love, fate, and—the devil."

To these lines, especially the first two, no man can bid defiance. It was written that King should have a wife; and—mark, attentive reader!

Henrietta, the youngest daughter, still remained. Hardly was the last quarter over, when our wooer sprang into the room with truly heroic courage to brave a third rejection. He half fancied he had already received it, "I suppose you will not be my wife either. Be quick, and let me be off with all my refusals. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Be my wife?"

"Your wife? Yes!"

"Do you mean that in earnest from your heart? Well then, God bless you and me, and our union." With that they skipped, arm in arm, into the parlour. The father and mother were not a little delighted.

"It is all right!" cried King; "there is nothing wanting now but the parson and the licence. I shall have the honour to call to-morrow morning with both. I am not fond of many words. I thank you in all haste for my breakfast, and I leave the two willows behind me. Good bye for awhile."

He flung himself into the saddle, and shot off towards town like an arrow. Papa, mamma, Sophia, and Henrietta stood at the hall-door, looking after him as long as he could be seen. Mary, on the contrary—Can you guess, reader, whither she had slipped away in the meantime? No. Well, you shall hear.

Not far from the villa, close by the road side, was a shrubbery on a little hill. During the bustle of leaving-taking, whilst every one was engaged with curtsying, and bowing, and scraping, and shaking hands, and kissing, Mary had stolen away, and flown to the hill. Why, I am sure I do not know; who can account for all the caprices of a young girl? All I know is she sat unseen on the top of this hill, where she had a prospect of the road, along which King now galloped, and on which she watched him till he seemed no bigger than a fly, and at last disappeared. When she could see no more of him she walked down the hill, sat down in the grass, and cried with all her heart.

How love bewilders the brain every one has heard, and King experienced it. He had travelled two miles, when he bethought himself that he did not know the bride's christian name, which it was indispensable to insert in the licence. He therefore turned back with the speed of a whirlwind. When he reached the foot of the hill, he fortunately found the eldest daughter walking there.

"Upon my life," he exclaimed, "it will save me a quarter of an hour to have found you here. I have forgotten the name of my bride. Will you tell it me, quick?"

"Sir, the name of the young lady that loves you, that is willing to become yours?"

"Yes, yes."

"Mary."

"That is her name, is it? I may rely on that?"

"You may."

"Mary! Now then, I shall not forget it again. Mary! Mary! My compliments at home." And away he went again.

At home they chatted the whole day long of the wooer, of his eccentric hastiness, his manners, appearance, disposition, and property. Papa petted his horse, and with reason; mamma thought him good looking: Sophia remarked that he was too little, Henrietta that he was too old, and both agreed that he was the least wee wee bit cracked. Mary alone held her peace, and let them talk on as they pleased.

In the evening the sisters resumed the conversation by themselves:

Sophia. "What is the matter with you Mary? You look so pale."

Hen. "I should have thought I had more reason to

be pale: for to tell the truth, I made a mistake when I said yes. Heigho!"

Mary. "Then it was just the same with you as with me: when I said no I meant—"

Hen. "To say yes? Ha, ha, ha!"

Soph. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Henrietta. "But it is not too late. You may recover your colour sister. Do you be married to-morrow instead of me, if indeed the name does not prevent it."

This difficulty Mary removed, by recounting what had occurred at the hill, and the secret resolve was taken amidst abundant jests and laughter, to dress sister Mary in the morning as the bride.

The next morning, King arrived with the licence and the parson, and everything was ready for the ceremony except the very person who was to crown it all. One quarter of an hour passed after the other. "What in the world keeps the bride so long?" At last the blushing Mary entered in bridal white between Henrietta and Sophia. The parents, who knew nothing of the well-planned comedy between the sisters, started, and so did all the guests. King alone who saw the right bride in the lady who was dressed as one, went up to her, and wished the ceremony to begin at once.

"No, King, that is not Henrietta."

"Of course not: I know that very well."

"This is Mary, sir."

"Aye, to be sure it is."

"But you mean to marry the young lady that accepted you."

"The very one. Now is not this lady's name actually Mary?"

"Certainly it is Mary. But—"

"But? What do you mean by but? Would you have me begin the courtship all over again? What is the use of waiting longer when the bride and bridegroom and the clergyman are ready?"

The licence was inspected, and behold, there stood Mary's name. Every one was astonished except the bridegroom, who tired of their wondering began to grow impatient: and as Mary was named in the licence, and as Mary was dressed for the occasion, and as Henrietta had no objection to wait, nor Sophia either, and as Mr. King never could wait for anything, Mary became Mrs. King, and Mr. King was the happiest of men.

THE RECHABITES.

THE following are a few of the laws and regulations of the Southern Counties Brotherhood of the Honourable and Independent Order of Rechabites.

This Order consists of persons of good moral character, of any religious persuasion, free from bodily disease, between the ages of eighteen and sixty.

No Candidate can be admitted into this Honourable Order until he has signed the pledge of Total Abstinence, and has been a consistent Member of a Society on that principle upwards of three months.

A Candidate, whether Expectant or Honorary, can be proposed only on a regular Tent Night. He must be proposed by a Brother, who is to furnish the fullest particulars possible as to his age, habits, morals, occupation, health, and every other circumstance within his knowledge.

His Proposition must be seconded in like manner by another Brother, who is to furnish similar information.

Every Brother present is expected to detail such knowledge as he may possess relative to the Candidate.

Payments according to age to be made by Brethren on their entering this Honourable Order:—

	s.	d.
Under 35 years of age (as above) to be paid on proposition	2	6
35 years, and under 40 years	5	0
40 years and under 45 years, one shilling per year extra, making at 45 years	10	0
45 years and under 50 years, two shillings per year extra, making at 50 years	20	0
50 years and under 55 years, four shillings per year extra, making at 55 years	40	0
55 years and under 60 years, ten shillings per year extra, making at 60 years	90	0
If any Candidate of a higher age than Sixty years wishes to be admitted, it must be by Special Agreement, and by vote of the Tent.		

The Candidate, if required, shall furnish such documents in proof of his Age as the Brethren in Tent may deem satisfactory.

The Guardian, on receiving the Pass-word, is to inform the worthy Brother who may enter, of the presence of a stranger.

A Rechabite Brother belonging to any Brotherhood, Division, Union, District, or Tent, not in complete union with the Tent in question, comes under the description of a Stranger.

Each Brother on his entrance into Tent, after it has been duly opened, shall give the Countersign to the Chief Ruler, and to the Deputy Ruler, before taking his seat. He shall behave with uniform sedateness, pro-

priety, and decorum; he shall show respect to all the Officers of the Tent, and implicitly obey their directions. He shall obey all Past or Acting Officers, or their Deputies, by the titles due to their official stations. He shall prefix no title except that of "Worthy Brother" to the name of the party to whom he speaks. He shall not introduce any religious discussion or political allusion. He shall not enter into conversation with a Brother, even so far as to ask or answer a question. He shall not partake of any refreshments during the holding of the Tent. In speaking on any subject, he is to direct both his observations and his regards to the Chief Ruler, and is on no account to address his remarks or his looks to the Brother whose conduct he is alluding to, or whose opinion he is either supporting or controverting. He shall always address the Chief Ruler standing. He is not to interrupt another while speaking. He is not to quit the Tent without having first obtained permission for so doing from the Chief Ruler, which permission will be asked for and transmitted through the Levite. Every time that a Brother enters or quits the Tent, he shall give the Countersign, except when a Stranger is in the Tent, when no sign, countersign, or signal is to be given by any officer or Brother on any account.

In case of any serious personal accident or illness occurring to a Brother at a distance from his own Tent, he shall apply to the officers of the nearest Tent in full union with this Honourable Brotherhood. The officers of such Tent shall, on his giving satisfactory proof of his being an efficient Brother, immediately act towards him as if he were a Brother of their own Tent, paying him equal attention, visitation, and assistance, and will forthwith inform the Tent to which he immediately belongs, of the circumstances of the case; and two officers of such Tent are empowered to forward such pecuniary supplies on the receipt of such letter as the exigencies of the case have required, reporting the same to the next Tent Meeting, whether regular or special.

When a Brother removes to a distance from his own Tent, but chooses to continue his name in that Tent, and defrays regularly all gifts, &c., he is at liberty to apply for all benefits which may accrue from his connection with such Tent, by sending up a certificate from a medical practitioner as to illness, accident, &c., stating the circumstances of his case, accompanied by a testimonial, signed by some clergyman, minister, or parochial officer.

THE NEWTONIAN THEORY OF MOTION REFUTED.

THE cause of the continuance of motion is the greatest desideratum in physics; and when perfectly ascertained, must alter the entire of the modern modes of philosophizing. The question to decide is this:—*What does the sensible impulse effect on a body so as to cause the body to proceed through the air after that impulse has ceased?* It is maintained that force and motion are put into the body which carry it forward; but as these are not of a communicable nature, the force and motion of the body having never been the force and motion of the impelling body, to such causes the continuance of the motion of a projectile cannot be attributed. Besides, the force and motion of a projectile are but effects of impulse; therefore neither can be considered the impelling cause. Neither is it any reason that the body moves onwards, because it cannot stop itself. It cannot move itself; neither can it be in motion without an equal of cause foreign to the body. To move longer than it is impelled is effect greater than cause. A planet in its orbit may be said to move in every direction; and as every novel direction requires a distinct impulse in that direction, it is obvious that a temporary projectile force applied to a planet must cease of effect, as the planet, by any other means, is made to quit the direction of the original momentary impulse. Therefore nothing but constant impulse can effect orbicular motion; and nothing but the planets being involved in a medium of pressure can maintain these bodies in endless motion of ever changing direction. All bodies in motion are under unequal pressure in front and rear: the rear is necessarily under the greater pressure, which is manifestly the state of a planet; and while so pressed, if the planet be under less pressure on the side facing the sun or solar regions than on the opposite side, by means of these unequal pressures the planet would be moved round the sun and kept in motion as long as ever these contingent circumstances continued. By such means is orbicular motion maintained.

Bodies being formed of spherical atoms, contain within their interstices free elementary matter, galvanic and electric, which is removable without derangement of bodily texture. This elementary matter is displaced by fire to admit the medium of space, which latter effects expansion. As then this matter excludes the medium of expansion and presents expansion, it is a *minus pressure means*.

If, besides containing minus-pressure matter, a body be covered superficially with the like, as an electric atmosphere, it will be under some certain degree of external pressure; and if this superficial covering be removed, the body will be under an increased degree of pressure. So, if the covering be removed from the

side only, the body will be under unequal pressure on opposite sides, and so circumstanced must be pressed into motion, which must continue until these dissimilar states become equal; which equalization does take place during motion by electric matter returning to the deficient side of the body, by which the equilibrium of pressure obtains, gradually, its way; and proceeding motion and eventually the state of rest.

A stone thrown from the hand proceeds beyond the hand; something must impel it the whole of the way; the cause must be physical, and must exist everywhere. It cannot be less in force than the effect, nor act on the stone shorter than the duration of effect, or as long as the stone is being moved. The hand impels the stone in the first instance: it puts nothing of its force and motion into the stone; but it leaves it under unequal pressure on opposite sides, or it would not proceed beyond the hand; and to promote this unequal pressure, there is nothing conceivable or inferable but that by the force and velocity of the previous impulse by the hand, the stone is made to part with minus-pressure matter from its rear; while from the front it cannot do so, but may acquire from the air minus-pressure matter. It is the production of this unequal electric state of the projectile the first impulse effects, and according to the force of the impulse so is the body de-electrified more or less in its rear; and in proportion to de-electrification so is the moving pressure by the medium of space greater on the rear than front, and so is the degree of velocity of the body. It is the greater pressure of the medium of space on the vacated rear than front—promoted by the velocity of the previous impulse which de-electrifies the rear—that impels the stone beyond the hand. No matter what is the first impelling cause, whether muscular or explosive force, the body by it is rendered under unequal pressure on opposite sides, and in consequence of it leaving minus-pressure matter, like dust or loose thread, behind.

This theory being admitted, that Space is a plenum (or that all is full) must be granted: and its contents the cause of motion universally, atomic as well as planetary and atmosphere projectile motion, two causes of motion in the system being unnecessary. This scheme must eventually establish pressure as the only and common power of nature, and prove the fallacy of the long-admitted theory of inert matter attracting, repelling, and gravitating. The Newtonian system is moreover derogatory to the omnipotence and omniscience of the Great Cause of all. No theory of Nature, nor system of Philosophy can be true which assumes, in any instance whatever, as CAUSE, the like of the perceptions of the mind, and that does not maintain for universal cause the general pressure, which latter is deducible from the inertia of matter. Nor can any experiment be accounted for correctly but on these simplest of principles, INERTIA and PRESSURE!

REVIEWS.

The Temperance Messenger. Number for March. Market Harborough: T. Cook. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

WHEN many, many years shall have passed away, and the hand which traces these lines shall be mouldering in the dust, a generation as yet unborn will refer to the pages of *The Teetotaler* and mark with admiration and pleasure the rapid, but sure and certain progress of the new principle of moral, social, and political regeneration. With this impression, we are particularly careful in recording our opinions of those publications now embarked in the same cause; so that, when in the course of years there shall be hundreds of temperance periodicals, the readers of those days may be enabled to record the triumphs of the cause by comparing the teeming press to which we thus allude in anticipation, with the infant one of the present time. Amongst the most meritorious and respectable candidates for public favour at present, we must especially notice the *Temperance Messenger*, as a clever, a staunch, and a bold advocate of the doctrines of Teetotalism. From the first article in the current Number we extract the following interesting passage:—

"There are a few institutions, in different parts of the world, where a study of science and literature are combined with healthful bodily exercise and productive industry. In a large Anti-slavery and Teetotal College, or Seminary, in the United States—the Oberlin Institute—the students are engaged three hours per day in manual labour. This Institute was established by forty young students who set to work to clear a tract of land in the north-east part of Ohio. They had no endowments, and little pecuniary help. The fame of their virtue spread. Learned and accomplished men, whose hearts were as cultivated as their intellects, volunteered for the honour of being instructors of such disciples, repaired to Oberlin, flung off their coats, felled trees for some hours of the day, and delivered lectures for the rest. Young men and women flocked to this spot in the forest, to beg such instruction as should fit them to be teachers to the coloured people; and when told that there were no funds, and seeing that there was not accommodation for the increasing numbers, the unfailing reply was, 'I will provide for myself if you will let me

stay.' Building went on rapidly; a substantial building, with brick, containing ninety-two rooms, besides the wooden dwellings, which were the first work of their hands. A practical farmer superintended the labour of the young men. The young women, whose number is about one-fourth of the whole, keep the house, the dairy, and the clothes, and have yet found time to learn whatever fits them to be school teachers in their turn; and some are sound Greek and Hebrew scholars." Judge Law (Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio), conceiving it to be his duty to make himself acquainted with public educational institutions in his state, visited and examined the Oberlin, and gave it as the result of his investigation, that he had never known the same amount of mind more substantially and happily improved in the same space of time. The number of students at this institution some time back was above 400. They have enjoyed a remarkable state of health, the general result of temperance and exercise."

The *Temperance Messenger* deserves the support of all the Teetotalers both in London and the provinces; and we sincerely hope that our frequent recommendations of it will not be disregarded by our readers. In the present Number, the editor expresses his surprise that *The Teetotaler* should be enabled to "present to its readers so much paper, letter-press, and engravings besides, for twopence!" The question is answered thus,—"By the immense circulation which *The Teetotaler* enjoys!" And this circulation has been obtained by the integrity of its principles, its fearlessness, the determination of the proprietor to merit encouragement by an adequate expenditure upon its pictorial companions, and the zeal of the editor to present the reader with literary matter as varied in amusement, information, and instruction as possible.

With another extract from the *Messenger* we shall take leave of it for this month;—it is taken from a letter addressed to the editor of the periodical, by a correspondent at Coventry:—

"But the life of our society, and the zeal of the members, has been sustained through dull seasons, when the cause has been at a low ebb, generally speaking, most of all, by frequent social meetings amongst the members of the society on a limited scale; for instance, twenty or thirty of us meet at a friend's house towards evening; our object is recreation, not the realisation of a surplus; accordingly, tea, the 'beverage which cheers but not inebriates,' is provided, and a good meal is enjoyed at a very low rate, or trifling expense; the subsequent part of the evening is devoted to temperance songs, recitations, lively but sober conversation, &c. &c.; in a word, there you meet with what may be truly termed 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul;' and one of the most interesting features in the amusements is the circumstance of meeting there your wives, daughters, sisters, or sweethearts. Your correspondent being a teetotaler will not object to these things. I am aware that the entertainments sought by tipplers exclude females, but with such individuals and such entertainments I have no dealings. I, as a thorough teetotaler, can neither admire nor countenance any scheme of diversion which is not perfectly consistent with female modesty and discretion, and that in which they may fully participate. I have but a poor opinion of those scenes which are not illumined by, and beautified with, the presence of the fair one."

The Death and Funeral of Alcohol, and other Poems. By J. T. SPARKE. 12mo. pp. 17. London: J. Pasco.

THE Preface to this little work informs us that the poems "express the opinion of the author, who has tried the total abstinence principle nearly four years, and is satisfied with it; still, while he thinks and acts for himself, he allows others the same liberty. There is abundant information now on the subject, and total abstinence, like all other systems, may be known by its fruits. There is reason to fear that as long as intoxicating drinks are used as a beverage, drunkenness will to a greater or less degree exist; and all must admit, that as some die from the ranks of the drunkards, their places will be supplied, if supplied at all, from the moderation company, not from the members of Total Abstinence Societies." The author thus speaks of Moderation in a poem bearing this denomination:—

"Many must have a 'little drop,'
It meets their approbation;
Because they think 'tis nature's prop,
Delusive moderation.
"Teetotalism is very well,"
(Says one in disputation,)
'For those who in strong drink excel,
But I'm for moderation.'
"But many thousands in our land,
When under strong temptation,
Give way, and lose their self-command,
Then where is moderation?"

The following stanzas include a capital hit at the old Moderation Societies:—

"Now, ardent spirits laid aside,
Some thought that alcohol had died,
Or practised emigration;

But soon he let the people see
They were mistaken quite, for he
Sprang up in moderation."

"To spirits he was not confined,
But having friends of other kind,
His influence was wider:
Since ardent spirits would not do,
He came to them in something new,
As wine, and beer, and cider."

These poems possess considerable merit; and although a little more care might have been devoted to the rhymes, as a whole, the work is creditable to its author. "Saw—more," for instance, are not correct. We, however, repeat our assertion, that the poems reflect considerable credit upon their author.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SYDNEY.

A TEMPERANCE Society has been established at Sydney, under the patronage of the most influential inhabitants and the authorities.

COUNTRY NEWS.

IRELAND.

A GRAND meeting of the Teetotalers of Cork was held a few days ago, when Mr. KENNAGH, the secretary, read the following statement, showing the results of the philanthropic and unwearied exertions of the Rev. Mr. MATHEW. The subjoined numbers were respectively added to those previously reported:—Tipperary, 60,000; Limerick, 10,000; Tharles, 75,000; Ballyshannon, 60,000; Newtonbarry, 33,000; Ballygarrett, 20,000; Mountmellick, 25,000; Gorey, 9000; Ennismore, 15,000; Mallow, 7000; Cork, 6000; Castle Dermott, 30,000; Dunlavin, 25,000; Templemore, 70,000; Carlow, 100,000; Maryborough, 100,000; and Kells, 100,000. The Report, moreover, stated that amongst the Irish Teetotalers there are eight Roman Catholic prelates, and 700 of the Catholic clergy. The Rev. Mr. MATHEW's late tour has produced 1,147,000 new converts. Altogether, there are now four millions six hundred and forty-seven thousand Teetotalers in Ireland! Of a surety, the reformation effected by FATHER MATHEW is the most remarkable moral improvement ever achieved since the establishment of the Christian religion.

A correspondent who signs himself SENTINEL, has addressed an admirable letter to the Editor of the *Limerick Chronicle*, relative to Teetotalism in the army. We subjoin a portion of this excellent communication:—

"It is well known to you, that various plans have been tried to promote good conduct amongst the soldiery by a system of rewards, and by the establishment of Libraries in Barracks, no doubt intended by the legislature to encourage morality and sobriety. But while these may, in a certain degree, do some good to attain the object in view, they will ultimately fall without the aid of Temperance Societies. Permit me, sir, to observe, that however uncouth Teetotalism may sound in the ears of the lovers of strong drinks, or in the ears of those who plead for moderation, yet it has done more good in the short time it has existed than any other principle yet adopted to reform the lower grades of society; and all who have enlisted under its banner, and kept the pledge consistently, find themselves happy, and in the full enjoyment of the faculties with which their Maker has endowed them. Now, sir, as a soldier, warmly attached to my profession, I would ask you what good has the canteen, which is tolerated in each barracks, done for the soldier? Has it ever afforded him anything at a fair price? Has it ever given him an article of a superior description? Or has it, in short, realized one blessing of any kind to the soldier? No, sir; it is a curse—a barrier to morality—in fact, it is a plague-stain to the discipline of the army; and hundreds of lacerated backs, and ruined constitutions could attest the truth of this assertion."

"If we had only to contend with the humble in rank, their prejudices would be easily overcome; but there are some in command to whom the soldier naturally looks for protection, and who regard our cause with apathy and indifference, although they know the only thing that renders duty any way irksome to them is drunkenness. It has hardly ever fallen to my lot, during a long experience in the various departments of the service, to record any punishment against the soldier, save that which resulted, directly or indirectly, from intemperance;—and in this I am fully borne out by the experience of all officers of known ability and candour, that in every situation in which the British soldier has been placed, where drink was easily obtained (may I not instance the losses sustained at Chusan—the Chinese expedition), the most fatal consequences have ensued; and, on the other hand, where none could be had or withheld, alacrity and obedience to all commands have been the result; and health established in a tenfold degree."

We regret that an immense press of matter this

week prevents us from transferring the whole of this letter to our columns.

MANCHESTER.

THERE are now two great Societies at Manchester. One is denominated The Manchester and Salford Institution for Propagating Teetotalism on Christian principles; and the other is styled the Manchester District Temperance Society. Of the former Messrs. HAYNE and LEWIS are the secretaries, and the Rev. F. BEARDSALL one of its most influential patrons; and of the latter, Mr. GRINDROP is the president, Mr. BOULTON the treasurer, and Messrs. J. LEESE (jun) and GRIMSHAW the secretaries.

The committee of the Manchester and Salford Institution for Propagating Teetotalism on Christian Principles has published its address, which the Rev. F. BEARDSALL has signed on its behalf. This address contains the Rules of this new Association; and the following clause seems especially to refer to the name of the Society:—"No person who will not unequivocally acknowledge the Divine origin of the Old and New Testaments, shall be deemed eligible to fill any office connected with the Institution; but any individual making such avowal, and who has been a consistent abstainer for the previous six months, shall be eligible for election into any office connected with the branches; and any person being a member of the Parent Society making the acknowledgement aforesaid, shall be considered eligible to fill any office in the Society."

Turn we now our attention to the Manchester District Temperance Society. On Sunday evening, February 21st, Mr. LOMAX continued his lectures to a crowded audience. On Monday evening, February 22nd, the New Blackley-street Branch held a grand meeting, and MESSIEURS HALDRED and BAILEY addressed the audience with considerable effect. Excellent meetings have also been held during the past week in the assembly-rooms of the Pump street Branch, and at the Rechabite Hotel, George Leigh-street, at which latter place a tea meeting was held on Tuesday evening, February 23rd. A concert of vocal and instrumental music followed the festival. The principal speakers on these occasions were MESSIEURS WRAG, COOPER, and WILLIAMS. The principle of Union is well received by this society.

It is well known that the Rev. F. BEARDSALL has succeeded in inventing an unfermented wine, which consequently contains not the slightest particle of alcohol. The demand upon Mr. Beardsall for his wine is becoming so great, that he cannot manage the business alone. He has accordingly determined upon establishing a wine company, the capital to be made up of shares, and to be presided by twelve confidential individuals, to whom the secret is to be alone entrusted. A meeting for this purpose is to be held at Manchester on the 18th of May, at the Temperance Institution, Oldham-street. Mr. Beardsall has already disposed of about 5000 bottles of the unfermented wine, and has some which he has kept unworked for upwards of three months in a fermenting temperature; and yet not a particle of alcohol develops itself. This is the species of wine—and this alone—which should be used at the administration of the Holy Sacrament.

BARNESLEY.

ON Shrove-Tuesday evening the Temperance meeting-room at this place was quite inadequate to supply sufficient accommodation to those who were desirous to gain admittance. The audience was addressed by MESSIEURS TAYLOR and LISTER. On Sunday evening, February 21st, the Catholics held an excellent meeting. On this occasion a letter was read from Mr. ISAAC LISTER, who has emigrated to Canada, and who writes from that colony to state that there is no lack of employment or victuals. Mr. Lister is a well-known Teetotaler; and many of the inhabitants of Barnesley have determined to follow their much esteemed townsman to North America.

KENDAL.

THE numbers of Total Abstainers at Kendal are rapidly augmenting; and weekly meetings are held at different parts of the town. Our correspondent observes, that "the Bacchanalian fabric is tottering, and the grand and majestic edifice of Teetotalism is fast being erected." Mr. CROUCH has lately been lecturing at Kendal, on the physiological and moral effects of Teetotalism—subjects which he elucidated with clearness and perspicuity. Other societies in the same neighbourhood would do well to avail themselves of the services of this gentleman. Mr. G. GOWLAND, from Newcastle, has also visited Kendal, and lectured with considerable effect. Our Kendal correspondent very justly observes that Teetotalism and Religion should be kept apart. We shall always be glad to hear from this correspondent.

BURY SAINT EDMUND'S.

A MEETING was held at this place on Friday evening, February 26th, at the Guildhall. Mr. JAMES TEARE, from Preston, addressed the meeting at considerable length, and, as he was the first advocate who ever travelled for the promotion of the Temperance cause, and having passed through nearly every county in England

with that object, he detailed some most interesting facts relative to the origin and progress of the cause. Mr. TEARE is to deliver a lecture on Wednesday evening, March 3rd, at the Baptist Chapel, Garland-street.

BERMONDSEY.

THE members of the Bermondsey Teetotal Improvement Society lately passed a vote of thanks to Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS for "his manly conduct in giving good advice, through the columns of *The Teetotaler*, to the Teetotal world generally." This excellent Association meets every Thursday evening at the Pestalozzian Academy, Abbey-street, and effects much good in Bermondsey and its vicinity.

UXBRIDGE.

THE *Temperance Messenger*, for March, informs us that the Uxbridge Temperance Union includes Uxbridge, Drayton, Mile-end, with Rickmansworth, Pinner, Harrow, Windsor, Maidenhead, Marlow, Wooburn, Wycombe, Hanwell, Ealing, Isleworth, Staines, Chertsey, Beaconsfield, the Chalfonts, and intervening Villages. There are about a 1000 members, including 100 reformed drunkards, in the District. An address "to the Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Magistrates, and Members of the Medical Profession," states the object of the Union, and gives a variety of interesting testimonies and statistical information. It is in contemplation to publish a monthly periodical. The constitution of the Union resembles the Midland Association; and the Delegates' Meetings are held Quarterly. We fervently pray for the prosperity of this Union.

LEAMINGTON.

"Many persons of influence and wealth are espousing the cause, and have liberally responded to an appeal which has been recently made in aid of the funds of the society. The expenses of the society have been heavy, owing to the high rent of the room in which the meetings are held; but our friends prove the truth of the principle which we always advocate,—that if the work is done, the money will not be wanting."—*Temperance Messenger*.

COTTINGHAM.

THE publication just quoted gives us the following interesting intelligence:—"That distinguished philanthropist, SIR ARTHUR DE CAPELL BAOKE, Bart. is having an immense tract of forest cleared for the purpose of encouraging habits of industry among the poor inhabitants of Cottingham, Middleton, and neighbouring villages. The land will be appropriated in small allotments, and the occupiers will have it the first year for the trouble of clearing, &c.; and afterwards a small rent will be affixed. A gentleman of the name of SMITH, of Southam, has long been anxious to promote objects of this kind, and from what we have heard of him, we believe his aid might be secured, in that locality. We shall be glad to receive other communications on this interesting subject."

CARLISLE.

WE perceive by that excellent provincial monthly journal, *The Border Herald of Temperance*, that Teetotalism progresses most favourably at Carlisle and its vicinity.

ARBROATH.

ON February 20th, a Rechabite Tent for females was opened in this town; and a grand procession and Teetotal festival took place to celebrate the event. Addresses were delivered by MESSIEURS MENMUE and ROSS. Teetotalism is making rapid strides at Arbroath and the vicinity.

SHREWSBURY.

THE REV. Mr. COLLEY, of this place, has taken up the cause of Teetotalism very warmly; and, being a gentleman of very considerable ability and influence, will no doubt effect much good.

TOWN NEWS.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

PURSUANT to notice, Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS will deliver a lecture at the Temperance Hall, 56, George-street, Chelsea, on Monday evening, March 8th; upon the Moral, Physical, and National Effects of Intemperance. Several influential members of the parent society will be present.

WORKING-MAN'S TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

ON and after Monday, the 8th of March, weekly meetings of the Working Man's Teetotal Society, will be held every Monday evening, at the Temperance Rooms, Bull's Head Yard, 51½, Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn. Weekly meetings are also held at the British School Room, Honduras-street, Old-street, on Friday evenings. Working men preside and address the audience.

MARYLEBONE AND ST. JAMES' AUXILIARY.

A MEETING was held at 15, George-street, Oxford-street, by this Auxiliary, on Tuesday, February 9th, Mr. GROSJEAN in the chair, for the purpose of establishing the Society. Mr. GROSJEAN addressed the audience in a most effective manner, and was followed by Mr. LAMBERT, who spoke at great length upon the principle of total abstinence. Powerful addresses were then delivered by MESSIEURS CURRIE, TWADLING, BRENS, and MEE. Meetings will be held every Tuesday and Friday evening at the above address.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

SINCE the weather has become a little more propitious, the meetings on the Wednesday and Saturday evenings at the Aldergate-street Chapel, have been literally crowded. The audience is highly respectable; and on Saturday evening last we recognised a liberal Member of Parliament and the *attaché* to a foreign embassy in one of the pews.

On Wednesday evening, February 24th, the meeting was addressed by MESSIEURS BENSTEAD, W. DONALDSON, HETHERINGTON (a gentleman who signed the pledge upon this occasion), and CUNNEEN. On Saturday evening, February 27th, Mr. CRUMP took the chair, and called the attention of the audience to the deceits practised by landlords of public houses in the retail of what they term "genuine spirits," but which are really compounds of alcohol and deleterious poisons.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS explained the nature and properties of alcohol, and showed that not a particle of alcohol was to be found in nature, in a native state. He then observed, that even if alcohol *did* exist in nature, this would only be another reason why we should avoid the use of it in the shape of gin, rum, beer, &c.; as in that case, we should imbibe quite enough of a deleterious poison from necessity, without doing so spontaneously. Mr. Reynolds, moreover, observed that one thing was certain,—alcoholic liquor intoxicated; and under the influence of intoxication man committed the most heinous crimes. This argument was alone sufficient basis upon which to erect the fabric of Teetotalism.

Mr. MRE addressed the meeting in a most eloquent speech, in which he refuted several of the usual objections adduced against Teetotalism by its opponents, and defended the principle upon moral, physiological, and domestic grounds in a manner that made a deep impression upon the audience.

Mr. JOHNSON closed the meeting with one of the most excellent speeches that ever emanated from the lips of this speaker. He portrayed in a most feeling manner the horrible effects, domestic and physical, of alcoholic liquors; and called upon those present, who had not yet tried the principle, to come forward and only test it by a few weeks—or even a few days' experience. He said that he felt convinced few, who did so, would ever relapse to the drinking usages; and those backsliders would be convinced of their folly while they erred again.

The chairman then gave notice that Mr. JOHNSON and Mr. BALLARD would hold a discussion, on Saturday evening, March 6th, at the Chapel, upon the following question:—"Whether total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks or the moderate use of them be most in accordance with Reason, Common Sense, and Revelation." The friends on both sides of the question were particularly requested to attend.

METROPOLITAN ROMAN CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

AN excellent meeting of this flourishing society took place on the 28th of February, at the Temperance Hall, Prince's-square, Ratchliffe. The audience was addressed by MESSIEURS A. PÉTRIÉ (the chairman), LUCAS, JOHNSTON, ADAMS, and PALMER (of Hackney), with very great effect.

GUN MAKING.—Every best-finished gun usually passes through fifteen or sixteen hands, each of which constitutes almost a distinct trade; although two or three branches are often combined or subdivided, according to the extent of business. They may be arranged in the following order:—1. Barrel-forger; 2. lock and furniture forger; 3. barrel-borer and filer; 4. lock-filer; 5. furniture-filer; 6. ribber and breecher; 7. stocker; 8. screw-together; 9. detonator; 10. maker-off; 11. attripper and finisher; 12. lock-finisher; 13. polisher and hardener; 14. engraver; 15. browner; 16. stock-polisher. The barrel-making being also divided into several branches.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the 7th Number of a 2nd Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

The Series will be complete in Eighteen Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION,

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 38.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH, ALTHOUGH IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING ELSE, MR. PICKWICK MEETS WITH A SERIES OF HIGHLY INTERESTING ADVENTURES, AND FORMS A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

It is not our intention to weary the patience of our readers by detailing how Mr. Pickwick rose very early on the morning after the ball,—how he performed the duties of the toilette with additional care,—how he hastened to Wood-street, Cheapside, at as decent an hour as possible,—how he sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Sago, who affected to be entirely ignorant of the purport of Mr. Pickwick's visit, but who was well aware of the interesting proposal about to be made,—and how Mr. Pickwick succeeded in eliciting the consent of the old gentleman to the match. The pecuniary arrangements were just glanced at by the prudent Mr. Sago; and on this point Mr. Pickwick's proposals were highly satisfactory. He declared that although a husband was supposed to be the sovereign lord and master, yet he should not exercise any undue despotism in his household, inasmuch as he expected that Miss Teresina would crown all his happiness; and that, as a proof of his good intentions, he would settle a handsome sum upon the future Mrs. Pickwick. Mr. Sago then suggested that as he and Mrs. S. were particularly attached to Teresina, and would not like to be altogether separated from her, he hoped Mr. Pickwick would reflect upon the propriety of giving up his villa at Dulwich, and taking a house within two miles of the Bank, and in a line of omnibuses. To this condition, also, did Mr. Pickwick assent; and thereupon, when he rose from his chair, he stood the accepted lover of Miss Teresina Hippolyta Sago.

It was arranged that the wedding should take place in about a month, and that the happy couple should proceed in the first instance to the City of London, and that, when the honeymoon was over, they should return to a residence in London or its suburbs, which residence Mr. Pickwick should forthwith discover and fit up. These preliminaries being thus satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Pickwick, attended by Mr. Samuel Weller, set out in quest of a house "within two miles of the Bank, and in a line of omnibuses."

"Which way shall we go, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, as they walked along Cheapside together.

"'Spose we trots up as far as the Kingsland or the Hackney Road, sir," said Sam; "or may be you'd prefer the City or the New Road?"

"Let us walk up the City Road, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick; "there are some nice houses there."

"Take care o' that there fly-blow, sir," said Sam, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Where?" demanded Mr. Pickwick, looking around to see if he could discover a butcher's shop in which the article might be, whereunto this warning alluded.

"There! he's gone by now," said Sam; and, perceiving that his master was still involved in a deep and dense mystery relative to the observation, he added, "A fly-blow is a feller as passes all night in a public-house, and turns out preshussedy an' lushy in the mornin' or artemnoon. Ten to von but what he's been all night in a tidly-vink."

"A tidly-vink!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick; "what can that mean, Sam?"

"A place where they sells illicit sperets, sir," was the satisfactory reply. "The people as keeps them shops, sir, doesn't care about cheatin' the revenue."

Mr. Pickwick and Sam pursued their way by the Bank of England, and entered Moorgate-

street, up which they proceeded at a tolerably rapid pace. The morning was fine and frosty; and Mr. Pickwick felt quite juvenile in consequence of his intended matrimonial speculation.

"Wery nice hair-dresser's shop, that there, sir," said Sam, pointing to one on the right hand side of the way.

"Very," assented Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery sin'glar thing connected with the feller as keeps that shop, sir," continued Mr. Weller.

"Is there, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "What is it?"

"Vy, sir," returned Mr. Weller, "wot I'm about to re-late to you vill prove in the most saytisfatory knock-me-down argiment-kind of a manner the old sayin' vich says that him as undertakes his own cause in the court o' justice has a fool for a client. That there barber, sir, was a-summoned by another barber to the Court o' Rekvests, for the sum of twelve bob. A bob's a shillin', sir. Ven he was called upon for his defence, sir, he made this here wery eloquent an' convincin' address:—'Gen'lemen, ven I gits up an' looks around me, an' sees sich a wery good-lookin' jury and that 'ere excellent justice a sittin' on that 'ere bench,—I ses, gen'lemen, ven I gits up an' looks at all here,—I feels indignant, an' wery naterally thinks o' that 'ere—how, vy am I summonsed up here, haye? What is the hanimus on it, haye? Vy—this 'ere: I'm a hunkimmon quick shaver, nobody karn't beat me; an' so von wery hot day last July as I was a-shavin' a fat feller as had got a beard wusser than anything I ever seed, a man shoves agin me an' cuts him on the chin. Wery good, as the fly said ven he tasted the treacle; and so acause I cuts this 'ere man, he says he'd cut me. Vell, sir,—gen'lemen, I mean,—this man, ven he gits up to go, says, says he, 'I don't owe you nothin'.—'Don't you?' ses I.—'No,' ses he; and so I up and told him he was 'nt a-goin' to gammon me; and then he made use o' some wery smart words, and told me he'd have it out o' me; 'spose is the reason vy he summons me. I don't owe nothin' to nobody. I always pays my vay, and never goes arter trust for nothin'; an' I tells you so. Vy, now look here: 'spose I had to shave all them 'ere gen'lemen, and while I'm a-shavin' a one on 'em, another on 'em comes and goes for to shuv right slap agin my elber, 'spose I cuts him, 'spose ve has a row, and 'spose I throws up my razor and resins—vy, is that a hanser to my debt? an' ven I wants him to pay my bill and do the thing as is right, am I for to go and pay his'n? Not a bit on it! And if so be you sees anything in the same perdikament as I does, vy, your virgid vill just be sich a von as I shud give, if so be I was a-sittin' where you now squats.—'Vell, sir," continued Mr. Weller, "arter this wery beautiful display o' genivine eloquence, the case was dismissed. So now that there feller bears the wery honourable distingvishing title o' the *Barbarous Orator*."

"Well, it was a very clever speech, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "and I dare say produced an admirable effect."

Conversing in this manner, the master and man continued their way towards the City Road, upon reaching which, they began to look around them for the object of their search.

"There's a bill up in a vinder!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Weller. "This house to let, and the furniture to be had at a wallyation."

"Probably that will suit us," said Mr. Pickwick; and to the house did they accordingly repair.

Sam gave a thundering knock at the front door; and in a few minutes it was opened by an especially dirty servant, who was wiping her hands, which she had just extracted from the soap-suds, with her apron.

"This house is to let, I believe?" said Mr.

Pickwick, with his usual affability and mildness.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"What is the rent?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"Don't know."

"Can I ascertain all particulars?"

"Missis 'll tell you," said the girl.

The parlour door opened at that moment, and out rushed a child with a large piece of bread and butter in his hands; and he was followed by a little girl with a doll, from which the arms and legs had been torn off, in her arms; and then a short, thin, wizened-faced lady, in a mourning-gown and a false front over curl-papers, made her appearance.

Mr. Pickwick's queries were repeated.

"Forty pounds a-year rent," said the lady; "and twelve the taxes."

"Can I be allowed to see the house?"

"Certainly: pray walk in."

And Mr. Pickwick and Sam were introduced first into the parlour, where the lord and master of the establishment was feeding the cat with the remnants of that which he declared to be a "little lunch," but which Mr. Pickwick shrewdly suspected to be "an early dinner."

"This, you see, is the parlour," said the lady.

Mr. Pickwick did see that it was the parlour, and a very dirty one it was too. The lady then requested Mr. Pickwick to walk up-stairs; and he and Sam were now shown into a drawing-room very tolerably furnished. On the mantelpiece there was a singular old family watch in a case; and this for a moment attracted Mr. Pickwick's attention.

"The furniture, ma'am, you say is to be taken at a valuation?" observed Mr. Pickwick, after a pause.

"And the fixtures," answered the lady. "The house belongs to us; but we are going to move into the country; and—"

"Then you will not let the house without disposing of the furniture at the same time?"

"I don't know what Mr. B. might be induced to do—if he got a respectable tenant," said the lady, with peculiar emphasis upon the adjective.

"Probably you would enquire," said Mr. Pickwick; "and we will wait here while you consult your husband."

"There, I thought as much!" ejaculated the lady, her countenance suddenly becoming very much flushed; "I knew it—I suspected it the moment I saw you! No respectable man goes about looking after houses with a livery servant behind him!"

And, as she uttered these words in a shrill and querulous tone, the lady ran to the door of the drawing-room, exclaiming, "Mr. B., Mr. B., here—I want you!"

Mr. B. hurried up stairs as quickly as a pair of slippers, with the heels trodden down, would allow him.

"Well, my dear," said he, "what is the matter?"

"Oh! Mr. B.," ejaculated the lady, "do turn these men out of the house: I know what they are, now! They wanted me to come down stairs and ask you a question, and then they would have walked off with your great grandfather's watch!"

"Do you mean to say that you suspect we are thieves?" cried Mr. Pickwick, indignantly.

"I know you are," returned the lady, shrouding herself behind her husband.

"And so do I!" cried Mr. Biggs (for such was the aristocratic and euphonious appellation of the gentleman).

Mr. Pickwick made no other reply to the assertion than by putting his right fist in immediate communication with Mr. Biggs's nose, and planting the left almost simultaneously in Mr. Biggs's dexter optic. Mr. Biggs fell upon the carpet,

Mrs. Biggs screamed and cried out "Murder," the dirty servant girl rushed up stairs, and the two children set up a most appalling yell in the hall below. Mr. Pickwick would have continued his attack upon Mr. Biggs, had not Mr. Weller suddenly pinioned him from behind, and held him as it were in a vice.

"What do you mean by coming to my house to knock me down?" cried Mr. Biggs.

"I am a respectable man," continued our hero; "and you have grossly insulted me. Sam, let me go: I will not inflict the chastisement which is so justly merited. And now," he added, when Mr. Weller had released his arms, "I will give you my card, sir—and if you want to hear any more of me, you will know where to apply."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick took his card from his pocket, threw it upon the carpet, and strode majestically out of the room, followed by Mr. Samuel Weller, who could not restrain certain cackinnations at the adventure.

Mr. Pickwick continued his walk in gloomy silence; and Mr. Weller did not think it worth while to interrupt his master's reverie. In a few minutes, the visual rays of Mr. Pickwick were concentrated in another announcement indicating a house to let, and that enquiries might be made within. Again did Mr. Weller make a vigorous use of a large brass knocker; and after a considerable delay, the door was opened to a distance of about a foot and a half, beyond which a chain inside prevented any farther motion.

"What do you want?" demanded a head that was thrust through the opening, and which seemed to belong to a specimen of the male sex.

"I am come about this house," said Mr. Pickwick. "The rent—"

"Ah! I thought you were," cried the head; "but I'm up to all your confounded dogdles; and so you may just walk off again as quick as you came."

"Well, upon my honour, this is the most extraordinary treatment I ever experienced!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "I really don't know what to make of it!"

"I dare say you don't," cried the head, now expanding into a grin of ineffable delight; "but I do, though!"

"Why—what do you know of me?" demanded Mr. Pickwick.

"That you ought to be ducked in a horse-pond for persecuting poor people in this kind of way," was the immediate answer.

"What do you take me for, in the name of common sense?" cried the bewildered hero, of this most veracious narrative.

"Why—for what you are," was the reply, delivered in a tone of intense disgust.

"And what's that?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"An execution, to be sure!"

This announcement threw Mr. Samuel Weller into convulsions of laughter, and Mr. Pickwick into a rage; and the head itself permitted its countenance to relapse once more into a grin of triumph.

"There is some mistake here," said Mr. Pickwick, after a pause: "my object is merely to enquire about the rent of this house, and for how long it is to be let!"

"And you are quite certain you ain't a trap?" exclaimed the head. "Don't tell any lies now."

"Lies!" cried Mr. Pickwick: "why do you insult me in this manner, sir?"

"Oh! I beg pardon,—I see how it is," said the man whose head up to this moment had alone been visible; "but make haste and pop in! I really thought you were the execution."

Thus speaking, the man loosened the chain of the door, and admitted Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Weller into the house.

"I really beg your pardon for my rudeness," said the individual to whom the head belonged, and who was a tall, thin, young man, with very long hair, and dressed in a very shabby dressing-gown, an old pair of Oxford-mixture trousers, and slippers; "but pray walk in. You see, the truth is—I am afraid of an execution: my landlord is the worst fellow in the world, and I know that he has ordered his broker to walk into my castle. But he shan't though, till I choose. The broker has tried all kinds of schemes to get in; yesterday he came as a chimney-sweep, and the day before as a twopenny post-man."

"But if your affairs be in this condition, how could I take the house with safety?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"I have got the lease for seven years," answered the young gentleman, lighting a clay-pipe as

he spoke, "and if you take the house, I should ask a quarter's rent in advance. With that I would pay the landlord, and all would be right as the mail."

"I rather, think it would be as well not to disturb this here gen'lman in the very tranquil possession of his castle, sir," whispered Mr. Weller, while the gentleman himself knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and filled it with tobacco.

"So I think, Sam," returned Mr. Pickwick; and having observed that he did not think, from the appearance of the house, its size or arrangements would be calculated to suit, our hero rose to take his departure.

Now it happened that the broker and his man had been waiting in the neighbourhood to watch some opportunity of effecting an entrance into the house: and when they saw Mr. Pickwick and his domestic pass the portal thereof, they knew full well that these visitors would speedily take their departure again. They accordingly hastened up to the front-door, against which they posted themselves, ready to rush in the moment it was opened. This was espied by the tenant of the besieged castle; and he coolly and quietly communicated to Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Weller the impossibility of their departure until the coast was clear.

"This is very provoking," said Mr. Pickwick;—"at the same time, I should not wish to do you an injury."

"That's what I call talking like a brick!" ejaculated the gentleman in the dressing-gown. "And now I'll tell you what we'll do. I'm all alone in this house, in respect to living creatures—the rats and mice excepted—but I've got a good stock of provisions, which I got in last Saturday night, after twelve; and so we'll make ourselves comfortable, and tire those fellows out. They won't wait above an hour or two, I can tell you."

"And 'sposin' they waits till next Saturday night at twelve?" said Mr. Weller.

"Then you must get out of the window when it's dark this evening," returned the gentleman.

"So we can," coincided the philanthropic Mr. Pickwick.

"And now let's know each other better," exclaimed the gentleman. "My name is Ferguson—Mr. Walter Ferguson, at your service."

"A very nice name too," observed Mr. Weller; "and one as the little boys is partickler fond of in the streets."

Mr. Pickwick then detailed his own denominations and those of his domestic; and Mr. Ferguson expressed himself highly delighted at having formed the acquaintance of such illustrious individuals.

"Well, it was rather good, that I should have taken you for a broker's man," said Mr. Ferguson, addressing himself to Mr. Pickwick.

"I was not aware," observed our hero, "that such devices were practised, in order to obtain an entrance into houses?"

"Oh! you don't know what it is then," cried Mr. Ferguson: "but I do!"

"So it appears," said Sam, laconically.

"I just tell you what I will do," exclaimed Mr. Ferguson, after a pause; "if this young man—" pointing to Sam,—"will have the kindness to go downstairs and just give a look to the knives and forks and get ready the dinner—it's close upon three o'clock now—I'll tell you the adventures of my life in the meantime."

"I shall be very happy to hear them," answered Mr. Pickwick. "Sam, will you have the kindness to do what this gentleman suggests?"

"Certainly, sir," answered Mr. Weller; and, in a most excellent humour—for this adventure was one which highly diverted him—did the faithful valet repair to the lower regions to perform the avocations thus confidentially entrusted to him.

"They're not gone yet," said Mr. Ferguson, after reconnoitring the vicinity of the front door from the window: "we'll tire them out, I lay."

He then proceeded to put some coals upon the fire; and, having thus made the room, which was not very indifferently furnished, as comfortable as possible, he drew his chair close to the hearth, and commenced his narrative in the following manner.

To be continued in our next.)

TEETOTAL ANECDOTES.

THE advocates of Teetotalism frequently introduce into their speeches sprightly anecdotes illustrative of the arguments which they advance in favour of the doctrine. Some of these anecdotes are worth preserving, and from time to time we shall record a few of those

which, by their piquancy or originality, have retained places in our memory. The first we shall now introduce to our readers is truly graphic and in strict accordance with real life:—A woman, the wife of an industrious mechanic, went to the butcher's shop to purchase a steak for her husband's dinner. The butcher demanded eight-pence for a pound, and would not allow himself to be beaten down in his price. The woman complained of the "horrible dearthness" of meat, and refused to purchase the steak. She, however, proceeded to the adjacent public-house, ordered a glass of rum, and began detailing her grievance to the landlady. The landlady sympathised with her, and observed that it was a shame for butchers to sell their meat at such a price. The conversation waxed interesting upon the subject; and the mechanic's wife took another glass of rum. Fourpence of her money thus disappeared. The landlady continued to declaim most bitterly against the dearthness of provisions, and comprehended the butcher, the baker, and the grocer in her sweeping denunciations against the dishonesty of tradesmen "who made everything so dear that poor people couldn't live." The mechanic's wife entered fully into the spirit of the landlady's discourse, and admired it amazingly. "Well," said she at last, "I must just have one more glass of rum;" and thus sixpence disappeared. The landlady continued in the same strain,—the mechanic's wife drank her rum; and then she found that she had but just two-pence left. "Well," she exclaimed, as she prepared to depart, "I suppose my husband must put up with a red herring for his dinner!" And thus, she who refused to give the butcher eight-pence for a wholesome and nutritious beef-steak, did not hesitate to squander sixpence away upon something that was worse than useless!

In this anecdote the moralizing of the landlady would be diverting, were not the heart sickened at the idea that the little incident is one of too frequent occurrence, and that thousands will haggle with the butcher for the price of a joint of meat, who never think of attempting to beat down the landlord of the public-house. And many consider it a point of honour to keep their public-house score paid up, whereas they do not hesitate to cheat the butcher, the baker, or the grocer of his bill.

Another anecdote which we have heard related with considerable humour and effect, is the following:—An unfortunate mouse fell into a vat filled with beer in a state of fermentation, in a brewery; and after swimming about for some time vainly endeavouring to effect an escape, he suddenly espied a cat watching him upon the edge of the vat. The mouse begged hard of the cat to release him; and the cat promised to extricate him from the vat, on condition that he might eat him up when he was safely out. The mouse consented; and the cat assisted him out of the vat. The moment the mouse was free, he ran to a hole in a corner of the building, and thanked the cat for her politeness. The cat upbraided him for having broken his promise, and insisted upon his fulfilling the bargain. The mouse remonstrated; but the cat appealed to his honour in a manner which quite wounded the pride of the mouse, who cut the matter very short by exclaiming, "I am perfectly aware of the nature of our convention; but who ever expects a person to perform any promise which he may make when he is in liquor?"

This epigrammatic anecdote affords a bitter satire upon those individuals who are most liberal in their promises when the wine is in, and the wit is out. The following instance of an extraordinary cure of almost inveterate intemperance will doubtless amuse our readers:—A very rich manufacturer, in one of the great towns in the north, had been for years addicted to drinking; and his family was inconsolable at this prostration of a fine intellect, and the ruin of a robust constitution. The manufacturer knew his failing, endeavoured to conquer it, but could not. He vowed he would limit himself to a certain number of glasses of wine every day; but the mere taste of the fascinating liquor led him invariably on to a debauch. His health was nearly destroyed; and his medical advisers proclaimed this to be a desperate case. In a short time he became an object of disgust and alarm to even his own children; and relatives interfered to remove his three beautiful daughters from the vicinity of such a parent. One day, the manufacturer entered his establishment at an unusual hour, and heard some of his men laughing very heartily in one of the rooms. Curious to ascertain the cause of their mirth, he crept gently up to the door, which was ajar. He immediately perceived one of the men imitating him when he was under the influence of liquor. The man reeled backwards and forwards, hiccupped, looked vacantly around him, spoke in a stammering and half unintelligible tone, and, in fine, enacted to perfection all the disgusting attitudes and ways of a drunken man. The other operatives enjoyed the scene to excess;—but the manufacturer himself received a lesson which he never forgot. He did not discover himself to his dependants, but withdrew cautiously, and made a vow of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. And he was never known to break that solemn asseveration.

The Spartans were in the habit of making their slaves drunk, in order to warn their children against so filthy a habit; and the above incident in modern times seems to confirm the efficacy of the ancient example. There is much Attic salt in the following anecdote:—One of the *aides-de-camp* of Murat, King of Naples, was

dreadfully addicted to intemperance. In other respects he was an excellent officer; and Murat deeply deplored this failing which rendered a faithful servant totally unworthy of all trust. On one occasion Murat remonstrated with his *aide-de-camp* in most serious terms, strenuously advising him to abandon a habit which rendered him almost unfit for service. "Well," said the *aide-de-camp*, "I will follow your Majesty's advice; but I can only consent to leave off *by degrees*." "By degrees!" ejaculated Murat; "if you fall into the fire would you wish your friends only to drag you out of it by degrees?"

With regard to this anecdote, we will quote the following extract from a speech made by Dr. Scott at a Temperance meeting at Buffalo, in America:—"It is idle to pretend that a man is going to be killed by leaving off drinking. I should as soon think of killing a horse by leaving off the whip and the spur, as to kill a man by leaving off rum. I know more than forty cases in my own practice, where great drinkers have quitted it suddenly, and not one has been injured. And I never knew any other way. When men leave it off they are at first feeble, and their appetite fails; then their appetite becomes ravenous, and then they get well."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE extent to which circumstantial evidence should be accredited, has never been properly defined by any of the numerous writers upon law and jurisprudence; and thousands of instances upon record prove the impropriety, if not the absolute wickedness of judging by evidence which certainly may appear to conduct opinion to one point, but which still may be based upon a wrong foundation. The following anecdote will prove interesting to our readers:—

About five o'clock one morning, the head of a man was found under an arch of the Houchette bridge in Paris: the trunk of the body was afterwards discovered in a sink in the Rue de la Houchette, and the two lower extremities near the Pont Neuf. Subsequent enquiries led to the knowledge that the deceased was a man of the name of Ramus, and that he had been a soldier, lately employed as a messenger in the office of a receiver of the taxes. The head and body being deposited at the Morgue, or the Dead House, the medical examination commenced; and, at the very greatest length was the subject investigated. It will be impossible to enter deeply into this scrutiny. Suffice it to say that from the careful and judicious mode of procedure, the medical men in this country would derive great advantage from its perusal. The exterior appearance showed the deceased to be thirty, or thereabouts;—the countenance exhibited not the slightest mark of suffering or anxiety;—the features were calm, the eyes half open, the mouth wide open, and the skin pale and livid. There was a slight wound upon the forehead, and there were two or three slight bruises upon the face; but no other indication whatever of violence upon any part of the body. The medical men, from all the circumstances which presented themselves, on examining the manner in which decapitation and amputation had been performed, came to the conclusion that Ramus was killed during sleep, and that sleep must have been produced by artificial means; that it was either the result of drunkenness, or the effect of some narcotic; that the throat must have been cut, and an immense quantity of blood lost: that the decapitation and the cutting off the limbs must have been immediately performed by a person accustomed to such operations either on man or on animals; that the instrument must have been sharply edged and long, either such as is used for amputation or the kitchen; that he must have been a vigorous person; that all the incisions were made by the same hand; and that the murderer became nervous as he concluded his horrid act. The surgeons then proceeded to the examination of the internal parts of the body, which led them to pronounce that the unfortunate man had laboured under no disease which had a tendency to terminate life suddenly; that death was solely produced by the cutting of the throat; that the contusions on the face were the results of the endeavours made, during the amputation, to perform it quickly; and that death must have taken place about three hours after the deceased had had a meal. The contents of the stomach were subjected to analysis, and pronounced to contain a small quantity of alcohol and of hydrocyanic or prussic acid, but its precise quantity could not be determined. About three weeks afterwards the murderer was arrested; or rather, he delivered himself up to justice; for, learning that his son, who had been just apprenticed to an apothecary at Paris, had been taken up on suspicion, he returned to Paris, having previously left that city for some distant place. He confessed to the Prefect of Police, after some hesitation, his crime; and it is most satisfactory to all those who were interested in the subject, to find how completely the opinions given by the medical men were borne out by the narrative of the person who committed the deed. Just previous to the death of Ramus, he had given him a mixture of brandy and prussic acid, and had murdered his victim exactly in the manner in which the documents delivered in by the medical examiners of the body had led the public to expect.

In this case the medical men arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that death was solely produced by cutting the throat; but in the case of Greenacre and Hannah Brown, the English medical men could not state whether death was produced by the blow of the cudgel or by the incision of the knife. Monster as Greenacre certainly was, there was no evidence to prove that he wilfully murdered Hannah Brown. All that the evidence went to prove was that he had been the means of her death; but whether accidentally or intentionally did not appear. In our humble opinion, circumstantial evidence seemed to speak thus much in his favour, that he killed her in a fit of passion. He had no motive to kill her; he had discovered that she was a literal pauper, and that she had been contracting debts at a tally-shop by false representations, in his name. He flew into a passion, and reproached her: she retorted;—his passion became ungovernable; he took up the first object near—a log—and hurled it at her head, in one of those moments in which man has no control over himself, and therefore no power of thinking whether he intends to kill, or not—or what he intends. The log struck her upon a vital part, and killed her. Had he rushed out of the house, summoned assistance, and declared that he had slain her accidentally, a verdict of *Manslaughter* would have been returned against him, as in a hundred similar cases. Medhurst was only sentenced to three years' imprisonment for killing his fellow-student in a passion. But Greenacre did not adopt that plan: he remained quiet;—he cut up the body, and disposed of it in ponds and ditches. He was tried, and found guilty of *Murder*. Why was this verdict returned against him. Because he had concealed the deed, and thus disposed of the corpse. But these circumstances did not prove that he had committed a wilful murder: they only showed that he had been deficient in that moral courage which would have prompted another person, perhaps, to have rushed from the house and called for assistance. Then, for what was Greenacre put to death? Simply for hiding a death, which might have been accidental, and disposing of the body? Of a surety, circumstantial evidence was not strong enough to convict this man of murder.

About a year and a half previous to the death of Hannah Brown, a priest, named Dellacollonge, was tried in France for the murder of a young woman, with whom he had cohabited. He disposed of the body in the same way as Greenacre did;—but he declared that he caused the death of the girl by an accident, and not intentionally. He said that the anxiety and horrible fear of the moment when he found himself with a dead body thus thrown upon his hands, paralyzed all his reasoning powers, and induced him to adopt the means which would naturally first suggest themselves to a man in such a situation, of concealing the body. The French jury acquitted him of the charge of wilful murder, and punished him with imprisonment for concealing and cutting up the corpse.

We must remember that when justice charges an individual with a crime, the task of proving the accusation lies with justice; and no verdict of *Guilty* should be returned because the accused will not disprove the charge, should justice fail to make out a case. What case was made out against Greenacre? No one could prove that he murdered the woman intentionally; and there was no evidence to render the crime probable, because there was an absence of all premeditated motive. Even if he had made no defence, there was no just ground to find him guilty. But he did make a defence; and he told a story which was probable, because it was borne out by the facts that men's passions are violent, and that he had no motive to commit a wilful crime. Should not then justice have leant to the probable side; because circumstantial evidence was here actually in favour of Greenacre's defence.

Every body will recollect the extraordinary murder of Millie at Newcastle, and the trial of Archibald Bolam for the deed. Bolam volunteered no explanation, and did not admit that he killed Millie in a fit of passion. And yet it was proved that all his story about having been attacked himself by a burglar or assassin was a pure fiction. He had even inflicted wounds upon himself to make out his case. Probably, had he had the opportunity, he would have disposed of the body as Greenacre did. At all events, the cases were nearly parallel, save that circumstantial evidence was more in favour of Greenacre than of Bolam, because it is possible to see a motive which would have induced the latter to commit the crime. But Bolam was only found guilty of *Manslaughter*, and was transported.

Ambrose Gwinett was hanged at Deal for the murder of a man who merely disappeared, and whose body was not found. Circumstantial evidence certainly pointed strongly to Gwinett as a murderer; but still it was not proved in the first instance that a murder had been really committed. Gwinett and another man, of the name of Collins, arrived together at an inn in Deal. Gwinett borrowed Collins's clasp-knife during supper-time, in the presence of the waiter. On the following morning Collins was missing; and Gwinett had been met on the stairs, in the middle of the night, coming up from the garden. Blood was found in the garden, and in the midst of the blood was the clasp-knife, open. The traces of blood were continued down to the sea-side, and there they ceased. Gwinett was moreover found to have Collins's purse, which the

waiter had seen over night in Collins's possession, in his pocket. Gwinett's defence was that he had received the purse, after the waiter left the room on the preceding evening, in consequence of an arrangement that he (Gwinett) should be pay-master for them both; that he had gone down stairs in the night, for a certain purpose, to the garden; that his nose had bled dreadfully; that he had used the clasp-knife to raise the latch of the door, and had dropped it in the dark; and that he had walked down to the sea-side close by, to wash his face and hands, and stop the bleeding at the nose with the cold salt-water. This tale was not believed; Gwinett was found guilty of *Murder*, and hanged. But a shepherd, passing by the gibbet a few hours after the execution, and while the victim was hanging in chains, perceived signs of life in him, and cut him down. Gwinett was recovered; and the kind-hearted shepherd sent him abroad. In a distant colony, Gwinett met Mr. Collins, the very man for whose murder he had been hanged! An explanation immediately ensued. On the night in question, Collins had also gone down stairs to the garden, and had been carried off by a press-gang who passed along the sea-shore at the time. He was conveyed to a boat, and in that transported to the tender-vessel lying in the Downs: the vessel sailed next morning, and Collins had heard nothing of the dilemma of his friend until they met as just described.

This anecdote, more powerfully than any other, bears strong testimony to the truth of our assertions that circumstantial evidence can very seldom be relied upon. It is, however, argued that no one ever *does* see another commit a murder; and therefore no conviction ever can take place. This is a foolish argument; because there are many cases in which the guilt is made clear by evidence which cannot be termed circumstantial in the sense in which we are now using the word. There are many cases in which a dozen circumstances, all insignificant when considered separately, form a damning mass of evidence when taken collectively, and compose a chain which enables us to recognize and trace, step by step, the progress of the culprit from his starting point of premeditation up to the very execution of the crime itself. There was no evidence to convict Hubbard of the murder of Elisa Grimwood; nor was there any evidence to convict Gould of the murder of Mr. Templeman. But there was evidence sufficient to convict Marchant of the murder of the female servant, and Courvoisier of that of Lord William Russell.

In an article of this kind, it may be supposed that we should naturally refer to the trial of Madame Laffarge, in France, for poisoning her husband. There are two points in this case to be discussed and considered:—the arsenic, eliminated by M. Orfila, may have been the result of the combinations of the various tests; and, in this case, Monsieur Laffarge would not have been poisoned at all. Or, again, if he were poisoned, some one else might have done it; and a very singular chain of coincidences and circumstances may have aroused all the suspicions against Madame Laffarge. Certainly, no trial was ever conducted with more patience; and, although its details were revolting, they were nevertheless necessary, and prove that if justice on the one hand had every chance afforded it of reaching its aggressor, the accused, on the other hand, had also every chance, from the same process, of seeing her innocence triumphantly developed. This remark applies to the manner in which the trial was conducted; we, however, do not admire the result, and think that the verdict should have been one of *Acquittal*.

It was only lately that M. Orfila, the celebrated French chemist, discovered that there was arsenic in the bones. Who can tell that a deeper research will not enable him to discover arsenic in the flesh—in the blood? And then, what would become of the verdict of the jury who found Madame Laffarge guilty upon the ground that arsenic was discovered in the stomach of her husband?

Human knowledge is not complete enough to enable us to put faith in circumstantial evidence. A man might be seen coming away from a hay-stack near which he had been loitering all day. Shortly afterwards this hay-stack may blaze forth. Some years ago, and probably at the present day, this man would be taken, and hanged for *Arson*. And yet the hay-stack may have been burnt without the intervention of any human agency, but in consequence of a physical phenomenon now well understood—Spontaneous Combustion! A Frenchman was once tried upon a charge of murdering his wife by burning her; and the charge seemed to be supported by the fact that the accused was known to be in love with a beautiful girl, who was his servant. Medical examination, however, after a considerable amount of patience and trouble, succeeded in proving that the woman had fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion.

Many—many individuals have been executed, protesting their innocence with the apparent fervour which alone belongs to innocence, until the drop was ready to glide away from beneath their feet, and they were trembling on the confines of another world. It is to be feared that these asseverations of innocence have too frequently been based upon truth; and what mortal pangs can equal those which must be experienced by a jury whose verdict has deprived an innocent man of his existence? Oh! rather lean towards the safe side

and consider that it is better to stand the chance of allowing a guilty monster to escape punishment than to send an innocent man to the gibbet.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

By Edwin P. Hood.

How plaintive is thy song, sweet bird,
Thou' thrilling in its tone;—
'Tis true the notes are beautiful,
But half their charm is gone;
For in thy lay appears to float
The captive's mournful strain;
And even thy most melodious tone
Is quivering with pain.
'Tis even so—it must be so—
For once thy wings were free;
Thy heart was erst untouch'd by grief,
Thine home the forest tree;—
And now thy plaintive melody
Mourns for the happy times,
When thou wast free to rove at will
In sweet Arcadian climes!
'Tis strange that happiness should seem
The brighter when 'tis dead—
Strange that it wears the hues of life,
When life itself has fled!
Strange that we do not know our bliss,
Until its dream be done;
Nor feel the warmth of Phœbus' ray
Ere his career is run.
The floating fields of azure light,
The evening's saffron skies,
The sun declining o'er the hills,
Array'd in dolphin dyes;
The long—long day of pleasure past,
The dreams which all have known—
Seem still more bright and beautiful
When bound in Memory's zone!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In our last, page 292, third column, three lines from the bottom, for *Teetotallers* read *Teetotaler*.

"Sketches of Character" are left with the publisher, 2, Old Bailey, for the author.

We are pleased to find that the UNITED KINGDOM TOTAL ABSTINENCE LIFE ASSOCIATION does receive weekly and monthly payments, and that it is connected exclusively with no particular Teetotal Society. The plan originated with the Secretary, Mr. Compton, and Mr. R. Warner.

We should be glad if our numerous correspondents would not delay their communications. However rude the garb in which they may be sent to us, through haste or other causes, they shall be revised and corrected for publication with all possible care. Why has our friend at Birmingham been so long silent? We wish for a regular correspondent in that town, and also at Leeds and Sheffield.

B. S. is declined with thanks.
To An Enquirer.—We did not review the pamphlet alluded to, because we should only have given an immense publicity to statements calculated to excite ill-feeling, and which were harmless in the form in which they were issued to the public, as the pamphlet dropped still-born from the press. The circulation of *The Teetotaler* is ten thousand weekly.

Mr. H. Freeman's admirable pamphlet shall be reviewed in our next.

J. W. (Shrewsbury).—We believe there are about two millions two hundred thousand Teetotalers in England, Scotland, and Wales. For the number of Teetotalers in Ireland, see our Report of last week. J. W.'s letter shall receive due attention next week.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1841.

SINCE the propagation of the doctrine of Teetotalism, the thirst for knowledge amongst those whom the salutary effects of that principle has reached, has increased in an extraordinary degree; and this statement is borne out by the fact that on every side the eye surveys the quick rise, the steady progress, and the increasing number of Literary and Scientific Institutions, Mechanics' Institutions, and Mutual Instruction Societies. All the obstacles in the ways of knowledge,—“whose ways are those of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace,”—will be removed by the advocacy of Teetotalism. The understanding will be thereby released from that constant liability to attenuation and increasing weakness which is the invariable attendant upon the use of intoxicating liquors;—the memory will not be prematurely impaired, and thus rendered incompetent to impart its knowledge to children or friends;—the distaste for serious pursuits, which is felt by all those whose habitual resort is the tap-room or public-house parlour, will be removed;—and a thousand facilities will be thrown in the way of the progress of education, and consequently of knowledge, through the benignant influence of Teetotalism.

Numerous Mutual Instruction Societies are, as we before observed, springing up amongst the Teetotalers; and various laudable devices are pursued to work out the plan of spreading and imparting knowledge in the sphere of those who have been reclaimed from intemperance or the moderate indulgence in a pernicious habit. Lectures are delivered upon numerous subjects, by men who qualify themselves for the task by study and reading; and subscriptions are entered into for the purpose of purchasing books of instruction and amusement. Hundreds—aye, thousands of individuals, whose reading was once circumscribed to the police-reports and prize-fights in the weekly journals, now read wholesome litera-

ture, and reflect upon that which they read. The drunken disputes of the tap-room are exchanged for rational discussion and sober argument in Temperance coffee-houses or literary institutions; and these are rational and civilised means of pastime, instructing while they amuse, encouraging a transfusion of information from one individual to another, and calculated to enlarge those minds which before were narrow, prejudiced, and rude.

Teetotalism must not be therefore considered merely in respect to its first principle,—the suppression of intemperance: it must be contemplated in all its bearings, and judged by its most remote as well as by its immediate effects. Teetotalism is a great national blessing, in the most comprehensive signification of the phrase; inasmuch as it is the best friend to civilisation, education, and moral improvement. The wisdom of assembled senators never conceived a measure calculated to achieve such mighty results. The enactments of legislative bodies usually apply to individual abuses, or aim at affording an impulse to particular means of improvement. But Teetotalism is a general and an universal remedy. It advances the interests of religion, by placing men in a fit condition to visit the altar of their God. It benefits the agricultural and commercial interests of the country, by increasing the industry of labour, by creating a larger demand for the comforts and even luxuries of life, and by turning the produce of the land into legitimate and proper channels—urging the farmer to sow wheat to make bread, instead of barley to make malt. It diminishes the amount of poverty, and thus lessens the burthen of rates and the calls of charity upon the purses of the laborious. It lightens the calendars of crime, and thus diminishes the expenses of prosecutions and legal process. It softens the ferocity of the rugged disposition, and thus prevents the disasters which arise from sudden and ungovernable outbreaks of passion. It facilitates the application of good and wholesome laws, and enables the nation to watch its interests with judgment and discrimination. It is moreover calculated to ensure the election of honest representations in the senate-house, by at once overturning the degrading and demoralizing system of working out a scheme of bribery by means of deluging those who are entitled to suffrage with strong drink.

But it would be impossible to detail all the happy results in progress through the agency of Teetotalism. Truly delightful is it to know that thousands now pass their evenings in rational occupations, instead of in the vile dens of drunkenness and debauchery;—delightful is it to listen to the outpourings of those intellects which have been released from the shackles of intemperance;—delightful is it to look around and behold Temperance coffee-houses and literary institutions springing up in all directions, both in town and country. And far—far more delightful is it to know that myriads of wives and children now welcome with smiles those husbands and fathers whose return home was once marked with apprehension and sorrow. Oh! that Teetotalism could but recal back to earth those proud spirits of genius which have fallen victims to the hideous vice which has so long reigned like a pestilence in civilised England,—Oh! that they could be called back from those tombs to which they were prematurely hurried, and be allowed to glance upon the aspect of that society which is now so changed by means of the chastening hand of Teetotalism!

We often survey with pleasure that compartment of *The Teetotaler* in which we present to our readers every week a concise report of the progress of Teetotalism in the metropolis and the provinces. We survey that Report with pleasure, because it affords us a competent idea of the triumphant progress of Teetotalism throughout the British islands. That report enables us to view, as it were by a magic lantern, the struggle between the new principle and the old habit in city, town, village, and hamlet, and to echo back the shout of victory which emanates from each. Everywhere is Teetotalism triumphant. Some places have received the doctrine with avidity; and all places have received it well. Public-houses are closing in every direction; and the custom of the brewers is experiencing a rapid diminution. The Teetotalers pursue their career with enthusiasm:—they are proud of their Associations, and consider it a point of honour, as well as a moral duty, to swell the ranks of their converts to the utmost of their power. They subscribe large sums to build Temperance Halls,

to distribute tracts, and to procure banners and medals. They give frequent festivals, many of which are conducted upon a scale of unbounded liberality, and even elegance. Some of the provincial Societies will send for a popular Lecturer, such as Mr. MINGAYE SYDER, from London, pay his expenses, and present him with ten or fifteen guineas for his services. All these circumstances bear striking testimony to the triumphant, rapid, and beneficial march of Teetotalism.

Teetotalism is an extreme measure, because it is a radical means of cure; and it is applied to an extreme case of disease. Hence the enthusiasm with which its advocates and disciples cling to it; and, if from time to time we hear of backsliders, as in the case of that unmitigated hypocrite of a Welshman a few weeks ago, we can only say that such men never embraced the cause from purely honourable and disinterested motives at the commencement. Besides, amongst large fraternities and sects, these relapses will and must sometimes occur. “To err is the failing of human nature;” and no one will venture to attack the excellence and efficacy of the Christian religion, because upwards of four hundred thousand Christians have abjured their creed and embraced Islamism at the same time they entered the corps of the Ottoman Janizaries. If a system, of divine origin, have lost its members from time to time, surely a scheme of human invention is not to be reproached because its disciples will occasionally fall away. No;—the exceptions prove the rule in this case as in all others; for where one man breaks his pledge, ninety-nine faithfully adhere to it.

The prudent man prefers enlisting himself upon the safer side. Now—even if the benefits of Teetotalism be exaggerated by their disciples (and they are not)—it is nevertheless the safe side. Water costs comparatively nothing; and thus in a pecuniary point of view Teetotalism is preferable to Moderation. Water is healthy; and strong drink must produce, in small quantities, an injury proportionate in amount to that which even the Anti-Teetotaler admits that it effects in large quantities. Here again is Teetotalism triumphant. The Teetotaler stands no chance of being beguiled into excess; the moderate drinker does. The very first time that Noah drank wine, he became intoxicated:—the application of this example to the present time will show the necessity of signing a pledge of total abstinence. Consider the question in all its lights and bearings, and the impartial man *must* concede to us the point that Teetotalism is the safe side.

THE DEATH OF OLEG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I.

Ho! whither away rides Prince Oleg so fast?

Knowest thou not that he speeds to the land of the grape, and the fig, and the citron,—the land of purple cloths—and pearls—and gold and silver—the land of silk and gems—the city of spires and turrets!

And who are they that follow him? Their dark locks wave in the wind—their fierce brows lower in wrath—the mains and tails of their fleet coursers are streaming in the blast,—and hark to their wild hurrah! Who are they that leave their snow-clad plains for the vales of the south?

Knowest thou not the wild Varangians of Novogorod—how they came like robbers, and seized upon the kingdom of the north—how they have swam over rivers—and torn away our wives and children—how they have scorched up our homes and our harvests, and drawn the life-blood of the princes of Kiev?

And whither go they now?

To the city of Constantinople—the holy city!—hark to the shout that the breeze wafts hither—their yells of savage fury;—and see—and see him on a milk-white steed, who towers above the rest, and urges them on to deeds of plunder and perfidy! Hither he comes—'tis Oleg—Oleg, the destroyer—anathema!—the blood of Ascol and Dir be upon his head!

II.

Prince Oleg, on his milk-white steed, sped forward fast on his career of blood—accompanied by his band of Cossacks, whose loud hurrahs aroused both the prayer of the victim and the wails of the bereaved. Away over the dreary plains of the north—naught could oppose his victorious career! At length, a mighty river, and a tangled forest up the hill-side beyond, arrested his progress; and, for an instant, Oleg and his troops halted upon the brink. It was but for an instant: at the example of their lord, in they plunged—men and horses—to dare their death in the rapid whirlpool. The arms of Oleg were seen raised—his voice was heard encouraging them on—the clang of their harness responded to his call, as the cavalcade rushed into the water. Some reached the opposite

shore—the rest were swept away down the stream, and were lost for ever!

"They are gone to join Rurwick in the halls of the brave!" cried Oleg; and, collecting his brave followers around him again, he pursued his way.

But the tangled forest on the hill-side next impeded them; and they were obliged to separate. It was moonlight; and their polished helmets, studding the dark wood, shone in the pale beams as they scaled the height, like a terrestrial firmament of stars emulating those that glittered above. "Hurrah! on—on!" shouted Oleg, as they gained the summit: "yonder is a light; we shall meet with brave reception there!"

Away over the desolate heath—away they sped, towards the light that twinkled afar. It was from a solitary monastery: the passing bell tolled for a departed brother as the long and solemn train of Monks emerged from the hollow-sounding portal, bearing the body to its last resting-place. With eyes fixed upon the ground, and solemn chant, they glided slowly along, as Oleg and his fierce horde, with clattering hoofs rode up swift as the wind amongst them. With the Cossacks everything was legitimate object of rapine; and, like a troop of demons, they rushed upon the defenceless Monks—slew many on the spot—pursued the rest who fled; and victors and vanquished together rushed in at the open gates, which were stained with the purple carnage. Unaccustomed to the worship of any God, save that of war, and without remorse for the religious panoply of the Christians, Oleg and his Varangians burst into the sanctuary, and proceeded to despoil the shrine.

"Hold, sacrilegious, hold!" exclaimed the Superior. "Holy Virgin and saints, will ye suffer this? Rash men, what seek ye? Gold?—We have it—we will yield it; but spare the altar of the Most High! Pardon them, just Heaven!—they know not what they do!"

His adjurations were unheeded. Seizing a crucifix, he stood before the shrine, endeavouring to repress, by his single voice, the crowd of savages who pressed onward in a turbulent stream. With the sacred emblem elevated in his hand, he thus addressed them:—

"See—see—this is the God whom ye despise, whose temple ye are now violating by this sacrilege. Ye will surely perish! See—believe—and tremble!"

A laugh of insult only burst forth in answer, as the barbarians turned again to pursue their hateful work; and the faces of the Superior's slain brethren, as they lay stiff and stark, their sable garments bathed in blood, their eyes staring as they had died in their agony, gazed on him as in mockery, illumined by the ghastly moonlight.

"Now by my milk-white steed," said Oleg—

"Hold, impious!" exclaimed the Abbot; "that milk-white steed shall cause thy death!"

Oleg started, for the first time alive to terror. With a trembling and wavering voice, he called off his fierce tribe; and, in spite of their discontent and mutterings, he led them away from the scene of their guilt and carnage. Rapid as had been his journey before, now was it as slow and fearful; and careful was he of every step, lest his horse should stumble, and the fatal prophecy should be fulfilled!

Not long did Oleg rest without consulting the priest of his own land. The mystic fires blazed within the huge circle of gigantic stones, that formed the chief temple of the Pagan Russians of Kief. The father of the mysteries, with his assistants, long robed as the Druids in Britain of old, met Oleg at the entrance as he came alone to ask of them how he should avert the threatened evil, and the hidden import of the fearful words.

"Fear not the prophecy of the Christian, warrior!" said the priests: "has not thy red right arm full often conquered and despoiled them? Pursue thy victories—still conquer and destroy—and yet use not thy favourite horse!"

"What, then—can ye give me no more security than what my own reason would prompt me to?" demanded Oleg. "Where, then, is your boasted knowledge? Of what use are your vaunted powers?"

"We can make thee invulnerable," said the father, "in every part but one; and over one part we may have no control;—choose thee which part that shall be."

"The heel, then, since that is never towards my enemies," cried Oleg.

"Be it so," said the father; "and thine heel shall be the only part that can be harmed."

Pouring out a blood-red liquid upon the ground, from a goblet which he held in his hand, the priest muttered an indistinctly-heard charm over the altar, whose lament flame was suddenly lit up with a livid glare.

"Stay," said he to Oleg, "and watch this sacred spot for seven days and seven nights: breathe not a word, nor stir from this spot—and the mighty gift is thine."

And they left him.

Seven days and seven nights, Prince Oleg watched the mystic fire in a solitary silence, broken only by the moans of the sighing blast that swept thro' the ruined pile and the thick groves around, the wings of the owl, and the harsh scream of the vulture wheeling aloft expectant of its prey.

At the end of that period the sages returned.

"Toll," said they; "now thou art free—inval-

uable to all, save in thy right heel! Go forth and conquer!"

III.

Who is it that rides on so fast and so fiercely, but no longer on a milk-white steed? Still is he with his wild Radnichthes, his Morinians, and his Cossacks, whose shouts make the affrighted welkin ring.

It is Oleg—Oleg the terrible! War and destruction are in his front—desolation and despair mark his footsteps. Anathema! the blood of Ascold and Dir be upon his head!

Oleg again led his horde to the south. In the thick-est of the conflict he was seen towering above the rest like a destroying angel: no sword clave his helmet—every arrow glanced from him, for he bore a charmed life! In the midst of carnage and destruction, while all around him were falling to rise no more, still Oleg fought unhurt and victorious. He ransacked the empire of the east—he triumphed over Constantinople—he vanquished the degenerate Byzantines—and hung his buckler at their gates in token of his triumph. Flushed with success and pride, laden with treasures, dragging myriads of Greek youths and lovely virgins into slavery, he returned homeward once more, ravaging the fertile provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia in his way. As before he had been received with scowls and derision for his retreat from the monastery, so now was he met with smiles and songs of joy, while fate lay hidden, to poison all, concealed beneath the brightest flowers!

The feast of welcome went on merrily. Oleg pledged his followers often in deep draughts of maddening wine, and was as often pledged by them in return. Suddenly the sounds of minstrels' voices fell upon his ears; and this was the chant of Oleg's two favourite bards:—

FIRST MINSTREL.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier,

And the white bones all clattering together!

SECOND MINSTREL.

How peaceful the grave—its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep;
And flowerets perfume it with ether!

FIRST MINSTREL.

There riots the blood-created worm on the dead,
And the yellow skul serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

SECOND MINSTREL.

How lovely, how lone the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there; but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss!

FIRST MINSTREL.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave;
'Tis the vulture's abode—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

SECOND MINSTREL.

There the cony at evening disports with its love,
Or rests on the sod; while the turtles above
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs!

FIRST MINSTREL.

There darkness and dampness, with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay, fill the dwelling of death;—
The trees are all barren and bare!

SECOND MINSTREL.

Oh! soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamines fair!

FIRST MINSTREL.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by; and, with tremblings and fears,
He is launch'd in the wreck-covered river!

SECOND MINSTREL.

The traveller, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one who is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever!

"Meseems that the words which the second bard utters are more welcome to the ear," said Oleg, when this antithetical strain was concluded. "But I reck not for the grave, be its turf the bed of scorpions or the garden of violets! What have I now to fear?" Then turning suddenly round to one of his attendants, he asked, "Where is the milk-white steed I used so much to dread?"

"Great prince," was the answer, "the milk-white steed has long been dead!"

"Ha—sayest thou so?" ejaculated Oleg. "I thank thee. Lead me instantly to the spot where its bones wither!"

Oleg was conducted thither; and, placing his foot upon the skull of his deceased favourite, he said in a tone of exultation,—"This, then, is the terrible animal whom I have so much dreaded! this is that which was to cause my death! Fool—poor idiot fool," laughed Oleg, in scorn;—"thus I stamp on thee, in token of my triumph over thee, and over death, and over the prophecy of the Christians."

Oleg hastened to withdraw his foot; but, strange to tell, it hung in the jaw of the animal; and he was thrown prostrate on the ground. At the same instant, a poisonous serpent, that had lain concealed within the

skull, and now disturbed from its repose, suddenly flew out and inflicted a mortal wound in the heel of Oleg.

The prince groaned out, as he writhed there in agony, "Wretch! I have courted my own fate—I have insulted my fallen enemy; and I meet my reward!"

Before sunset, Oleg was a corpse; and thus, despite of Pagan charms, the Christians triumphed; and the fatal prophecy was fulfilled, that the milk-white steed of Oleg should be the cause of his death!

THE SHIPS OF THE MODERNS.

SHIP-BUILDING made but a snail-paced progress until the introduction of the compass; and the application of astronomy to nautical pursuits at once set the mariner free from dependence on the land. The discovery of America resulted from these improvements and the inspirations of a single man. Thenceforward the mariner, thrown upon the wide ocean, was brought into contact with unknown perils, and to obviate them was led to untried experiments. The art has since strode forward with giant steps. To the Italians, Catalans, and Portuguese, belong most of the advances in the earliest days of its revival: the Spaniards followed up the discovery of the new world with a rapid improvement in the form and size of their ships; and in the United States of America ship-building has made unprecedented progress, with however little aid from theoretical principles and abstract science. Experiment, guided by theory, forms, when united, the only infallible guide.

In order to appreciate the extent and value of modern improvements, we have only to refer to the figure of the old ships, several of which may be found engraved in Charnock's work upon naval architecture. There we see the *Great Harry*, the wonder of the sixteenth century! Her bow and poop are of prodigious height, the signal lantern on the taffrail of the latter being nearly level with the round tops. She has an immense beak, with bow and stern balconies, six round towers at the angles of the poop, gangway, and fore-castle, like the turrets of a castle; four masts with tops literally round, like inverted cones, and abundance of streamers from every spar. It is true that very shortly after the time of the *Great Harry*, a ship was launched in this country, called the *Royal Prince*, and was very little different from those of the present day. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "It is not long since striking the top-masts has been devised, together with the chain-pumps, which take twice up as much water as the old ones: we have now studding sails, and the weighing of anchors with the capstan;—moreover, we have fallen into consideration of the length of cables, and by it we resist the malice of the greatest winds; for true it is that the length of cable is the life of the ship." The improvements we have made during the last century, have consisted rather in taking away than in adding: we have nearly abolished the high poop and inflated topside; and we find that the more unbroken be the level of the deck, the better will the ship perform its vertical motions, and the easier will it pitch. The ships of the present day are as denuded of all excrescences and inequalities as possible; and thus they are less liable to camber, or become broken-backed.

We shall now state what are the essential qualities of a good ship, and how they may be best attained. In a ship-of-war the great object is speed, connected as far as may be with ease of movements, and capacity to accommodate her crew and carry a large supply of water and provisions. One point moreover is especially to be looked to;—this is that the ship float sufficiently high above water to run no risk of receiving seas in her lower ports in time of action. In order to be secure of this, the constructor must make an estimate of the whole weight of the ship, including body, spars, armament, men, and ammunition, and must so model the bottom that it will have displaced an equal weight of water when arrived at the desired depth. In respect to the merchantmen, the primary consideration is to attain the greatest capacity to carry cargo; and in order to do this, and combine this quality with safe and easy movements and rapid sailing, the builder imitates a form which has stood successfully the test of experience. In this way the modern ship-builder has succeeded in uniting these conflicting desiderata in a degree heretofore deemed impossible.

Among the admitted and well-established principles of construction, is the leading one that the greatest breadth must always be before the centre, and consequently the bow be more blunt than the stern. Some of our best builders place this point only one-third of the length from the stern. A log tows infinitely easier by its largest end; and a concurrent testimony is found in the forms of the finny tribe, which an unerring nature has adopted to divide the element they move in, by a shape gradually diminishing from head to tail. As it is then less essential that a ship should be sharp forward than aft, there is a farther advantage in having the bow full towards the edge, that it may check her in descending into the waves, not abruptly, but gently, pitching being the most dangerous to hull and spars of all a vessel's movements.

Though sharpness towards the stern-post is vitally essentially to fast sailing, care must be taken to leave the ship full towards the surface, in order to check the

stern gently in descending, and, when scudding before a gale, to lift it in timely season, on the arrival of a sea. The French schooner is the model of perfection in naval architecture. She is of the simplest form, carrying the greatest breadth before the centre; the bow is very sharp, and the draught forward inconsiderable, but increasing towards the stern, where it becomes double. With great length and breadth, furnishing stability to bear a large surface of sail, and great depth to take hold of the water and prevent drifting, the burden and consequent displacement of the schooner are inconsiderable, a large part of the bottom consisting of mere dead wood. Above water her form is straight, low, and unbroken, offering no obstacle to the wind: the masts are long and tapered, and the sails like the body, adapted to approach the wind, which this species of schooner can do twenty degrees nearer than the best-equipped frigate. In dreadfully stormy weather, the writer of this article has seen the French sailors leave Dunkirk, Calais, Dieppe, or Havre, in these schooners, at a period when not even the famous Deal or Dover boatmen would venture to put off in their own renowned vessels. By the aid of a cutter built upon the same plan, the French mail is frequently conveyed from Calais to Dover by the French sailors, while the English mail remains at the latter town until a less stormy period.

And are we not justified in expressing our admiration at the Ship—that great achievement of man—the most complicated, the most perfect, of all the works of art? If it be well said that man is the noblest work of God, it may with equal truth be asserted that the ship is the noblest work of man. It were a vain task to attempt the enumeration of the various geometrical problems involved in her design, or the multiplied mechanical principles combined in her construction. Let us only, forgetting all we know, endeavour for a moment to realize the immeasurable distance and difficulties between the trees growing in the forest, the iron and copper buried deep in the bowels of the earth, the hemp waving in the fields, the tar sealed up in its timber, and the actual achievement of the sailing ship! Yet a very short time—a few months suffice to transform these rude productions into the magnificent machine, which, notwithstanding its mountain form, obeys each command of the mariner—goes from the wind, towards it, halts, or redoubles its velocity, obedient to his voice,—in which he launches boldly forth amid the horrors of a troubled ocean, braves them successfully, conducted by the inspiration of a sublime philosophy, attains the most distant shores, accomplishes his purpose, and returns, enriched, enlightened, and triumphant to his home!

THE BRIDGES OF LONDON.

LONDON has no one feature of architectural magnificence by which she is so conspicuously distinguished from all the cities of Europe as her bridges. Nearly destitute, as she is, of fine public buildings, and wholly wanting in great sites, her continental rivals have, nevertheless, no structures to compare with the gigantic arms which she stretches across the great river, to link together those portions of her mighty whole which its fierce and turbid waters have divided in vain. Here alone the eye gets point of vision which assemble the great and salient features of the vast metropolis in anything like multitude and union before it. The ceaseless hum of the huge city, which has known no moment of silence for a thousand years, mingles its morals with the low murmur of the queenly river; and the overflowing tide of human existence is checked, though never for a moment overcome, by the scarcely more mysterious and irresistible action of the natural and yet more ancient tide.

The splendid views of the multitudinous metropolis, which are obtained from the bridges, will give the spectator a notion of the striking prospects which would be opened up if a line of broad and stately quays, like those of Paris, were pushed along the two shores of her magnificent river. No city in the world has a grander site than would be thus obtained. There is no one period in the four-and-twenty hours when London, seen from her bridges, does not take a character of interest peculiar to the locality, and put on an aspect which she wears at no other point;—at dark midnight, when the profile of her shores is traced by its own stream of glancing lights, her recesses revealed by the long lines of lamps that pass away into her depths, linking them together as with golden chains, and her vastness indicated by the red glow flung upwards through the murky air, and spread along the face of the colourless sky;—amid the pomps of a northern night, when the stars that seem so still in heaven are rocked to and fro in the dark cradle of the river's restless tide;—by moonlight, when the vast dome of her cathedral is plated with silver, and each of all her thousand pinnacles tipped as with a star;—by day, when the stream is swarming with life, and the crowded civilisation of a great city is seen, subjected to new influences and clothed in new forms!—But it is in the still hour of the morning that London presents her most striking aspect to him who looks upon her from her bridges. The mighty metropolis seems to wear the beauty of the morning like a

garment; the very houses seem asleep, and that mighty heart is lying in tranquillity and stillness!

Amid all the fine bridges of the metropolis Waterloo Bridge is conspicuous—not only for its own superior beauty, but because it offers to the thoughtful individual certain morals of its own. In itself, perhaps the finest piece of masonry in the world, it justifies the strong expression of Canova, that to look upon it would amply repay a journey from Rome to London. We will not number amid its distinctions its commemoration of the great political event from which it takes its name; because conventional attributes like these (with which, for ourselves, we have little sympathy at any time) sink always into silence, in the presence of moral considerations. There is, however, a circumstance in its history, to which it owes some peculiar features, and which, in its production of those features, exhibits a striking example of the apparently feeble influences by which the strong wills of the associated multitude are controlled. The small toll, by which it was hoped to get back for the shareholders the immense expenditure incurred in the erection of this structure, has not yet been lifted from the bridge; and (such, in all human action, is the powerful agency of money) that the crowded and ceaseless stream of population which London pours over her other bridges (Southwark excepted)—and which neither laws nor mandates, nor the force of armies, nor the dread march of pestilence might avail to arrest—is held in check by the halfpenny demanded at the gate! To this circumstance—of its comparative solitude—it owes a characteristic population of its own—or at least a population whose characters are more clearly defined. No doubt, all mortal passions and all mortal interests mingle in the tide which daily pours its human waves along the pathways of London, Westminster, and Blackfriars Bridges; but, confounded as they are, in one great and ever agitated current, they are not to be separated, and singled out, and studied in detail. To Waterloo Bridge, however,—where the passenger may at once escape from one of the great and tumultuous arteries of London, into a comparative calm, men of a marked physiognomy come singly, or in pairs; many a private history may there be readily perused by the meditative eye. Linking, as it does, two counties, and having an undisturbed view of all who enter at its lodges, in each direction, hither comes the debtor, for whose large fears of the sheriff one county is too small. Leading directly upon the theatrical centre, evening sees the frail daughters of infamy pass over its pavements to their usual haunts; and the same bridge is the one which the suicide selects, whence to precipitate himself into the waters beneath. Oh! many a sigh, no doubt, wanders over all the bridges, as over all the thoroughfares of the world; but Waterloo Bridge, amidst its rivals of our metropolis, is emphatically the "Bridge of sighs!"

The following curious particulars relative to old London Bridge may not prove uninteresting to our readers. According to Stowe, who follows the annals of Waverly, the building of this bridge was begun about the year 1176, by Peter of Colechurch, who, dying about four years before its completion, left the same to be finished by several merchants of London, named Serle, Mercer, William Almaine, and Benedict Boterite. The bridge was accordingly terminated in 1209. Peter of Colechurch, says Stow, was buried in the chapel on the bridge, in the year 1205. But Stowe, though he mentions King John having contributed to this useful work by certain gifts and grants of ground, &c., does not allude to a fact elicited by letters patent, that King John not only evinced a deep interest in bringing the bridge to perfection, but took upon himself to recommend to the citizens of London for that purpose, a particular person named Lambert, whom he describes as master of the school at Saintes, and a man of worth and learning, by whose diligence the bridges of Saintes and Rochelle had of late been speedily constructed.

Blackfriars Bridge now nearly resembles the ship of Theseus;—it has been so thoroughly repaired, that scarcely any portion of the old edifice remains. We shrewdly suspect that a new bridge might have been erected at almost the same cost which has attended those repairs; but wherefore the open defences on each side should have been removed to make room for a common parapet of solid masonry, we are at a loss to determine. Southwark Bridge is built of iron; upon a plan originally conceived by no other person than Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man," &c.; the same may be said of Vauxhall Bridge. We believe that Westminster Bridge is to undergo repairs similar to those lately terminated in respect to Blackfriars Bridge. We hope that in this case the handsome range of stone pillars on each side, which forms the parapet, will be allowed to remain.

A company has now existed some years, with the object of building a bridge for foot passengers from Hungerford Market to the opposite side of the river; but the contemplated undertaking has experienced so little encouragement, that the enterprise has been abandoned, and the company—or rather the few shareholders who have associated themselves for the purpose—is about to be dissolved.

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.—No VI.

BY JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.

TOWN OF SUEZ.—MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST.—The entry into Suez of the grand caravan, which had commenced early on the morning of yesterday, and promised not to finish in less than two days more, had already filled the town with bustle and variety. The arrival of two vessels from Jeddah, and one from Yambo, had also increased the number of strangers, and by this mixture of visitors from Arabia and Egypt, we had every shade of colour, in countenance and costume.

My own Arab dress enabling me to mix in the crowd without fear of being detected as a Christian, or of even attracting notice at all, I was agreeably occupied throughout the day in that sort of strolling observation which makes even lounging both delightful and instructive. The number of camels composing this caravan exceeded four thousand, with at least half that number of Bedouin guides. There was also an escort of Turkish cavalry, and a company of infantry, beside a number of traders, agents, etc., accompanying their own property, forming, with the arrivals, by sea, an additional population of five or six thousand strangers. The goods brought by this caravan were chiefly grain for Arabia, Egyptian cotton, manufactured for sail-cloth, timber, planks, and oars for boats, of which several were ordered to be built for the Pasha, and a few articles of private speculation for the southern markets, such as gay-coloured clothes, articles of dress, and common fire-arms.

In such a motley multitude as were thus brought together from opposite quarters of the globe, infinite as their varieties of dress and features were, there still existed those marked distinctions by which they could be classed. The Bedouin was as easily recognised by the poverty of his dress, and air of independence, as was the Turk by the gaudy colours of his apparel, and the look of contemptuous disdain with which he eyed every one around him. The Yambo mariner, black and half naked, with bushy, uncombed hair, that almost concealed his face; the sable-turbaned Greek; the bearded sanctity of the returning Hadji from the holy city of Mecca; the green-capped descendant of the prophet; the cunning trader of Jeddah, and the richer merchants of Yemen, were all to be recognised by distinct peculiarities. There was one feature, however, in which they all agreed, and which, to the native of a country where the practice is unnecessary and forbidden, cannot fail to be observed; that is, their passion for wearing arms, in the use of which, perhaps, few people could be found more unskilful, or to the practice of which, as far as actual warfare is implied, there are certainly none more naturally averse. Yet from the Aga, who sacrifices even domestic comforts to the useless splendour of a kanjar or dagger, down to the naked negro, who with a ragged waist-cloth only, and without a sufficiency of either bread or water, will yet pride himself on his heavy sabre, or a crooked knife braced to his arm, not an individual is to be seen, who enjoys that privilege from his faith, without weapons, the weight of which literally incommodes him in his walk.

On our return from the stroll of the day, we passed the evening in a crowded Divan, at the governor's, and remained with him to supper, in which we were joined only by his principal officers; the rest having retired after sunset prayers, and joined us again to smoke their evening pipes. The governor's attentions to me were more than usually polite; and his communications, in answer to all the questions I asked him, were given with great freedom and intelligence.

TOWN OF SUEZ, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22.—I had fixed our departure on my desert journey in search of the remains of the ancient canal, for this morning, but, as is usual on most occasions of setting out, whether by land or by water, new difficulties arose, and obstacles were now for the first time supposed to exist. The route I had marked out for our journey across the desert, was to follow the track of the ancient canal, by the salt marshes to the northward of Suez, pass by the spot marked in Arrowsmith's chart, as the ruins of Serapeum and Aboukerchid, and entering the cultivated plain of Egypt at the ancient Thaubastus, turn by Heröopolis to Balbeis. Every one whom we consulted on the subject, declared this journey to be impracticable, without great personal risk. This part of the desert, it was said, was traversed by the Syrian Bedouins, who are enemies to those of Tor, and our being robbed and stripped was a matter of certainty in the opinion of Phanoose; but, as he observed, "Allah! kerem!" "God is merciful." The governor very kindly offered me an escort of his own soldiers, but I was too well aware of its expense, to except it; and as my desire of accomplishing the journey was unconquerable, I prepared to depart alone, hoping to find security in the smallness of our party, and in the appearance of poverty we should assume. Our guide at length refused to depart without an additional sum of fifty piastres for the journey, a demand which I as strenuously resisted, and as both parties were obstinate, bade fair to detain us for the day.

Neen came without a change of determination on either side, and I passed the latter part of the day most agreeably in a walk along the south beach of the town of Suez, from whence the main body of the

grand and interesting. On the right, the high and rocky summits of Adaga are boldly picturesque, and the plain leading to Tor and Sinai, which is terminated by a broken range of Asiatic mountains on the left, with the unintercepted horizon of the sea in the southern offing, form altogether a subject worthy of the pencil of a Claude. The air was beautifully calm, and the serenity of that unbroken silence which every where reigned around, was like a momentary slumber of animated nature. I was perfectly alone; and nothing could have been more favourable than the present moment as it regarded the state of things, or of my own disposition to receive it, for an interview with that hoary sage from whom Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds; but I was not so highly favoured, though I remembered here, with all that superior pleasure which local interest can add even to the most beautiful productions, the poetic and ingenious fragment of Moore's, which he calls 'A Vision of Philosophy,' the subject or hero of which he thus describes.

From this spot I extended my ramble round the southern beach, where vestiges of ancient buildings are seen in several places distinguishable along the edge of the present town of Suez, among the heaps of pottery and brick, which invariably accompany the wreck of settlements annihilated or destroyed. Over a sheik's tomb here is reared the fragment of a granite pillar, and upon the wharfs are still lying portions of white marble columns.

After making the circuit of the walls, I ascended the mound which retains the name of Kolzoum, the very base of which is washed by the sea, as it is not more than one hundred yards from the gate of Suez. Among all this heap, however, not a vestige remains of any kind of building, not even the fragment of a wall, a pillar, or a foundation: nor could I find, after diligent search, anything like the remains of the stone pipes which Mr. Brown saw, for the purpose, as it appeared to him, of conveying water to the site of Kolzoum, from Bir Naha, or the well of Naha. Major Rennel very correctly remarks, that this is a well, situated some miles to the east of Suez, and on the opposite side of the inlet of the sea that passes before it. 'One may conclude,' he adds, 'that this work was unnecessary during the existence of a canal from the Nile;' and he might have said, too, that it must have been carried underneath a broad though shallow arm of the sea, to the opposite coast; a work of labour and expense, which, compared with its object, is not at all probable, since water could always be conveyed with facility and despatch in boats, in the small quantities which all the wells of the neighbourhood produce, and which at different seasons of the year are dry. Nothing, in short, remains of the ancient Kolzoum, but one continued heap of rubbish; its destruction is complete; and by a collection of stones within an entrenchment at the top, it would seem to have been recently used as a post of defence.

In the very learned and masterly discussion of Major Rennel, on the Isthmus of Suez and its canals, where endeavouring to establish the distance between Serapeum and Pelusium, he says: 'The position of the former is unknown, but by circumstances, it ought to be near the head of the Gulf of Suez, and to Arsinoë of course; but this latter must have been more to the north than Suez, as the sea has retreated, and is constantly retreating to the south, and has even left Kolzoum, which was a port in the time of the Caliphs, three quarters of a mile inland; therefore Arsinoë may have been full a mile to the northward of Suez.' (p. 454.) Having this memorandum among my extracts for observation, I was the more anxious to satisfy myself whether this mass of ruins, although still called by the inhabitants here, Kolzoum, was really the site of that settlement or not. My elevated situation enabled me to distinguish from its summit the smallest object for several miles to the northward, across the sandy plain, if any such objects existed. The wells of Suez and Adjerood were in sight to the north-west, and the sandy beach along which the arm of the sea, extending beyond Suez, flows, continued its course to the north, inclining easterly; but in all this range of view, neither mound, rubbish, or fragment of any kind, was to be seen, to indicate the situation of former buildings; and all whom I consulted, agreed that the spot on which I stood was the only one near Suez, containing ancient remains, distinguishable from the sands. Yet this mound has the sea flowing up to its very base, and, stretching beyond it to the northward, inclining easterly for three or four miles at least. To what settlement the granite and marble columns, lying scattered at Suez, could have belonged, whether to Arsinoë or Kolzoum, I am at a loss to determine. The known indolence of the Turks, and their indifference to the transportation of such fragments, more particularly as they lie broken and unused for any purpose, induce one to conclude, that they occupy the original place of their destruction, or their fall; and coupling this with Mr. Brown's opinion that Suez itself is a comparatively modern town, and probably built within the last three hundred years, of which it bears every appearance, as well as having been unknown to travellers of a more ancient date. I am disposed to think that Suez itself, including the mound without its northern gate, occupies the very site of Kolzoum, and that Arsinoë might then have been more to the northward, as Rennel de-

scribes it; the remains, from being more ancient, having disappeared, by the united agencies of an undermining sea, and the overwhelming sands by which it was surrounded, toward the land.

Returning from my evening walk, I supped at the governor's, and remained there late in a crowded divan, a rich merchant from Jedda having paid his personal respects to Hassan Aga. After evening prayers, performed with all possible solemnity, these bearded elders amused themselves in playing tricks upon an old Hadji, or Pilgrim, whom the governor retained among his dependants as a buffoon; among a number of other devices, the loading his pipe with gunpowder beneath the tobacco so as to explode, while smoking, and placing fire in the small outer cup in which they serve coffee, so as to burn his fingers, and make him forego his hold, were applauded by loud bursts of laughter, which, from the contrast of their general gravity, came from them with a very borrowed grace indeed.

Taking leave of this Turkish Aga, to whose kindness I had been much indebted, I retired to rest, and the differences with my guide, Phanoose, being amicably adjusted, the next sunrise was fixed for our departure on the Desert Journey of Investigation, already advertised to. The results of this will be given in the ensuing number of *The Teetotaler*.

REVIEWS.

Strictures upon the Rev. James Bromley's "Observations on Totalism." By the REV. F. BEARDSALL. pp. 24. Manchester: Lewis.

OUR readers will recollect that Mr. Bromley held a discussion some time ago with Mr. F. Lees, the Editor of the *British Temperance Advocate*. Mr. Bromley published a book entitled "Observations on Totalism" (meaning Teetotalism by this vulgar abbreviation); and Mr. Beardsall has now replied to the contents of that work, in the very able publication before us. Mr. Beardsall very justly observes that "it is greatly to be lamented that ministers of the gospel should lend themselves to a system, whose known influence has, for ages, produced the most awful prostration of human nature, and contributed more than any other evil to the destruction of the bodies and souls of many intelligent, and once pious members of the church of Christ, as well as involved multitudes in irretrievable ruin; such is the drinking system in all its gradations: for such a system, though not for its ultimate effects, Mr. James Bromley has contended."

That Mr. Bromley can be sincere in his attempts to defend the custom of drinking intoxicating liquors, we can only believe if we admit the supposition that he is as ignorant of the nature of alcohol as he is of the courtesies of language; but that he should hope to reconcile that custom with Scripture, is an endeavour as vain and as impious as the attempt to heap Ossa upon Pelion for the purpose of scaling the mansions of heaven. Let us quote a powerful passage in Mr. Beardsall's work:—

"Mr. Bromley says he 'cannot hear without feelings of horror,' the designation of intoxicating wine by terms—noxious—deleterious—vile—poison—liquid fire—the cup of devils! &c. And yet he can speak in very contemptuous terms of the rich blessings of Providence without being horrified. I believe that all the above terms are legitimately applied to intoxicating wine; Wesley, Fletcher, and others, would have united in bestowing the same epithets on such wine, had they lived to see the clear light now reflected upon the subject. The great Robert Hall gave a still more horrifying, yet a very significant name, to the spirit in wine when distilled, he called it 'DISTILLED DAMNATION!' Can Mr. B. inform me what is the difference in the ingredients which replenishes, what he calls, the cup of the Lord, and what the apostle calls the cup of devils? Could Mr. B. see the numerous communications which I have from Ministers and other on the subject of wine at the Lord's table, he might find it still more difficult to curb his 'irrepressible indignation.'"

In the course of his refutation of Mr. Bromley, Mr. Beardsall quotes from the *Missionary Record*, a passage which we shall transfer to our columns, as it relates especially to the Wine-Question, and to the truth of which we ourselves can bear testimony from personal observation:—

"In these countries, mantled with vineyards, one cannot help learning the true intent and use of the vine in the scheme of providence. In our land, wine has become so exclusively a mere luxury, or, what is worse, by a species of manufacture, an intoxicating beverage, that many have wondered why the bible speaks of wine in conjunction with corn, and other staple supports of animal life. Now, in passing through the region of vineyards in the east of France, one must at once perceive, that the vine greatly flourishes on slopes and heights, where the soil is too poor and gravelly to maintain either corn for food, or pasture for cattle. But what is the providential design in rendering this soil—favoured by a genial atmosphere—so productive of the vine, if its fruit become solely either an article of luxury or an instrument of vice? The answer is, that Providence had no such design. Look at the peasant, and his meals in vine-bearing districts! Instead of milk, he has a basin of pure unadulterated 'blood of the grape.' In this its

native and... It is a plain, simple, and wholesome liquid; which at every repast, becomes to the husbandman what milk is to the shepherd—not a luxury, but a necessary—not an intoxicating, but a nutritive beverage. Hence, to the vine-dressing peasant of Auxerre, for example, an abundant vintage, as connected with his own immediate sustenance, is as important as an overflow of dairy to the pastoral peasant of Ayrshire. And hence, by such a view of the subject, are the language and the sense of Scripture vindicated from the very appearance of favouring what is merely luxurious or positively noxious, when it so constantly magnifies a well-replenished wine-press, in a rocky mountainous country, like that of Palestine, as one of the richest bounties of a generous Providence."

In taking leave of Mr. Beardsall's excellent little work, we consider it to be our duty to recommend it to the perusal of those who are liable to meet with opposition at the hands of Anti-Teetotal lecturers. These gentlemen are however most particularly cautious whom they challenge to discussion: they are aware that there are numerous medical, scientific, and well-read men, in the Teetotal phalanx, ready to meet opponents upon any ground, and to consider the subject in all its bearings. Many of the Anti-Teetotalers have publicly acknowledged their defeat, and have signed the pledge, after having levelled all their abuse against the principle with a zeal amounting at the time to absolute madness. Nor do we think that we shall be incurring any great risk of prophesying erroneously, when we record our conviction that the Rev. Mr. Bromley himself will sign the pledge within six months from the present period. He is merely creating all this stir in order that his entrance into the grand fraternity of Teetotalers may be marked with the more éclat and ceremony.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE New South Wales Temperance Society reckons amongst its patrons his Excellency Sir GEORGE GIPPS, his Honour Judge STEPHEN, the Reverend Messrs. W. COWPER, CROOK, FULLERTON, SCHOFIELD, MANSFIELD, SWEETMAN, and ROSS, Captain INNES, Dr. NICHOLSON, and a number of other influential individuals. The *Australian Temperance Magazine* has now existed for three years and a half, and has effected immense good. On the 7th of October, 1840, appeared *The Temperance Advocate*, a general newspaper conducted upon and advocating Teetotal principles. It contains eight pages quarto, with three columns of matter in each page, presenting as great a likeness as possible to the *Literary Gazette*. In addition to Foreign, Colonial, Domestic, and Miscellaneous Intelligence, this journal republishes all the most interesting Teetotal narratives, essays, and speeches, which have been printed in Europe, Asia, and America. The circulation of *The Australian Temperance Magazine* is four thousand two hundred; and that of the newspaper upwards of a thousand. There are several excellent Temperance Hotels at Sydney: that kept by Vercoe is the best.

JAMAICA.

THE *Scottish Temperance Herald* for March favours us with the following very interesting extract from a letter from Mr. Chandler, of Chelmsford, who is now on a visit to Jamaica:—"The cause of temperance has numerous supporters; several ministers of different denominations have prevailed on their people entirely to abandon the use of rum: the ministers of the Jamaica Presbytery have distinguished themselves in the temperance reformation; all of them are temperance members, and three-fourths of the body Teetotalers. In the one Presbyterian congregation of Hampden, in Trelawny, consisting of 2300 persons, 1326 are temperance members, and 360 have joined the total abstinence society. The labourers on the large Orange Valley Estate in St. Ann's have all refused to assist in the making of Rum; the overseer is compelled to employ strangers to do the work. If the ministers of religion would everywhere do their duty, the vice of dram-drinking would vanish from the land; drunkenness, however, is far from a common vice among the black people."

The same excellent periodical contains the annexed letter from the Rev. W. H. WADDELL, a Presbyterian minister at Jamaica:—"The first temperance society in our body was formed by Mr. BLYTH, in his church, at Hampden, in 1834. It has gone on prosperously, and now numbers, I believe, about 1200 members, of whom a large proportion are Teetotalers. The next was instituted in the congregation under my care at this place in 1836. The same step was taken in several of our churches soon after. In January, 1839, the subject was under our consideration as a Presbytery; and, since that time, Temperance Societies have been formed in all our churches and stations, which are in a flourishing condition. In some of these the Total Abstinence principle is inculcated from the beginning; and in all, it is encouraged, under the conviction that the temperance pledge, conscientiously observed, will naturally lead to abstinence. An agree-

able example of the truth of the statement furnished at our last meeting of Presbytery. Through all the brethren are not Teetotalers, the use of wine and malt, always most moderate, had gradually become less at each of our previous meetings, but on the last occasion they were not introduced at all, nor asked for by any of the ministers, elders, catechists, or teachers, who were assembled for part of two weeks together. The apprehension is the first meeting of the kind that has taken place in this island, but I hope will not be the last. The Temperance Society in the church here has taken a good root, and is spreading through sixteen estate-villages and among the scattered settlements. It comprehends a juvenile branch, and including the latter, numbers above 800 members. The prevailing sentiments among the members I find to be decidedly favourable to total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks."

COUNTRY NEWS.

IRELAND.

THE *Scottish Temperance Herald* for March contains the following communication from Bandon:—"The progress of the Temperance Societies is going on greater and greater, and its good effects are truly gratifying and astonishing; for, to see the previously confirmed drunkards, both men and women, that have been reclaimed by it, and who are now leading, and have continued to lead, the most sober lives, appears more like a miracle than anything else; and, had it taken place in darker ages, it would have been classed as such; and even in this steam-going and scientific age, I see no reason why it may not be so classed. The fact is, the whole power of the Temperance Societies rest with the Catholic priesthood, who all exert themselves to enforce it; and whatever may be said against the Catholic religion, that priesthood has done what no other clerical body could accomplish. They certainly have not made the dead alive, but they have done that which I cannot but think is the most difficult thing to do,—they have made the drunkard sober, industrious, peaceable, provident of the wants of his wife and children, and attentive to promote their comfort; and, what is more, the drunkard himself, that was, now appears well fed, well clothed, with happiness in his face, and about him. The Protestant clergymen, too, have been exerting themselves, particularly Mr. DUNSCOMB, of Cork. The Catholics very rarely break the pledge; indeed, I do not think one in ten thousand; and he or she is shunned and despised by the whole body of Catholics."

CUMBERLAND.

THAT active and intelligent advocate, Mr. R. GOWLAND, has lately completed a tour through Cumberland, of which he thus speaks in an excellent letter published in the *Border Herald*:—"In Cumberland I have met with so many pleasing instances of the great benefit resulting from the practical adoption of our salutary principles, that it would be impossible to give you more than a mere outline. To whatever quarter we turn, we find the leaven of Teetotalism spreading—in some places more, and in some less; and judging from the improved and improving organization of the societies on the one hand, and the general zeal and activity of the leading men on the other, we may confidently anticipate an abundant harvest of good, and ultimately an entire change in the cast-iron customs which yet prevail to a fearful extent in our highly-favoured country. I have reason to believe, that my humble exertions in Cumberland, have not been in vain."

GLASGOW.

THE fifth Annual Meeting of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Society was held at Spreull's Court Chapel, on Tuesday evening, the 16th of February. The Chairman was Mr. R. KITTLE, the President of the Society. The Report was read, and the following Resolutions were severally proposed, seconded, and passed without a single dissentient voice, by a very crowded audience:—

"I. That the Report now read be approved of, adopted as the Report of this Society, and printed and circulated under the direction of the Committee. II. That this Society feel called upon to express their sincere and heartfelt gratitude to God for the success with which he has been pleased to crown their exertions during the past. III. That this Society, encouraged by past success, beg leave to express their determination to continue and increase their present exertions, until the cause in which they are engaged shall be crowned with complete success."

BRADFORD.

ON Monday, February 22nd, a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. J. SHREWSBURY, in East Brook Chapel, for the benefit of the Temperance Society. On Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 23rd, the members and friends of the Teetotal Societies took tea together in the Temperance Hall. MESSIEURS BEAUMONT (the President), and BENBOW, and the Rev. MESSIEURS J. BARKER (of Gateshead), and T. MEYER (of Hull) were present on the occasion. On Wednesday, February 24th, the Anniversary of the Bradford Tem-

perance Society was held, and the Report was read. The vice-president the Rev. WALTER SCOTT, was in the chair. The Rev. Mr. SHREWSBURY, in his sermon, inveighed against alcohol even as a medicine, stating that medical men frequently recommended it when it could be well dispensed with.

PAISLEY.

ON the 14th of February, the Rev. P. BREWSTER delivered a most admirable lecture upon Teetotalism at this place; and about the same time the Rev. Dr. RITCHIE (of Edinburgh) delivered a most effective address upon the same subject. The latter reverend gentleman exposed the unfeeling conduct of publicans towards those whom they plundered, and who begged themselves at their establishments. He moreover said that he could not give those ministers credit for sincerity, who were invariably crying out against the immorality of the age, and yet who did not exert themselves to extirpate one of the principal causes—intemperance. Altogether, the lectures of these gentlemen at Paisley have done much good.

BARNESLEY.

AN excellent meeting was held, on Friday evening, February 26th, at the Chapel, Worsborough Bridge, on which occasion MESSIEURS J. TAYLOR, B. HAGUE, S. LEDGER, and W. NEATLY, addressed the audience in so effective a manner that the miners and furnacemen, who attended, evidenced a strong tendency towards the principle of Teetotalism, and desired that another meeting might take place shortly.

TOWN NEWS.

TEMPERANCE ASSEMBLY-ROOM, KENT-STREET, BOROUGH.

A most interesting meeting took place at this point de réunion on the 23rd ultimo. Mr. LUCAS was called to the chair, and made a most impressive speech. He said that he had been addicted to habits of intemperance for eighteen years, and had endeavoured to reform himself upon the Moderation-principle; but nothing would prove effectual in his case, save Teetotalism; and by this doctrine was his salvation brought about.

Mr. KRASEY said that the experience of those operatives, who had embraced the principle of total abstinence, refuted the general belief that alcoholic liquors were necessary.

Mr. ROBERTS gave a sketch of his own life in order to show the happiness attendant upon Teetotalism, and the misery connected with habits of intemperance.

Mr. BROWN, a shipwright of Rotherhithe, closed the meeting by detailing the satisfactory results of his experience.

Meetings are held at the Assembly-Room, Kent-street, every Tuesday and Friday evening; and at the same place there is a Sunday School established upon Teetotal principles. Another meeting is held every Thursday evening by this Branch, at the School Room, George-street, Bermondsey. During the last twelve months, upwards of nine hundred signatures have been received by this excellent Society, the Reports of which we shall always be glad to receive and insert. Two Teetotal sermons will be preached, by the Rev. MESSIEURS MOORHOUSE and COGGINS, at the Kent-street Rooms, on Sunday, March 14th.

VIRGINIA STREET CATHOLIC ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

ON Thursday, February 25th, the remains of the Rev. J. HUTCHINSON, President of this Society, were consigned to the tomb, in Saint George's Bloomsbury. The members of this Association, together with the Committee of the Saint George's (Southwark) Branch, followed their lamented pastor and president to the grave, with their scarfs and wands. The procession and ceremony were very imposing.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

ON Wednesday evening, March 3rd, the audience at the Aldersgate-street Chapel was addressed by MESSIEURS BIDDLE, CUZNER, DOWLING (of the Chelsea Auxiliary), BASSAGE (whom we incorrectly denominated HATHERINGTON in our Report of last week), and C. P. HOOD.

On Saturday evening, March 6th, the discussion was resumed by Mr. JOHNSON and Mr. BALLARD.

Mr. BALLARD repeated his arguments that alcohol existed in everything, and that it was therefore preposterous for Teetotalers to affect to abstain from that voluntarily, which they imbibed of necessity.

Mr. JOHNSON replied that alcohol did not exist in nature in a native state; but that its elements were alone found there. He then stated that God had given us discrimination to choose wholesome food in preference to unwholesome, and that the Teetotaler merely exercised this faculty in respect to his principles.

Mr. BALLARD replied, and Mr. JOHNSON rejoined, but the discussion was not terminated in favour of either party. It was accordingly postponed until the following Saturday (this day).

[We beg to refer our readers to the note which was appended to the Report of the discussion between Mr. CROMB and Mr. BALLARD in the Teetotaler of February 27th. We there explained the nature of alco-

hol, and proved the absurdity of asserting that it was to be found in a native state in the vegetable kingdom. A few more observations on this subject are however necessary to enlighten those whose opaque intellects cannot immediately be penetrated by the light of explanation. Alcohol is not a generic product of distillation. It is merely separated by distillation from the other matters with which it existed in a state of combination. It is the product of fermentation; and fermentation is the first result of decomposition in the vegetable kingdom. Take, for instance, the grape. Alcohol does not exist in the grape; the causes of fermentation in the grape must be amalgamated before the process begins which forms alcohol. These causes are ferment, water, and fermentable matter. When the grape is in its natural state, these causes are separated, and in different parts of the grape: when the juice is expressed, and mixed up, then the causes of fermentation are combined. Thus, fermentation can never take place, while the grape is possessed of vitality and is in a wholesome state; fermentation follows the decay or unwholesome condition of the grape. During fermentation the principles of the expressed juice are so far changed, that alcohol is produced. Thus it is that from certain chemical truths are deduced false conclusions by those who know but little of the subject. The principles of all the vegetable kingdom are the same; viz., carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; but the combinations of these principles are everywhere different; and to this difference of combination can be alone attributed all the varieties of species, colour, &c. The air we breathe is composed of the same elements as nitric acid; but there is no nitric acid in the air, because those elements are in a different state of combination. Sugar may be extracted from rags; and alcohol from sugar;—but alcohol cannot be extracted from the rags; neither is it contained in the sugar. In order to eliminate the alcohol in this case, the sugar must undergo a change by means of being converted into a syrup and then subjected to fermentation. It is easy for a man to assert that he has extracted alcohol from the whites of eggs: but he must change the principles of those whites of eggs by subjecting them to fermentation, by means of yeast or harm, and then—and not till then does alcohol develop itself. When the whites of eggs are first beaten up,—when the juice is expressed from fruits,—or when a syrup is first made of sugar, no alcohol can be eliminated. It cannot be found in those substances; no chemical test can discover it. But subject those matters to fermentation, and their principles become changed, and then alcohol is produced. The pulp of the peach and the kernel of the stone are both formed of the same elements; but the pulp of the peach is wholesome and good, and the kernel contains prussic acid. Yet their elements are the same; namely, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; the reason why one is wholesome and the other poisonous, is because those elements are in a different state of combination in each. These arguments will convince the impartial reader that alcohol does not exist in Nature! and that Nature must undergo a process of decomposition, or be subjected to certain specific changes, in order to produce it.—EDITOR OF "THE TEETOTALER."]

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

THE concert of sacred vocal and instrumental music, which took place at Aldersgate-street Chapel on the 1st instant, for the purpose of establishing a system of musical instruction in connexion with this Society, was very fully attended. The band consisted of fifty performers; and their display of talent, particularly in the "Hallelujah Chorus," which was rapturously encored, highly gratified the very respectable audience. We have reason to believe another concert will shortly take place. Between the parts, the Secretary, Mr. R. P. BARTER, accompanied by various members of the Committee, appeared on the platform, and returned thanks for the gratifying attendance, and for the kind and gratuitous assistance of the various performers. He stated as a proof of the necessity of the establishment of such a society that amongst many other duties which had closely occupied the attention of the Committee during the past year they had taken particular statistics of their combined districts, and had discovered that in a population of 57,334 persons, there were but 260 bakers and butchers, 37 places of religious worship and 43 schools, whilst at the same time there were no less than 531 places for the sale of intoxicating drinks. Towards their Mutual Instruction Society various presents of books, &c., had already been made. This Society has held 62 public meetings, at which there have been 3572 auditors, to whom 286 addresses have been delivered; and received 1178 signatures. Of these 882 were those of consistent members.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the 8th Number of a second Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF THE WORLD. PART I.

REFLECTIONS UPON MEN OF THE WORLD.—THE VISIT TO THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.—THE DUCHESS OF CAVALCANTI.—THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.—THE LETTER.

It is not my intention to weary you with details of my birth, parentage, and education. Suffice it to say that I was born twenty-five years ago, of wealthy parents, and that I imbibed all the useless part of the knowledge which I now possess, at Eton and at Cambridge University:—I say *useless*, because if any sensible person imagines that he can set up in business with a floating capital of a little Latin and Greek, he is wonderfully mistaken, and will speedily discover his error. The reason why gentlemen are seldom fit for any really useful occupation, should they meet with misfortunes in life, is because they can turn the education they have received to little or no advantage; whereas the son of a tradesman receives instruction in book-keeping and accounts, which acquirements he can make use of to obtain for him his bread, in case other means and prospects should fail.

My parents died early; and at the age of twenty-one I found myself entirely my own master, and the possessor of a few thousand pounds. I resolved to travel upon the continent, and thus help to make up by personal observation and experience for a defective education. I considered my classical acquirements to be entirely useless; and was anxious to gaze at the world with my naked eyes, and not see it only through the microscope of ancient prejudices and customs. I was already wise enough to know that the English "man of the world" takes a boast and swagger upon himself as a natural right, and believes that he alone has come into the world with an extra eye to read that volume of mysteries—the human heart, locked up, like the ark of old, from the vision of the vulgar. This species of the "man of the world" is the most bustling of bodies, and looks like Atlas with the globe incumbent on his shoulders. His contempt for inferior understandings is most supreme; and his humour, like a foaming cataract, flows and boils with sublime rage, if impertinence dare question his profundity, or contest his right to monopolise the gleams of knowledge which light up the human mind. He uses old *sauces* with a wink; and if he chooses to bless you with a squint, you are unpardonable if you do not cheer him with a smile. In a word, the English "man of the world" is a very great person and is to be respected (in his own opinion) whether he discourses of abstruse subjects at a horse-race, or flourishes political eloquence and the pewter-pot simultaneously, in the unquiet recesses of an ale-house.

With these impressions—and seeing that the "man of the world" in English estimation is anything but an adequate authority—I commenced my continental tour. I sought information in all places, and in all climes: I was not above borrowing ideas from the Paris cabman who drove me to the theatre, nor below the capacity of understanding the sentiments that emanated from the lips of peers, deputies, and officers in the army. I therefore soon became a man of the world in my own estimation, and conceived that I had supplied myself with a stock of information and knowledge which would prove as inexhaustible and as beneficial as the purse of Fortunatus.

One evening, while I was residing in Paris, I went to the Italian Opera to hear Grisi; and, on that occasion, I beheld in a private box the

most lovely creature that had ever met my eyes. She was accompanied by an elderly female, who appeared to treat her with distinction and respect when she addressed her. The beautiful creature, to whom I am alluding, was of a fair complexion, with large soft blue eyes, delicately pencilled brows, dark brown hair parted over a forehead of the purest white, a swan-like neck, and a bust the symmetry of which was faultless. She was attired elegantly, but not in a manner to render her disagreeably conspicuous: the ornaments that she wore were few, but costly; and in her manners there appeared to be that absence of all pretension which usually characterises the lady of rank. She seemed to be properly conscious of the dignity of her own position, and appeared not to affect nor assume a demeanour or deportment to which she was not entitled by her grade in society.

I had visited the Opera for the purpose of hearing Grisi; but I beheld nothing save this fair stranger. Long did I gaze upon those charms which had suddenly made so deep an impression upon my heart; and it was only a few minutes before the close of the entertainments that I thought of enquiring of the box-keeper to whom the box, in which she and her companion were seated, belonged. The box-keeper glanced towards the spot which I indicated, and immediately replied, "That box, *monsieur*, belongs to the Duchess of Cavalcanti."

"The Duchess of Cavalcanti!" I exclaimed: "I have never heard of the title before."

"Oh! she is an Austrian Duchess," answered the box-keeper, who knew everything, and was ready to impart all she knew (the box-keepers in France are always women); "she is an Austrian Duchess, who frequently passes the winter in Paris. She is immensely rich, and eminently beautiful."

"Married, no doubt?" said I.

"No—she is single, and entirely her own mistress," said the box-keeper. "She retained the title of her parents, by virtue of the hereditary possession of the immense estates which confer the distinction."

"Rich—beautiful—a Duchess—and her own mistress!" said I, musing, as I slipped a five-franc piece into the hands of the box-keeper, as a reward for the information I had obtained.

At that moment the curtain fell; the box-keeper hastened to attend to those who had hired little foot-stools of her, and I was still standing in the corridor adjoining the boxes, when the sound of the foot-steps of the departing audience reminded me that I might obtain a closer view of the Duchess than I had yet enjoyed. I did not for a moment doubt that the fair stranger whom I had seen in the box was the Duchess of Cavalcanti; and I accordingly hurried to the staircase to gratify my curiosity. When the dense crowd of the departing visitors to the Opera had passed, two ladies came slowly up the corridor, and proceeded to descend the stairs. I was leaning over the balustrade; and obtained a full view of the countenance of the younger one. If I had admired her at a distance, I was absolutely enraptured with her beauty, when I thus beheld her close. She suddenly turned to make some observation to her companion, and perceived the attention with which I surveyed her. A deep blush overspread her countenance; and she instantly lowered her veil. I regretted that I had suffered my admiration thus to lead me to an act of rudeness; and I followed the ladies slowly out of the theatre.

When they reached the doors, the elder lady advanced a few paces, and looked around the square, and towards the streets on each side: and in another minute she returned to her companion, exclaiming in French (with which lan-

guage I was by this time well acquainted)—"How provoking! the carriage is no where to be seen!"

A gendarme accosted the ladies at that moment, and enquired whether he could assist them to find a vehicle.

"Would you have the kindness to ascertain if the carriage of the Duchess de Cavalcanti be in the neighbourhood?" said the elder lady.

The gendarme, with that politeness which is met no where save in France, hastened to comply with this request; and at the expiration of a few minutes he returned, declaring that there was now no carriage at all in the vicinity of the Opera."

"How excessively annoying!" exclaimed the elder lady, addressing herself to her fair companion. "Really that coachman of yours must be discharged!"

At that instant I stepped forward, and, with a suitable apology offered to conduct the ladies to their abode, or to procure a hackney-coach for their accommodation. The latter proposition was immediately acceded to with thanks; and I hastened to fetch a vehicle from the nearest stand. When it arrived at the gates of the Opera, I handed the ladies into it, and enquired the address which I should communicate to the driver—for I, of course, affected to be entirely ignorant of any particulars connected with them.

"The Hotel of the Duchess of Cavalcanti, Rue de l'Université," said the elder lady; and she then thanked me for my attention. Her lovely companion inclined her head gracefully to convey to me a similar acknowledgment; and the coach drove rapidly away from the doors of the Italian Opera-house.

I returned to Meurice's Hotel, with my imagination full of the charms of the beautiful creature who had so suddenly made a deep impression upon my heart. I felt that I was in love with her—madly in love; and I slept not a wink the whole night, so completely was I the prey to this new passion. But I soon perceived the immeasurable distance that existed between me and the Duchess de Cavalcanti; and my passion appeared to be as hopeless as it was violent.

I awoke early, and hastened to the Rue de l'Université, to behold the mansion which contained the beautiful vision that had so much enchanted me. The Duchess de Cavalcanti occupied a superb dwelling; and in the court-yard I beheld servants in handsome liveries running to and fro in the performance of their various duties. I found that the box-keeper had not deceived me with regard to the wealth of the Duchess; for everything about her residence bore testimony to the truth of the information I had received on that head.

I returned to Meurice's, dispirited and unhappy. The more I thought of the Duchess, the wider seemed the interval that appeared to separate her from me. In this melancholy mood, I encountered a French gentleman, with whom I was upon tolerably intimate terms. He enquired the cause of my downcast looks, and I readily narrated to him the adventure of the preceding evening.

"The Duchess of Cavalcanti is both young and beautiful," said he; "and there are numerous aspirants to her hand. She is, however, eccentric and singular in her ideas, and will probably unite herself to the individual who may succeed in pleasing her, without reference to rank or wealth."

"And you would seriously counsel me to aspire to the hand of the Duchess?" said I.

"Why not you, as well as any one else?" cried the French gentleman.

"You have inspired me with hope," said I.

"and I will not resign that hope without an endeavour to obtain its fulfilment."

It was a fine day in the month of March—about a week after this conversation—that I rambled as far as the Bois de Boulogne, to enjoy the solitude of the groves which were then beginning to put forth their verdure, and to meditate upon some plan of becoming acquainted with the Duchess of Cavalcanti. While I was still in the vicinity of the main-road, a splendid equipage, drawn by four horses, passed along that way; and, to my sudden joy and delight, I caught a glimpse of the never-to-be-forgotten countenance that had captivated me at the Opera. There were four ladies in the carriage: and my lovely fairy was one of them.

The vehicle rolled onward, and I plunged into the depths of the wood, to ponder at my ease upon that passion the flame of which was now fanned anew. An hour passed away; and I rambled about—unconscious of the lapse of time—careless where I went—roving hither and thither—and with my mind occupied by only one subject. Suddenly, the sounds of footsteps fell upon my ears: I started—gazed around me—and beheld a female form threading a pathway at a short distance. Something urged me to fly in that direction; and to my joy and astonishment I found myself face to face with the being whose image had never left my imagination since I first saw her at the Opera.

She immediately recognised me, and blushed deeply. I bowed, and she returned the salutation.

"I believe I have the honour of introducing myself to the Duchess de Cavalcanti?"

The lady started—surveyed me with a singular expression of countenance for a few seconds—and then suffered a faint smile to wander upon her lips.

"Your Highness is probably annoyed at my rudeness in thus accosting you," I continued; "but according to the ideas of my nation, all who are of gentle blood are in the habit of associating, without reference to title or honorary distinction."

"You are an Englishman, I perceive?" said the fair one, now suffering the tones of her musical voice to fall upon my ears for the first time.

"I am," was the reply, delivered with a low bow.

"And of rank, probably?" added the fair querist, with a species of interest in her manner and accent.

I know not what induced me at that moment to venture upon an untruth; but I imagined that the assumption of a rank, to which I had no just claim, would serve my purposes.

"I am an English nobleman," was accordingly my answer; "but I am travelling incognito, by the denomination of Ferguson."

A gleam of satisfaction played upon the countenance of the lovely creature whom I thus fortunately encountered; and I immediately flattered myself that I was already far from displeasing, or even indifferent to the Duchess of Cavalcanti. I was emboldened by this idea; and I resolved not to lose the present opportunity of revealing myself more fully to one whom I loved so sincerely.

"Your Highness will pardon my boldness," I continued, hastily, "but I must either unbosom my real sentiments, or die of despair. I cannot exist another week in suspense—in anxiety—in alarm—and in a state of excitement caused by intervals of burning hope, and others of the deepest despair! Oh! madam—do not spurn me from your presence—do not consign me to misery, because your charms have captivated my heart!"

"Sir—my lord—sir—" said the object of my adoration; "we shall be observed! My companions are close by—we came to walk in the wood—and I merely missed them for a moment in one of the avenues—they may overhear your conversation."

"Oh! then you are not offended with me," I exclaimed; "and you will allow me to hope!"

"I can listen to you no longer—I am bewildered, embarrassed by this strange avowal," exclaimed my lovely companion; "I must moreover hasten to return home; for to-night again shall I visit the Opera."

As she uttered these words, the fair one disappeared amidst the avenues of the wood; and I rushed into its depths, in a contrary direction, animated with joy! No one could conceive the antipathies by which I testified my delight

at this interview. I ran, like a wild man, through the labyrinths of the grove,—I sang—I danced as I sped onward—I was intoxicated with ineffable hopes. The last words which had fallen upon my ears, seemed to convey an intimation of an appointment to my comprehension; and you may readily conceive that I did not fail to proceed to the Italian Opera again that evening. Indeed—I arrived at the doors an hour before they were opened; and paraded up and down, opposite the entrance, during this interval.

At length the doors were opened; and I precipitated myself into the house. I secured a seat in the very next box to the private one which belonged to the Duchess of Cavalcanti; and anxiously did I await the arrival of her who had seemed to tell me to be there! A few minutes after the curtain rose, the door of the private box opened, and the object of my affections, accompanied by her elderly companion, made her appearance. She immediately recognised me: I bowed—and she acknowledged my respectful salutation with a condescending smile.

From time to time I addressed a few observations to her relative to the details of the entertainment, the merits of the actors or songstresses, and the beauty of the scenery. By degrees, I turned the topic of our discourse to the theme of love, and eulogised that passion with an ardour which she could not misunderstand. She blushed, hung down her head, and seemed agitated by deep emotions. Emboldened by the evident success which attended upon the siege I was laying to her heart, I commenced a long description of my own rank,—or rather my assumed titles, and my immense wealth. Indeed, I would have purchased her smiles at any sacrifice.

Ere the entertainments drew towards a close, I implored permission to pay my respects to the Duchess at her own residence.

"The English Ambassador doubtless knows that you are a nobleman, travelling incognito?" said she.

I immediately replied in the affirmative.

"In that case," she continued, "it would be imprudent for me to receive your visits, unless you would consent to pass under your proper name."

"I have before observed to your Highness," said I, "that many reasons induce me to preserve my incognito abroad. But, if you decline to receive my visits, in that case—might I be allowed to address a letter, explaining my motives?"

"The letters of the Duchess de Cavalcanti are received by the principal lady of her Highness's bed-chamber," answered the object of my attachment, somewhat abruptly.

The entertainments were now over; and the time for departure arrived. I hastened to the entrance, and enquired for the carriage of the Duchess de Cavalcanti. This time a plain vehicle, without arms upon the panels, and with only the coachman in attendance upon it, drove up to the doors of the theatre. I handed the ladies into the carriage, which immediately drove away.

Again did I return to Meurice's Hotel, to ponder upon the progress I had made in the prosecution of my plan. I found that I had every reason to hope, and to be pleased with the manner in which I was treated by her to whom I was so anxious to render myself agreeable. I did not retire to rest until a late hour; but I passed the time in penning an avowal of my sincere, my disinterested attachment. I sealed the letter, and placed it in an envelope addressed to the Duchess de Cavalcanti.

At an early hour on the ensuing morning, I despatched my letter by a messenger to the hotel inhabited by the Duchess in the Rue de l'Université. Anxiously—oh! how anxiously did I await a reply. At length—towards evening—that reply came; a letter was brought to Meurice's by the *chasseur* of her Highness. I received it—and pressed it to my lips. My hand trembled so, that I could scarcely open it. At length I succeeded in breaking the large seal upon which the arms of the Duchess were impressed,—and I opened the envelope. A letter fell to the ground: I hastily raised it—my heart sank within me,—it was my own letter that was returned to me!

Returned—and without a word of explanation! Did not the Duchess design a reply? and did she thus treat me with contempt? Oh! wherefore had she encouraged hopes within me, which she thus cruelly defeated in a moment?

These heart-rending ideas were interrupted by a knock at the door of my apartment. I hastened

to open it, and to my astonishment found that the visitor was none other than the elderly lady whom I had twice seen at the Opera.

"You come from the Duchess?" said I, anxious to be relieved of suspense.

"I do," she answered; and, placing her finger upon her lip, to command silence, she entered my sitting-apartment.

I waited in the most breathless suspense for the explanation which I had no doubt was about to emanate from her lips.

"You wrote to her Highness this morning?" said she.

I nodded an affirmative.

"And she returned your letter ere now?"

"She did," said I laconically.

"Have you that letter still?"

"Here it is—I was about to destroy it," I replied.

She took the letter from my hands, tore it open, and hastened to peruse it.

"I am glad you have made no allusions in it to the various interviews which have taken place between your Lordship and her Highness," said the lady, when she had finished reading the letter. "It is merely one of attachment and affection—a usual declaration of love: I am glad it is no worse."

"Explain yourself," I exclaimed, somewhat impatiently.

"This letter was received by a lady in the establishment of her Highness, and who invariably opens all communications addressed to the Duchess. Your letter was never shown, nor even mentioned to the Duchess, it being supposed that it was one of those impertinent avowals of love to which all beautiful women, of rank and wealth, are subject. I will, however, take care that the letter shall now reach her Highness. In future, you must address them under cover to Julie Talman: the replies will also be signed Julie."

"Ah! now you have imparted renewed hope to my soul!" I exclaimed; "and the Duchess has given me real tokens of her love! I find that I am not quite indifferent to her—"

"Indifferent!" exclaimed the elderly lady; "she loves you tenderly!"

"And may I then venture to aspire to that hand which myriads doubtless solicit as the greatest of earthly boons?"

"Your lordship may not only aspire, but may also calculate upon eventual success," was the answer. "Should your lordship, however, allude to marriage in your letters, remember that such union must be solemnized in the strictest secrecy, and with the greatest precautions, to avoid immediate publicity. When the event has taken place, the Duchess would then communicate it by letter to the Emperor of Austria, and his imperial Majesty would doubtless confer the dukedom upon your lordship."

You may readily suppose that I was now absolutely unaware whether I stood upon my head or my heels. The possession of a lovely creature—the sudden acquisition of immense wealth—and a dukedom in perspective,—these were enough to dazzle the imagination of a young man of two and twenty! The elderly lady reiterated her promise that the Duchess should receive the letter which I had already intended for her; and then withdrew, leaving me in a state of hope and happiness which no words could describe.

Mr. Ferguson here paused for a short time, and Mr. Pickwick expressed his anxiety to hear the remainder of this singular narrative. Mr. Ferguson accordingly proceeded to gratify the curiosity of our hero in the following manner.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PROGRESS OF INEBRIETY.

DEVELOPED IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.

PLATE VI.—The scene now changes to the station-house. The clock proclaims the hour;—it is nearly half-past one in the morning. The police-inspector is seated in his arm-chair, and the officers who have arrested the three friends, are detailing the particulars of their delinquency. The broken knockers are produced in evidence; and the inspector, whose assiduous countenance in vain endeavours to assume an expression of importance, hears the charge, darting all the time glances, which are intended to be searching, at the culprit. The gentleman's head is bowed with a handkerchief; he has received a violent blow from one of the policemen's cudgels; and the pain arising from the concussion is increased by the natural aching of a head that now feels the effects of the deep potations imbibed a few

hours previously. Still there is an air of jaunty impudence about the gentleman, which neither the prospect of a few hours' sojourn in one of the dens of the station-house, nor the anticipated reprimand from the magistrate afterwards, entirely subdues. Indeed, one of the gentleman's friends is whispering some joke at the Inspector's expense in his ears; and a partial smile plays upon our hero's lips. The gentleman invariably treats an adventure of this kind in a hectoring, bravado manner, that does not always correspond with the real state of his mind. If all feelings of delicacy and honour be not smothered in his bosom, he must feel the degradation of his present predicament,—subject to the impertinences of a vulgar, ignorant, and ostentatious police-inspector, and with the certainty of having his freak exposed in the public journals, before his eyes. It is most extraordinary that the thinking portion of the upper class of society will condescend to acknowledge as acquaintances and receive to their houses, men whose drunken amusements thus meet with well-merited exposure. But adventures of this kind are no bar to the return of the gentleman to those circles where his frolics will serve as the subject of a jest; and even prudent mothers and grey-headed fathers will content themselves with shaking their heads and smiling significantly at the "naughty man!" If a livery servant were to get drunk, break lamps, wrench off knockers, and pass the night in the station-house, he would be discharged by his master as "an incorrigible scamp;" and such a character would await him, upon reference to his last place, as would effectually prevent him from ever obtaining another. But the Gentleman may do all that—and much more; and instead of being termed "an incorrigible scamp," he will be the lion and the hero of all the fashionable resorts at the West End of London. The magistrates are far too lenient with regard to aristocratic offenders, to whom they invariably cringe and bow, as if they themselves were the accused, and the culprits were the adjudicators of the case. There is not at this moment a magistrate in London who would send a gentleman to the treadmill for anything short of absolute felony. Of a verity, the English police magistracy is the most corrupt that ever disgraced a nation. How strange is the contrast to this picture which is afforded by that of the French police magistracy. The commissaries, as they are termed, recognise no distinction of rank, but punish according to the nature of the crime in which their interference is required to adjudicate. A fashionably-dressed and elegant young gentleman was once taken before a Paris magistrate, charged with offences similar to those for which our hero is now brought to the station-house. The magistrate enquired what the accused had to say in his defence. The prisoner answered that he was the Viscount de ———, and that he was willing to make any pecuniary amends for his fault that the magistrate might deem necessary and adequate. "Since you are a nobleman, and have doubtless received an excellent education," answered the commissary, "you ought to know better; and your conduct is far more culpable on that account. Your wealth shall not screen you: I commit you to prison for fifteen days."—This is not an individual instance of justice in these cases: it is the invariable manner in which delinquencies of the kind are treated in France.

PLATE VII.—This plate represents the gambling booth on the race-course. Such an episode as the one now depicted, is always to be recognised in the career of dissipated gentlemen. The use of wine renders all means of unnatural excitement almost necessary to him who is a prey to that indulgence; and artificial stimulants of all kinds are greedily sought after by those whose career is incompatible with habits of sobriety and equanimity of disposition. The mind of the intemperate man is always unsettled—always craving for new means of excitement—always longing after some scene of turbulence and noise. Quiet, tranquillity, and peace are unknown to the miserable victims of the most demoralizing of all habits. An eastern monarch, who was one of the greatest voluptuaries that ever disgraced a throne, offered a reward to him who would invent him a new pleasure; and most readily would some of the fashionable routs at the West End of the town follow this example, and amply remunerate the person who should introduce to their vitiated tastes a new means of excitement. We admit that change is necessary to ensure human felicity; and that, as all happiness and misery are relative and conventional to a greater or lesser degree, some variation is required to develop the characteristics of each by means of contrast and comparison. A life all sugar is not a life of happiness; and a life all bitter is not so miserable as many would imagine. Thus certain changes are necessary to establish real felicity. But these changes should not consist of undue excitement. The man who is thirsty, and who requires a cupful of water to allay his unpleasant sensation, need not plunge headlong into a mighty torrent which will sweep him away in its turbid billows. Those excitements, especially, should be avoided which leave a corresponding amount of depression behind them. Parties of pleasure, country excursions, trips upon the ocean or river, and all rational means of diversion, produce a proper amount of excitement, and leave pleasing reminiscences, instead of depression and disgust, behind them. Hence the

reader will comprehend the essential distinction which exists between rational and irrational excitement—legitimate and improper amusement—wholesome and prejudicial diversion. The gentleman is now in a booth on a race-course. We are no enemies to the mere amusement of racing; but we abhor the race-course, because it is the resort of all the villains, desperadoes, and immoral characters that can possibly congregate together. The race-course is, moreover, the scene of gambling, dissipation, and debauchery of all kinds. In the present plate the thimble-rig table is seen at a distance. It is highly ludicrous to hear the effusions which issue from the lips of the proprietors of those tables, in order to entrap the unwary:—"Here you have, ladies and gentlemen, the royal game of tidley-wink! One, two, three—the fairest game that ever you see! No one can tell me under which thimble is the little pea. Them as doesn't bet, can't win! and them as does bet, is sure to lose!" And yet we find hundreds gulled by this execrable cheat. But, to return to the booth, where the gentleman is playing at roulette. He has lost his money; and his countenance wears an expression of rage and indignation. He knows that he has been cheated; and that he cannot obtain either justice or redress. While he is yet deploring his loss, one of the frequenters of the booth picks his pocket; and, in another corner of the same den, a similar act of depredation is being committed upon another victim of the horrible vice of gambling. Oh! how can men be so wretchedly silly—so insane—so devoid of all common sense, as to risk their money upon a game at which they must know that they will not be suffered to win? All games have been calculated in a manner to place the certainties within the reach of the bank, or the keepers of the gambling-tables, and to leave the chances to the victims. The bank must invariably end by obtaining all the capital, because it is based upon those certainties. There are, moreover, certain points publicly allowed to tell in its favour; and, in addition to all this, it still has as much chance of winning as the opponent. Then, when the accessories of confederacy and cheating are thrown into the balance, the scale is soon weighed down in favour of the bank.

PLATE VIII.—This scene follows, very properly, immediately upon the loss at the race-course. We now find the hero of our pictorial narrative in a debtors' gaol. The gentleman is here subdued in spirit for the first time. He feels all the horrors of his present predicament, and deeply—deeply, but vainly deplores the errors of his late career. Oh! how gladly would he now recal all those mispent days which have conducted him to ruin and degradation! But he should have thought of the consequences of his vicious courses before! His countenance is now thoughtful; and the numbers of legal documents which peep out of his pocket, announce the extent of his embarrassments. Behind him are two of the older inmates of that prison; and with them the first hours of remorse and repentance have passed. They have acquired that brutal recklessness—that bluntness of all fine feeling, which can alone be found in a debtors' gaol. They are now hardened to all the circumstances of life, and are ripe for any crime, meanness, or deed of villany which may place them in the possession of funds to pursue their career of dissipation, even in the very gaol to which the commencement of that career has brought them. A little farther on is the debtor who has vegetated for years in that sorrowful abode. With haggard countenance, folded arms, and slow foot-steps, does he drag himself along towards that portal which he dares not pass, and which seems to stand as an eternal barrier between him and the light and happiness of life. And then, by his side, is the wretched wife of his bosom, with an infant in her arms; and poverty has stamped its mark upon their pale countenances, and hunger and want may be read in their glazing eyes. Misery has worn out their clothes, robbed them of the hues of health, and planted the seeds of premature death in their constitutions. And farther on still, two unfortunate men, whose hearts are inaccessible to hope, are endeavouring to lose an hour in the hurried diversion of rackets. Alas! is it not a mockery of human woe to build up prisons in which to incarcerate wretched men, and to provide the interior of those walls with a racket-ground? The visitor to the Queen's Bench prison may behold some strange samples of the inmates of debtors' gaols. Their countenances, as well as their garb, bespeak their true conditions, and bear testimony to the mingled recklessness and despair which fill their minds. There is a high building in the Bench called the State-House; and leaning against the walls of this edifice may those samples be seen at mid-day, basking in the sun. Their eyes are red with the debauch of the preceding night—their attire denotes their appalling poverty—and their raffianly appearance convinces the visitor that all honourable, delicate, and fine feelings have long been smothered in their breasts. They are, however, more to be pitied than blamed;—for if their vices originally conducted them thither, the system of imprisonment for debt has made them worse, instead of reclaiming them from a career of vice, immorality, and debauchery!

We shall in due time continue the adventures of the "Gentleman," whom for the present we leave in the Bench.

MATTER.

MATTER consists of atoms, the substance or essence of which, there is reason for concluding, is homogeneous universally. According as our nerves are affected by outward material things, we imagine the latter are similar to, and diversified as are our sensations or the mind's perceptions; but brute matter has nothing whatever in common with our mental sensibilities. Matter is essentially inert; therefore is possessed of nothing of cause; and although everything in nature is in an acting state, nothing of the whole acts, or can act, of itself. Hence there is nothing in the system to constitute cause but general pressure, the universal existence of which is evident; and it is equally evident that were the general pressure suspended, even for an instant, all vitality would be at an end, all motion cease, and nothing of physical change could possibly take place.

Inert unalterable matter can neither attract nor repel; it can neither act on its like nor suffer change by its like. The chemical properties imputed to its atoms are wholly assumed and untrue; being communicable and removable; such properties are not elementary; and as inert matter can originate nothing of the kind, the whole are most arbitrarily assumed. Matter is but mere atomic substance for the formation of bodies; its atoms possess no self-acting properties; its essence is inactive and indiscoverable; no atom is alterable by nature or art. Such as each was at the beginning, so it is now, and so it will remain, until subjected to different modifications by the hand of the Divinity; and this permanence of attribute is the characteristic of every atom in creation. As inert atoms cannot act on each other, neither can bodies, inert atoms being the whole of which bodies are composed. The most learned cannot define the word chemical otherwise than as a term of art. Nature knows nothing of chemical cause, chemical property, or chemical effect. From matter being perfectly inactive, and its essential nature not concerned in any instance of physical change, it may justly be inferred, that variety in essence would be useless; and, hence, that the whole of the substance of matter is essentially alike, or of homogeneous substance.

In all nature there is no inferable power or cause consistent with the inertia of matter, but the state of pressure under which the whole system exists. No other cause is analogous to the universal sound of physical mechanical effects. The atoms of matter can undergo no change but local; nor bodies, but accumulation, removal, and intermixture of their elementary atoms, together with change of location through space; for the whole of which there is no cause required but a medium-filling space to keep the planets in motion, and which has free access into the intestines of even the densest bodies. By means of the medium of space, it is that atoms are pressed together, and retained in the bodily state, and that bodies become expanded and ultimately decomposed. Neither attraction nor repulsion can belong to inert atoms, nor, of consequence, to bodies. Attraction would bring all things together, the planets on the sun, make bodies immovable upon the surface of the earth, and prevent the formation of clouds. Repulsion would destroy or be destroyed by attraction. There is nothing imputed to these imaginary powers, attraction and repulsion, but what may be referred to pressure, productive of motion, adhesion, and separation of atoms, which require but impulsive pressure for cause. In every instance of change, the formation and the dissolution of bodies; evaporation of fluids, and emission of galvanic currents; motion takes place, and pressure of the medium of space is the producing cause. To command the general pressure, galvanic media are means, but in themselves are devoid of physical force as the flame of a candle.

There can be no difference among the elements of homogeneous matter but in the size of their atoms, assuming at the same time that every atom is of the same shape, the spherical, which is the form best—and, perhaps, only adapted for every possible circumstance. Then, as one element is rarer than another, according as its atoms are smaller, so each is a minus-pressure medium to the element of larger atoms. And this diversity of elementary density it is which promotes the motion of the elements by the general pressure, and maintains the universal round of physical change against the equilibrium of pressure taking place, which would be productive of universal rest.

These opinions, which submit a new theory to the attention of the scientific philosopher, instead of the untenable system of Newton, tend to glorify the wisdom of an omnipotent Deity, by elucidating the wondrous minutiae of all his grand designs, and the unvarying rules which he has laid down to preserve the equilibrium of nature.

THE CONVICTS IN AUSTRALIA.

NEW SOUTH WALES is one of the finest countries in the world. Its climate seems to be especially well-suited to the constitution of Englishmen; and its natural resources are so plentiful, that a proper employment of them cannot fail to make it the most prosperous of all our colonies—supporting a happy and wealthy population—proud of its progress, and

worthy of the parent country. Whether or not it was a fatal error on the part of England to make a penal settlement at all in a country blessed with the favouritism of nature, it is not needful here to discuss; nor are we more inclined to argue respecting the expediency or in expediency of transportation as a formidable and corrective punishment. If we were to coincide with the superficial views of Filangieri, we should trace the punishment of transportation to a high antiquity; but that single statement is sufficient to convict that celebrated politician of very gross ignorance; for banishment in Greece is known by every school-boy of modern times to have been a mulct for political offences—not a visitation for moral delinquency. Under the Roman law, first of all, was banishment first regarded as a moral punishment, although then it was used rather for political offences; but from that time even to a very late period the business of transportation and the choice of abode were left to the criminal. The Portuguese, in modern times, were the first to establish penal settlements in Western Africa and in the East Indies. The year 1596 is the earliest period in English history to which we can trace the establishment of transportation as a punishment for "rogues and vagabonds." Transportation to the American colonies continued from the reign of James I. to that of George III., when the settlers, seeing the disadvantages resulting to the free settlers from the convict population, refused to admit any farther increase of their numbers. This refusal obliged the home government to look for some new place of consignment for the criminals; and their accumulation during the war became so frightful, that an immediate remedy became absolutely necessary. The penitentiary plan of Buxton and Howard having been rejected, confinement in the hulks was first adopted; and subsequently a penal settlement was formed in 1788 at Port Jackson. Two years afterwards, the colony was peopled with 2,300 male and 120 female convicts—a very pretty proportion indeed in a settlement of such a nature!

The evils of which the American colonists complained of were mere trifles when compared with those which form the subject of Australian grievances. In the former, the convict population at the commencement of the American war, was only 50,000, the free settlers being 1,800,000; while in Australia the proportion of convicts to free settlers is about twenty-three to ten,—that is, in plain language, the profligate portion of the inhabitants were more than the double of the ostensibly respectable part of the population. This is bad enough, and not very encouraging to free emigrants; but this is not all. The government so badly manages matters, that transportation, so far from being formidable, acts as a premium upon crime, and Sydney is looked upon as a land of promise by the profligate members of the parent community. The disproportion between the emigrant population and the scum of the people and wicked condemned men, presents great *prima facie* difficulties to a proper arrangement of colonial affairs; but the facilities afforded to emancipated or ticket-of-leave convicts for evading penal discipline and acquiring wealth and importance, according to the present system, are, besides, so extraordinary and so discouraging to the better portion of the society, that we are not at all surprised at the loud complaints which are made against such a state of things. The plan of assigning convicts to the free colonists has altogether failed, and is now very generally regarded as the main cause of the evils that so much demand reform. The only discipline that individuals can exercise over such servants is quite insufficient to meet the rampant profligacy of Newgate; and the experience of forty years and upwards should have convinced the government that some reform was quite necessary in the method of employing convicts. It is quite absurd that a convict should, under the most favourable circumstances, be ever admitted to equal privileges with the honest settler;—yet such is the case. Transportation must be a *bona fide* punishment, if it is to be one at all: it must be a "terror to evil-doers," and not an encourager of crime. Continual labour should be an inviolable accompaniment of transportation; and every effort should be used to preserve the virtuous emigrants from the contamination of vice and felony.

The inequalities of the punishments which attend the sentence of transportation from this country, are not, as it would be reasonable to suppose, proportioned to the different degrees of turpitude in the crimes for which the same sentence has originally been passed, nor even according to the former characters of the culprits. Quite the contrary. A common labourer, or industrious mechanic, whom want of work and distress may have drawn into the temporary commission of crime, is as liable and as likely to be transported as the most expert thief and experienced depredator in London. Every convict ship takes out to the colony men of the above description, as well as desperate and practised burglars, habitual receivers of stolen goods, artful swindlers, skilful forgers, robbers of banks and mail coaches, and a sprinkling of all sorts of the villains denominated the *noell mob*.

On the arrival of this motley assemblage of criminals at the port of Sydney, lists of the convicts are made out,—applications for their assignment are put in by

those of the settlers who are entitled to the convict servants,—and in the course of about eight days the new-comers are loaded and assigned. The simple labourers and ordinary mechanics, having nothing to recommend them but their former industry—the misfortunes which drove them to crime—and perhaps a remaining disposition still to behave well, are sure to undergo the full measure of their sentence. They are at once assigned to agricultural settlers or other suitable masters; and, in proportion as they are well-behaved and industrious, they have not unfrequently the less chance of obtaining either leave-tickets or conditional pardons. To labour they are immediately put; and, in proportion as they are laborious, it is not the interest of their assignee masters to facilitate their obtaining leave-tickets; nor are the convicts of this description likely themselves to obtain indulgences of that kind by stratagem and deceit.

On the other hand, those of the convicts who have something of the "look of gentlemen" about them, however heinous be the crimes for which they have been condemned, are treated uncommonly well, and are either removed to the Klysium of Port Macquarie, or assigned to masters whose employments for them and their accompanying treatment are redolent of ease and comfort instead of punishment. By some plausible tale they excite sympathy, and soon get recommended for leave-tickets or conditional pardons, which, if they do not serve as passports to employment in the government offices, are sure to be followed by their obtaining comfortable berths of some kind. Indeed the worst characters amongst the convicts seldom undergo any punishment at all. If they have secured a portion of the plunder they had acquired in England, they easily make themselves comfortable; for in that case they enter into co-partnership, under the rose, with some one or other of the emancipated felony, who, being enabled by the funds of their convict partners to take houses or enter into business, apply to have their partners assigned to them as servants, and the gentlemen convicts fall upon a bed of roses at once. If a wife have been left in England with the charge of the spoil, she follows her husband in the first ship:—on her arrival she takes a house, and then petitions the governor to have her husband assigned to her as a servant—in which petition her husband joins.

The assignment of the female convicts, like that of the males, usually takes place eight or ten days after their arrival in Sydney; and when the applicants have been supplied, the remaining females (if any) are forwarded to what is called the *Factory*, at Paramatta. The factory cannot properly be regarded as a place of punishment. The females are well fed, having, in addition to abundance of animal food, flour, bread, and vegetables, the indulgence of tea and sugar. They are not put to any labour; and though they are certainly and necessarily cut off from external intercourse, they have the range of an extensive garden, in which they are permitted to walk. So agreeable a retreat is the factory, that servants wilfully disobey their masters and mistresses, in order to be sent thither. In the factory, too, there is a good chance of being married; for the convict swains scattered amongst the settlers, usually proceed to the factory to select wives, when they obtain permission or are anxious to enter into the connubial state.

Each convict ship carries out a herd of females of all ages—from the lowest prostitute to the profligate woman who frequented the theatres. All, who can, carry with them the paraphernalia of the toilette, with trunks and boxes stuffed with every kind of female dress and decoration they could obtain previous to embarkation. In the ship, they have unlimited freedom of intercourse amongst themselves, both in the prison-room, and, during the day, on a prescribed portion of the deck,—a system which completes the corruption of the younger and least profligate. When the ship arrives at Sydney, all the women on board occupy the few days which elapse before their landing, in preparing to produce the most dazzling effect at their descent upon the Australian shore. With rich silk dresses—fashionable bonnets—gorgeous shawls—splendid veils—silk stockings—parasols—and kid-gloves, they disembark, and are distributed as above described. On the very road to their respective places of assignment, the women are told of the easy retirement of the factory, and advised to get themselves sent thither, where they will be allowed to marry without having to obtain the consent of an assignee-master. Offers of marriage are made to some on the waysides; and at their new habitations they are besieged by suitors.

As for the coarser portion of the sex, when equally depraved with their more showy companions, their language, manners, and conduct are infinitely too dreadful for public description. Their language, disgusting even when heard by profligate men, would pollute the eyes cast upon it in writing. Their open and shameless vices must not be told. Their fierce and untameable audacity would not be believed. They are the pest and gangrene of the colonial society—a reproach to human nature—and, lower than the brutes, a disgrace to all animal existence. But enough:—were the veil raised, and the appalling spectacle exhibited as it really is, the picture would be too horrible for affrighted humanity to look upon.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHURCH-BELLS.

A strange and mingled feeling
Is waken'd by your pealing,
Ye wild revolving bells!
While past years float before me,
The future shadows o'er me,
And solemn thought compels!
When life in youth was springing,
How blithe appear'd your ringing—
My heart leaped at the sound!
The future Hope was gilding,
And Fancy castle building,
Upon enchanted ground.
Those visions now are shrouded,—
With care my days are clouded,
And Truth, with sober mien,
Life's flatter'd face unveiling,
Proclaims such hopes are failing,
And changes all the scene.
How wise who take the warning,
Nor Mercy's angel scorning,
Look upwards to the skies;
There see bright prospects breaking,
And, heavenly joy partaking,
Above the world can rise!

R. S.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Mr. Tunc (Lewes).—You should apply to Mr. Taylor, High Chief Ruler of the Southern Counties' Brotherhood of Rechabites, and he will give you all the information you require. We are not acquainted with Mr. Taylor's abode, but would advise you to address your letter to that gentleman, under cover to Mr. H. W. Weston, Temperance Hotel, Hackney, who will have it conveyed to its proper destination.

We certainly recommend the Females of Great Britain and Ireland to cause the Petition, which has been submitted to our inspection, to be presented to the House of Commons.

The lines by G. H. (Buckingham) are declined with thanks. We again inform our numerous correspondents that we do not court poetic communications.

M. W. S. must apply to Mr. Pocknell (the Secretary to the United Temperance Association), Currier Street, Chancery Lane. All Reports intended for immediate insertion should be sent to us on Saturday mornings.

A Soldier and a Staunch Teetotaler's letter shall be attended to.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20th, 1841.

It has long been our intention to devote a leading article to the consideration of public discussions between those who advocate and those who are opposed to the doctrine of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. There is no use in allowing a public discussion unless there be a means of deciding which side has obtained the victory. And how can such decision be arrived at, in respect to a discussion upon the merits of Teetotalism? There may be three umpires, for instance: the Teetotaler shall choose a referee—the Anti-Teetotaler shall choose his friend, and these two referees may select a third to give the casting vote. Now it is tolerably certain that the Anti-Teetotal referee will decide in favour of his friend; and the Teetotaler will, of course, give his vote for the advocate of the principle which he himself admires. It is evident, therefore, that the vote of the third umpire will be that suffrage which will virtually decide the question. How can the impartiality of this third referee be secured? Either he is a Teetotaler or an Anti-Teetotaler: if he be the former, he may naturally be expected to lean towards the disputant who defends the opinion which he himself entertains, and *vice versa*. It is impossible to constitute any tribunal which may be supposed to give a just, candid, and impartial decision in a matter where pre-conceived habit, prejudice, and interest are probably concerned. These observations apply to cases in which neither disputant acknowledges a defeat.

Although truth be on the side of the Teetotaler as evidently as it manifests itself in the doctrines of revealed religion, still there are a few who would never admit their conviction of that truth, because its principles interfere with their darling habits. Other opponents come forward, because their pride is gratified by the *éclat* attending a public discussion; and a third division of the enemies of Teetotalism is composed of those who are bribed by the publicans and brewers, or distillers, to advocate a cause which the new doctrine threatens with almost instantaneous ruin. Such opponents as these—whose views are essentially selfish—will not be easily induced to confess themselves vanquished; and therefore, when the Teetotal advocate finds himself opposed by one of either of those classes of foemen, he must make up his mind to have to contend with an enemy who will not admit the force of any argument, however convincing it may prove. In such a case, the point at issue cannot be referred to umpires; and where shall we find a tribunal of judges whose impartial decision may be confidently relied on?

Seeing that no such tribunal can be fairly con-

stituted, and that the opponents of Teetotalism are generally obstinate and self-willed men, whose minds are inaccessible to all sound reasoning, the question naturally arises, whether it be prudent to allow public discussions to take place at all upon Teetotal platforms? We argue that no such public discussion *should* take place. Teetotalism is not a theory: it is an axiom; and any one who will systematically maintain that *drinking* is better than *abstinence* is an idiot, with whom it is unbecoming as well as unavailing to reason. We grant that before an individual knows precisely on what grounds Teetotalism is based, he may be inclined to question the propriety of so extreme a measure; but he surely would not court a discussion without first investigating the foundation of the subject to be disputed:—or, if he did, he would be disposed to yield to conviction. He would not, if he were honest and sensible, enter upon a discussion with the pre-determination of closing his mind against that conviction, should it be presented to him. But, as it is impossible to ascertain whether the individual who courts discussion as an Anti-Teetotaler, be honest or not—sensible or not, prudence would induce us to avoid discussion altogether.

We know the reply that thousands will be inclined to make to this observation on our part:—"The world will believe that the Teetotalers are afraid to submit their principles to the test of discussion!" Such a remark would be as unjust as it would be easily answered. If an individual offered to discuss the doctrines of religion with some dignitary of the Church, the reply would be an indignant negative; and no one would be insane enough to assert that he was afraid to argue the principles of the creed which he professed. Without for one moment placing Teetotalism, which is an earthly institution, upon the same level with the Christian religion, which is a heavenly one, we nevertheless do not hesitate to declare that the doctrine of Teetotalism is divine in nature, if not in essence, and that its truth is, therefore, beyond all dispute. The advocates of Teetotalism may decline a discussion with honour to themselves; and certainly it does not appear prudent to convert the platforms, which are erected for the advocacy of a doctrine, into a place where that doctrine may be disputed. To admit discussion is more or less to acknowledge that the principle to be discussed is a theory, and not a truth already demonstrated; and when a Society, or Association is based and formed upon a particular doctrine, for its members to discuss that doctrine with opponents on a public platform, is to lessen the dignity attached to the pre-existing conviction of the efficacy of the principle.

When millions of men unite themselves together, linked by a doctrine which has been tested by the experience of them all, their proper mode of procedure is evident. They should *discuss* the principle in private, and *advocate* it in public:—they may seek to obtain converts by discussion, in society, and within the range of their acquaintance; but they should simply preach the doctrine in those halls or assembly-rooms which they throw open to the public. Their numbers and their experience are a sufficient reply to all public cavils, and an honourable reason for a refusal of public discussion, which only leads to confusion, causes ill feeling, allows scope for turbulence and abuse, and very frequently tends to bring both sides into disrepute together.

The opponents of Teetotalism can be influenced only by one of three motives,—ignorance, wickedness, or interest. The ignorant are generally prejudiced, and will not admit the force of argument;—the wicked are more difficult to silence;—and the interested are the most enthusiastic of the three classes in their endeavours to render popular their demoralizing opinions. We here allude to the constant and lasting opponents of Teetotalism; and not to those who opposed only while unaware of the blessings held out by the principle, and who acknowledged their error when enlightened. There are, then, the ignorant, the wicked, and the interested to contend against; and these are bad enough, taken singly. But when the three characteristics are all united in one opponent, how hopeless is the case! How can such a mind be ever brought round to acknowledge conviction; and what honour is to be gained by a discussion with such an adversary? As well might a Newton expend all his learning upon a savage, or a Descartes endeavour to render a child familiar with his theory of whirlwinds!

We hope that our motives will not be misunderstood, in reference to public discussions. No one feels more anxious for the welfare and the honour of the cause than ourselves; and no one entertains a deeper conviction of the truths of Teetotalism than we do. For this reason—to rescue the honour of the principle from contamination with every low ruffian who may come forward to assail it; and to act upon the basis formed by the truths of Teetotalism, as upon an axiom and not upon a theory—have we recorded the preceding observations. We know the deep responsibility under which we lie, in offering our suggestions to the public: we know that the immense influence which *The Teetotaler* enjoys, has been acquired by its impartiality and rectitude of procedure: and we shall not willingly diminish that influence, or lose any portion of public confidence by any misdeed on our part. We therefore gave due consideration to the subject of public discussions before we penned this article; and the reader is now possessed of the impartial results of our calm and dispassionate deliberations.

In those cases where public discussions are resolved upon, especial care should be taken in the mode of conducting them. When an opponent steps forward at a public meeting, and offers a challenge to any advocate upon the platform, the chairman should enquire his name, address, profession, or occupation, and demand references for his character. The proposed debate should then be brought before the committee of the Society or Branch in whose assembly-room the challenge was given; and that committee, after having satisfied itself relative to the respectability of the opponent, should nominate a champion to meet the adversary. As committees are composed of individuals of all ranks, professions, and occupations, there will be found amongst their members eligible advocates to place in opposition against any opponents who may come forward. By attending to these suggestions, public discussions, when resolved upon, would be conducted with honour to the Teetotal cause, and in a manner which would convince opponents that the whole mechanism of our Societies is regulated in the most uniform and correct manner possible.

And now a few words more, relative to the adversaries of Teetotalism. When we reflect upon the thousands—nay, millions of individuals, who have been reclaimed from a state of misery and degradation by the beneficent effects of Teetotalism, what can we think of those persons who would plunge them back again into the vortex of ruin from which they have been dragged? We know that the heart becomes more hardened, and the vice more inveterate, after a relapse;—and yet the enemies of Teetotalism would fain preach that relapse—or at all events, proclaim the doctrine which would most effectually bring such relapse about. Does Teetotalism do any harm? In advocating the disuse of intoxicating liquors, do Teetotalers recommend a habit of a questionable nature to supply the place of a criminal and demoralizing indulgence? Do they not urge *prevention* as a better remedy for intemperance than *cure*? In what, then, do the Teetotalers sin? Where are they wrong? Or rather, *how can they fail to be right?* Some of the opponents of this glorious doctrine declaim against the pledge. Now the pledge has nothing to do with the principle of total abstinence. Teetotalism is the same, with or without the pledge; only, the pledge is an additional guarantee that the doctrine will be faithfully adhered to. The most honest man will not hesitate to break a mere verbal promise of abstinence, made probably to his family, or in answer to the appeals of friends;—but no good and really upright man will violate that promise which he has consecrated with his signature. And has not man a right to fence his virtues round with fortifications as strong as possible? He has not only the right to do so; but prudence recommends the measure. Away, then, with all cavils, against the pledge! The opponent who declaims against it as a degrading bond or shackle, forgets that if he himself walked into a merchant's counting-house and ordered a quantity of goods to be sent round to his own premises, the merchant would demand a bill of exchange in payment thereof, and would not trust much to his customer's verbal promise. And does it degrade a man to affix his signature to such a document? The only degradation in the case is to be found in the fact of an individual refusing to sign the pledge—a circumstance which

demonstrates that he cannot repose the slightest confidence in his own honour and integrity.

THE COUSINS.

It was one of those rich autumnal evenings which, whatever poets and travellers may say of Italian skies and Campanian plains, nowhere looks more lovely, or glows with hues of such surpassing beauty, as in the green valleys of merry England. The golden rays of the last sunbeam still lingered on the side of the distant hill, crowning it as with a departing halo; and the tinkle of the sheep-bell came faintly on the passing breeze. All was still and serene: it was an hour to soothe the mind into a delicious repose; but the flushed cheek and eager eye of Helen Conway, as she gazed from her window upon the path which led from the adjacent village to her father's dwelling, told how little sympathy her feelings had with the quiet scenes by which she was surrounded.

"It is very strange," said she at length, half turning from the window towards her cousin Agnes, who was sitting also in the recess of the window,—"it is very strange that Cecil has not appeared before now: he was not wont to stay so late;—and this too the last evening he may see us for a long time," she added in a reproachful tone.

"His regiment does positively leave for Ireland tomorrow, then?" replied Agnes, without raising her eyes from her book.

"It does—and he promised—but, hush! 'tis Juba's bark: there—he bounds over the style; ah! Agnes, I knew he would not deceive us!"

"U!" echoed Agnes emphatically.

Helen coloured slightly; but the approach of Juba and his master put a period to any further remark. Meanwhile, while the expected youth is paying his respects to the fair cousins, we will give the reader a short sketch of each.

Helen Conway was the daughter of a gentleman whose fortune, if it did not enable him to launch into the fashionable extravagances of life, sufficed to afford him the enjoyment of most of its elegances. Left a widower when Helen was but ten years of age, his whole time had from that period been devoted to forming and improving her mind: nor was the task an unprofitable one. Helen, with all the quickness of woman, had much of the reflection of the other sex: it was thus as her dawning faculties became developed, and her mind stored with valuable knowledge, that the gaiety of the light-hearted girl prevented her from becoming a pedant in petticoats; and while one moment she would surprise with the extent of her information, at the next she would fascinate by her innocent and almost childish vivacity. In her temperament she was ardent and enthusiastic; but an innate pride seemed like a veil to conceal the warmth of those dangerous attributes of a female heart; and it was only to those who shared her utmost confidence that Helen Conway appeared as she really was—a very woman; and one, too, the gentlest and most confiding of her sex. Her cousin Agnes was almost the reverse of Helen in every point of character. Naturally selfish and designing, she disguised her real disposition under the mask of excessive candour and good nature. She was what is generally termed pretty—that is, without being a regular beauty. She had an animated cast of countenance, which was very much admired. Helen's was a beauty of a higher and more intellectual order;—a pale high brow, dark expressive eyes, delicately chiselled mouth and nose, and a form whose height was rendered more commanding by its exquisite symmetry and the graceful dignity of her motions.

A few months before the time we speak of, Helen had met Cecil (then a subaltern in an infantry regiment) at a neighbouring ball. Gifted with more intellectual acumen than many of his cloth, he was not long in discovering and selecting from the herd of country belles, who came armed for conquest to the revel, the gentle and retiring Helen.

After having danced a quadrille with her, he led her to a seat somewhat apart from the throng. There, in the increasing confidence of an animated conversation, Helen, by the lively sallies of her wit and the elevated dignity of her understanding, unconsciously threw a spell over her new acquaintance, of which he could scarcely believe the reality until the following morning, when he found himself leisurely walking towards her father's house, with as strong a predisposition to be irretrievably in love, as ever possessed a young gentleman of susceptible propensities. Had it happened that Helen was insensible to the tender whisperings of Cecil, our tale might have stopped here—or rather, it would never have begun;—but she listened with downcast eyes to his protestations of eternal fidelity; and when, after an acquaintance of about two months, and visits every day, he imprinted on her fair hand a kiss, she did not frown, nor withdrew it; but she looked as interestingly confused as young ladies under similar circumstances are wont to do.

The atmosphere of love will not long continue clear: sunshine is ever succeeded by clouds, and smiles by tears. Cecil's regiment, after a few months' sojourn in the village, received orders to embark for Ireland. This was a cruel blow to the lovers: they felt as if the first of destiny had disunited them for ever; and it was therefore with thoughtful looks and swelling hearts that they

met previous to their separation in Helen's little parlour—the scene of many a blissful recollection now rendered bitter by the thoughts of their approaching misfortune.

Cecil had taken his seat by the side of Helen: one of her hands was pressed between both of his. They spoke but little; and their conversation was confined to low and indistinct whispers. Agnes had resumed her book in the window; but her eye glanced incessantly from the page towards the lovers. A restless movement of her lips betrayed some internal emotion which she could no longer suppress; and, flinging down the book with a pettish air, she suddenly rose. Helen, startled by the fall of the book, turned to discover the cause.

"It is nothing," said Agnes, laughing, "but an experiment of mine to see if anything can rouse you from your lethargy. Well—if I ever saw such a melancholy, moping pair! Do, Helen, try if a song will reanimate Cecil's pensive humour."

Helen, with a faint smile, complied, running on the keys of the piano-forte a few chords of a plaintive air, which she had learned from Cecil. She sang in a voice naturally sweet, but now rendered more touching by the emotions that struggled in her bosom, a few stanzas of Camoen's touching canzonets. The subject was that of a forsaken girl complaining of the falsehood of her absent lover.

"Shall I too be forgotten, Cecil?" whispered Helen to her lover, as he hung over the chair; "shall I too be forgotten, and left to sigh ditties of blighted love to the pale moon, when you are gone?"

"Helen, this is unkind—'tis cruel at such a moment! Oh! wherefore doubt my truth, my devotion?"

"Hush! I know that man's affections are the sport of chance. He goes into the world amongst the beautiful and gay—he sees around him bright eyes and warm hearts,—the temptation is too strong for his will;—he forgets the once loved cheek that grows pale, and the eye that becomes dim watching his return:—he returns not; or if he do, he is cold and changed, his vows are forgotten, he has learned to love another!"

"Helen, Helen! what a picture!"

"'Tis not yet filled up. What becomes of the forsaken one? does the world contain a balm for a broken heart? can the affections she has garnered up for one be bestowed upon another. No—the casket has been robbed of its gem: the light that shone upon her existence is quenched,—and what remains for her but to die?"

"Helen, think you that I could ever prove untrue?"

"I think better of your mind, Cecil, than to suppose that you could contemplate such an act; but you have the same feelings, the same passions, the same foibles as others of your sex. Would you be a phenomenon amongst men?"

Cecil replied not; and again the conversation struck into an indistinct murmur.

The following morning the young soldier quitted the village of D—, and Helen was left to her own meditation, unless when relieved by the lively sallies of her cousin, who, now become more animated than usual, rallied her incessantly on her love-sick reveries.

In a very short time after Cecil's departure, Helen's heart was gladdened by a letter from him, in which he informed her he had joined his regiment in Dublin, which he found extremely gay, but that he could experience no happiness while removed from her who was the sun of his earthly felicity.

Long and frequent were the consultations the cousins held upon the epistle. Helen saw only in it the same warm affectionate sentiments which had ever governed her lover's actions, while Agnes insisted that he had already entered the whirl of pleasure, and had begun to forget the quiet village of D— and all its rustic associations. Each damsel seemed satisfied that her own interpretation was the true one; until the lapse of autumn and the approach of winter brought no second letter from Cecil, and afforded strong grounds for suspecting that the unfavourable conjectures of Agnes were nearer the truth than those of her confiding cousin.

Helen now seldom spoke of Cecil; nor did his silence seem to affect her in any manner, save by an increasing love of solitary walks: in all other respects she was unaltered;—she played, sang, and entertained her father's friends with her usual ease and gaiety. Thus it frequently is with the human heart: to the casual observer it seems like the smooth and unruffled sea; but few eyes can discover the strong under-current that silently and secretly tends towards one point, fretting and chafing in its course the channel that itself has made. Helen's evenings' walks were often prolonged until the fading daylight had left the world in darkness, and the fast falling dew chilled her frame. Then she would return; and, without making any change in her dress, resume her usual household avocations.

It was after one of those protracted rambles that a slight cold, which confined her to her room for a few days, gave the first indications of the secret ravages which her constitution had sustained. When she next took her place at the family breakfast table, there was a frightful change visible in her appearance; her cheeks had become hollow and colourless; and her eyes, though they shone with their usual brilliancy, were sunk in their sockets. Yet she smiled with her accustomed cheerfulness; and when her friends ex-

pressed concern for the delicate state of her health, she laughed at their fears, and said that she intended to be the merriest of the village group at their Christmas sports. Christmas came; but the graceful form of Helen Conway was missing in the merry dance; and her light laugh and sweet voice were unheard in the festival. The cold hand of consumption, though arrested by the skill of medicine, still clutched its victim with tenacious grasp. Helen's constitution had been excellent; and it was only by slow degrees that the insidious enemy could sap its foundations; and when at Christmas she found she was still unable to quit her chamber, she looked forward to the fresh flowers of spring as the heralds of the return of the roses to her cheeks.

The dreary frowns of winter had passed away, and were succeeded by the changeful month of April—that fickle time when Nature's smiles and tears mingle as kindly as the parting kisses of a venerable matron and her gentle grandchild. But Helen Conway had not received that benefit from the return of spring which she had anticipated. Wasting, wearing almost imperceptibly away, the lamp of life now hardly flickered in its socket. Yet she still retained that strength of mind which sustained her spirit to the last. She had not for months mentioned the name of Cecil, until one morning, while reclining upon a sofa supported by cushions, no one being in the room but Agnes, she suddenly asked what day of the month it was.

"The twelfth of April, love," replied her cousin.

"The twelfth!" ejaculated Helen.

"What is there singular in this day?"

"Nay—little. Only I was just thinking that this very day, twelve months ago, did I first see Cecil in this room."

"Helen, dear, you must forget such subjects," said Agnes, hastily.

"Forget! alas, I shall soon be where all will be forgotten! Yes—'tis strange—twelve months ago precisely; and the morning was as bright and beautiful as this! Agnes, I should like once more to look upon the fair face of nature. I think with your assistance I could walk to the window. I feel quite strong to-day, and the sight of the green trees and opening flowers would cheer me."

Accordingly, aided by Agnes, the poor invalid reached the window: for a few moments she gazed in silent rapture upon the scene.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed; "how beautiful to the exile seem the valleys of the land he is quitting for ever. What an earth were this, did not our wayward passions mar its fairest features. Look, Agnes, at those violets that nod their purple heads along yonder bank. I almost fancy that I breathe their rich perfume. They were planted by Cecil."

"Helen, I fear you will over-exert yourself by speaking too long," said Agnes.

"No, Agnes—it does me good: 'twas the silent worm that gnawed away my heart in secret."

As she spoke, a flush, deeper and more sudden than the hectic of her disease, flooded her cheek and brow.

"Agnes! Agnes!" she exclaimed, almost breathless,—see that dog that comes running along the path; is it not like—it is—it is—Juba! and, merciful heaven! Cecil!" and the agitated girl sank back in her chair, almost fainting.

"You positively must not see him, Helen," said her cousin eagerly.

"Not see him, Agnes!" replied the proud girl, rising to her full height without assistance. "Think you, now that the momentary weakness of my woman's heart is past, that I shall shrink from a meeting. No—you shall see how firmly I will act!"

Resuming her seat, she awaited with apparent calmness the approach of her faithless lover. The door opened, and Cecil hastily entered:—he had advanced a few steps, when, perceiving Helen, he stopped as if petrified! At length, rushing towards her, he flung himself at her feet; and grasping one of her thin wasted hands, he exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, "Helen, my beloved—is it thus we meet?"

Helen, by a strong effort, retained sufficient composure to withdraw her hand; and, pointing to a chair, said, in a cold tone, "Mr. Cecil, pray be seated; the time for this trifling has long past!"

"Past! and why is it past, Helen!" ejaculated the young man, in an agony of despair. "Was it thus we parted?"

"Mr. Cecil, we must change the subject! I have learned a lesson, sir—"

"But, one word, Helen, before I am condemned! Why did you not reply to my numerous letters?"

"Sir, do you mean to add duplicity to wrong?" demanded Helen.

"Helen, I speak the truth! Letter after letter I wrote to you without receiving a line in reply; till maddened at your neglect, I received leave of absence, and hurried over to learn from your own lips the cause of it!"

A visible tremor ran through Helen's frame; and, turning upon Cecil a look in which joy and agony were strangely blended, she laid her cold hand upon his, and, speaking slowly and earnestly, said, "Cecil, as you value the peace of a spirit which is even now hovering upon the threshold of eternity, deceive me not! Is this the truth you tell?"

"It is—it is!" cried Cecil; and he ratified his assertion by an appeal to heaven.

"I never received but one letter of yours; and though I told it not to the world, the thought of your faithlessness broke my heart. I am dying—dying, Cecil; but I shall die happy in the consciousness that I am still beloved by you!"

She leant her cheek upon her lover's shoulder, exhausted by her emotions, while her fast dropping tears fell like rain upon his bosom. Fearful of agitating her any farther, Cecil bore her gently to the window, where the bright beams of the mid-day sun were playing through the young green leaves of the vine that wreathed round it.

"I am better here," said Helen: "I will sit in this sunshine—I feel its warm beams cheering my chilled heart. Open the window, dear Cecil—the fresh air will revive me: how sweetly and freshly it comes! Cecil, your hand—let me feel you near me! Ah! the sweet song of those birds—their music will soon be lost to me: in the cold grave there is no sweet music. Ah! that pang—Cecil, don't go—I am happy—how happy—let me—"

The gentle girl's head sank—her bright eyes grew dim—a shadow came over her beautiful features,—it was DEATH!

We dare not profane the solemn scene by going farther with the picture. A plain white slab in the village church-yard marks the resting-place of all that is mortal of Helen Conway. Cecil, after her decease, rejoined his regiment, and in the field of glory won those laurels which may hide, but not heal, the wounds of his seared heart.

There is but one other circumstance connected with this true tale worth recording. Many years after the events here related, Colonel Cecil, now a retired veteran, received a packet containing all the letters which he had written to Helen Conway, but which the person who now returned them, and who was on the bed of death, acknowledged to have intercepted from motives of jealousy and envy. This wretched woman was Helen's cousin, Agnes!

J. S. C.

REVIEWS.

History of the Total Abstinence Pledge Question: Explaining the True Position of the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance. By H. FREEMAN. pp. 32. London: J. Pasco.

It is deeply to be deplored that the internal feuds and discords of the great Teetotal Societies of the metropolis should render necessary the publication of such pamphlets as the one under notice. Mr. Freeman himself deplores this necessity, because he appends to his work some very excellent arguments for a General Union, to which we shall presently refer. It appears, from this work, that the following gentlemen were the first who ever signed their names to a pledge of total abstinence in England:—Messieurs Greatrex, Dickenson, Broadbelt, Smith, J. Livesey, Anderton, and King. The pledge here subscribed to, ran thus:—"We agree to abstain from all liquors of an intoxicating quality, whether ale, porter, wine, or ardent spirits, except as medicine." At the first annual meeting of the Preston Temperance Society, on the 26th of March, 1833, the following pledge was also rendered admissible:—"We do further agree to abstain, for one year, from ale, porter, wine, ardent spirits, and all intoxicating liquor, except as medicines, or in a religious ordinance." This clause was abolished in the ensuing year; and a new and more comprehensive pledge was introduced. Mr. John Giles was one of the first, if not the first, of those philanthropists who introduced the principle of Total Abstinence, accompanied by a pledge, to public notice in London; and shortly afterwards the seeds of the Teetotal Society were sown at Mr. Grosjean's house in the Quadrant. The New British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance was established on the 29th of August. The following is an account of the entrance of the Earl of Stanhope into the sphere of Teetotalism:—

"Agreeable to his Lordship's suggestion, a deputation from the Committee waited upon him at the hour appointed, consisting of the Rev. J. Sherman, Mr. Blakely, the Treasurer, and the Secretary. They were received in the most courteous manner, and, upon being seated, his Lordship asked for the book, that he might sign the declaration, and become a member of the Society: after signing his name, he wrote underneath, £5, annually. The interview lasted nearly two hours, and was highly interesting. The committee would acknowledge with the deepest gratitude the band that has directed them to his Lordship at this very important juncture of the affairs of this Society, not only on account of the benefits that must necessarily result to the cause generally, from one manifesting such decision of character, but as an indication of the purifying principles of the Society shortly pervading the whole of that class of whom his Lordship is so distinguished a member. If success be any criterion of the blessing of the Most High resting upon an Institution, this Society has it in a most eminent degree. Not only in London, but from all parts of the country, is intelligence pouring in

of the most encouraging nature, and calls for abundant thanksgiving from the friends of the Society, and of the human race."

The first general meeting of the Society was held in Exeter Hall, on the 23rd of May, 1837. The second anniversary took place in May, 1838. At the commencement of 1839, a Protest against the abolition of what is termed the *short pledge*, was published, signed by Messieurs Burt, Giles, Freeman, and Ball. This Protest contained the following article:—

"Because many, to whom total abstinence would be an incalculable blessing, are willing to sign the Short Pledge, while they entertain a conscientious objection to bind themselves to more restrictive measures than it proposes, and in the absence of what they deem a suitable Pledge, will sign no Pledge at all, thereby augmenting the danger of speedily relinquishing their intention to become total abstainers."

The following Protest was issued by Earl Stanhope, relative to the abolition of the short pledge:—

"1st.—Because it would prevent every Member from using intoxicating liquors as a beverage under medical prescription.

"2nd.—Because it would prevent every Member from providing for a guest any intoxicating liquors, and would thus lead to an unjustifiable interference in his conduct towards his friends or acquaintances.

"3rd.—Because it might oblige every Member to dismiss all his domestic servants, or labourers, to whom he had been accustomed to allow intoxicating liquors, and who could not altogether abstain from them; or might induce his servants, or labourers, to procure in public-houses those liquors which would be denied to them at home.

"4th.—Because the injustice of thus dismissing such servants, or labourers, whatever might be their length of service, their fidelity and attachment, their moral or intellectual qualities, or their merits in discharging their respective duties, would excite general indignation, and would be most injurious to the interests of the Society.

"5th.—Because the proposed Pledge, from its being in many cases quite inapplicable, would curtail the influence, and counteract the exertions of the Society.

"6th.—Because the substitution of the proposed Pledge, in lieu of those which the alternative is now offered to those who desire to become Members, would, in my opinion, be a total subversion of an established and fundamental principle of the Society."

The dismemberment of the Society is thus described:—

"After the Delegates had decided the 'Pledge question,' that body recommended not to introduce the Pledge controversy into the meeting of members, to which there was a general understanding of consent. Soon after six o'clock much excitement prevailed in the members' meeting which had then gathered. Mr. F. Grosjean moved, and Mr. J. Meredith seconded, 'That the American Pledge be henceforth the pledge of the Society.' After much discussion it was proposed that those who voted for the two pledges (as agreed in the Delegates' Meeting) should remove to another room, and those who voted for the American pledge alone should remain in the same room, each member having two cards for voting. When they had separated, tellers were appointed to take the cards, or votes, as the members passed a door. The result was—For the two pledges, 337—For the American pledge alone, 256. On the following morning, contrary to general agreement, it was again proposed to re-consider the decision of yesterday, on the ground that some might have arrived who were not then present, to which it was replied that several Delegates had left town, under an impression that the pledge question was entirely settled; it was, however, put to the vote, and the decision of the previous day confirmed; upon which, W. Janson, J. Meredith, and others, who had advocated the exclusive adoption of the American pledge, refused to take any further part in the proceedings, and signified their intention to form another Society. The Delegates then proceeded with the business, and appointed the Officers and Committee for the ensuing year."

The party, that formed the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, retained possession of the books, funds, &c., of the Society which was thus split into portions; and the followers of Earl Stanhope's view of the question organized themselves as the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance. The following extract gives an idea of the progress of the latter Society during the years 1839 and 1840.

"The Committee of the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance had but little funds, and supported the cause very much at their own expense. To the benevolent Treasurer much is due, for the liberal manner in which he answered the calls so repeatedly made. More than fifty Auxiliary Societies were united during the year; much new ground was broken up, many Societies established, and others assisted. The reader is referred to their Annual Report. The Society is now prosperous, having nearly 100 Auxiliaries, and in its employ twelve paid, besides several gratuitous agents."

Mr. Freeman has explained the origin of the disunion in the original Society in a candid and impartial manner;

and every reliance is to be placed upon his assertions. We shall now quote a few of his arguments for a National Union; and with that extract close this notice of a work which is highly creditable to its author's impartiality and honesty:—

"The division of the Society causes a considerable expense, which otherwise might be saved. This is proved from the fact, that, in several districts, agents are employed, and rooms hired, by each Society, while one Society could more beneficially serve the cause in that district, and effect a saving of half the cost, to say nothing of the bad tendency of the spirit of rivalry in any work of true benevolence.

"The divided state of the Total Abstinence Society is a powerful excitement to bad feelings in forming an estimate of the motives and conduct of persons belonging to the other section. The division of the Parent Society has led to much discord in local societies, and has produced in them also, in many instances, the unhappy division into two parts, which has had the effect of injuring the general cause."

Sketches from Master Humphrey's Clock. Number I. 8vo. pp. 8. London: W. Brittain.

THE Sketches in this publication are admirable; but the letter-press, which is intended to explain each design, is beneath contempt. The artist is clever, and has hit off the characters of Master Humphrey, Quilp, and the Old Grandfather, in a way which enables us to recognise the originals, as designed by Phiz, in a moment. Indeed, Quilp is a most successful sketch: Little Nelly is the worst; her countenance wants that delicacy of expression with which Phiz has invested it. The letter-press is a disgrace to the work, and is full of grammatical errors, as the annexed extract will demonstrate:—

"Although not a prominent figure in the work, only used as a vehicle for introducing the other characters, yet, in point of beauty and originality of sentiment, there is none superior to it; and that while accompanying the old man and his grandchild in their wanderings, or laughing at the witticism of Swiveller, we revert to the commencement of the work, and long for another tête-à-tête with Master Humphrey."

We have marked some words to be printed in italics, to show how miserably and incorrectly the second portion of the passage is endeavoured to be united to the former. We however sincerely recommend this work for the sake of the designs, which are first-rate, and have evidently emanated from the pencil of a most talented artist.

The Mariners' Church Temperance Soldiers and Sailors' Magazine. Number for March. London: J. L. Meere's, Welclose Square; and W. Brittain, Paternoster Row.

THIS monthly magazine, which is sold at one shilling, contains an immense amount of most interesting matter relative to the Teetotal cause. One article in the current number is particularly interesting; and that relates to the condition of the Queen's Bench Prison. It appears that Mr. Chapman, the Marshal of that prison, is most remiss in his duties, and does not adopt any effectual measures for the prevention of the sale of spirits within the walls, although several statutes enjoin him to pay particular attention to this object. Spirits are sold almost openly in the Queen's Bench Prison; and the Marshal, instead of visiting the premises every day, never enters the prison at all save on the first day of every month. He scarcely ever resides on the spot, as required to do by law and by his oath, and entrusts the principal part of the management of the prison to a man of the name of Chester. M. G. C. Smith, a well-known Teetotaler, was confined in the Bench some time ago; and, during that period he exerted himself to spread the principles of Teetotalism amongst the unfortunate captives; but he experienced all kinds of opposition to his humane purposes, at the hands of Mr. Chapman. The following letter, addressed by Mr. Smith to Mr. Chapman, appears in the current Number of the magazine under notice:—

"You know, Mr. Chapman, I applied for permission to have a Tent or Marquee erected on vacant ground for a Temperance Festival, as a gentleman offered to provide the Tent and the Tea at a fixed price, and we should have had a moral and instructive meeting; but this you refused. I asked to rent at seven shillings a week the Brace public-house room for a Temperance Coffee-house and Temperance Hall, and Sergeant Bray offered to provide Tea and Coffee; but you said I must prepare a memorial. Mr. West was getting it signed, when some unhappy victims raged and established a drinking FARE ANN EASY every Thursday night, and you did not object or want a memorial here. A large bill was exhibited, with 'NO HUMBOG' and flash singers from without were promised, and 'the choir will be taken by one wot can chant,' closed the bill. I saw the sad effects of your neglect, and the intemperance and irreligion around me, and I established meetings every night, but it was at the imminent risk of my life; and while I saw that for months you could permit large figures of 'JACK-SHEPPARD,' firing off a pistol, to be chalked on the wall in front of all the rooms, I expected from the adjurations and swearing of some, that a pistol might, under the in-

fluence of drink, be fired into my room some night; as the knife and the pistol have been so much used without the prison by the victims of intemperance of late years. Your watchmen I generally found were asleep in the Tap, and there was no police constable in the prison.

"You know, Mr. Chapman, that at a great expense I fitted up a room as a Temperance Hall for Temperance Meetings—you saw it—I showed it to you and your turnkeys, and every visitor admired it. At length, Mr. Colville, your turnkey, sent to take it from me; I refused, and when he sent again, I wrote I would not give it up without the Marshal required it. You wrote on my letter 'I do.' I then yielded, and a friend afterwards came to our religious meeting, but mistook the room, opened that door, and found a jovial drinking party had succeeded us there. I complained loudly of you and your servant then, and I do still. It was for the good of the public, and you had no right to take it away, or Mr. Colville to demand it; but, thus encouraged, you know that Mr. Colville sent up to me on the last Lord's Day afternoon a turnkey to beg I would not go down to the racket-ground with the orphan children of our asylum to preach, as my life was in danger."

If these statements be true—and we see no reason for doubting them—Mr. Chapman was guilty of the most unjust and imprudent conduct in counteracting Mr. Smith's philanthropic designs. It appears that the Marshal, on his entrance upon office, takes an oath, by which he binds himself to obey the rules of the establishment. One of those regulations is that the Marshal shall constantly reside within the Rules of the prison, or within the prison itself;—and yet Mr. Chapman, in spite of this solemn oath, is seldom to be seen within five miles of the prison! It appears that the Marshal has a direct interest in encouraging the consumption of beer in the prison, as a portion of his large income of three thousand six hundred *per annum* arises from a per centage upon every butt of malt liquor which enters the premises. Altogether, the internal government of the Queen's Bench Prison cries loudly for reformation; and now that we have taken up the subject, we shall not readily lose sight of it.

THE DISSENTING MINISTER.

IT was on a beautiful autumn evening, as the sun poured its latest beams upon the placid river, that I entered a small chapel, wherein were collected about a hundred persons, listening to the discourse of an aged man, who stood upon an elevated platform, with the book of life in his hand. Mild and conciliating in his discourse, it was evident to me that his soul was imbued with no ordinary devotion; and that, though his words were addressed to mortals, his meek and devout mind was elevated to the throne of the Most High. I listened to his sermon with feelings which I can hardly analyse. I own that I entered the chapel without thought, or, at any rate, without feelings of a purely religious nature. It was curiosity alone, I fear, which induced me to enter the place of worship; for I had imbibed prejudices against the peculiar sect to which the Dissenting Minister belonged. These prejudices were only to be eradicated by experience. He concluded his discourse—so remarkable for its simplicity and its earnest eloquence—and dismissed his congregation with the accustomed blessing. I quitted the house of God with the rest; but a chord had been struck in my heart, which vibrated with unusual power. I sought a sequestered spot and gave up my soul to meditation.

The reverend old man, to whom I had been listening for the greater part of an hour, was the minister of a sect which I had been led to believe was characterised by its affectation of sanctity and superior holiness, but which was in reality rather remarkable for the viciousness of its members than for their virtues. "And is it possible," I said to myself, "that such a teacher can be a hypocrite? No, I cannot think it for an instant; and if he practises that which he teaches, surely his example must go far to meliorate his flock." As I thus thought, I saw the Dissenting Minister at a little distance, and was impelled by an irresistible impulse to accost him. "Good evening, sir," I said. He returned my salutation. "I have to thank you for an excellent discourse," I continued. The old man smiled gently—"You are not one of my followers, I think?" "No, sir; but were your disciples all like you, I really think that I should become one."

We continued our conversation until it was nearly dark, and never did I receive more satisfaction from the conversation of any person that I had ever before met with, however eminent for piety or talent. We parted, the old man inviting me to pay him a visit at his humble dwelling, which he indicated to me.

Some days after, I was walking in the direction of the old minister's cottage; and I took advantage of his invitation to inquire if he were at home. I was answered, in the affirmative, by a respectable old woman, whom I found to be his housekeeper, and, indeed, his sole domestic. I entered a neat room where the venerable man was seated drinking his chocolate. He welcomed me with kindness; and, ringing the bell, ordered another cup of chocolate, which I in vain attempted to refuse. His learning I found, to my surprise, to be great, and his knowledge extensive; but there was

patriarchal simplicity about him which I never remember to have met with before. He made me acquainted with his history. It seemed that he was a widower, and had buried, several years before, a beloved wife and an only child. His parents had been poor, but in the highest degree respectable, and of the same persuasion as himself. The liberality of an uncle had enabled him to follow the profession to which his own inclinations led him; and, at an early age, he became the minister of the same chapel to which he now belonged.

"I am now seventy-three," he concluded, "and you see that I still retain my faculties."

He might have said, with Adam, in *As you Like it*—

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Fickly, but kindly."

I left the house of the minister convinced that I had formed a wrong opinion of his sect; and I hope that my tendency to prejudices has been removed by the discovery of my mistake. He is dead now—the wise and excellent old man! But he is unforgotten. Children are told of his virtues by their parents; and his grave has been bedewed with many a tear of affection and sorrow.

H. B.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

WOOLWICH.

TEETOTALISM is making rapid advances at this place. We are happy to say that every hour is adding to the number of its disciples. The Royal Artillery will soon become altogether a Teetotal regiment. The soldiers of this corps are coming forward boldly in the good cause—not so much by the advice of those who are already emancipated, as by self-conviction, caused by witnessing its workings among those who have long ago adopted and benefited by the principle. There have been two meetings lately, which brought nearly one hundred signatures, amongst which were the names of many persons of great respectability and influence. There is likewise a Rechabite Tent formed at Woolwich; it is flourishing beyond all expectations.

WAKEFIELD.

We have received the following communication from Wakefield, which we hasten to publish, but on the contents of which we offer no comment for the present:—

"The Committee of the Teetotal Union having had charges of immorality and prevarication laid against Mr. L. H. Leigh, their Travelling Secretary and Agent, have (along with several friends to the cause from other towns) had an investigation on the 3rd instant, when the Meeting came to the following Resolution:—'*That in the opinion of this Meeting, the charges against Mr. Leigh, of immorality and prevarication, (judging from the evidence produced,) have not been satisfactorily rebutted.*' In consequence of this, the Committee feel it their duty to inform the friends of the Temperance Cause that they have retained Mr. Leigh's resignation of the above offices, which he had given in to them previous to the investigation, and they have no further responsibility respecting him or his proceedings, and are sorry that they had sanctioned a man whose character they had been led to believe was the reverse of what is now stated."

"G. H. HARRISON,
"JOSEPH COLE."

As impartial journalists, we shall afford Mr. LEIGH an opportunity of publishing an explanation, if he have any to offer, through the medium of our columns.

CROYDON.

THE following resolution was passed at a meeting of the Members of the Croydon Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, held in the Town Hall, Croydon, February 23rd, 1841:—"*That this Meeting, feeling and deploring that the want of friendly co-operation among the Members of the different Societies advocating the cause of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating Liquors presents a serious obstacle to the spread of those principles which they all advocate, and believing that an UNION of the principal Societies having the same objects in view, would not fail to ensure an increased measure of success, begs respectfully to suggest to the several Committees and Members of those Societies the desirableness of such an union; and that the Secretary be requested, accordingly, to forward this Resolution to the Committees of the Parent Society with which they are connected, the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, and the United Temperance Association.*"

SHREWSBURY.

We have received a most intelligent and clever letter

from our correspondent, J. W., of this place. He calls our attention to the Forty-Seventh Anniversary of the Licensed Victuallers' Society, which took place at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on the 10th of February. He alludes to the numerous alms-houses, &c., established by this body, and invites Teetotalers to follow so good an example in this respect. He then felicitates the cause of Teetotalism upon another triumph, in the establishment of the Life Insurance Company, in Moorgate-street, and expresses a hope that the institution will be duly supported. He next congratulates the Teetotal world upon the immense success obtained by *The Teetotaler* journal, and expresses a hope that it will shortly become a stamped daily newspaper, to answer the demands of the myriads who now throng beneath the banners of Teetotalism.

TOWN NEWS.

EAST LONDON YOUTHS' TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A VERY crowded meeting of this Society was held in the School-room, Hare-street, Bethnal Green, on Monday evening, March 8th. Mr. J. H. WOODLEY (the Treasurer) presided. The meeting was ably addressed by MESSIEURS J. CANNON, PARKER, MILLS, and BUTT (the Secretary). This admirable association has established the progress of knowledge on the principles of mutual instruction. Much good has been effected in the district to which the operations of this Society are confined.

THE "GOOD SAMARITAN" RECHABITE TENT.

THE members and friends of this Tent intend to give a grand Tea-Festival at the Temperance Hall, Adelaide Square, Islington, on the 23rd instant. Tickets may be obtained at the Aldersgate-street Chapel, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

FITZROY AND NORTH WEST LONDON AUXILIARY TO THE N. B. AND F. TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

ON Tuesday, March 2nd, a public meeting was held by this Auxiliary in the school-room, Grafton-street, Fitzroy Square. The Rev. J. H. HINTON, M.A., was called to the chair. Addresses were delivered by MESSIEURS W. CONWAY, WILD, KNIGHTON and BRENSMEAD.

On Wednesday, March 3rd, Mr. W. WILLIS, the President, occupied the chair at the same place, and made a most able speech.

Mr. W. DONALDSON explained the principles of Teetotalism in a very clear and intelligent manner, and exhibited its benefits in a most attractive light.

Mr. R. HICKS, surgeon, explained the evil results of the use of alcoholic liquors, morally and physically.

Mr. J. DRAPER announced the intention of the Auxiliary to present the Secretary with a silver medal as a token of respect for the services he had rendered the Society.

Mr. BOSS then presented the medal, on which was the following inscription:—*A token of respect to Mr. W. Conway, from the Committee and friends of this Auxiliary for his indefatigable exertions in the cause of Total Abstinence.*

Mr. CONWAY returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him in a very neat and appropriate speech.

HOXTON AND FINCHBURY YOUTHS' SOCIETY.

AN excellent meeting of this association took place at the Chapel, Old-street, St. Luke's, on the 9th instant. DA. OXLEY, M.D. took the chair, and made a very eloquent speech. The audience was then addressed by MESSIEURS CRUMP, WESTON, PHILLIPS (the Secretary), PALMER, and COCKRANE.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

THE fifth great Annual Tea-Meeting of the City and North London Auxiliary is to be held on Good-Friday, at the White Conduit House. The chair is to be taken by Mr. J. S. BUCKINGHAM; and arrangements have been made to accommodate one thousand persons. The entertainment is to commence at 5 o'clock precisely; and a public meeting will be held afterwards. It is understood that this Festival will be one of the most splendid ever given by any Teetotal Society in the metropolis.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THIS excellent Society has lately redoubled its exertions to extend the circumference of its beneficial influence; and its endeavours have been attended with success. The meetings at the Chapel, Aldersgate-street, are now always crowded to excess. On Wednesday evening, March 10th, Mr. CRUMP (the Registrar) took the chair, and spoke of the diminution of crime in Ireland.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS took the objections of Anti-Teetotalers *seriatim*, and exposed their fallacy.

Mr. BENSTEAD delivered the best speech that we ever heard issue from the lips of this gentleman. He observed that, as the human understanding was liable to error, we should be especially cautious how we present our opinions to the public, with the view of establishing

them as the guides of conduct for the use of others. This remark would show (said Mr. Benstead) the caution with which Anti-Teetotalers should come forward to propagate their opinions; but the same observation did not apply to Teetotalism, because that principle was an incontrovertible truth, and its excellence was self-evident.

Mr. CURRAH (of Chelsea) made a most eloquent speech, in which he implored the working men to take example from him, and give the principle he advocated a fair trial.

Mr. JOHNSON wound up the business of the evening, by expatiating very ably upon the effects already produced by Teetotalism in the country, and the results which were still to be anticipated from the same doctrine.

On Saturday evening, March 13th, the discussion was renewed between Mr. JOHNSON and Mr. BALLARD at the Aldersgate-street Chapel. Of all the astounding nonsense it has ever been our misfortune to hear, we never were before sickened with the like of that which fell from the lips of Mr. BALLARD. He possesses neither judgment, nor common sense; and even to mention his name for the purpose of dismissing him with the most unmitigated contempt, is paying him a compliment of which he is utterly unworthy. Mr. JOHNSON exposed the absurdity of all he said in a very admirable speech; and, by mutual consent, the decision was referred to the audience, of which by far the larger portion consisted of anti-teetotalers. Upon a show of hands, however, only twenty appeared for Mr. BALLARD, and about three hundred for Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. JOHNSON offered to lay a sovereign that Mr. Ballard could not prove any one of his assertions relative to alcohol, by chemical test; but neither Mr. Ballard nor all his troop of admirers chose to accept the proposition. An attempt was made to get up a shout for Mr. Ballard, but the feeble effort only bore the more striking testimony to the disgust which was entertained for the anti-teetotal champion by even his own party.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the United Temperance Association have decided that a GRAND TEA FESTIVAL shall be held on Easter Monday, at Mr. H. W. WATSON'S Temperance Hotel, Hackney. The members will meet at the Chapel in Aldersgate-street, and repair in Procession to Hackney, with the Grand Banner and flags of the Association and the Auxiliaries. The entertainment will commence at five o'clock precisely. Tickets, one shilling each, may be procured of Mr. EMBERTON, the Treasurer, 31, Fore-street, City. Several of the most popular Teetotal advocates will be present.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS lectured to a crowded audience, on Monday evening March 8, at the Hall, George-street, Chelsea. A Tea-Meeting was held by this Auxiliary, on the 17th instant, at Tomlins' United Coffee-House, George-street, Chelsea. Tickets, 16

MR. DOWLING, the Secretary to this Auxiliary, requests us to state that Mr. BALFOUR, who has proclaimed that he is a member of the Society, is in no way connected with it.

LOVE.—True and faithful love is a restless feeling, which cannot exist without proving its existence by constant attentions to the object of that love. The true lover prefers the company of his mistress to every other, and to him no amusement is agreeable in which she does not partake.

Love is not Love,

Which alters where it alteration finds—

Or bends with the remover to remove;

O no! it is an ever fixed mark,

That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

It is the star to every wandering bark.

Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.

Love's no time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ and no man ever loved.

ADVANTAGE OF LITERARY EMPLOYMENT.—It is surely not the least advantage of literary employment, that it enables us to live in a state of blissful ignorance of our next-door neighbour's fortune, faith, and politics; that produces a state of society which admits of no invasion on domestic privacy, and furnishes us with arms against ennui, which supersede the necessity of a standing army of elderly female moralists and domestic politicians.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the 9th Number of a second Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 40.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER X.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

PART II.

MORE REFLECTIONS UPON MEN OF THE WORLD.—
THE SUCCESSFUL PROGRESS OF MR. FERGUSON'S
LOVE-AFFAIRS.—THE FLIGHT FROM LONDON.—
MR. FERGUSON PROCEEDS TO TAKE POSSESSION
OF THE DOMAINS OF CAVALCANTI.

I NOW began to think that I was indeed a thorough "man of the world," and that I had played my cards with a tact which justified the assumption. I despised the "man of the world" of the old school; and drew a comparison between him and myself. He is a stickler for antiquity, and hates smooth chins and black beards; for their greenness and folly:—he is the repository of all the fragments of wisdom that are left of shipwrecked ages, and which have floated down upon the stream of time:—he gathers together the bits and ends of sayings which go to make up the traditional lore of a country; and this unbooked knowledge renders him, in his own opinion, sager than a man of much learning. But what was I? A young man who had studied the world according to the rules which observation had laid down. The best test of knowledge of the world, thought I, was the use to which it could be turned; and certainly a person who had so well profited by his experience as to be on the high road to marriage with a Duchess, was entitled to the honourable distinction of a "man of the world."

Perhaps you may have seen a man of the world under the shadow of a tavern sign-post, discoursing wisdom to the simple-hearted villagers. He has the infallible marks (according to English notions) of a truly great man legible in his face,—bloated veins and an indented excrescence surmounting his nose, and flaming like a fiery beacon with the condensed heat of unnumbered barrels of all "proofs." His libations to Bacchus have given a remarkable obscurity to the emanations of his intellect, as is discernable in the astonished countenances of those who stand around him, but who cannot fathom the profundity of his arguments. A flippant attorney is, perhaps, at his side; and the worthy twain discuss national politics, while the unsophisticated lookers-on stand mute, admiring the prodigious display of genius, which they cannot comprehend. The village magistrate imbibes ideas which astonish his natural stock of well-behaved ones, that never strayed beyond the hill-top in the distance, or flew off on a wild-goose chase after the phantoms of knowledge. This man of the world lays down his positions and fortifies them with the maxims he learned from his predecessor, who sleeps in the church-yard. The pettifogger capitulates to his invincible adversary, and acknowledges in him one whose dogmas it were irreverent to doubt.

But cast this "man of the world" amid the storms, the conflicting circumstances, and the rapidly successive occurrences of the busy world, and he finds himself totally lost. He is not therefore the "true man of the world," I thought within myself: but I was!

Self-satisfaction is a considerable auxiliary to success in life; and it was under the influence of sentiments of this species that I prosecuted my love-affair with renewed energy. Profiting by the advice of the elderly lady, I filled whole foolscap sheets with the wise appeals of love, and duly forwarded them to Mademoiselle Julie Talman. The replies were received with all possible dispatch; and thus did several weeks pass away in the most blissful state of hope and anticipation.

I mixed with but few acquaintances, and to

them I never breathed a word of the good fortune which awaited me. I, however, dropped from time to time sundry hints that I was not long destined to remain in a humble sphere, and that I was too well acquainted with the world not to know how to carve out my own fortunes with success. My friends accordingly entertained a high opinion of me and my abilities; and I was looked on as a man of an experience far beyond my years. It had often been argued that a person could not become a "man of the world" until the shadows of fifty years or so were upon him, when he had exhausted the fountains of his wild blood and turned out a sage and a philosopher. It had been supposed that a man must run a long and labyrinthine gauntlet under the scourge of vices, before he could aspire to the character; and that he might then usurp the throne of wisdom, as his shoulders would be then legitimately invested with the purple of sin. The right to rule was thus imagined to be alone predicated on a youth of prostitution, a manhood of degradation, and an old age of impenitence. It therefore seemed as if I were destined to controvert these opinions, and to establish a new school of philosophy relative to real experience in the world.

My honour was therefore concerned in working out this adventure to a successful issue; and boldly and fearlessly did I sit down one fine morning and indite a letter, imploring that my happiness might be sealed by an immediate decision. The reply was charming, and reciprocal in enthusiastic anticipation of the joyous moment that was to unite us. But grave obstacles seemed to oppose the consummation of our wishes. The Duchess was watched by the Austrian ambassador, and every opposition would be thrown in the way of solemnizing our union in Paris. We were both of the Protestant religion, and the marriage could be legally celebrated nowhere in France save at the hotel of the Austrian ambassador. My experience, however, suggested a remedy; and that was a visit to England, where we could be legally united at Dover, or anywhere else. This suggestion was conveyed to my fair one; and the proposition seemed to delight her. A few more interchanges of letters settled and digested the whole plan.

It was also high time, for another reason, that something decided should be done; for nearly all my pecuniary resources were exhausted, in consequence of the extravagance of my mode of living, the dear rate at which some of my knowledge of the world had been acquired, and the sumptuous presents of jewellery which I had made to my beloved one, and which she had most graciously condescended to accept. I had, however, still a few hundred pounds to receive in England;—but of course all pecuniary embarrassments would cease the moment I became a rightful and legal owner of the magnificent domains of Cavalcanti.

It was at nine o'clock in the evening of a beautiful summer's day that I handed my intended and the elderly lady into a post-chaise which was waiting at the Barrière Saint Denis, agreeably to previous arrangement. The ladies arrived at that spot in a hackney-coach,—their trunks and bandboxes were speedily shifted,—the postillions cracked their whips,—and away, away we went, on the joyous errand of love!

"I hope your Highness has adopted precautions to avert all unpleasant suspicions relative to your absence," said I, as the carriage rolled rapidly along.

"My dear Walter," said she, with a smile of the most condescending amiability, "pray drop all ceremonious terms with one who is soon to be your wife. I have done everything that prudence could suggest at home."

I seized her fair hand in mine, and pressed it to

my lips. The elderly lady at that moment pretended to see something uncommonly interesting out of the window next to her; and I accordingly took advantage of the opportunity to imprint a tender kiss upon the ruby lips of the lovely woman who was so shortly to become my bride. We chatted most pleasantly; and to all her numerous enquiries relative to my estates and titles, I made the most satisfactory replies. I saw that she was deeply enamoured of me; and I did not despair of easily obtaining her forgiveness for the little cheat I was practising upon her. "Besides," I argued with myself, "in love and war everything is fair."

We tarried not longer upon the road than was necessary to obtain refreshments and change horses; and on the ensuing evening we reached Boulogne. Fortunately a steam packet was about to leave for London; and we availed ourselves of this opportunity to cross the channel. On our arrival in the metropolis, we proceeded to a hotel at the west-end of the town; and I repaired to Doctors' Commons, to obtain a licence. My fair one had desired me to have her name registered simply in respect to her family appellation, and without the addition of the title of Cavalcanti. This reasonable request was complied with; and to be brief—in as short a time as possible we were married!

My wife insisted upon remaining a short time in England, and, to oblige her, I took a magnificent residence, ready furnished, at the west-end of the town. She now urged me to assume my proper title, Lord Ferguson, declaring that she would rather pass as Lady Ferguson until she had communicated with the Emperor of Austria relative to her marriage. I invented a thousand excuses to avoid complying with her request: but I soon found that she visited the most fashionable shops and "magazines of novelties" at the west-end, and ordered home immense quantities of articles of the wardrobe, and jewellery, upon credit, and in the name of Lady Ferguson. I saw that an explanation was now necessary, unless I wished to be sooner or later punished as a swindler by those whom my wife was thus innocently defrauding; and I trusted to her affection to pardon me.

"My dearest creature," said I to her one day, "I have something of the utmost importance to reveal to you. But first let me ask—do you really love me?"

"Most tenderly," she exclaimed, flinging her exquisitely modelled arms around my neck, and embracing me with the most fervent affection.

"And you could forgive any little error of which I might be guilty?" I continued.

"Anything but infidelity to one who loves you so tenderly," was her immediate reply.

"I thought so—I was not deceived," I ejaculated, quite elate with joy at this assurance. "Your charms, beloved one, have induced me to practise a deceit which nothing but the most tender attachment on my part could extenuate: but, after all, you lose nothing—because your own title is far more dignified than the one which I had assumed; and as to my fortune—even supposing I had possessed the few paltry thousands I have mentioned, they are nothing in comparison with the revenues of the vast domains of Cavalcanti."

A deep pallor overspread the lovely countenance of my wife, as I thus suffered her to obtain a glimpse of the true position of my affairs; and had I not have rushed forward to catch her in my arms, she would have fainted. I threw nearly a jug full of water upon her face, and thus succeeded in recovering her.

"What was it that I heard?" she exclaimed, as her eyes opened once more: "have you really practised that deceit upon me, or was I labouring under the influence of a dreadful vision?"

"Alas! it is too true, my beloved—" I began.

"Your beloved, indeed!" ejaculated my wife, her lips quivering with rage: "Oh! vile man—how could you have thus found it in your heart to deceive me?" and, as she uttered these words, she buried her face in the cushion of the sofa, and gave vent to her grief.

My great experience in the world had taught me that a woman's wrath will subside when the first ebullition of accompanying grief has passed; and I therefore resolved to allow my wife a fair opportunity of tranquillizing herself. I hastened out of the room—repaired to the Park to take a walk—dined in the evening with a friend—and only returned home at a very late hour.

I hurried to the drawing-room, in the anticipation of meeting with a forgiving smile upon the lips of my amiable wife; but my amiable wife was not there. I sought for her in the other rooms, and found her not. The elderly lady was also missing. I rang for my valet, and learnt that my wife and her companion had left the house, with bag and baggage, about an hour after I had gone out in the morning. All the plate, jewellery, and valuables, which had been obtained upon credit, had departed with them; and I was left to speculate upon this extraordinary conduct on the part of the Duchess of Cavalcanti!

I then threw myself upon the sofa, and began to reflect upon the events that had lately occurred. All my grand dreams of ambition seemed annihilated by the departure of my wife. I remembered that she *was* my wife—that I had the certificate of our marriage in my pocket,—and that all civilised laws allowed the husband a certain authority over her who is only conventionally his "better half." My course was therefore plain: I collected together all the money I could find at my disposal, and departed for Dover—forgetting, in the hurry of my proceedings, to leave any message for the numerous tradesmen who were accustomed to present themselves every day at my house for settlement of their accounts. I had not the slightest doubt that my wife and her elderly companion had proceeded to Paris; and to that city did I accordingly repair.

The moment I arrived in Paris, I hurried to the Hotel inhabited by the Duchess de Cavalcanti in the Rue de l'Université. The house was shut up. I addressed myself to a neighbour, and ascertained that the Duchess and all her suite, occupying six carriages, had taken their departure at an early hour that very morning on their return to Germany. I was by no means disheartened by this announcement, but determined to follow my disobedient spouse without delay. I returned to Meurice's, ordered a post-chaise and four to be got ready immediately; and, in a short time, was on my way towards Lyons.

How I chuckled at this adventure as I rolled along the road at a rapid pace. I laughed at the idea of the Duchess endeavouring to cheat a "man of the world," such as I was; and, with the marriage certificate in my pocket, I determined to defy all the Duchesses of Cavalcanti and all the Emperors of Austria in the world to dissolve our union, or prevent me from exercising the rights and enjoying the privileges of a husband.

I found by enquiry that I was only about eight hours' ride behind the cavalcade of the illustrious Duchess; but although I remunerated the postillions most liberally, I could not succeed in diminishing this distance. At length, I was detained for upwards of six hours on the road, for want of post-horses; and on the following day an accident occurred to my vehicle, which placed the interval of upwards of twenty-four hours' journey between me and the carriages of the Duchess. On my arrival at Lyons, I found that the Duchess and her suite had passed a night at the Hotel Royal in that city; and I was so wearied and exhausted, that I was compelled to do the same.

To be brief, I entered the domains of the Duchess of Cavalcanti precisely twenty-four hours after her own cavalcade. I ascertained, by enquiry, that the ducal residence was in the neighbourhood of a considerable town bearing the name of the estate itself; and that preparations had been made at the palace for the reception of the Duchess, whose speedy arrival had been announced by an *avant-courier*, who had reached the place of destination two days previously. I accordingly proceeded to the town of Cavalcanti, and took up my abode at the principal hotel, where I recruited my strength with several hours of repose and rest.

I learned that the Duchess of Cavalcanti in-

tended to give a grand entertainment, consisting of a banquet and masked ball, in the course of a day or two, to the nobility and gentry of the vicinity. An ingenious idea now struck me. I resolved to avail myself of that opportunity to present myself to the Duchess, and, under the guise of a mask, gradually reveal myself to her. By these means I hoped to avoid any unnecessary scandal or exposure. I accordingly remained within the precincts of the hotel during the day, and at night, I strolled about the vicinity of the ducal abode. The grounds were all laid out in a beautiful manner; but I saw room for several alterations and improvements after the French and English style, and I resolved to carry them into effect the moment I entered into possession of the property I thus surveyed.

Pleased with the prospects of speedily arriving at the acme of my ambition, I returned to the hotel, and dreamt all night long of the existence of peace, honour, and prosperity which I now imagined myself destined to lead in the domains of Cavalcanti: on the following day I made preparations for the masked ball; and at the proper hour, attired as a Spanish cavalier, with a black mask over my face, I presented myself at the gate of the palace.

"Your card?" said the porter.

"I have forgotten it," said I; but as I uttered these words, I dropped a couple of gold coins into the hand of the porter, and the bribe acted as a charm to procure admittance into the palace.

I passed through several noble halls, and at length arrived in a spacious saloon, opening upon a beautiful lawn, where a number of the guests had already dispersed into separate groupes. The lawn communicated with the most delicious gardens; and on every side were tables covered with the choicest fruits, the most fragrant flowers, and the most refreshing drinks. Domestic, in gorgeous liveries, were running about in all directions, to attend upon the guests; and a band of music was stationed beneath a colonnade that shaded the windows of the saloon. In a word, all around me bore testimony to the immense wealth and exquisite taste of the Duchess of Cavalcanti.

And then, when I surveyed that splendid palace built in the purest style of Corinthian architecture,—those Elysian grounds that surrounded it,—and the broad lands that lay beyond, far as the eye could reach, with the towers and spires of the neighbouring town varying the scene, my heart leapt within me, for I felt that I was the master—the proprietor—the legitimate owner of all I saw! Oh! then, how did I felicitate myself upon having devoted my time and money to obtain that knowledge of the world which had alone endowed me with a sufficiency of perseverance to arrive at this climax of earthly happiness!

It was rumoured that a trifling indisposition would prevent the Duchess from being present at the ball, but that she would preside at the banquet which was to take place afterwards. The dancing accordingly commenced in the saloon, and on the lawn; and a more charming spectacle I had never before and never since have seen. Costumes of all kinds—fancy-dresses—and garbs, either grotesque, gay, or remarkable for their simplicity—thronged around; and many a beautiful countenance was concealed by the invidious mask. The moment twilight commenced, the gardens were illuminated with myriads of lamps of all colours; and the dancing ceased, to enable the guests to wander in small parties, or pairs, amidst that fairy scenery. I had taken no share in the dance: my suspense was too acute, and my heart too elate with joy, to allow me to mingle with the crowd. I kept myself aloof, and wandered alone about the perfume-breathing gardens.

At length the band gave notice that the banquet was about to commence. An immense saloon had been erected and fitted up for the occasion at one extremity of the garden; and the Duchess, with her suite of ladies and attendants, was now about to issue from the palace, and proceed to the banquetting room. At this intimation, the guests all crowded upon the lawn, and formed themselves into two lines to welcome the Duchess as she passed between them. Every mask was then laid aside out of respect; and much amusement ensued by this revelation of countenances amongst those who had been previously acquainted. Suddenly I felt my arm touched, and a well-known voice asked me, in the French language, how I came there. I

turned round, and recognised the French gentleman who, you will remember, urged me to prosecute my suit with the Duchess, and whom I had met at Meurice's in Paris.

I was about to reply to him, when at that moment the band struck up a lively air, and the procession of ladies advanced from the palace towards the lawn. In the midst of those who opened the cavalcade, was one remarkable for her extraordinary beauty and the richness of her attire.

"Who is the lady that wears the coronet glittering with diamonds?" said I to my French friend.

"What!" he exclaimed; "have you so soon forgotten the fair face of which you are enamoured? or does the blaze of light dazzle your eyes?"

"Neither," said I, hastily, while my heart beat with unusual violence: "but who is the lady—speak—I am deeply anxious to know at once!"

"That lady," returned my friend, "whose majesty of beauty attracts all eyes and captivates all hearts,—that lady is her Highness, the Duchess of Cavalcanti!"

"The Duchess of Cavalcanti!" I exclaimed: "impossible!"

"Nay—your eyes might convince you of the fact without my assurance," said the French gentleman; "and—see—she acknowledges the salutations of her guests."

For some minutes I was speechless, and knew not what to think. In the meantime the cavalcade passed on; and suddenly my eyes fell upon a countenance which was well impressed upon my mind. Not amongst the ladies of the Duchess's household, but amongst the attendants of those ladies, did I now suddenly recognise my wife.

"And she—who is she?" I demanded of my friend, a cold perspiration breaking out on my forehead.

"The lady's maid—the *cameriste*—the *soubrette*, or whatever you may choose to denominate her, of her Highness," was the immediate reply.

"And her name?" said I, hastily.

"Julie Talman," he answered.

I neither waited to hear, nor to see more. I immediately comprehended the cheat of which I had been the victim; and I cursed such knowledge of the world as I possessed. With precipitate steps did I quit the precincts of a scene whose joyousness was far from congenial with the state of my reflections; and when I arrived at the hotel in the neighbouring town, I threw myself upon my bed, and gave way to my infelicitous musings.

All was now revealed to me. Two of the servants of the Duchess had visited the Opera, and I must needs take the lady's maid for the mistress. She perceived my mistake, took advantage of it, and married me, because she fancied she was espousing a lord with an immense fortune. Probably she entertained the same idea as I had nourished—that my affection would induce me to pardon the cheat. No wonder that she fled from London, with her elderly confederate (how I abominate all elderly women!) when she found that she had married a pauper, a literal pauper; and she had evidently arrived in Paris again in time to set off with her mistress on the return to the domains of Cavalcanti!

I had no anxiety to meet my wife; and, abashed, humbled, and crest-fallen, I took my departure from the town on the ensuing morning. My pecuniary resources scarcely enabled me to reach England; and on my arrival in London, I was thrown into a debtors' gaol for the debts contracted by my wife. I obtained my release by means of the Insolvents' Court, and have been sadly knocked about ever since. One thing is, however, very certain,—I am now, but I was not then, entitled to the honourable distinction of a Man of the World!

Mr. Weller entered the room to lay the cloth, just as Mr. Ferguson brought his eventful history to a conclusion. Mr. Pickwick passed a very pleasant afternoon with his new acquaintance, and decided upon taking the house, in order that he might find an excuse for relieving Mr. Ferguson's pecuniary difficulties. He accordingly supplied this gentleman with the necessary means to satisfy the demand of the individuals who still lurked about the door; and then took leave of the "man of the world."

(To be continued in our next.)

DRINKING CUSTOMS.

No sooner does some evil indulgence become apparently consecrated by use than collateral habits and customs are introduced to render the first more strongly established. The evil habit of drinking is associated with a variety of observances and practices which sustain and foster it with a vigour that essentially increases the opposition against which Teetotalism has to contend. The practice of drinking healths is one to which we allude. Nothing can be more absurd than to drink to a person's health in that liquor which is the cause of all ill-health. "Good wine can do no one any harm," say the followers of the evil indulgence. Alas! they are ignorant that the alcohol or spirit is the same in good or bad wine, and that, when separated in the stomach by the process of digestion, from the other matters with which it is combined, its influence is invariably the same. The compounds mixed with the alcohol may vary as to quality; but the spirit itself is always the same—always hurtful!

"I drink to your health and long life," says a friend, meaning to pay another a compliment; and of course the imagined or intended compliment is returned in a similar manner. Is not this the same as saying, "I pledge you in a glass of poison; pledge me in that same poison in return." We admit that the wish is sincere; but the manner of conveying it constitutes a direct and fearful antithesis.

At all public dinners it would appear necessary to drink a variety of toasts, which might as well be drunk in water or coffee as in wine—and which, in most instances, had better be dispensed with altogether. A loyal subject cannot express his attachment to the Queen without burning away the coats of his stomach with fiery liquid, and placing himself in a position to break the laws of the kingdom governed by the very sovereign whom he so ardently admires. If two friends meet after a long separation, they must pledge each other in a glass; and so, by drinking to the memory of past times, they speedily forget all about the present. Probably these two same affectionate friends, who have been so loving over their cups, will terminate their conviviality by stripping off their coats and "pitching into each other;" or else, if they be in the upper walks of life, they will dispute about a trifle, and fight a duel on the following morning. When a bargain is to be concluded, the contracting parties must "wet it," as they express themselves; and the result is, that those who agreed very well when they were sober become dreadfully quarrelsome when intoxicated. If a man receive any sudden good tidings, he must drink to his own success; and if he experience as abrupt an accession of evil fortune, he then drinks to drive away his care. He drinks because he is happy; and he drinks because he is miserable; he blows hot and cold with the same mouth.

"I really feel so low and depressed," says another, "that I must take a glass of something;" and this one drinks to create a flow of artificial spirits. Does he not know that, when the effect of the liquor shall have passed away, his depression will be greater than ever? "And I feel myself so very happy and comfortable to-day," says another, "I shall indulge myself with a glass." What is the use of adding excitement to excitement? Is not the natural glow of happiness which attends upon health and competency, sufficient to ensure mortal felicity? Alas! for the excuses which your drinkers find in all the circumstances of life!

The individual who is addicted to the use of liquor, drinks because he is cold—drinks because he is warm—and drinks because the weather is so very temperate and mild. When in the enjoyment of the most robust health, he drinks to "do himself good." And yet he knows that strong drink "does all the harm" which he sees around him.

The drinking customs of the country are the most absurd that ever became established by an habitual use. They are a combination of contradictions, and are supposed to be as universal in their modes of application as those patent medicines which cure all diseases. On the wedding-day, the wine stands upon the table; and the health of the happy couple is pledged in bumpers of champagne. On the day when some beloved relative or dear friend is conveyed to the tomb, cake and wine meet the eyes upon the side-board in the house of mourning. Truly the use of wine in one of these cases, at least, must be a mockery—a blasphemy—a crime!

If a master meets an old servant, or an operative who was once in his service, he thinks he cannot do better than treat him with something to drink. If a gentleman sends his friend a present by his footman, the friend gives the footman a shilling, and then says, "You must have a drop of something to keep the cold out, or to cheer you on your way home; what shall it be?" When two acquaintances meet in the street, they stand chattering for a few minutes,—then one begins to get fidgety,—and at length the words, "Well—ain't we going to take a drop together?" fall from his lips. The other regards this question as a matter of course, walks mechanically into the next gin-palace, and contents himself by saying to his friend when they reach the bar, "Well, what shall it be?" If you only go a few miles out of town by a short stage-coach, the driver gets down at every public house he reaches, and comes out of the place again smacking his lips. Wet or dry—cold or hot—day or night,—a ready excuse can

always be found for taking a little drop. Indeed, the countenances of many drinkers almost seem to have stamped upon them the question, "Well, what shall it be?"

England is a most extraordinary country for its drinking customs. No public meeting can be held to debate upon political matters, to establish a joint-stock company, to consider a parochial measure, or to vote an address, without strong drinks being more or less connected with it. The assembly is held at a tavern or public house; and no one departs without offering a libation to Bacchus. The churchwardens of a parish cannot concert measures to assist the starving poor, without meeting together to dine and drink first. A person is not even thought a "thorough gentleman" unless he can tell good port wine! As if any poison could be good!

On particular days, the paupers in workhouses and the children of national schools are regaled with roast beef and plum-pudding, to which is superadded an allowance of malt liquor. It would really seem as if the use of alcoholic liquors were an essential condition of human existence. Little children are permitted to visit the parlour on a Sunday, after dinner; and then they are regaled with a little wine. "Do give the poor child a drop," says the mistaken mother to the equally misguided father; and even in infancy a relish for strong liquor is thus imparted to the child. No wonder that it becomes wedded to a habit which has progressed with its growth, which has been strengthened with advancing years, and which has received no check to the insinuating powers of its influence.

If a beggar faints for want, upon the threshold of a charitable man's door, hot spirits and water or wine are given to him; and food becomes quite a secondary consideration with all save the starving wretch himself. In fine, strong liquor is given as a reward for a service, and as a medicine to the sick;—it is considered a remedy by the wretched, and a blessing by the happy;—it is used to expel the cold, and to moderate the heat;—it is imbibed to aid digestion, and to prevent food from rising upon the stomach;—it is considered necessary to the strong and to the weak, to the well-fed and the starving, to the healthy and the dying, the old man and the young; to the labourer, who toils all day, and to the rich man who does nothing. Is not the absurdity of a belief in the virtues of strong liquor, demonstrated by these contradictions? Will any sensible man believe that any quack medicine can be an universal remedy? And yet this property seems to be continually assigned to alcohol. But Teetotalism will effectually dissipate this delusion, will expose the absurdity of the drinking customs of the country, and will prove that alcohol is a virulent poison, which can only be used, even as a medicine, in a very few cases.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGÈRIE was a native of Martinique; and, when very young, proceeded to France to marry the Viscount Beauharnais. Two children were the fruit of this union. The viscount was beheaded at the commencement of the revolution; but little did he dream that his scaffold was destined to be the first step to that throne on which his widow was fated to sit. Josephine possessed an elegant mind, and was endowed with great personal beauty. Her dancing is said to have been perfect; and her figure was modelled with the most faultless symmetry. A love of flowers, that truly feminine aspiration, was, with her, increased by a perfect knowledge of botany; and thus were her thoughts led to converse with heaven through the sweetest objects of earth.

A circumstance, trifling in itself but for after events, deserves to be recorded here—the prophetic intimation of Josephine, when little advanced beyond childhood, of her future high destinies. We need not express our utter rejection of the supposition that the propheticess believed her own prediction. We see, in the course of Josephine's history, that her remembrance of it aided to direct the course of events towards its fulfilment. Still its coincidence, with a course of events which could be so directed, remains a startling fact. An old woman, vulgarly called a fortune-teller, prophesied that Josephine would one day be queen of France.

Shortly before the execution of her husband, the Viscount Beauharnais, Josephine was herself arrested by order of the revolutionary tribunal, and conveyed to prison. One morning the gaoler entered the room, which served as a bed-room for herself, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and two other ladies, saying that he came to take away her flock bed, in order to give it to another captive. "How give it?" cried the Duchess; "is Madame de Beauharnais to have a better?" "No, no," replied the wretch; "she will not need one; she is to be taken to a new lodging, and from thence to the guillotine." At these words all the ladies set up a loud lamentation. Josephine was, however, the first to recover her presence of mind: she laughed and declared that it was impossible that she could die, as it was destined that she should become the queen of France! Madame d'Aiguillon, feeling herself ill from the thoughts of her friend's approaching execution, drew towards the window, which Josephine opened in order to admit the air. At that moment, the ladies heard a great

noise in the corridor; and the formidable voice of the turnkey, who was speaking to his dog, cried out, "Get away, you brute of a Robespierre!" This energetic phrase convinced the ladies that there was nothing then to fear—that Robespierre had fallen, and that France was saved. In a few minutes, they beheld their companions in misfortune burst into their apartment to give them the details of that grand event. It was the 9th of Thermidor! Josephine's flock bed was restored to her; and upon that couch she passed the most delightful night of her life. She fell asleep, after saying to her companions, "You see I am not guillotined—and I shall yet be queen of France!"

Josephine married General Bonaparte, who loved her with a species of delirium. Barras promised to give him the command of the army of Italy; and on that occasion Bonaparte observed, "Those who now patronise me will one day seek my smiles. My sword is by my side, and with it will I carve my own road to fortune." When Bonaparte wrote from Italy to inform his wife that he intended to raise himself one day to the throne of France, she hastened to address him a letter imploring him not to attempt "so rash an undertaking." She said—"Kings will despise you as an upstart; the people will hate you as a usurper; your equals will call you a tyrant; none will comprehend the utility of your elevation; but all will assign it to ambition or to pride."

In a short time the prediction made to Josephine in her youth was fulfilled. The hero of a thousand fights led his beautiful wife to be crowned Empress of France in the cathedral of Notre Dame. "The magnificent carriage in which he and Josephine were seated, advanced, attended by ten thousand horsemen, the flower of Gallic chivalry, who defiled between double lines of infantry selected from the bravest soldiers, and extending about a mile and a half, while more than five hundred thousand spectators filled up every space whence a glance could be obtained. Alas! how cold are hearts that then beat high with hope! How few—how very few survived of those upon whom the impulse wrought most stirring! and from the banks of the Tagus to the streams of the Volga, how varied the clime that settles on their graves! Yet not many years have passed—the story is contemporary history—the grand actor might have been amongst us not an aged man: be the moral, therefore, more impressively ours! When Napoleon had placed the imperial diadem upon his own brow, he took the crown which was destined for Josephine, and placed it upon her head. The appearance of Josephine was at this moment most touching. Even then she had not forgotten that she was once an "obscure woman;" tears of deep emotion fell from her eyes; she remained for a space kneeling, with hands crossed upon her bosom,—then slowly and gracefully rising, fixed upon her husband a look of gratitude and tenderness. Napoleon returned the glance. It was a silent but conscious interchange of the hopes, the promises, and the memories of years. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled,—and Josephine became the queen—nay, more, the empress of France!

On the 30th of November, 1809, the emperor and empress dined together as usual. Both were unhappy and pre-occupied. Josephine struggled with her tears, which, in spite of every effort, flowed from her eyes. She uttered not a word during that sorrowful meal; she saw that her sunshine had passed away! Directly after coffee, Napoleon dismissed every one, and he and Josephine remained alone together. Napoleon rose, took her hand, and placed it upon his heart. "Josephine, my excellent Josephine," said he, "thou knowest that I have loved thee! To thee—to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine, my destiny overmasters my will! My dearest affections must be sacrificed before the interests of France!"—"Say no more," cried Josephine; "I was prepared for this; I knew that the day of our separation was come; but the blow is not the less mortal!" Thus was it that Napoleon communicated to his beloved and loving wife—to whom he had been now wedded upwards of fourteen years—that project of divorce which was to make way for his union with an archduchess of Austria.

The divorce formally took place in the presence of Cambaceres, prince and arch-chancellor of the empire, and the family of the Bonapartes. When the emperor had signed the document on his part, Josephine spoke as follows:—"By the permission of my dear and august consort I declare that, not preserving any hope of having children, which hope would alone fulfil the objects of his policy and the interests of France, I am pleased to afford him the greatest proof of attachment and devotion which has ever been given on earth. I possess all from his bounty. It was his hand which crowned me, and which seated me on a throne; and I have received nothing but proof of affection and love from the French people. I think I prove myself grateful in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which heretofore was an obstacle to the welfare of France, by depriving it of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendants of a great man, raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no degree change the sentiments of my heart. The emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know how much this act, demanded by policy, and by interests of a high

ture, has affected my heart; but both of us exult in the sacrifice which we make for the good of the country."

Josephine withdrew from the palace of the Tuileries to Malmaison, where she died on the 29th of May, 1814, five years after the dissolution of her marriage with Napoleon.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Doft Tom's last poetic effusion is much too long for our columns: a shorter one would suit better.

We thank a *Salford Teetotaler* for his kindness in calling our attention to the observation of Mr. Justice Coleridge, during the present Assizes, "that no single case had ever been brought before him of persons charged with the commission of offences, but that the love of liquor had been in some way connected with it."

H. W. S. is assured that the Report never reached us. We never refuse insertion to such articles; but on the contrary, are glad to receive them. The immense circulation of *The Teetotaler* renders it a most eligible organ for the publication of the Reports of Teetotal Progress, Meetings, &c. We shall feel obliged to all correspondents who will forward us occasional accounts of their local Societies, &c.

B. F.—Advertisements are received for the wrappers of the MONTHLY PARTS of *The Teetotaler*. The sale of these monthly parts alone exceeds the entire circulation of any other Teetotal journal published in London.

A series of Articles, entitled "THE HISTORY OF TEETOTALISM," will be shortly commenced in *The Teetotaler*.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

PATRIOTS are those who set a high example of particular virtues which are most needed for their age; and hence the different hues the character of a patriot wears at different times. Our idea of the patriot is a very exalted one; for when a great man becomes illustrious as a national benefactor, we gather about him all the virtues which are supposed to embellish human nature. We think of him as gentle and merciful, generous and devoted—as living for great ends—and as being endowed with enlarged powers of understanding. Nothing disturbs the calm thoughtfulness of his demeanour; and his eyes seem to be looking far around him, beyond all others' gaze, as if taking in the knowledge of that future which the present is for ever sealing for eternity. To be styled a patriot is a rare honour; and few men are permitted to enjoy this embalming. When governments were supported by arms, and war was the business of nations—when conquest of territory was the great object of kings, courage was glory; and the ready sacrifice of life for the public good was sung as the highest praise. History is full of remarkable deeds, which give to the patriotism of the ancients the appearance of an impulse rather than a principle—of a passionate love, rather than a holy regard. But to love one's country dearly is the first step to loving the world well; and as the heathen worship of false gods is the beginning of religion, so this blind and headlong passion for country is the commencement of an universal philanthropy.

Thus is it that the modern patriot is the philanthropist, who feels that no permanent good can be produced for the soil of his nativity which will not benefit mankind at large. He looks beyond the narrow circle of his own advantage to the large brotherhood of nations, and sees the bearing of every political and moral act—for moralists are the best patriots—upon the long chain of human interests around the globe.

It is this enlarged regard that renders the patriot now infinitely superior, in fact, though less remarkable in individual acts, to the patriot of the old world, who looked upon his country as the point of his benevolence, and upon the human race without his territory, as his natural enemies. If, then, there be this distinction between the shades of patriotism; and if patriotism be indeed philanthropy, who are more worthy of the appellation than the advocates of Teetotalism? Teetotalism is eminently patriotic in its views. Its object is the regeneration of society—the reformation of the moral world—the extermination of all the vices caused by intemperance. The Teetotaler is not selfish, because he has no evil passions to administer to in inculcating his doctrines. He is not envious, because he does not seek to raise his own glories on the ruins of a good system. He is not jealous, because his aim is something more than mere rivalry. He is not arbitrary, because his only weapons are sense and reason. He does not preach the theory of an eccentric imagination, because the practice of his principle has been embraced and continued by millions. He is not

exclusive, because his temples are open to the rich and the poor, the Christian and the heathen, the upright man and the sinner. His doctrines are not calculated to produce evil results, because their grand and certain effect is the decrease of crime. Surely such a man possesses all the qualifications to deserve the appellation of patriot!

Every man who embraces and advocates the doctrines of Teetotalism is a patriot; for all, whatever be their rank or occupations, who regard the interests of their fellow creatures, are patriots. "To be a man is greater than to be a king," and occupation cannot take away this birthright. The poor man who toils to educate his children, and the poor widow who does mean offices that she may get money to clothe her fatherless little ones, and make them tidy enough to go to the Sunday-school, are patriots—both he and she. May every Englishman, whether a leader of armies, or a private soldier—whether a senator or a tradesman—whether an owner of the soil, or a breaker of the glebe—whether rich or poor, embrace the doctrine of moral reformation, and he will become a patriot. No splendid train of events is necessary to give him this title: no extensive butcheries of his kind are requisite to form this character. He may gain it in the honest discharge of a great social duty, by joining the phalanx of those whose serried ranks are arrayed against the cause of human crime and misery, and by bearing his testimony, by the light God has shed abroad in his heart, to that principle which he thinks to be right and expedient for his country.

We have, we trust, rightly defined true patriotism; and we have shown who are the true patriots of the present day. We must not be misled by the showy deeds and splendid achievements of a confined and circumscribed devotion. We must not measure our love, nor regulate our actions by models that are only admirable when viewed in their connexion with the time at which they occurred, and with the people of an illiterate generation. We must recognise only those to be patriots, whose good actions or influence emanate from the purest motives of philanthropy. It is when judged by this standard that NAPOLEON sinks in the scale of greatness as a patriot; for, whatever advantages may have resulted to Europe from the wars of NAPOLEON—from the breaking up of time-honoured abuses—from the overturning of thrones that had become incrustured and firm in the very miseries of the human race,—we must still view them as the accidental results of his ambition, rather than the design of his conduct. He was like the river that, swollen by the mountain streams, overflows its banks, and bears desolation in its progress, but which fattens the soil it desolates, covering the rocks with verdure, and making the barren fields glad in an unwonted harvest.

But the REV. THEOBALD MATHEW is a true patriot:—

From lowest place whence virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropt honour:—good alone
Is good without a name: vileness is so
The property by which it is should go,
Not by the title!

So said Shakspeare;—and here we are furnished with a correct definition of the time and place when virtuous deeds deserve the name. The men who fought for liberty, and gained it, possessed no new powers: they but exerted energies that had slumbered in the human mind for ages. And it is a set of cant phrases and meaningless forms that cause man to put himself low—not in humility, for he is generally wicked and grasping in his rags, but in an habitual and inherited abasement, before certain accidental circumstances of life, different from, but not morally better than his own. But the modern patriot—the Teetotaler—affects no humility, because true philanthropy is a stranger to affectations of all kinds. We ere now alluded to FATHER MATHEW, and we did so because he is deservedly eminent in the Temperance Reformation. We were about to say, that the deeds of this man flow from a pure philanthropy, and are based upon that patriotism which is not an accidental result, but which is the settled design of his conduct. The aims of FATHER MATHEW are directed towards the extirpation of that standing army of drunkards and moderate drinkers whose habits and whose example are a moral curse to the world. He is anxious to annihilate that fatal in-

dulgence which fosters in the community a set of men who live upon excitement, who have almost nothing at stake in common with the rest of the inhabitants, who feel little interest in the moral movements of the time, but who rejoice in mischief, dissipation, debauchery, and crime. The advocates of Moderation defend a school which is now proved to be totally incompetent to prepare a man for the discharge of quiet duties, and for the performance of those every-day pursuits which ought to carry the world along in the way to perfection. The study of ancient customs has introduced false ideas into the minds of individuals, of what they are themselves, and what they owe the world; and the true patriotism of the present day endeavours to abrogate those absurd notions. Those who approach the advocate of Teetotal principles, may ask themselves, "What does he require of us? What does he say? Will he instruct or console us? or will he cast us down and corrupt us? Shall we be benefitted by his advice? or is his language like the perfidious lyre which the victorious Persians placed in the hands of the Lydians whom they were desirous of enervating?" To all this can Teetotalism give favourable and assuring replies.

The time will come when those journals which entered first into the world of Teetotal literature will be referred to as the oracles from which is to be obtained an acquaintance with those patriots who first embraced and propagated the great doctrine of Teetotalism; and the names which those journals record will be associated with the most honourable sentiments and reminiscences. With what feelings of delight will descendants of those whose patriotic views and deeds are there recorded, turn to the pages which describe the campaigns of their sires and grandsires against the army of the intemperate! It is a glorious spectacle to behold the working man laying aside the implements of his calling, and proceeding to the Temperance Halls to teach lessons of morality and virtue which senators and statesmen might be proud to inculcate; and it will be a fine subject for the reflection of posterity—this sudden and mighty reformation!

THE MISERIES OF FAT.

As I am the most unhappy man in the world, I conclude that I must be the most bilious, though no one would think so to look at me. Bile bestows upon its possessor a sentimentally yellow skin and thin hollow cheeks to match: mine is of a rosy red, and my cheeks—Boreas might borrow them when his own are fatigued by his trumpet-blowing; but my mind is bilious enough; my soul swims in a sea of sentiment. I am imaginative, plaintive, melancholy, moonish, and much given to love and poetry. To suit such a character a man should be tall and slender, have a long, or at least, an oval face, black hair, a long nose, and sadly pensive eyes. Alas! I have a face like a Dutch painter's angel; a nose, that, having no length, honestly makes up the deficiency in breadth, and literally stretches from ear to ear; straight sandy hair; and a pair of peering light grey eyes that would be a virtue in the head of a Chinese. Now, imagine this person joined to a mind like mine! Think of such a mind imprisoned in this enormous mass of fat, which I am compelled to drag about with me, a solid burthen! My person is worthy of my name, but not of my qualifications!

And that name! Oh! reader—if you happen to be particular in patronymics, you will certainly pity me—for it is not the least of my griefs! From my forefathers I derived the graceful name of Bullock, to which my godfathers and godmothers (heaven forgive them for it, for I never shall) had the cruelty to prefix the appellation of Nathaniel!

But let me recount my "bills," in order to get rid of it. I am a country-gentleman, born in Kent, and my education complete. As soon as I came, into my property, I began to look around me in search of a wife. My native village of Nutsby is not important enough to be marked upon the map; but it is a very consequential place for all that. And decidedly the ornament of that village was Mary Bacon, the daughter of the principal farmer. Her father was a tough, thick-headed, sententious old fellow, who knew everything better than anybody else, even to the spelling of your own name. His character was so well known and appreciated by young and old, in the village, that he was universally distinguished by the name of "Friar Bacon." The mother passed for a wit in her way; and when my attentions to the daughter began to be noticed, she observed that there was not much of a change from Bacon to Bullock. I leave any body, who takes into consideration my nervousness upon the subject of my name, to imagine what I must have suffered from these witticisms of this Rib of Bacon; but Mary looked encouragement, and I bore it all, even to be called (by anticipation) "son Bullock" by her precious mother.

Mary accepted my offer; and the marriage was to take place some months later, in the autumn, that, as Friar Bacon said, "we might have time to become acquainted during the summer," the delicious season of long walks and love-tales!

All went on smoothly, and, except in some instances, I had no reason to doubt the truth of Mary's assertion of reciprocal affection. Sometimes, indeed, a little serious thought would steal in to startle away my confidence; for I once or twice caught Mary's eyes fixed in earnest contemplation of my person, from whence they would wander to my face. There was a look of cunning in those otherwise mild eyes, while they were occupied in making this examination: then that cunning look grew into a smile, which travelled down to her mouth, curling it with an expression of derision which was but too apparent to me. I asked her as gently as I could whether it was my person that filled her imagination, and inspired her with contempt for me. "Oh! Mr. Bullock," said she, "how can you say anything so unkind?"—and she almost wept at the injustice of my suspicions.

Things were in this condition when a London projector—a speculator, a builder—came down to make "improvements" at Nutsby. He had calculated beforehand upon the support of the squire, the folly of the farmers, and the tender hearts of their daughters. He was a small, slender, sprightly, puppy-like looking fellow, possessing great volubility of language, dressed extravagantly fashionable, and in person and manners a downright caricature of London second-rates. He had projected such "improvements" at Nutsby as would have obliterated the village under the massive magnificence of his "new square," and its half dozen of branching streets. With the bundle of splendour for Nutsby, to which he had been kind enough to add a plan for pulling down my house to the ground, and building it up as a Grecian temple, he had the impudence to call upon me, demand my patronage, and, finding me dumb with astonishment, requested to have my commands. Yes—I did give him my commands:—I commanded him to clear my house of his person and his schemes.

I don't know how it happened; but this fellow—this Mr. Percival Pipkin—grew intimate in the family of Friar Bacon. It was spring; and he was of all our tea and walking parties. Mary had been taught to sing by the parish-clerk; and Mr. Pipkin grinned and screamed something, which he told us was singing Italian, but which made all the farmers' dogs howl, and frightened the parrot into silence. Mary always took Mr. Pipkin's arm, and walked on, when we went into the country, leaving me behind to laugh at her mamma's wit, or edify by her papa's wisdom, as the case might be. Pipkin, who hated me for yawning while he was singing an Italian *scena*, seemed to seek occasions to torment me; but in such a cautious manner that I did not know what I had to resent. Mary however *did* laugh sometimes: Percival Pipkin only smiled—he was afraid to do more; but I could have cut his scraggy throat for that!

The summer months wore away; and the time fixed for our marriage was fast approaching. Thinking that Mary would shortly be my wife, and that then I should be at liberty to send Pipkin to pour forth his Italian *roulades* elsewhere, I took care to betray no jealousy of his intimacy in the house, as I knew I should offend my intended bride. But I could not but remark that they were a great deal together: there was an intimacy between them which I did not share,—secrets which were always hidden from me. I grew fretful, nervous, peevish, unhappy. I did not know how to act, but I grew daily more melancholy. One evening, while walking out in the twilight, I arrived at the extremity of the village, and seated myself upon the edge of a dry well, which, being disused, had been more than half filled up to prevent accidents, and now served as a gossip rendezvous for the young and old of the parish. Looking for want of something better to do, into the well, I thought I saw something sparkle amongst the rubbish, which I immediately decided must be a ring that Mary had dropped near this spot some days before. I immediately sought and found a long pole, to assist me to recover my beloved's lost property, and set to work to hook it up; but, in straining too much, and depending on my pole, on which I leaned with all my weight, which it could not bear, I broke it in two; and instead of sending down the hook to fetch up the ring, went in myself, head foremost, to the bottom of the well. Had it been in its original state, I must have been killed; but, as it was, I arrived at the bottom with no other harm than some cruel bruises; though, when I recovered my senses, I believed, from the impossibility I found to get upon my legs, that every bone in my body was broken. "Heavens!" said I; "how will it be possible for any surgeon to set these bones through this mass of flesh? The thing is impossible! I shall be disfigured for life! Mary will refuse me, and Pipkin will rejoice. Oh! rather than live upon such terms, I will let myself die where I am!"

With this resolution, I placed myself as comfortably as I could, in order to die at my leisure; for, believing my limbs to be all dislocated, and feeling tired of life, I did not attempt to call for assistance. I was reposing in this state of morbid melancholy, waiting the arrival of my last moments, when two persons approached the well, and sat down upon the edge of it. Their backs were turned to me; but I could perceive that they were

a man and a woman. Presently the man spoke! It was the voice of Pipkin!

"Well, well, Mary," said he, "I did not intend to vex you; but I was really afraid that you more than half liked that fellow Bullock. I wish he was at the bottom of this well, with all my heart."

Such was the observation of Mr. Percival Pipkin. But Mary's answer—what would that be? He went on talking, and gave me time to raise myself up, which I did not now find impossible, for I was no longer a dying man! Oh! no—I was living from head to foot—all strength! I made incredible efforts to get upon my feet, and climb a little up the side. The well was very wide, and I succeeded; and there I stood, my feet wedged in the broken bricks, my hands grasping them higher up, my soul in my ears, straining, stretching, striving, to catch the answer, of which I shuddered to think Mary's soft voice and timid manners might deprive me. Alas! I needed not to have taken so much trouble. I heard well enough; for, in a voice which, in my presence at least, had never passed her lips before, she said aloud, "Why, Percy, what a sop you must be, to think I could like such a monstrous mass of blubber as that. Pa and ma insist upon my marrying him—and so I must; but I hate him worse than poison!"

What, Mary! my Mary! with looks as soft as satin and her voice of velvet—could that be really she who spoke with that vulgar laugh, those coarse tones, and still coarser expressions? and of whom had she spoken? Of the man she had pretended to love! A man of blubber! Me—whom she had declared she thought handsome! Me—whose fat, she said, became me, because none but good-tempered men were fat! Oh! it was monstrous!

But the conversation was going on; and, although I had heard enough, I eagerly listened for more.

"Mary," said the Pipkin, "don't be angry; and, above all things, don't be unhappy; for I shall stick to you like pitch—as close as the blacking to my boot. You must manage to wheedle your hogshead out of a sum of money, somehow or another, and then we'll cut off to London, where we'll get married at once."

Here was a plot! My money was to pass into Pipkin's pocket, and I was to pass for an ass! O vengeance—I to be treated thus! The ungrateful girl! I—that had just hazarded my neck for her sake! I—truth itself,—and on that account wedged in the bottom of the well! It was not to be borne! I had no time to lose. I continued to mount the side of the well as I had begun, clinging cautiously to the bricks, not to make them fall, and thus give an alarm to the culprit. My body had become light from the furious energy of my soul; and, without a sound to betray my vicinity, I arrived at the top of the well, my head even with the edge of it; but here another difficulty occurred—I could not get over sufficiently quick not to be seen by the scoundrel, who would infallibly take to flight, and thus entirely escape me; and I dared not loose my hands to seize him for fear of falling back into the well. In the midst of this hesitation, I perceived they were about to separate, for Mary threw her arms about his neck and said "Good bye!" in a string of kisses that completed my frenzy. He was rising—he was going;—what was to be done? His coat-tails were within my immediate reach: I stretched one hand, clutched hold of the skirt of his garment—he fell back—I determined not to loose my hold—I could not however support my enormous weight with one hand—and so down we fell together, to the bottom of the well!

Oh! when I got Mr. Percival Pipkin down there, I pommelled him to my heart's content; I did not allow him the breathing space of a moment. He hit hard now and then too, but my ponderous fists soon settled his courage; and when the villagers, alarmed by Mary's screams and our horrible noise, came to draw us up, Mr. Percival Pipkin was as much a piece of "blubber" as myself. Oh! how I rejoiced—till I got home, and then the pains of my bruises began, and my fat flesh suffered a martyrdom: the agony was cruel,—but I had still consolation—I was avenged. I had frightened Mary out of her wits, and broken her Pipkin to pieces. This, however, was my only gleam of satisfaction. Mary—the gentle, timid Mary—went to Messieurs Screw, Chisel, and File, the lawyers, and had an action commenced against me for breach of promise of marriage. I resisted—I told the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—was disbelieved, and saw all the village rise in arms against me. I was pointed at, and pelted at: Friar Bacon shook his head and fist simultaneously; and Dame Bacon said I was a "gay deceiver." Mr. Pipkin talked of the deception of the world, and of fat men in particular. I was sinking into despair, when suddenly I found a friend and ally, where I least expected, in the person of the village butcher, whose daughter I had overlooked for Miss Mary Bacon. This worthy man declared that he had taken too much of my money not to think me an honest man, and that he would stand by me to the last. He then issued a proclamation that he was too much my friend to give credit, in any way, to my enemies, and that not one of those who were leagued against me should have so much as a pound of chops without the ready. This threat was most efficacious: it divided the chivalry of Nutsby, half of which ranged themselves beneath my banners. I felt very grateful to the butcher, and his wife soothed me into marriage with her daughter. Yes—I threw my sorrows at the feet of Miss Perkins; and

this event fortified the case which Messieurs Screw and Co. had already concocted against me. I had to pay five hundred pounds damages to Mary Bacon, received all possible rhetorical ridicule from her counsel, and a severe admonition from the judge; and, when this case was ended, I had to appear again in court at the suit of Mr. Percival Pipkin, who sought damages for a "most brutal, inhuman, and murderous assault" upon his person. His counsel did his utmost for him. I was badgered and laughed at by every body, had three months' imprisonment, and a thousand pounds damages to pay into the bargain.

Nor was this the end of my troubles. With the money thus infamously acquired, Pipkin and Mary were married; and they set up housekeeping in a pretty little mansion, called "the Place," just under my nose, and laughed aloud every time that I happened to pass it. To this sum, Friar Bacon added another, which enabled Pipkin to turn 'quire and declare himself as great a man as myself, "barring fat." This allowed him to commence his murderous "improvements," which, more than all the rest, preyed upon my heart. To increase my anguish, my wife turned out to be a regular termagant, and was hated in the village; but, being "quire Bullock's lady of the Hall," she had a large party in her favour, when she declared open and interminable war against "Mrs. Pipkin of 'the Place.'" Nothing could be more unenviable than this civil war of the village; and weary of disputes, and dreading their consequences, I determined to escape them all by the only decisive means in my power—viz., suicide. The only difficulty in this resource, was the means—the mode. Hanging myself at the bed-post was quite out of the question;—what bed-post would have remained uncracked beneath the weight of my body? and, as for a rope, I must have had one spun for me on purpose. Drowning? Oh! no—it swells a man so horribly—and I am fat enough already. Poison! No—one is so black and blue after it, the nose spreads, and mine is wide enough already! A pistol! My skull is very thick—suppose I should miss and only disfigure myself! Upon second thoughts, I remembered that such an event as my suicide would please the Perkins's; and so I have resolved to live long to vex them.

But I never go to bed of a night without reflecting upon the miseries of human life in general, and my own in particular: I have been affronted, calumniated, and obliged to put my life in jeopardy; I have been forced to pay five hundred pounds for a breach of promise of marriage with one who loved another, and a thousand more for thrashing a scoundrel with great pain and difficulty at the bottom of a well. I have been obliged to marry a termagant wife, and have seen all my native place in arms against me,—and all this because I weigh four hundred weight, and have a sentimental turn of character! Fat men, let me have your sympathy; lean men, accord me your commiseration!

TATTERSALL'S

AT five P.M., on the first Monday that may suit the convenience of our reader, let him seek the western extremity of Piccadilly, and turning thence into Grosvenor Place, enter the first stable-lane which there occurs. This might be under more obligation to the scavenger, it is true; but it is nothing when you are accustomed to it,—or, as Scott sings in more rounded period, "use lessens marvel." Towards the termination of the lane, as aforesaid, will be described a pair of large gates, having a door cut in one of their folding pannels. Within is an extensive court-yard, having the centre occupied by an ornamental tank, surmounted by the sculptured effigy of a fox—no inappropriate guardian of the place! On the right hand of the entrance are the offices and a large range of stabling, of which, however, far the greater portion lies behind the principal court; and on the immediate left, is the temple itself. This is called the subscription room, and is about twenty feet by sixteen: it contains two tables, several chairs, pens, ink, sundry slips of paper, and that is all. Although we live in days when ultra-liberalism is the order of the age, none can find fault with the conditions of admission into this society, which simply consist of an annual payment of one guinea—and "no questions asked." And this is Tattersall's—once the scene of petty dabbings in horse-flesh and now the exchange, where, as dealers and chapmen, the aristocratic members of the West emulate in industry and artifice the turbaned Turks of the East.

It is early, perhaps, when the visitor arrives—and the scene is sombre to the death. Here is nothing that may prompt excitement in the shape of wine, feasting, or beauty—and so much the better: yet presently will the visitor behold thousands jeopardied as so much dross, and fortunes hazarded as if they were a reproach and an encumbrance. Can the thirst of gain—mere base, sheer, common profit—sordid concupiscence of pounds and pence—associate at a leprous and unholy shrine the proudest and the noblest born of our land with the scum and offal of its foulest, rascality—the very Cains of its social system?

The room is now crowded to suffocation. An individual, somewhat inclined to stoutness, is seated at the centre table, while lords and commons stand anxiously grouped around him. In costume he is a sloven; in

appearance, he is sickly and unhealthy. And this is Crockford—the arch-priest of the fane, to whom men bring precious oblations, that he may make offerings to the golden calf.

The rise and progress of this extraordinary man's fortunes may be traced to one lucky hit, followed up by persevering industry and intuitive tact. Of his singular powers of calculation, his science in the algebra of betting and contrasting odds, we believe nothing. Constant practice and study, no doubt, have made him adroit at comprehending their combinations. Now, just as any buckster pronounces off-hand the value of an ounce of muscovado at so much per pound—this is the mystery of his arithmetic. While in a small way of business—as a second-hand fishmonger at Temple-bar, and dabbler in shilling English hazard at a low house in King's Place—it is generally understood that by some accident he was induced or persuaded to take very long odds against an outsider for one of the Great Stakes. The horse won; and this not only served to help his treasury, but to bring him before betting men as a fellow of some gumption. Shortly after this, he became the part proprietor of a gambling-house, No. 5, King-street, St. James's. In consequence of heavy losses at this house, the unhappy Captain Davies committed those extensive forgeries for which he was apprehended and lodged in the Giltspur-street Compter. It was mainly owing to the exertions of Crockford, that this wretched man was enabled to escape from his place of confinement, and, after a series of hair-breadth hazards, finally to evade an ignominious death. Whether policy or humanity dictated this step, it had the effect of bringing Crockford more prominently forward; and to be known is the one thing needful in the profession he had adopted. He was now on the high road to prosperity. Fortune, who, on the outset, began by throwing good luck into the scales, has stood to him unflinchingly ever since he became a gambler; and though we doubt his being the Cæsar that public report would make him, we are perfectly conscious that he has made a great deal.

At Tattersall's also was once seen John Gully, who, from being taken out of a prison to fight Gregson at Six Mile Bottom, became a Member of Parliament. Mr. Gully bears the best reputation in the neighbourhood in which he is known; and all who have dealings of honour with him speak to his observance of them. "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow." The lucky adventure that enabled him to fight Gregson, was the grain of mustard seed whence sprung his noble fortune. But, like Crockford, the Midas hand of luck seemed ever to point the path of profit—or how it for him. Soon after his battle, he became an agent for some individuals who were expelled the betting-rooms of the Turf. These individuals were the aiders and abettors of the unfortunate Dawson who was executed for poisoning several of Lord Foley's horses, by putting poison into the watering troughs on Newmarket Heath. The agency which Gully thus obtained placed within his reach many sources of information upon the principles of the Turf; and he became evidently a profitable investment as a commission. His progress towards fortune was now a flight. A sporting lodge and a racing establishment at Newmarket—thousands given, and tens of thousands offered, for horses, all followed like the incidents of a fairy tale. Thus, in some dozen or fifteen years, he who with his hand had floored the champion of one ring, in another by his hand won all before him, and, albeit no logician, upset the most rooted dogma of the schools; for what becomes of the maxim "nothing begets nothing" in presence of one who, from less than nothing, constructed something to the tune of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling.

Bad as the proceedings sometimes are upon the Turf—and always immoral as is their tendency—we will admit that the Turf affords not such instances of a revolting nature as unhappily distinguished the Hells and Club-Houses of the West End of London. While the gaming-table has its dishonoured and polluted among the living nobles of the land; while memory chronicles the foul dealings of a dark conspiracy and an outraged hospitality, whose blasting exposure not even England's prime minister could silence or avert; while, but as yesterday, it has driven forth to a base and infamous exile one of the scions of the peerage; the Turf had witnessed, a few brief months before, one who, having jeopardised his good name, terminated, with the possibility of reproach, the capability of knowing its existence. Need we say that we here allude to Berkeley Craven?

Passing strange as truth has been declared by one who knew, better than most men, the scenes of party-coloured life, on no spot of civilised earth does it stand forth, out-heroding the wildest fictions, as at Tattersall's. Mankind has been exhibited as evincing stoical endurance under all the ills that flesh is heir to save one,—“Keep your hands out of its breeches' pockets.” But observe it at Tattersall's with its pouch unbuttoned, the precious freight ready to leap into the palm of the first hungry villain that will clutch it. Of the flood of chicanery, swindling, and scoundrelism, whereby, during the last ten years, the Turf has been so often devastated, the springs may be shown as readily as would be a cloudless noonday sun. A difference may exist as to the tributary streams, but of the fountain

heads there is but one opinion. Let a stranger visit the emporium of sporting traffic upon any public day during the year, upon application to the first groom-boy he may accost, shall be pointed out to him the movers of every racing robbery for the last dozen years, meditated or perpetrated, without the least reluctance or emotion, except indeed at the ignorance which the enquiry would betray.

There is an unaccountable fatuity by which men of supposed common sense expose themselves to the certainty of being victimized by knaves, as well known to the sporting circles as ever was Jonathan Wild to the runners of Bow-street. That cheating at horse-racing has been practised by persons in a far different condition of life to the professional Leg, is too notorious to be insisted on here. But the anomaly is that the Leg can cheat, or try to cheat, as often as he pleases, and return to the charge again as if nothing had ever happened. He shall openly plunder nineteen men; and, while rifling them, the twentieth shall offer himself for a victim. If it be requisite, in the ordinary business of life, guarded as it is by legislative enactments, and entered upon and pursued with the mind collected and circumspect, that those, with whom we deal, should possess characters for probity and uprightness, how infinitely more essential is it that they, among whom the thoughtless are thrown, and in whose honour so much confidence is placed, should be of unequivocal faith and unsullied reputation. Yet the precise opposite of this is the every-day practice in sporting life. Of the great landowners, for instance, who assemble at Tattersall's, is there one who would accept a tenant (however he might show himself able to stock his land, and enter upon his farm like a man of substance) without a reference as to character and general repute? and of these, is there one who, if it suited his look, would hesitate to traffic with the blackest Leg that ever waddled into the subscription-room? How inexplicable is it that, while the very air of the stable has the reputation of making men more cunning and acute than their fellows, the Turf holds out advantages to the cheat, to be found in no other human occupation. Many men of straw turn at Tattersall's their tens of thousands without as much coined money in possession as would pay toll for walking over Waterloo Bridge. There the Legs never lack gold in their pockets, so long as they have brass in their faces.

More than half a century ago, some chance of fashion gave Hyde Park Corner the stamp current of a sporting place of meeting. While the whole economy of business and pleasure has since been revolutionized—while the conveniences and pleasures of life have advanced with every year, there they appear to have come to a “dead lock,” as Byron calls it. And what has been the consequence? That which always results in the social scheme—that where there is no progress, there is a retrogression. Fifty years ago the men now seen at Tattersall's would not have been tolerated among gentlemen, though the habits of society were infinitely more loose than they are now. But of all the various institutions founded in reference to particular tendencies none is more deserving the name of a Metropolitan Saturnalia than Tattersall's!

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BELL.

HEarken to our neighbour with the iron tongue! While I sit musing over my sheet of foolscap, he emphatically tells the hour, in tones loud enough for all the town to hear, though doubtless intended only as a gentle hint to myself, that I may begin his biography before the evening shall be farther wasted. Unquestionably, a personage in such an elevated position, and making so great a noise in the world, has a fair claim to the services of a biographer. He is the representative and most illustrious member of that innumerable class, whose characteristic feature is the tongue, and whose sole business, to clamour for the public mind. And, for his history, let not the reader apprehend an empty repetition of ding-dong-bell. He has been the passive hero of wonderful vicissitudes, with which I have chance to become acquainted possibly from his own mouth; while the careless multitude supposed him to be talking merely of the time of day, or calling them to dinner or to church, or bidding drowsy people go bedward, or the dead to their graves. Many a revolution has it been his fate to go through, and invariably with a prodigious uproar. And whether or no he has told me his reminiscences, this at least is true, that the more I study his deep-toned language, the more sense, and sentiment, and soul, do I discover in it.

This bell—for we may well drop our quaint personification—is of antique French manufacture, and the symbol of the cross betokens that it was meant to be suspended in the belfry of a Romish place of worship. The old people hereabout have a tradition, that a considerable part of the metal was supplied by a brass cannon captured in one of the victories of Francis I. over the Spaniards, and that a Bourbon princess threw her golden crucifix into the molten mass. It is said, likewise, that a bishop baptized and blessed the bell, and prayed that a heavenly influence might mingle with its tones. When all due ceremonies had been performed, the French King bestowed the gift—than which none could resound his beneficence more loudly—on Henry VIII. of England. So the bell—our self-same bell, whose familiar voice we may hear at all hours, in

the streets—this very bell sent forth its first-born accents from the tower of a village in a part of England which it would serve no purpose now to particularize. Suffice it to say that the village was situate near a deep swamp, or morass, which was surrounded by a dark and gloomy forest. Every echo of this forest was awakened when the bell vibrated in the village-steeple; and there it might have hung till now, performing the same duty and producing the same effects, had not the hand of the warrior been fated to turn the tide of its destinies. Loudly however rang that bell when the Spanish Armada was dispersed by England's small but gallant fleet, or when the streets of the distant capital echoed with rejoicings for the coronation of a new sovereign. And the solemn forest was saddened with a melancholy knell as often as the turf was disturbed in the churchyard to make way for the coffin of some village patriarch!

When the civil wars broke out in the time of Charles I., the village was garrisoned by a portion of the royalists. The followers of Cromwell sacked the place; and the assemblage of peaceful houses was swept from the face of the earth by the devastating flames which marked the passage of the conquerors. Master Lawson, one of the Puritan ministers, was anxious to have the bell for his church in the adjacent town. So Master Lawson and half a score of his townsmen took down the bell, suspended it on a pole, and bore it away on their sturdy shoulders. As they traversed the midnight forest, staggering under their heavy burden, the tongue of the bell gave many a tremendous stroke—clang, clang, clang!—a most doleful sound, as if it were tolling for the ruin of the village. Little dreamed Master Lawson and his townsmen that it was their own funeral knell. Another party of royalists had heard the report of musketry, and seen the blaze of the village, and now were on the track of the puritans, summoned to vengeance by the bell's dismal murmurs. In the midst of a deep swamp, they made a sudden onset on the retreating foe. Good Master Lawson battled stoutly, but had his skull cloven by a battle-axe, and sank into the depths of the morass, with the ponderous bell above him. And, for many a year thereafter, our hero's voice was heard no more on earth, neither at the hour of worship, nor at festivals nor funerals.

And is he still buried in that unknown grave? Scarcely so, dear reader. Hark! How plainly we hear him at this moment, the spokesman of Time, preclaiming that it is nine o'clock at night! We may therefore safely conclude, that some happy chance has restored him to upper air.

But there lay the bell, for many silent years; and the wonder is, that he did not lie silent there a century, or perhaps a dozen centuries, till the world should have forgotten not only his voice, but the voices of the whole brotherhood of bells. How would the first accent of his iron tongue have startled his resurrectionists! But he was not fated to be a subject of discussion among the antiquaries of far posterity. In the reign of William III., some men were employed to drain that identical swamp in which the bell was buried. Plunging down a stake, one of these drainers felt it graze against some hard, smooth substance. He called his comrades, and, by their united efforts, the top of the bell was raised to the surface, a rope made fast to it, and thence passed over the horizontal branch of a tree. Heave-oh! up they hoisted their prize, dripping with moisture, and festooned with verdant water-moss. As the base of the bell emerged from the swamp, the drainers perceived that a skeleton was clinging with its bony fingers to the clapper, but immediately relaxing its nerveless grasp, sank back into the stagnant water. The bell then gave forth a sullen clang. No wonder that he was in haste to speak, after holding his tongue for such a length of time! The drainers shoved the bell to-and-fro, thus ringing a loud and heavy peal, which echoed widely around, and reached the ears of a party of soldiers returning from Scotland, where they had been engaged in aiding Campbell of Glenlyon in the massacre of Glencoe. The soldiers paused on their march; a feeling of religion, mingled with home-tenderness, overpowered their rude hearts; each seemed to hear the clangour of the old church-bell, which had been familiar to him from infancy, and had tolled at the funerals of all his forefathers. By what magic had that holy sound strayed thither, and become audible amid the clash of arms, the loud crashing of the artillery over the rough path, and the melancholy roar of the wind among the boughs!

The drainers conveyed our friend to the nearest town, and put him up at auction. He was suspended, for the nonce, by a block and tackle, and being swung backward and forward, gave such loud and clear testimony to his own merits, that the auctioneer had no need to say a word. The highest bidder was a rich old gentleman, who piously bestowed the bell on the church where he had been a worshipper for half a century. The good man had his reward. By a strange coincidence, the very first duty of the sexton, after the bell had been hoisted into the belfry, was to toll the funeral knell of the donor. Soon, however, those doleful echoes were drowned by a triumphant peal for the victory of the Boyne.

Ever since that period, our hero has occupied the same elevated station, and has put in his word on all matters of public importance, civil, military, or religious. On the Sabbaths of olden time, the summons of

the bell was obeyed by a picturesque and varied throng; stately gentlemen in purple velvet coats, embroidered waistcoats, white wigs, and gold-laced hats, stepping with grave courtesy beside ladies in flowered satin gowns, and hoop-petticoats of majestic circumference; while behind followed a liveried slave or bondsman, bearing the psalm-book and a stool for his mistress's feet. The commonalty, clad in homely garb, gave precedence to their betters at the door of the church, as if admitting that there were distinctions between them, even in the sight of God. Yet, as their coffins were borne one after another through the street, the bell has tolled a requiem for all alike. What mattered it, whether or no there was a silver scutcheon on the coffin-lid? "Open thy bosom, Mother Earth!" Thus spake the bell. "Another of thy children is coming to his long rest. Take him to thy bosom, and let him slumber in peace." Thus spake the bell, and Mother Earth received her child. With the self-same tones will the present generation be ushered to the embraces of their mother; and Mother Earth will still receive her children. Is not thy tongue a weary, mournful talker of three centuries? Oh, funeral bell! wilt thou never be shattered with thine own melancholy strokes? Yea; and a trumpet-call shall arouse the sleepers, whom thy heavy clang could awake no more!

Again—again, thy voice, reminding me that I am wasting the "midnight oil." In my lonely fantasy, I can scarce believe that other mortals have caught the sound, or that it vibrates elsewhere than in my secret soul. But to many hast thou spoken. Anxious men have heard thee on their sleepless pillows, and bethought themselves anew of to-morrow's care. In a brief interval of wakefulness, the sons of toil have heard thee, and say, "Is so much of our quiet slumber spent?—is the morning so near at hand?" Crime has heard thee, and mutters "Now is the very hour!" Despair answers thee, "Thus much of this weary life is gone!" The young mother, on her bed of pain and ecstasy, has counted thy echoing strokes, and dates from them her first-born's share of life and immortality. Thine accents have fallen faintly on the ear of the dying man, and warned him that, ere thou speakest again, his spirit shall have passed whither no voice of time can ever reach. Alas for the departing traveller, if thy voice—the voice of fleeting time—have taught him no lessons for Eternity!

NOTES ON HUMAN CHARACTER.

THERE are some persons who go through the world, and look with a jaundiced eye at everything around them. Regarding themselves as ill-used men, while in fact they have only ill-used themselves by their extraordinary self-esteem, they consider all men as united in conspiracy against them, and have scarcely a good word for any one but themselves. We believe that it was this extraordinary self-esteem that plunged Barry and Hlaydon into penury and want; and we know no other probable termination to the life of a literary man thus constituted.

Machiavel has a most detestable maxim,—"Slay your enemy, or caress him." Such artifice is, however, nothing more than the presumed strength of incapable men; for it is the surest way to be ourselves deceived, to fancy ourselves more cunning than all the rest of the world.

Men often affect to disdain when their own feeling is fear. Metellus ridiculed Sertorius, and called him "fugitive" and "outlaw;"—yet he offered for the head of this fugitive and outlaw no less than one hundred talents of silver, and twenty thousand acres of land.

Elizabeth threw the blame of the execution of the Duke of Norfolk on Lord Burleigh, and that of Mary, Queen of Scotland, on her Secretary Dawson. Nothing indeed is so convenient to a tyrant, whether male or female, as to have a scapegoat.

Some men are more courageous against tongues than they are against swords; others more so against swords than tongues. When Edward VI. was constrained, by the repeated importunities of his ministers, to consent to the martyrdom of Joan of Kent for entertaining some point of doctrine not esteemed orthodox, the king said to Cranmer, "I submit, my lord of Canterbury, to sign this warrant; but if there be any wrong, the blame must fall upon your Grace's head;"—and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke. This was beautifully said, since Edward was a mere boy; but it would not have been beautifully said, if Edward had been a man. He would then have laid commands upon the Archbishop never to enter the council-chambers again.

When virtue flourishes and sails prosperously before the wind, most men are envious of it. The ship encounters a gale, which increases into a storm. It is blown from north to south, from east to west, at the caprice of the hurricane. It loses its pilot, and lastly its rudder: no one flies to its assistance. It is seen to sink deeper and deeper every minute. At last the waters rise over the deck, a whirlpool is beheld in the ocean, and a mast only remains, like a spire, to tell the tale of misfortune. All, then, bewail the severity of the storm, and blame their associates for not affording a hand to save the devoted vessel.

Walpole and Johnson are very severe upon Lord Chesterfield. The latter pronounced him a lord amongst wits, and insisted that his letters taught the morals of a strumpet, and the manners of a dancing-

master. Walpole declares of his administration in Ireland, that it was so popular, that nothing was so much cried up as his integrity. Whereas, "he would have laughed at any one," says Walpole, "who really had any confidence in his morality." Thomson, however, adorns him with every virtue, and celebrates him as having been

"The gemman, ornament, and joy
Of polished life."

And yet, what was the extent of his policy and comprehension?—To guard himself, and to keep himself perpetually on the watch to profit by the passions and errors of others. He courted the mistress of his master, was ambitious of distinction, and yet acquired no advance in the peerage, nor any great accession to his private fortune. Chesterfield was specious, plausible, and penetrating: with conversation not only brilliant, but frequently solid. His action, we are told, was dignified, and his eloquence mellifluous—yet occasionally deficient in argument, at times indicating a plausible and empty elegance, like double-distilled lavender water—but he had not that pre-eminence of art that could prompt him to enlist manners and conduct on the true side of virtue.

Men may expect justice and liberality in the construction of an enemy, and they will find them—that is, in five persons out of fifty thousand. An evil occurs. It is caused by some one; or perhaps twenty persons have occasioned it. All these twenty will resemble each other in this,—that they will endeavour with the greatest industry to throw the blame off their own shoulders; and to get it off, they will hurl it upon any one, even on a man in no way concerned. "Come, unfortunate women," said Marie Antoinette, when at the convent of the Feuillants,—"come and see one still more miserable than yourselves, since she has been the cause of all your misfortunes. We are ruined; we have arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for these three years through all possible outrages. We shall fall in this dreadful revolution; and many others will perish after us. All have contributed to our downfall. The reformers have urged it like mad people; and others, through ambition, for their own interest; for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and distinction; and the mob is eager for plunder. There is not one lover of his country amongst this infamous horde;—the emigrant party have their intrigues and schemes;—foreigners seek to profit by the dissensions of France;—every one has had a share in our misfortunes!" This is all true—but not all that is true. Her majesty forgot the hand the king, and even herself had in the fatal work, by being unfaithful to the constitution his majesty had sworn to respect. Had he regarded his oath, all perhaps had been well.

When men fail in their attempts, every one is to blame rather than themselves. Fortune or friends are their general scapegoats; and on these are their ignorances, vices, and crimes universally laid.

Some men begin the world in distrust, and finish in confidence; others begin in confidence, and finish in distrust. These opposite results arise from the persons with whom the two parties have been fated to contend, to mingle with, and to live with. Necker admired the genius and eloquence of Mirabeau; but he refused to have anything to do with a man whose private character had made him conspicuously notorious. And yet in Mirabeau the king might have enjoyed a servant—the violent aristocrats have found a balance—the democrats a muffle—the limited monarchists a shield, a sword, and a truncheon; Marat would have died, perhaps, in exile; and Robespierre, Roland, Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and hundreds of others calmly in their beds! One day Marie Antoinette told Madame Campan that Droumouir had declared he had drawn the *bonnet rouge* over his head; but that he neither was nor could be a Jacobin; and that, while speaking, he seized her hand, exclaiming, or he saluted it with transport, "Suffer yourself to be saved!" Her majesty trusted him when he could have made no point of deceiving her, and distrusted him at a time when, of all others in his life, perhaps, he was most to be trusted.

REVIEWS.

Fermented Wine. By the REV. J. STARKE, Minister of Carlsdyke, Greenock. 12mo. pp. 12. Greenock: A. M'iver.

THIS work emanates from the pen of another preacher of the Gospel, who has entered upon the warfare against Teetotalism. It is intended as a reply to Mr. Gilmour's very clever work entitled "Sacramental Wines," of which we have lately spoke in high terms in the Review-department of *The Teetotaler*. Mr. Starke commences by observing "that the clergy had never hitherto imagined that there was any impropriety in employing fermented wines in the dispensation of the Lords' Supper." But now that Mr. Starke has that impropriety demonstrated to him, he must submit to be enlightened. Our ancestors for centuries believed that the earth was flat, and that the sun moved round it; but of late years the admission of the truths preached by Galileo has become a necessity. Mr. Starke labours to prove a fact which Mr. Gilmour admits—viz., that fermented wine was in use amongst the ancient Hebrews. We know

that it was; or else drunkenness could not have existed. But Mr. Starke does not prove that unfermented wine was never used. After all, the question is thus easily settled with a word:—There were two kinds of wines then in use, the fermented and the unfermented: which did the Saviour choose for the Lord's Supper? Common sense dictates the reply—that of two kinds, one good and one evil (one unfermenting and the other intoxicating), Christ selected the former. Mr. Starke is a most illiberal writer: he makes the following statement:—"There is no wonder that Mr. G. denounces the use of wine. He has himself been forbidden by medical men to use it—his health requiring this; and it is but natural that he should have a prejudice against it. But he should not forget, that what is prejudicial to his health may not be so to the health of others."

This remark by Mr. Starke is unworthy a man—disgraceful to a Christian—and injurious to his character. What right has he to assume that Mr. Gilmour is a Teetotaler from compulsion? The assertion is illiberal in the extreme, and quite destroys all confidence in the integrity of Mr. Starke's views in putting forth the pamphlet under notice. Mr. Starke is also a very ignorant man: the notes of interrogation, which he has placed in the midst of his allusions to alcohol, in the last page of his book, prove that he is totally unacquainted with the nature of that spirit, and the means by which it is created and procured. In fact, the whole work is written with a bitterness, a malignity, and a spite which ill-become any one, but which are particularly revolting when allowed to peep forth from beneath the surplice. Mr. Gilmour will do well not to answer so scurrilous, illiberal, and un-Christian a production.

The Cure of Spinal Complaints, on the Plan of the late Dr. Harrison. By J. D. PARKS. 12mo. pp. 24. London: W. Brittain.

THE author of this work was himself cured by Dr. Harrison. He details the process in a manner which testifies to the truth of his statement, and adduces other instances of remarkable cures effected by the same physician with unexceptionable success. Dr. Harrison is at issue with all the faculty respecting the origin of the back giving way. The faculty, finding a defection in the muscles, consider the complaint commences here: Dr. Harrison considers that the complaint arises from the ligaments which hold the bones in their proper places, becoming weakened, sometimes constitutionally, and sometimes through an over-stretching by exertion of some kind greater than the body can bear. This is a most extraordinary publication, and should be perused by all who suffer from diseases of the spine:

Teetotal Sketches, Pro and Con. Part II. London: Ackermann and Co.

THESE xincographic sketches are good-natured delineations of Teetotalism and its opposite. There are four drawings in each Part. The first represents a man, in a most appalling state of intoxication, at the door of a gin-shop: the policemen are dragging him away to the station-house, and this is the hero "who wonders why policemen and Teetotalers won't let him be happy his own way." The other designs are of the same species—spirited and good-humoured.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

CANADA.

IN the district of Quebec the cause of Teetotalism has lately progressed with remarkable rapidity. The numbers of those, who have pledged themselves to total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, amount to upwards of eight thousand. The Catholic ministers of Quebec, and those of nine of the adjacent parishes, have succeeded in forming Teetotal Associations, to which all the communicants of those parishes belong. The Protestant Society of Quebec, which has now existed for some time, includes about two thousand staunch members.

FRANCE.

ON Sunday evening, March 14th, a number of French gentlemen assembled together at the Hotel Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix, Paris, to take into consideration the best means of founding in the French capital a Society to advocate the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The MARQUIS DE SAINT CROIX stated that he had corresponded with Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, of London, upon the subject; and that this gentleman had supplied him with information sufficient to enable the design to be immediately entered upon. The gentlemen present then formed themselves into a Committee to carry the proposed plan into execution, and to found, without delay, a journal to aid the progress of the enterprise. It was unanimously resolved that all the best articles, which have appeared in *The Teetotaler* upon the Temperance question, should be translated into French and published in the projected journal. Three thousand four hundred francs

(£136. sterling) were subscribed by the Committee upon the spot to defray immediate expenses.

COUNTRY NEWS.

IRELAND.

SAINT Patrick's Day was celebrated throughout Ireland by Teetotal processions, instead of bacchanalian exhibitions. In Dublin the Teetotal Societies marched through the streets in grand cavalcade, making a formidable display of their numbers, decked with scarfs, and favours, and accompanied by banners. The various officers of the Societies wore magnificent scarfs and silver medallions. Each Society, which joined in the procession, was preceded by a band. The shamrock was not the least becoming ornament in requisition: numerous Roman Catholic Priests were conspicuous in the cavalcade. The morning was wet and dark; but the day brightened up and proved more favourable to this grand national exhibition. From the nature of the articles used in the banners, rosettes, ribbons, and other decorations, it was evident that a preference was given to stuffs and silks of Irish manufacture. Very few spectators were induced to visit the Castle-yard on this occasion to see the guard relieved, the universal object of attraction and the scene of rendezvous being the Phoenix Park, where the Teetotalers assembled by thousands to commence the procession. SIR EDWARD BLAKENY rode, attended by his staff, at the head of the cavalcade, which proceeded to the Castle to compliment the Lord Lieutenant. Many of the shops were closed, and business was at a complete stand-still, every body being anxious to join in, or get a sight of the procession of Teetotalers. In the evening the streets of Dublin presented a widely different aspect from that of former years, cases of intoxication being very few and far-between. Indeed, the good faith of the Irish Teetotalers has now stood the most severe tests that can be applied to it; and long will Ireland rejoice at the regeneration of her sons through the medium of Teetotalism!

GREENOCK.

THERE are five thousand Teetotalers in this place; three male, and one female Rechabite Tent have also been some time established. The principle of Teetotalism seems to have produced the most happy results in Greenock, and is duly appreciated by those who have embraced it.

MARKET-HARBOROUGH.

ON Wednesday, March 24th, MR. HIGGINSBOTTOM, the eminent surgeon of Nottingham, delivered a lecture on the physiological effects of alcohol, and illustrated by experiments, diagrams, &c., in the Town Hall. Mr. Higginbottom described the nature of intoxicating drinks, the injury sustained by various organs of the body, when they are taken as a beverage, and the danger connected with their popular use as a medicine. The South Midland Temperance Society is doing a world of good, and, by confining its efforts to the spread of pure Teetotalism, unmixed with other opinions, is rapidly overcoming all obstacles. Its members are united in the bonds of friendship, and steer clear of all petty jealousies, intestine feuds, and domestic bickerings.

MANCHESTER.

ON Friday evening, March 12th, the Manchester District Temperance Society opened its twenty-ninth Branch in Gun-street. The meeting was most ably addressed by MR. SCOTT; and eighteen of the most intemperate characters in Manchester signed the pledge. The Catholic Association, to the number of three thousand and staunch Teetotalers, marched in procession through the principal streets of Manchester on the 12th ultimo. The Teetotal Sick Club also went in procession; and its members are very few. The Sick Club, which is connected with the public-houses, is however very numerous. This fact speaks volumes in favour of Teetotalism, and proves that the principle is intimately connected with health; whereas even the most moderate use of intoxicating liquor furnishes these Sick Clubs with numerous members. Teetotalism is making rapid strides in Manchester.

THE ARMY.

IN the few regiments to which Teetotalism has been introduced, the beneficial effects of the principle have become too apparent not to strike the attention of those officers who entertain the slightest attachment towards the service. We have received several very able and really clever letters from soldiers in the regiments above alluded to, those letters containing ample testimony to the advantages reaped by their respective corps from the new principle. One able correspondent, who signs himself *A Soldier and a Staunch Teetotaler* makes the following judicious observations:—"All order and discipline are set at defiance by those who indulge in intoxicating liquors. Is it not a disgrace to the English nation to know that its army cannot be entrusted with those side-arms which are at once the badge of the military profession, and the defence of the country on the

day of danger? How is it that the armies of other nations are not thus disgraced? The answer is easy. Because the English army is a prey to the vice of intemperance; and the soldier, who, when sober, is formidable only to his enemies, becomes, when intoxicated, an infuriated monster. Flogging and imprisonment have in vain been practised, to endeavour to suppress the vice; and rewards have been held out to the sober. But all these efforts have as yet been unavailing; and Teetotalism has alone supplied a remedy for the evil. Oh! if we were only allowed to establish Total Abstinence Societies in all the regiments, and to extend the blessings of Teetotalism to the whole army, how satisfactory would be the results!" We cordially agree with these very admirable observations, and sincerely hope that those regiments which are as yet strangers to the practice of the new doctrine, will imitate those brave and philanthropic men who, in some corps, have advocated the principle with success, in spite of all opposition.

TOWN NEWS.

UNITED KINGDOM TOTAL ABSTINENCE LIFE ASSOCIATION.

ON Monday evening, March 15th, a meeting was held at the Cambrian Chapel, Rotherhithe, for the purpose of explaining the objects of this Association. MR. ROBERT WARNER took the chair.

MR. THEODORE COMPTON, the Secretary, detailed the principal features of the Institution in a most able manner. He enumerated the benefits to be secured to its members, and the advantages peculiar to itself—advantages which no other Life Assurance Company in London could exhibit. It is a Widows' and Orphans' fund, established upon the only possible safe and durable basis. Its advantages over other societies consist in the connection of its rules with the principles of Teetotalism. If Teetotalism be sound, it is evident that those who do not drink at all, will, on the average, live longer than the moderate drinkers or the intemperate. The Institution can therefore effect assurances upon more advantageous grounds than other societies, because the surplus, or profits (which belong exclusively to the members) will be so much the greater. Again, in other associations, an individual forfeits his policy, if he do not pay up the annual premium. But in the Total Abstinence Life Association this is not the case. Wherever no risk has been incurred, the whole of the money paid (and, in certain instances compound interest thereupon) will be returned to the member. Weekly payments will be moreover taken by the Society; and thus its benefits are within the reach of all who can spare three-pence or six-pence per week.

THE REV. W. R. BAKER, in a most able and interesting speech, enforced the claims of the Institution upon the notice of Teetotalers, and illustrated, by numerous examples, the benefits secured to its members.

MR. GRIGG, with his accustomed eloquence, contrasted the prospect of a comfortable and honourable independence with the fate of a destitute family, whose only perspective was the workhouse! He expatiated upon the duty incumbent on all real Christians to provide for the future welfare of their wives and children, and to avail themselves of such advantages as those presented by the Institution the objects of which the meeting had assembled to hear explained.

The following Resolution was then passed:—"That this meeting, approving of the principles and objects of the United Kingdom Total Abstinence Life Association, would earnestly recommend it to the attention and support of all Teetotalers."

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

ON Wednesday evening, March 17th, MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS took the chair at the Chapel, Aldersgate-street, which was most densely crowded.

MR. PALMER (of Hackney) stated that he had been addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, for upwards of thirty years, and during that time he was invariably impoverished and wretched. Since he had embraced the Teetotal principle, his condition had experienced an extraordinary change for the better both in respect to pocket and to character.

MR. PECK made a most entertaining and instructive speech, and stated that in several gentlemen's and noblemen's houses at the West-end, the domestics had embraced the Teetotal principle, receiving, by solicitation, money instead of malt liquor.

MR. BENSTAD drew a forcible contrast between the moderate drinker and the Teetotaler, ascribing mental, moral, and pecuniary superiority to the latter. He said, that it was useless to refer to drunkards, because their condition told a tale the truth of which was too evident!

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS showed the national effects of dissipation (of which intemperance is a considerable ingredient), as evidenced by the ruins of the Greek and Roman empires, the decline of Ottoman dominion, and the downfall of many of those thrones which had ruled the universe.

MR. CRUMP closed the meeting with an earnest appeal to those present to sign the pledge, if they had not already done so.

ON Saturday evening, March 20th, the meeting at the Aldersgate-street Chapel was again well attended, in spite of the unfavourable state of the weather. MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS was called to the chair. After a very able prefatory address from MR. CAUMP, the audience was edified and amused by the speech of an Irish Teetotaler.

MR. ELLIS, who gave a most interesting account of the progress of the principle in his native island. When he alluded to the REV. MR. MATHEW, one grand and general burst of applause welcomed the name of that great man. MR. ELLIS detailed several interesting anecdotes relative to the enthusiasm with which FATHER MATHEW is greeted on his entrance into any city, town, or village of Ireland, and the anxiety of the multitudes to receive the pledge at his hands. Every Teetotal Society in Ireland has a reading room and library.

MR. J. H. DONALDSON gave an interesting account of the various attempts made in the metropolis by various philanthropic institutions to reclaim the daughters of crime; and he showed that in all cases, where fearful re-apses have taken place, the abhorrent system of compelling the unfortunate inmates of those institutions to drink malt liquors, when employed in the laundry, has been the cause of the evil. MR. DONALDSON mentioned a case in which a charitable Quakeress visited one of those asylums, and expounded the doctrines of Teetotalism to the inmates, who all expressed themselves desirous of embracing the principle. The lady accordingly applied to the matron upon the subject; but the matron declared that the regulations of the institution compelled her to supply malt liquors to the females under her charge. MR. DONALDSON observed that it was no wonder if those unfortunate girls became abandoned drunkards, and returned to their old habits of life, when they left those asylums. He concluded a most admirable speech by calling upon all present to aid in the grand aim of effecting an Union amongst the Teetotalers of the metropolis.

MR. POWELL expatiated upon the numerous enjoyments with which the Teetotaler was acquainted, and which were absolutely unknown to the moderate drinker or the drunkard. The meeting then separated.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the United Temperance Association has determined upon giving a BAIL on Easter Monday, after the Tea Festival, at the Temperance Hotel, Hackney. The publication of this announcement, by means of posting bills throughout the metropolis, has given delight to the majority of Teetotalers, who do not consider a little dancing to good music in any other light than as an innocent means of diversion. Early applications for tickets should be made to MR. EMBERTON, 31, Fore-street, City, as only a limited number have been issued, and none will be issued after the 8th of April. The procession will leave Aldersgate-street at three o'clock precisely.

ROYAL STANDARD TEMPERANCE HALL.

ON Monday evening last, this Hall was crowded to excess by the friends of MR. GAY, the unflinching advocate of Teetotalism, who has been discharged from a lucrative post in consequence of his adherence to that principle. The meeting was accordingly held for his benefit. On Tuesday evening, the Working Man's Teetotal Society occupied the Hall, and MR. SARVENT delivered an admirable lecture upon Natural History, in aid of the Clerkenwell and Pentonville Youths' Mutual Instruction Society.

WESTMINSTER AUXILIARY TO THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THIS Society has taken the Theatre, in the Broadway, Westminster, upon a lease for twenty-one years, and has fitted it up as a Temperance Hall, at considerable expense. On Monday evening, the 15th instant, a good meeting was held there, and MR. H. W. WESTON was unanimously called to the chair. MR. WESTON expatiated upon the great moral changes brought about by Teetotalism, and rejoiced that the theatres were being converted into places of temperance advocacy. He was followed, with considerable effect, by MESSRS. GOLALO, GAY, LEARY, and LARNER. We felicitate the enterprising individuals who have taken this theatre, upon their spirited and generous conduct; and shall always be glad to record their proceedings.

CHINESE PROVERBS.—In company set a guard upon your tongue: in solitude upon your heart.—The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discover the faults of others: the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the 10th Number of a second Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day. The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER XI.

BY THIS CHAPTER THE READER WILL FIND THAT WE ARE FULLY JUSTIFIED IN HAVING SELECTED THE TITLE OF "PICKWICK MARRIED" FOR THESE MEMOIRS.

THE happy day dawned! At an early hour the abode of Mr. Snodgrass in Halfmoon-street, Piccadilly, was a scene of bustle and confusion. Mr. Samuel Weller had risen very early, and had bestowed an extra polish upon his master's shoes; Mr. Snodgrass was in a highly poetic and sentimental humour—at least, so he said, although there was certainly nothing sentimental in the cuff upon the head which he bestowed upon his son for drawing a remarkable caricature of Mr. Pickwick upon a slate; and Mr. Pickwick himself was in a peculiar state of nervous excitement which left him in a pleasing condition of doubt whether he was most inclined to laugh or to cry. By the aid of Sam, he attired himself in a new suit of clothes, manufactured for the occasion; and he stuck a nosegay, about as large altogether as a moderate-sized cabbage, into his button-hole. At the moment when he descended the stairs, and reached the hall, old Mr. Weller was admitted at the front door, he having been invited by his amiable son to witness the ceremony. The old gentleman was embellished with all the glories of new tops and cords; and the left breast of his coat was adorned with an immense white favour.

"Vell," said old Mr. Weller, as he grasped Mr. Pickwick's hand, "here you are at last, on the high road to marriage;—you've past the last 'pike, and are just comin' into the town for vich you vos booked. I'm very glad o' von thing, that it isn't a vidder whose name is down in the vay-bill."

"I know that you are no friend to widows," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"I should rayther think not," returned old Weller, with a sly wink; "they're so exceedin' deep and artful—always a shyin' and kickin' and boltin'; there's no keepin' them vithin the traces; and as for the bit, they don't care a rap about that, howsomever that they have got plenty o' jaw."

Old Mr. Weller laughed at his own facetiousness until he nearly became black in the face; and Mr. Pickwick desired him to find his way into the kitchen, where Sam would welcome him to breakfast. In the course of a short time Mr. Tupman and Mr. and Mrs. Winkle made their appearance; and on all sides were happy faces and new clothes.

Just as the party were sitting down to partake of a slight refreshment before the arrival of the carriages, which were ordered for eight o'clock, a tremendous double knock was heard at the front door: and in a few minutes a voice in the passage thus expostulated with Mr. Samuel Weller:—

"No intrusion—old friend of Pickwick's—precaution quite necessary on your part though—sure of being welcome—saw the announcement—fashionable intelligence—Morning Post—came on purpose—wouldn't miss it—not for worlds!"

The door of the parlour was now thrown wide open, and in walked a tall thin man, about five-and-thirty years of age, tolerably well dressed, and whom Mr. Weller announced with a smile, as Mr. Alfred Jingle, of No-hall, Nowhere.

"Mr. Jingle, I declare!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick; and these appellations were echoed by each of his friends; while shakes of the hand, and nods of the head became the order of the five ensuing minutes.

"Hope I don't intrude?" said Jingle, flinging himself into a chair and his hat on the sofa;

"but saw the news—fashionable paper—marriage in high life—Samuel Pickwick, Esquire—shortly lead—hymeneal altar—lovely daughter—wealthy merchant—day fixed—sixth of March—this is it!"

"And I am very happy to see you, too," said Mr. Pickwick, who perfectly well understood the meaning of all that was thus conveyed to his ears in the abrupt and jerking sentences which characterised the new visitor's conversation.

"Was sure of being welcome—said so—never forget Pickwick—great kindness—indelibly fixed—memory. You're looking well—uncommonly—so's Tupman—so's Snodgrass—so's Winkle. Delighted to meet you all again—glad of such occasion—happy to make one—very!"

"And pray what have you done with yourself since I saw you last?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah!" returned Jingle, with a shake of the head, "seen a great deal—tossed about—all over the world—America first—backwoods—taken prisoner—red Indians—tied to a stake—head nearly chopped off—scalping knife ready—horrible! Daughter of Indian chief—fell in love—tender passion—sighed heavily—so did I. Chief interfered—life saved—married the daughter—she hopped the twig—I cut my stick."

"Oh! so she died and you ran away from the red Indians?" said Mr. Pickwick: "I understand! And what did you do then?"

"Went to Boston—saw the famous nuisance—fat man—so fat, see nobody but him—if you want to see a friend, you must go out of the town. Went to Vermont—saw another strange man there—this man so thin only one person can see him at a time. Quite true—wouldn't deceive you—extraordinary—very!"

"America is a very singular country, is it not?" enquired Mr. Winkle, who was thoroughly amazed at these anecdotes.

"Right there—once in your life—friend Winkle. Splendid country—nature magnificent—all on grand scale! Mountains so high—get up to the top—attraction of the earth ceases—fly up to the moon if you didn't hold tight by the trees. Rivers very wide—once in the middle—think you're out at sea—can't see land—either side. All correct—would not exaggerate—not for worlds."

"And the seas and rivers of America are full of immense monsters, are they not?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"Sea-serpents—miles long—twine round the ships—swallow the men—as you would pills. Tell you little anecdote—once walking on sea-shore—unfrequented place—saw something extending out to sea—thought it was a pier—began to walk upon it—proceeded for a mile—pier suddenly gave way—no more pier than you are—great sea-serpent. Was nearly drowned—serpent caught me by the tail—dashed me back to land again—upwards of a mile. Fell upon some moss—only a few bruises—polite serpent—kind act—very!"

It is impossible to say how many more of these anecdotes Mr. Jingle would have narrated to the party assembled, had not Mr. Weller made his appearance and announced the arrival of the vehicles at the door.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," answered the functionary.

"You have got those nosegays of artificial flowers which I purchased yesterday?"

Mr. Weller nodded an affirmative.

"Have one placed between the ears of every horse," said Mr. Pickwick; "and, Sam?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Weller.

"If you have any left—"

"There will be just half left, sir."

"Well—tie a nosegay to every horse's tail," returned Mr. Pickwick, with that tone of deci-

sion which characterised him in all the difficult or important circumstances of life; "I am determined to create a sensation on this occasion."

"Very good, sir," said Sam, with a sly laugh, as he departed to execute these orders.

"Nosegays to tails—fine idea, that—charming novelty—get into papers—set a fashion—nothing like it," exclaimed Mr. Jingle. "Marriages in America—very singular—go by railroads—railroads movable—one end put at your door—other terminus at church door—parson comes in balloon—and bride and bridesmaids in sledges—imposing sight—grand cavalcade—brilliant procession—very."

Mr. Samuel Weller now returned to the room to state that he had ventured to transgress his master's commands relative to the adornment of the horses' tails, and that he had distributed the artificial flowers about the different parts of the harness of those animals whose docility would have been threatened by the other arrangement. There were two carriages; and in them did the whole party proceed to Wood-street, Cheapside, where they arrived just as Bow Church proclaimed the hour of nine.

We shall not dwell upon that portion of our narrative which refers to the union of Mr. Pickwick and Miss Teresina Sago. Suffice it to say, that the ceremony took place with all due solemnity; and that, on the return of the bridal party from the church, a most magnificent repast was served up at the house of Mr. Sago. All war-lence and gloom until the moment when the bride rose from the table to retire for the purpose of assuming her travelling garb; and the usual speechifying commenced.

Mr. Pickwick hemmed three times, and then suddenly started upon his legs with the velocity of one of those toys which children denominate *Jack in the Box*. Mr. Pickwick said that this was the happiest moment in his life, and that he could have wished that it had taken place some thirty years previously. Mrs. Sago here ventured to suggest to him, amid her sobs, that Teresina was not born at that distant date; and the worthy lady took that opportunity of assuring the company that she herself was only forty years of age, and that Teresina could not possibly have been born at the time alluded to. Mr. Pickwick in endeavouring to explain, involved himself in such a mystification, that every word he said, so far from being an explanation, required one; and he accordingly sat down, as his best resource.

Mr. Jingle now rose and addressed the assembled ladies and gentlemen as follows:—

"On my legs—purpose of congratulating—friend Pickwick—happy marriage—lovely girl—ornament to his household—companion of his domestic bliss—soothe his pillow—nurse children—if any. American wives—patterns of domestic simplicity—angels upon earth—tears for distress—smiles for joy—always affectionate—ready to please—make puddings—darn stockings. I myself was married—Indian chief's daughter—lovely creature—black eyes—white teeth—splendid ornaments—rings in her nose—shells tied to her toes. Poor creature—loved her tenderly—kicked the bucket—couldn't save her—wep't a bucket-full. But English wives—best of all—so domestic—not above any duty—will make the puddings and darn the stockings."

Mr. Jingle sat down amidst the most enthusiastic applause; and his affecting and truly impressive address drew tears from the eyes of all present. When he alluded, in those affectionate terms, to his Indian wife, whose death he metaphorically described by the simile of the bucket, Mrs. Sago could not contain the paroxysms of her grief. Altogether, it was a most touching display of eloquence.

A young gentleman about twelve years of age, and who was nephew to Mr. Sago, now requested permission to be allowed to make a few observations on so important an occasion. Permission was immediately accorded; and the young gentleman addressed himself to Mr. Pickwick, in the ensuing terms:—

"Thir, in rithing on the prethent oecathion, I feel my bothom thwelling with those peccoliar emothions which gwate men have all felt on gwate oecathions. Thir, when I look abroad into that animated nature tho beautifully desethwibed by the immortal Goldsmith, I behold all kweated beings endowed with various blethings. In kweation, both young and old have thir peccoliar joys. The fisheth—the therpenth—the rhinotheroth—the wabbit—all—all, I pwesume, have thir specific degwees of felicity. Hath not man, then, the wight to consult with his own feelingth in the motht delikwate awangement of exithtence? Thir, thothiety hath much to learn, ath well ath to imitate, before mankind can be rethtored to ith owiginal wights. I wepeat onth more, it ith time that all tathes be left unbiathed, and that all odieth awithtrocwatic obtherwances and thackles with rethpeth to the tenther pathion were abolithed."

This speaker, after enchaining his auditory for the space of twenty minutes with the soundest views, expressed in the most thrilling words, sate down amid a tremendous knocking of knives and knuckles upon the table. But silence was no sooner restored, than Mr. Jingle observed, with the peculiar ease of manner and freedom of style which so eminently characterised him, "Good speech—meaning plain—no ambiguity—well delivered—conned before hand;—great pity—little gentleman—suffers complaint—common in youth—called *the dispth*,—go away, though—little older."

All eyes were now turned towards Mr. Snodgrass, who, it was known, had prepared a poetic address for the occasion, and who had been sitting for some time in a very sidgitty manner upon his chair. With a countenance as red as a full-blown peony, and with his right hand impressively and impassionately placed upon his left breast, above the heart, did the poet-laureate of the Pickwickians rise gracefully from his chair, and commence the following beautiful oration:—

The happiest day of mortal's life

Is that on which, obedient

To nature's decrees, he takes a wife—

A measure quite expedient!

All nature obeys all nature's laws,

Because

Whatever is perfect, as all must see,

With its own perfections must agree,—

'Tis simple as simple rule of three!

Straws

Are borne on the breast of the terrible blast,

Which makes the world stand all aghast,

Which wakes the deep

From its quiet sleep,

And shivers the towering mast!

The castles are overthrown,

With churches hoary grown,

And all over the town

Houses come tumbling down;

The breaking, shaking, dashing, smaaah-
ing blast

All things to earth will cast;

And all things brittle must be broken,

By the same token!

But hearts that are together twined

Outlive disaster's tempest-wind.

Ah! well-a-day! when I have done my do, and said my say,

Penned my last penning, and my last speech spoken,

I, too, shall be cast out, contemned, and broken!

And, like a pipe of clay,

Whose day is done,

(Poor blighted, banish'd, brittle broken one!)

My fire of life will be put out—the vapour,

Life's smoke, extinguished like a taper!

O soul, less palpable than air, th' ideal

Hath naught so slight as thou, nor yet as real:

The smallest mite that microscopic power

E'er gave a being, is a mighty tower,

O reason's wonder, when compared with thee,

And Egypt's pyramid the slightest flower

Blooming and dying all within an hour,

Enduring essence, when compared with thee!

Pickwick, my friend! to thee I turn—

What indescribable emotions burn,

What feelings in my bosom rattle—

As strange as those we might expect to find

Lurking within the poor dog's mind

When to his tail some boys have tied a kettle!

Just at this moment the bride returned to the room, accompanied by the ladies who had officiated as bridesmaids; and Mr. Snodgrass, to his great annoyance, was compelled to terminate thus abruptly the splendid irregular ode which he had composed for the solemn occasion, and of which he had as yet only recited about a tenth part. Indeed, he has subsequently declared, that he was just getting into the affecting and deeply pathetic part of it, when he was thus cruelly interrupted; and, if we may judge by the last stanza, there is every reason to believe that, like Mr. Jingle's speech, the ode would have shortly drawn tears from all present. We regard the simile drawn from the dog in a piteous situation, as one of the finest efforts of poetical conception; and regret that we are not able to transfer the remainder of the poem to our pages. And we have no doubt that the reader shares our regret, in this instance.

And now came tears, and kisses, and shaking of hands, and smiles, and congratulations, and an expression of a thousand conflicting feelings and passions. Miss Amelia Sago threw herself into her sister's arms, and declared that she would not part with her; and Mr. Jingle precipitated himself, when no one was looking, upon the cake and fruit, and vowed that he would not part with them. Mr. Snodgrass thought it absolutely necessary to display his poetic sentimentality by getting up a bit of a whimper on his own account; and his wife told him not to make a fool of himself in a manner quite shocking to true paths. Mr. Tupman rushed forward to extract Miss Amelia from her sister's arms, in order that he might have an opportunity of whispering a tender word in his own behalf in the ears of the former; and he was rewarded for his courtesy and trouble by having his coat slit up the back as far as the collar, by the young gentleman who hisped, and who fancied that Mr. Tupman meditated some assault upon Miss Amelia Sago. Mr. Winkle was engaged in wringing the hands of Mr. Pickwick, and old Mr. Sago was ringing the bell for the attendance of Sam. In fact, it was, as is usual in such cases, a scene of bustle and confusion. At length Mr. Pickwick succeeded in rescuing his bride from the hands of her relatives, and bore her off in triumph to the carriage that was waiting in the street. The happy couple entered the vehicle, Sam shut the door, and mounted the dicky; and the carriage rolled away from the door, followed by the nods and winks of old Weller and Mr. Benjamin Wottle, who were standing on the threshold of the warehouse-entrance to witness the departure.

As soon as the happy couple had left Woodstreet for the bridegroom's villa at Dulwich, the guests began to take their leave; and Mr. Jingle accepted an invitation from Mr. Snodgrass to dine with him in the evening, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Winkle and Mr. Tupman.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WINE QUESTION.

So much has been said by Anti-Teetotalers of the authority afforded by the Bible for the use of moderate drinking, that in a work like *The Teetotaler*, which professes to be a complete Cyclopædia of all matters connected with the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, the reader will naturally expect to find our sentiments upon that head duly recorded. We must beg our readers to remember that a considerable portion of the Bible is historical, and that it never was the divine intention that the whole work should serve as the guide for the lives of nations and individuals, until the end of the world. For instance, the laws of Moses were only enacted for temporary purposes, and not with a view of perpetual preservation. The Mosaic principles of retaliation—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—would not bear application to civilised times; and the laws which permitted the Israelites to deal in slaves, would not find supporters in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Laws of this description were doubtless eligible at the time they were made, and proper in respect to the people on whom their influence was to operate; but those laws would no more apply to the wants, interests, knowledge, acquirements, pursuits, refinements, and dispositions of the existing race of civilised beings than our own laws will suffice for those who may live two or three thousands years hence. Thus it is evident that a considerable portion of the Bible is simply historical; and that, while we preserve its divine portions, we are not compelled to follow those laws or dictates which belong to its narrative compartments. This reasoning would at once meet the arguments of the Anti-Teetotaler, even supposing that the Bible did afford any sanction of the moderate use of intoxicating liquors.

But we maintain that the Scripture nowhere gives such sanction. The Anti-Teetotaler may peruse the sacred writings from Genesis to Malachi, and from Matthew to the Revelations, and he will nowhere find a direct permission accorded to *use*, even in the most moderate degree, fermented liquors. Indeed, all the instances which are recorded of holy men and reverend patriarchs suffering themselves to be beguiled by the fascinating influence of wine, are evidently preserved in the sacred volume as examples to warn us against the adoption of a similar course. The failings of Noah and Lot in this respect are related with sorrow; and the evil results which attended upon their delinquency form the morals of the incidents, and establish the examples which we are to avoid.

When Adam and Eve were placed in the garden of Eden—a garden which teemed with every luxury in the shape of inviting fruits,—they were enjoined to eat of that wholesome food; but we are not informed that the pleasures of that terrestrial Eden were to be enhanced by perverting the purposes of a beneficent Providence, and subjecting those delicious fruits to processes which would supply a liquor that would impair the taste for the productions of the garden in their natural state. But through that garden there ran pure and limpid rivers; and the association of fruits and water was natural and in accordance with the amiable simplicity, health, and innocence in which our first parents were originally destined to exist. If ever the deity had intended man to avail himself of that change which is effected in the principles of fruits by the process of decomposition, in order to obtain alcoholic liquor, doubtless such intention would have been revealed to our first parents at a time when their food consisted of fruits and naught beside. The omnipotent architect of earth and heaven never intended man to use alcohol as a general beverage; and this assertion appears the more reasonable from the mere fact of the non-existence of the spirit in a natural and in an easily-accessible state. But the process of obtaining pure alcohol can only be known to the more civilised portion of the human race: because distillation is necessary to evoke the alcohol when it is formed by the process of fermentation. If, then, the deity had intended it to be used by mankind, his wisdom and power would have removed those difficulties with which its elimination is fenced around.

In Leviticus the priests were expressly commanded not to "drink wine, nor strong drink," when they went "into the tabernacle of the congregation," lest they should die. Now if an inspired writer forbade the use of wine on a particular occasion, we have indisputable authority that the moderate use of wine on that occasion was improper. Granting, then, that wine was an improper beverage in one instance, prudence would recommend abstinence from it on other occasions; and Moses would probably have recommended such abstinence had the habits of those for whom he legislated, required such an enactment.

The Scripture abounds with examples and injunctions against the use of intoxicating liquors. Solomon, the wise King of Israel, declared that "wine was a mocker," and that "strong drink is raging;" and he also knew that the liquor which he condemned, might be occasionally valued as a medicine; for he says also, "Give strong drink to him that his ready to perish." Solomon thus utters a denunciation against the use of strong liquor, which denunciation is universal save in respect to the application of the strong liquor to restore animation in certain cases, such as drowning, &c. Paul also recommends wine to Timothy as a medicine. But if alcoholic liquor were imbibed as an usual beverage, it would be useless as a medicine. The principal effects expected from medicine are the changes they produce in the system. If a man contracted the habit of drinking antimonial wine every day, it would cease to be valuable as a medicine in respect to him, because it would not produce the desirable change which would lead to renovated health. It is not therefore to persons whose health is unimpaired that strong drink should be given because they are "ready to perish."

It is to be presumed that the wine which Moses commanded to be offered up as a drink-offering was the unfermented juice of the grape, expressed at the moment, according to general usage; because Moses would not have recommended fermented wine to be offered to the Lord, since he had commanded the priests to abstain from it themselves. Such a contradiction would have been at variance, not only with common decency, but also with his sacred character. The wine which "Noah awoke from," and that which "Melchisedek brought forth" were evidently different. In the Psalms, the wine which "maketh mighty man to shout," and that "which maketh glad the heart of man," are also different kinds. The one which is spoken of in covert terms of disapprobation is fermented; and the other, which is reverentially alluded to, is the unfermented wine. In Isaiah, we find these sentences,—*"Come, buy wine and milk;"*—"Them that are overcome with wine." The first wine, which is mentioned, is evidently a wholesome, un-intoxicating, mild beverage, and is justly coupled with milk: the other is the fermented, or intoxicating wine. When Jeremiah speaks of "gathered wine and summer fruits," his meaning is obvious; but when he says, "I am like a drunken man, and like a man whom wine hath

overcome," he alludes to a very different species of wine, and one which he would not connect with wholesome and refreshing fruits. Hundreds of similar instances might be quoted, to show that two kinds of wine are spoken of in the Bible, and that this fact will account for the different ways in which those allusions are made.

It being thus evident that the fermented and unfermented wines were both used by the Hebrews, no difficulty remains in deciding the point at issue relative to the Miracle at Cana; inasmuch as it would be rank blasphemy to imagine that the Saviour of Mankind would have formed the fermented, or intoxicating wine, against which the denunciations of inspired writers had been levelled. Those writers derived their inspirations from the same divine source as the Saviour did his being; and the Saviour came into the world to do the will of the same providence whose servants those inspired writers were. The Christian, who asserts that Christ made alcoholic wine at Cana, puts the Saviour in direct opposition to the moral maxims formerly inculcated by the deity through the medium of his servants; and places the morality of that same Saviour beneath the morality of Solomon, who denounced fermented wine. This is a blasphemy of which no Christian would wish to be guilty; and, as there is no reason to suppose that the water was converted into alcoholic wine, but a sufficient amount of evidence to demonstrate the contrary, we cannot imagine that any honourable reasoner will sacrifice his religious integrity for the sake of obstinately asserting an argument totally devoid of foundation.

It has been observed by many, "Why did not Christ himself preach against the use of intoxicating liquors?" The reply is ready. The Saviour came into the world to reform mankind generally, and not to preach against a few individual vices,—for we must recollect that intemperance was of rare occurrence amongst the Jews of that period. Christ preached an universal morality, in which abstinence was necessarily included, although probably not specifically mentioned; and no one will venture to contend that so fertile a cause of misery, crime, and poverty as intemperance has lately proved, would have been omitted from the grand and comprehensive design of the Christian reformation. The individual, who would urge against us that Christ did not specially denounce the use of intoxicating liquor, may as well suppose himself justified in committing any crime which the Saviour did not mention by name. Such a system of reasoning would be absurd; and therefore we are justified in asserting that a total abstinence from the most fruitful spring of crime and misery, fully enters into and forms a portion of that moral course of conduct which can alone entitle an individual to the denomination of a true Christian.

In a word, we do not hesitate to call in question the honesty and sincerity of those who would prevent and distort certain texts of the Bible into arguments to support a demoralizing and debasing habit,—a habit that has proved the greatest enemy with which human nature has had to contend,—a habit whose influence has destroyed both souls and bodies, and whose pestilential breath has withered up the flowers of youth and beauty on every side,—a habit, in a word, which has provoked wars, encouraged strife, spread disease, fostered crime, and associated itself with the most hideous poverty and nameless vices! Next to Christianity itself, Teetotalism is the most salutary doctrine that was ever introduced to mankind; and by means of the latter will the human race be enabled duly and fully to appreciate and adhere to the divine precepts of the former.

EDMUND KEAN.

THE biography of this talented actor forms an era in the histrionic art, and affords an example of an individual, who, from the moment that he became celebrated, was also the dupe of every low companion and the victim of every sensual passion. In a social point of view his very success destroyed his fitness for society; and his fine feelings and splendid talents were too often obscured by the hideous vice of intemperance.

He was born in 1787, and his father was a tailor in very humble circumstances. He was sent to a day-school in London by Miss Tidswell, a popular actress. A Miss Carey claimed him as soon as he was old enough to be of any use to her; and he accompanied her in her journeys from house to house, as a vendor of perfumery, by which occupation she filled up the intervals of time between one strolling engagement and another. The boy was remarkable for his beauty, and it would seem, too, for his readiness and mischief; and even at the tender age of eight, he was passionately addicted to wine and raw spirits—a predilection which was rather encouraged than checked by his mother and those into whose society he was thrown. He first played, when a mere child, as one of the spirits in *Macbeth*; and even at that time he was a favourite in the green-room, in consequence of the manner in which he recited passages of well-known tragedies. On these occasions he was rewarded by a glass of wine by the manager, or a sip out of the actors' porter-mug or gin-bottle; and thus, on all occasions, was the pernicious taste he had imbibed so early, fostered and strengthened.

For some time he became an incense-bearer in the choir of a Roman Catholic Chapel. When about ten years of age he is described as "a slim pale boy, very

poorly clad, ragged, with dirty hands, face washed, delicate skin, brilliant eyes, superb head of curled and matted hair, and a piece of a hat in his hand." He now obtained the favour of a Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, before whom he used to perform scenes from *Richard the Third*, *Hamlet*, and *Speed the Plough*. He was provided with a little bell, which he rang when the imaginary music was to begin, a hat and feather, a sword, and white gloves. He however ran away from the dwelling of Mrs. Clarke in Guilford-street, in consequence of being alighted by some friends who visited the house, and proceeded to Bristol with the view of embarking for America; but no captain of a vessel would receive him on board, as he was so little and apparently so weak. He accordingly begged his way back again to London, sleeping in out-houses, and enduring all sorts of fatigue and distress by the way.

After having experienced vicissitudes of all descriptions, during a provincial career upon the stage which was characterised by dread intervals of appalling misery and want, Kean made his first appearance upon the metropolitan boards as a first-rate performer in February, 1814. From this time forth till the moment when the managers of Drury-Lane theatre, marvelling at the treasure which had fallen into their hands, "followed him up to his dressing-room with oranges and negus," the current of his fortunes turned. Success followed success, homage and gifts were showered upon him, more than he could gather. In his second character, *Richard the Third*, he confirmed the reputation to which he appeared to the astonished town to have leaped, as it were, with one single bound.

For nineteen years did Kean pursue his extraordinary career; and during that period, did the insidious habit he had contracted in his youth obtain a firmer hold upon him. He originally possessed an excellent constitution, which, had it not been impaired by excesses, would in all probability have enabled him to prop the drama in its decadence for years to come. But his dramatic career closed prematurely and unexpectedly under circumstances as unprecedented in the history of the drama as they were painfully affecting to all who witnessed the extraordinary scene. In person Kean was scarcely of the middle height, and was accordingly deficient in the dignity of deportment requisite for certain characters, as that of the noble Roman, *Coriolanus*. His features, though not sufficiently regular as to be termed handsome, were capable of almost illimitable expression: his eyes played as it were, with the passions in the very spirit of mastery; his voice, in the under-tones, "boomed with melancholy music," and in sudden transitions abounded with fine meteor-like effect; and although, as we have said, he was not of dignified stature, he walked the stage with ease and self-possession, attainable only by true genius.

Mr. Kean died at Richmond in 1833, and his end forms a strong moral lesson to those who step from comparative indigence to the highest pinnacle of popular fame and temporary prosperity. Although much of the heartless, reckless profligacy, which marred the better nature of Kean, may be fairly attributed to the evil influences of his unloved infancy and neglected boyhood; still we cannot on that account acquit him of all blame for having pursued a career of dissipation and vice which the philanthropist trembles to contemplate. When under the influence of liquor, he appeared to go out of himself, and to be possessed by a frenzied demon. Thus was it that his life becomes almost too morally degraded for warning, and seems to be unredeemed by one holy affection, one kindly feeling, one really generous act, or one single social duty fulfilled! Never, probably, was there so striking an illustration of the consequences of the neglect of moral culture, concurring with the destitution of domestic charities in childhood, and rendered ten fold more destructive in its effects by the evil habit which increased with his years, kept pace with his career, and became more deeply seated as he advanced towards his close.

When Kean was under the effects of liquor, he frequently behaved in a most brutal manner to his unhappy wife, during their provincial career; and on one occasion, after having performed the part of a monkey, he swore he would remain all night in his theatrical attire of skins, on purpose to vex his wife. He compelled the poor creature to sleep upon the floor, while he occupied the bed. He was invariably fond of low company, and frequently played pranks with his profligate associates that were eminently disgraceful to a married man. At every town at which he arrived, in his provincial journeys, he commenced a bill at the public-house; and, if his expectations were not realised in a pecuniary point of view at that town, he would rise very early some morning, and disappear without thinking of the debts he left behind. His wild way of life was a constant bar to his exertions;—difficulties constantly pressed upon him; and he encountered all the usual improvident players' difficulties. On one occasion, so extreme was the misery to which Kean and his family were reduced, that he actually offered at York to enlist for a soldier; but the officer, to whom he presented himself, would not admit him. More than a hundred times, when he returned home intoxicated from the theatre, after having expended all the money he had received with his riotous companions, did his wife kneel down by the side of her bed, in which her two half-

famished children lay, and pray that they and herself might be released from their sufferings. On one occasion he proceeded to Guernsey, and desired his wife to follow him with the children. When she landed, she was accosted by him, with—"My dear Mary, what do you think? I can get brandy here for eighteenpence a bottle? I drink it instead of beer! Who would not live in Guernsey?" The cheap brandy produced its natural effects: while in the island, Kean committed a thousand extravagances and acts of profligacy which we should blush to record; and he and his family returned in a starving state to Exeter, he having squandered all the little savings his wife had collected during the interval of their temporary separation previous to her joining him in Guernsey. On all occasions—whether happy or miserable—did Kean drink furiously and deep; and thus was his mind injured to every act of profligacy, cruelty, and harshness, for which his biographer can discover no adequate means of extenuation.

POETRY.

ON a former occasion we devoted an article to the subject of *Versification*; and we then stated that all that was written in a certain measured or metrical style, was not Poetry. We shall therefore now endeavour to ascertain in what true Poetry really consists.

When man was banished from the garden of Eden, he received the dread sentence that the ground should be cursed for his sake, and that in sorrow should he eat of it all the days of his life. We are all aware that this language, however true in its general application, is not to be understood in a literal and exclusive sense. Man was told that the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles; but it also produces flowers to delight, and fruits to nourish him. The infinite Being has said that the days of our life shall be marked with sorrow, and they are; but the afflictions to which we are subject are attended with blessed antidotes: moral sources of enjoyment are given us, as fruits and flowers for the soul, and the teachings of interests, as well as the impulses of gratitude, should lead us to consider with attention those gifts which enlarge the capacities of the spirit, and call forth the affections of the heart. And such a gift is Poetry.

If it be asked, "What is poetry?" we must confess ourselves unable to afford a minute definition; for, like the unearthly visitants which the fears of superstition have occasionally summoned to the world, she fascinates the senses, but eludes the grasp of the beholder, and stands before him, visible, powerful, yet impalpable. The various occupations and pursuits of life may be explained with clearness and accuracy, for they have been created and divided by man; but poetry is *above*, and not of man, and he cannot, by any array of words, set forth its subtlety, its peculiarities, its perfection, its loveliness, and its universal power. Can the painter place the arched rainbow, or the glittering dew-drop on the canvass? Can the sculptor invest his image with a soul? Can the sympathies that mysteriously connect us, the unfledged thoughts that rush tumultuously through the brain, be subjected to the process of analysis, and the power of demonstration?

It seems equally impossible to define poetry. We may pile word upon word, and sentence upon sentence, to attain the object, but the result of our labours, like that of the builders of the tower of Babel, will be discomfiture and confusion; and poetry will still exist, defying the power of language, and soaring above the reach of description. It may naturally be inquired, then, "Cannot poetry be defined? Do we know of what we speak, when we allude to it?"

We do; for many of its definitions, to a certain extent, are correct: they tell us what poetry is, in a peculiar aspect, but fail to give us sufficiently comprehensive views. We may safely assume the position, that poetry always addresses itself either to the imagination, or the feelings, or to both.

The poet of *nature* is pre-eminent—not the one who "bodies forth the forms of things unknown," but he who takes known and familiar subjects, and presents them to the eye with such beauty, delicacy, and force, that we view them in a new light, and connect them with delightful associations. It is the province of poetry, by some beautiful thought, some apt comparison, some fine illustration, some well-woven fiction, or eloquent exclamation, to fix on the memory the subject of which she speaks; and if it be one connected with the cause of truth, if it be a correct sentiment, or a moral or religious precept, poetry makes it sink deeper into the heart, and take a stronger hold on the feelings. Thus we have often heard that it is right to love our enemies, but the bard adds, "like a sandal tree that sheds perfume on the axe that fells it."

The mechanical part of poetry is a useful subject for the poet himself, but it is only a medium, and not a necessary one, for the conveyance of ideas, since poetry may be expressed in what is called prose; and its peculiar eloquence need not of necessity be communicated to the world in accordance with the rules of versification.

But although poetry is not unavoidably dependent upon arbitrary rules, it is not to be denied, that it is *never*, in its general acceptation; and it is perfectly

natural that it should be: the laws which govern poetry are evidently useful in their operation; they tend to preserve a general harmony of expression, which is itself a part of poetry; for those passages in prose works which are classed with the productions of the muse, certainly possess this melodious flow; and to the position assumed with regard to the meaning of poetry, we may add, that it is connected with harmony of expression. Here, then, we see the utility of the restrictions by which the poet chooses to be bound, and perceive that the laws of poetry facilitate its composition, and maintain its distinctiveness.

There is a mysterious relationship between poetry and music: there is melody in the reading of poetry; and the feelings aroused by the breathings of music, are kindred to those which poetry excites; and when they unite their peculiar attractions, the combined spell opens a new source of enchantment, entralling alike the senses and the soul. But poetry may well hold a higher place in our estimation than music. Unlike the latter, it can distinctly relate the facts of history, and the fancies of fiction, and can summon to our view figures and scenes, with a truth and vividness defying the skill of the limner. The faculty of composing poetry is a gift peculiar to a few; but the power of appreciating it, is open to all. We can all love and admire it, because it addresses the common feelings of humanity: it can affect, arouse, inspire, delight, and improve us all.

However powerful the influence of education, it can never make a poet: we may feel the want of one, and look anxiously for the appearance of some Homer, or Shakspeare, or Milton; but no means within the power of man can bring him forth, if the spirit is wanting: and perhaps, at the same time, independent of factitious aid, and ignorant of those who are willing to exert it, a poet may arise to "wake and warm the world," and exist in the sympathies and affections of its inhabitants, as long as that world shall last.

We know there are many who, influenced by some prejudice, or ignorant of their own capabilities of enjoyment, will think, and perhaps say, that poetry has no charms for them; and who, guided by the operation of an ill-formed opinion, studiously close their eyes to its fascinating and permanent attractions. We ask but of such, that before they finally abjure poetry, they place themselves in a situation to feel its influence: they would not fail soon to acknowledge that they had despised only because they had neglected it; they would exclaim, with a voice of exultation; "We have discovered an ever-living fountain of crystal waters, where angels might wash, and be purer."

The canvass fritters into shreds, and the column moulders into ruin; the voice of music is mute, and the beautiful expression of sculpture is a black and a gloomy void; the right hand of the mechanist forgets its cunning, and the arm of the warrior becomes powerless in the grave; but the lyre of the poet still vibrates. Ages listen to his song and honour it; and while the pencil of Appelles, and the chisel of Phidias, and the sword of Cæsar, and the engine of Archimedes, live only in the breath of tradition, or on the page of history, or in some perishable and imperfect fragment, the pen of Homer, of Virgil, or of Shakspeare, is an instrument of power as mighty and magical, as when first the gifted finger of the poet grasped it. Is poetry then—the sweet comforter of the mind diseased—the elastic chain wherewith ages past, present, and future are bound—the mighty and magical power swaying the hearts and moulding the actions of men—a "mere superfluity and ornament?" No, no: it is not: and the young poet who made the assertion, undervalued the gift of which he was a possessor; and we conceive that no full and correct exposition can be made of the benefits of poetry, without treating it as *practical*, in its final tendencies.

Poetry can adapt herself to all ages. She can weave a simple ballad for childhood, or a fervent song for the youth ripening into manhood: she has her pictures of fireside happiness, and domestic comfort, for the parent, and her voice has a tone for the ear of the aged. She can adapt herself to all conditions; she has her simple and affecting narratives, for the poor and the humble; she has a trumpet-voice for the soldier, and a most refined speech for the scholar. She will be our companion at all times, and in all seasons; she will give an additional zest to prosperity; and when the season of adversity shall arrive, she will comfort the wounded spirit, and bind up the broken heart.

Miriam and Moses, the first authors, were poets; and their song of thanksgiving, on passing the Red Sea, has been styled at once the most ancient monument, and a master-piece of poetic composition; and before the invention of letters, the religion, the laws, and the history of the different nations were handed down to posterity through the medium of poetry. Sculpture and painting are the fruits of long experience and unwearyed care; and they have been gradually improved from the rudest imitations of nature to their present state; but poetry dates her mortal existence with the birth of mankind; and although the poet may employ his gift for unworthy purposes, it is still an emanation from the Deity. And the

most groundless and anomalous objections urged against poetry, are those which proceed from religious men. One great objection, on the part of such men, is the perversion of poetry to improper uses. As well might they tell the patriot not to draw the sword in behalf of his country, because it is the weapon of the oppressor; as well might they cast away the Book of Life, because its meaning is distorted by fools and fanatics. Poetry is most grand, when connected with religious subjects; and in her purest and most sublime personification, she does not, like Ajax, defy the lightning and the God who made it, but like the ethereal beings around the throne of heaven, she veils her burning eyes with her resplendent wings, when in the solemn presence of the Almighty. He who has no love for poetry, may lay to heart the precepts of the Bible; but there is a light upon the pages of that book which he sees not; there is a harmony in its language which he hears not; for there is a vein of poetry, pure, simple, and sublime, running through the whole sacred volume.

No Christian will pretend to doubt, that the language of the Bible is the very language best calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended; neither will any Christian deny, that it is intended for the perusal of man, in all ages, countries, and conditions; and if the language of this book is poetry, it naturally follows that the most useful instructions and sublime truths should really exert the greatest influence on mankind, when communicated to the world through this fascinating medium.

Take from us the belief in a future existence, and Poetry is shorn of her beams; but let her discuss those subjects connected with our immortal destiny, and she assumes an appearance of inexpressible glory; she strips us for a time of our earthly garments, that we may follow her to the pure river of life, and like the repentant tear which the Peri conveyed to the angel, removes the crystal bar which binds the gates of paradise.

Are tenderness, or sublimity, or simplicity of expression, elements of poetry? They are all in the Bible. Does poetry imply the invention of fictions? Look at the parables. Must it embrace comparisons and figures? Behold them in the Book of books.

Poetry is the appropriate handmaid of Religion; and says Wolfe; "the homage of Voltaire to the muse's piety remains a bright memorial of her allegiance to Christianity." When the powers of hell seemed for a time to prevail, and his principles had given a shock to the faith of Europe, the daring blasphemer ventured to approach the dramatic muse; but no inspiration would she vouchsafe to dignify the sentiments of impiety. He found that no impassioned emotion could be roused—no tragic interest excited—no generous and lofty feeling called into action, where those dark and chilling feelings pervade. He complied with the only terms upon which the muse would impart her favours; and the tragedies of Voltaire displayed the loveliness of Christianity, below indeed what a Christian would feel, but almost beyond what unbelieving genius could conceive. Such was the victory of poetry, when she arrested the apostate, while marching onward to the desolation of mankind; when the champion of modern philosophy fell down before the altar she had raised, and breathed forth the incense of an infidel's adoration! When he came, like the disobedient prophet, that he might curse the people of God, and behold, "he blessed them altogether."

We are well assured that poetry, although sometimes seen in connection with error, even as the sons of God held companionship with the daughters of men, is one of the choicest blessings bequeathed to this imperfect world. She is not the offspring of human invention; for unlike those arts and sciences which were given to man in an elementary state, she sprang, Minerva-like, into existence, perfect in her proportions, mature in her strength, and gorgeous in her panoply. The Christian can trace her divine origin with the most certainty, and behold with an unclouded vision, that she is born of God, and baptized with inspiration. She invests all things with an extrinsic glory; she diffuses a new light upon the face of nature; she weans us from the rule of our passions, and the dominion of our lusts, and reveals the golden ladder that leads from earth to heaven.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will take the very first opportunity to comply with our promise to our Barnsley Correspondent.

We deeply regret that several Reports of importance (especially those of the Working Man's Association and the Chelsea Auxiliary to the United Temperance Association) arrived too late last week for insertion. We cannot always guarantee the immediate insertion of Reports sent on Monday.

A gentleman has favoured us with some remarks upon the concluding observations in our late essay upon Socialism. We will embody our answer in an article to be entitled "HAPPINESS AND MISERY," and which we will very shortly publish.

We thank a Subscriber for his very clever and judicious letter relative to Sir Walter Scott. The suggestions are valuable, and the comparison between Scott and Victor Hugo is drawn. The writer is correct in his delineations of melodrama and tragedy. We must however beg so far to differ from him as to believe that "Notre Dame de Paris," is equal to anything Scott ever wrote.

Will R. B. favour the Editor with a call at his private residence, No. 9, Suffolk Place, Hackney Road, any Tuesday evening. We understand that the Star Temperance Day-Coach is to run between Hart's Hotel, Aldersgate Street, London, and Bath and Bristol. Every thing will be on the Teetotal system soon;—and so much the better!

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1841.

WE understand that it is a matter of debate among the Committees of the metropolitan Teetotal Societies, whether the PROCESSION of the friends and votaries of the great principle through the thoroughfares of London is to take place on Whit-Monday, or not. We are surprised that this subject should exist as a matter of doubt in the minds of any sincere Teetotalers. If there be no PROCESSION this year, the enemies of the cause will declare that Teetotalism is upon the wane, and that its advocates dare not exhibit their numbers. The enemy is yet powerful, and we must be cautious how we allow him to recover any of the dominion we have wrested from his grasp. The PROCESSION is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the Teetotal cause; and we know that the great majority of the metropolitan Teetotalers are in favour of it. The Irish were not ashamed to display their numbers upon Saint Patrick's day; and, in spite of the false and infamous assertions of one or two grossly prejudiced political journals, the cavalcade in Dublin on that occasion was immense. The English Teetotalers have already been outstripped by the Irish in the zeal with which the cause is embraced and sustained: let not the latter manifest this superiority of enthusiasm in an instance where the very honour of Teetotalism is concerned.

We confidently hope that the Members of the United Temperance Association will insist upon the PROCESSION, so far as they are concerned; and we call upon the Committee of this influential and truly liberal Society to carry out a measure which, we repeat, is so intimately connected with the welfare of the cause. The moral effect of such a vast cavalcade of orderly, well-attired, and happy individuals, must be evidently beneficial. A cause invariably gains by the display of its numbers, inasmuch as the public is enabled to judge of the value of the principle by the myriads who give it the sanction of their example. The first expenses are moreover incurred;—the banners and flags are purchased; and the Committees may establish such regulations relative to the issue of tickets for seats in the vehicles, as will prevent the risk of too elaborate an expenditure. And, even if the PROCESSION were attended with a little loss (and it need not be), let the Associations, which might sustain it, console themselves with the consciousness of having produced most beneficial effects.

We will answer for it that the Metropolitan Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Association will be glad to follow the example of the Societies in Dublin, and exhibit its strength upon Whit-Monday. The Youths' Teetotal Societies would doubtless re-echo our cry of "THE PROCESSION! THE PROCESSION!"—and the suburban Auxiliaries and Branches will be pleased to avail themselves of an opportunity of personally communicating with the members of their parent Societies. Our friends in the country will regret that there should have occurred amongst their brethren in London the slightest doubt relative to this important measure; and again do we therefore call upon the members of the metropolitan Associations to insist upon their Committees organizing the PROCESSION for the ensuing Whit-Monday.

Last year the Procession was mentioned in most of the leading London journals, and hundreds and thousands were led to reflect upon the principle of Teetotalism from the simple fact of beholding the display of its votaries. It was observed that all the Teetotalers were well clad, and that their looks denoted contentment and happiness. As this appearance was the result of the salutary doctrine which they had embraced, the consciences of the moderate drinkers and the drunkards who surveyed the procession, must have experienced certain qualms which led to reflection, and reflection paved the way for reformation. Some of the Teetotalers last year were stated to present rather a sickly appearance:—this circumstance, if it were true, may have originated in the fact that they had only lately been reclaimed from a habit that was hurrying them to their graves. But the lives of those, who had so prudently stopped in the midst of that precipitate career towards premature destruction, were worth a far longer purchase than those of the bloated publicans who crowded at the doors of their iniquitous dens. At the celebrated battle of Saint Gothard, where the great Montecuculi defeated the Grand Vizier, Ahmed-Kemprilu-Pacha, the Austrians at first gave way;

but a corps of French auxiliaries came to their assistance. The French troops were clad in the garb of the seventeenth century, with long laced coats, powdered hair, and frills around their necks. "What young girls are these?" exclaimed the Grand Vizier, who imagined that the victory was his own. But the young girls of whom he spoke, precipitated themselves with such irresistible fury upon the Moslem ranks, that the crescent soon grew pale beneath the glories of the cross, and the fortune of the day declared itself in favour of the warriors with the effeminate aspect. Thus may it happen that a few of the Teetotalers will wear a delicate appearance; but let them be placed in competition with the votaries of Bacchus, either in the harvest field or the manufactory, and we need not speculate who will perform the greater amount of work in the shortest time.

The assemblage of a vast concourse of healthy and happy individuals is one delightful to contemplate. We love the world and the things thereof. We love our fellow-creatures. We love, admire, reverence, and even adore them, according to the form in which they present themselves to us. We like to see them in their moments of leisure and recreation, in their hours of labour and business. There is instruction to be gained from the study of them when their passions are aroused and their peculiarities are developed—when deep emotions shake their frames, and their good or evil qualities are brought out—when pleasure lulls them, when suffering wrings them, when joy lights up and hope beams upon their faces, and when despair chills, and they are hand in hand with misery and want. One of the chief pleasures of the observing man is, at the close of day, to go forth into the street, and meet and mingle in the crowds that throng it, on their thousand various pursuits of business and pleasure; to be with them, and yet not of them—to see, and yet not be seen—to observe, and yet not be observed—to know and comprehend, and yet not be known or comprehended. It is thus that multitudes have their morals as they pass along: and surely no concourse can spread morals more edifying, afford an example more salutary, or excite a chain of ideas more beneficial, than the cavalcade of those who have achieved the greatest of conquests—a victory over their own inclinations! Let the Teetotal public be well assured that a grand opportunity of doing good will be neglected—wilfully neglected, if the PROCESSION do not take place on Whit-Monday; and that the cause will suffer in more ways than one. It will lose a favourable occasion of adding numbers to its rank; and it will afford scope to the enemy to rejoice at an apparent weakness which does not however really exist.

It is moreover necessary that the PROCESSION should take place, in order to bring the Teetotalers together. There has been so much disagreement brought about by contentions relative to pledges, and by a most improper spirit of rivalry, that it is time for the Teetotalers to meet in order to familiarize them with the idea of a general UNION! The provinces are anxiously watching the Metropolitan Societies, and would gladly establish London as the general centre of one grand UNION. In the country, those Associations are the most successful, which consist of an Union of several Districts, and which have one common interest supported in many places and directions. Some of the Teetotalers in the metropolis demonstrate a littleness and narrowness of mind relative to this subject, which surprises us. Such men are enemies to the cause, and effect an immensity of mischief. But the majority of the Teetotalers hail a prospect of Union with glee, as the only chance of divesting the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors of the religious and political circumstances with which a few misguided, though probably well-meaning, but certainly prejudiced men have associated it. At all events, opportunities of discussing the topic of Union will be afforded on Whit-Monday, if the PROCESSION take place; and that it will take place we confidently hope, trusting, as we do, to the sterling good sense of those, whose intellects are now no longer clouded by the vapours and fumes of strong drink, to carry out a measure which is calculated to effect so much good. For our parts, we believe that the good cause, which is now progressing well, would suffer materially by the suppression of the Whit-Monday demonstration.

THE COWARD.

CHAPTER I.

Two ladies, seated at a table in a saloon of the Rue Laroche-foucauld, were surrounded by a number of gentlemen, and engaged in animated conversation. One of the ladies was named Madame de Neville, the other, her daughter, was named Marie. Marie was naturally pale; she had light hair; large, swimming blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, and full, strongly-marked eyelids, indicated one of those elevated, thoughtful souls, which burn and glow in secret. Just then her usual paleness had left her, her eyes dilated and sparkled, and her voice was deep and broken, as though she was much moved.

"How, M. Lascour," said she, "did the man receive a blow?"

"Yes, miss, some time ago, at the Pavillon d'Ermenouville."

"And did not return it?"

"He did not."

"And has not demanded satisfaction of the aggressor?"

"He would be more likely to beg his pardon!"

"And what is the wretch's name, so that, in case I ever meet him, I may show him plainly that I despise him?"

"His name!—it will be difficult to ascertain it; for probably no one witnessed the circumstance but the friend who mentioned it to me, and you would do wrong in despising him—he may be a very fine man."

"What! he, the coward!"

"Coward! coward! that is your great argument. Is it the man's fault? Courage is a matter of nerve; we cannot command resolution any more than we can appetite. Thus Captain Dervière, with whom you are well acquainted, mentioned to me, the other day, the case of a young man who, having been grossly insulted, came on the ground three times and fainted away three times, when he came to lay hand on his sword. Would you despise this man? Can we controul our swooning? He is perhaps of very delicate sentiment, and very pure in soul, only his organs are weak; find fault with his limbs, therefore, not with his feelings."

"Very well," replied Marie, "I say, for my part, that where there is no courage there is no honour. Let a man be an assassin, a deserter, nay, even a traitor, love can pardon it all; an assassination is but a crime, treason perhaps no more than hatred, and hatred and crime may both proceed from a great soul. But a coward! oh, the very name sickens me—and were the man you saw insulted there at my feet, beautiful as an angel, noble as a king, with a revenue of a million, I would not marry him were I but the servant-maid of an inn."

As she was saying this, a young man who was leaning on a console at the other end of the room, and had taken no part in the discussion, let an album fall. Marie turned at the noise, and her eyes assumed an indescribably sweet and tender expression, as he rose and approached the young man.

"Savigny, my friend," said she, in a whisper, "come along—why do you remain alone in this distant corner? Do not you approve of what I have said?"

At these words, uttered with captivating grace and submission, Marie's betrothed turned toward her, disclosing mild and noble, but somewhat disturbed features.

"Excuse me, Marie," said he, "I was looking at this sketch of Roquellan in your album, and did not hear you."

"Ah! I am sorry for it," said she, "you are so pure and noble-minded, you would have been pleased with the sentiments I expressed."

"Marie," said Savigny, in an agitated voice, and showing her the album, "pray look at this head of an old woman—how expressive! how true to nature! It reminds me of my poor grandmother, who loved me so much."

"Ah! my friend," said Marie, "I see a tear standing in your eye—hide it, pray, or I must weep too. My Savigny, how tender-hearted you are!"

Meanwhile the discussion was going on at the table at which Madame de Neville was seated.

"No," said Lascour, "I don't set much value on courage, and yet if I have a son who is like myself, I will tell him, 'Never submit to an insult.'"

"Well, for my part," said Madame de Neville, "if I had the good fortune to have a son, and he had received what you call an insult, I would beseech him on my knees not to fight. What difference does it make to me whether my son is a coward or not? What I want is to have him live. I am no Spartan. I will not tell my son, 'Return with your shield, or upon it.' I would say to him, 'Do not go at all.'"

"Neither would I fight, madam," said Lascour, "if I were your son; for if I were your son, I would have twenty thousand a year—if I were your son, I should need no one's good offices—if I were your son, I would have horses, a good table, a thousand pleasures, and I would not be fool enough to risk my happy life against that of a wretch who has nothing else to lose."

"But, sir," rejoined Marie, quickly, "suppose that

wretch should offer you an insult!"

"I would understand it as a compliment."

"And if he gave you a blow?"

"I would walk off to avoid a second."

"But the dishonour!"

"Which?"

"You love yourself very much, then?"

"Very much, miss. Besides, why do people fight except from self-love? Bullies fight because they value their reputation—I would not fight because I value my bones. Self-love against self-love—mine is the most reasonable of the two. For after all, where is this honour lodged? You say, his honour has received a fatal blow—yet people live a hundred years after such a mortal wound. But a blow with a cudgel—oh! that I should feel very deeply, and that's the reason why I am not anxious to get a shot with a pistol, inasmuch as that is still more painful."

"But, sir, what would your conscience say?"

"My conscience? it would be dumb if I were rich!"

"And then the men who would insult, the women who would despise you!"

"But, miss, nobody is despised now-a-days. You are a coward—who knows the fact?—two individuals out of a hundred, or ten in a thousand. And do you think that it would prevent those ten individuals from drinking my champagne, accepting my money, and calling me 'my dear friend'? They would abuse me in private, but what is that to me! I would know nothing of it, and even if I should, I repeat, what is that to me! I would rise—I would go and look in the glass—and when I found my complexion clear, my eye bright, my lip ruddy—when I felt in my writing-desk and found some bank-notes in it—when I looked around me, and saw splendid hangings and elegant furniture, I would say to myself, 'Upon my word, I did very wisely in retaining all this.' I would soon forget all they could say of me. I mount my bay, and take my Greek greyhound with me; when I reached the park, all the pretty women I knew would stretch their necks out of their carriages to salute me, and I would be happy, be envied and honoured. And yet, spite of all I have said, if I, Alfred Lascour, was insulted to-morrow, I would fight in a moment."

"How so, sir?"

"Oh, because with me, Lascour, the case is very different! I must be a man of honour; I need it for my support. I am the ostensible editor of a newspaper; I must be brave. Only consider that I am employed to be courageous for all my anonymous correspondents; I am the shield of their wit, or folly, as the case may be; courage, with me, means champagne, truffles, and a pheasant à la royale, and I am very fond of pheasants and champagne, therefore I must needs be very courageous. But could I find money any where else than in my pen, I would be willing to be a coward, and to let the whole world know I was one; I would have the word coward engraved on my cards as my title, and I would not be the less liked; and I would wear mustaches, and I would find people who would tell me it was a great pity I was not in the army; and I would make a gallery of the miniatures that the ladies would send me."

"No, sir," answered Marie; "no woman of honour would love such a man. A lover is a protector, as well as a husband. What, suppose I loved a man, took his arm, and went out with him, and he was to let the first puppy that choose insult me, and I must reflect that the man who pretended to love me would yield me up to the first threat made him! If I fall in the water, he will let me drown; if I am in a fire, he will let me burn up; if I fall into the hands of villains, he will let me be dishonoured. A coward, sir, is a man who knows neither love, pity, nor friendship; a coward can never be a husband, a son, or a father, for he could not protect his wife, his mother, or his daughter. And can a woman love such a man?—oh, never, never!"

"It is singular," said Madame de Neville, "Savigny has gone, without saying a word to us."

CHAPTER II.

THE next day, Savigny was seated at home, in a sad and melancholy mood, when he heard a voice, which he recognised at once, ask the servant if he was within; and in a few moments the door opened, and M. Lascour was announced. Lascour entered with an ease which bordered on familiarity; and after Savigny had, with ceremonious politeness, requested him to be seated, began as follows:—

"Sir, I have had the honour of meeting you at Madame Neville's, and I now come to do you a service."

"What, pray?"

"Sir, you are a coward."

"Sir, you shall make me atonement for this insult, and I will prove to you—"

"Don't get vexed, I entreat you; for you are not angry—only afraid, that's all. But I did not come to insult you; therefore, spare yourself a display of courage which does not deceive me. I resume then, and tell you, you are a coward."

"Sir!"

"Allow me to finish—"

"No, sir, nor will I suffer—"

"What a man! when I tell you that I did not come—"

"Such an insult in my own house!"

"Listen to me, do: I am as great a poltroon as you—a greater one—a thousand times greater. Be cool, and let us talk over our business quietly, and like men of sense. I will not repeat that you are a coward, since that word wounds your feelings, but will tell you that you are not a brave man. Neither am I, as I have already given you to understand—and that is what brings me here. You don't understand, I suppose?"

"Not in the least, sir."

"I presume so; but have patience a moment. Do you recollect that, a few days since, you were breakfasting at the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, in the Bois de Boulogne, and that a man with mustaches—"

At these words Savigny turned pale, and said in a hoarse voice, covering his face with his hands, "Pray, pray, spare me!"

"Be not alarmed, sir," replied Lascour, with his usual *sang-froid*, "I will not recal to your mind the degrading insult you have received, for I have come as a friend: all that I want you to understand is, that I saw you insulted, and saw you pocket the insult. You cannot conceive the object of my visit yet, I conclude?"

"No, sir."

"I will proceed. You are speaking with Madame de Neville about marrying her daughter. The young lady is beautiful, has a dowry of half a million, and everything is nearly arranged. But yesterday, after you went away, I told the family that you were the person insulted in the Pavillon d'Ermenonville; and the young lady declared openly that she would never marry a dishonoured man. The opportunity is a fine one, the fortune large, and it would be hard to lose it; it is therefore absolutely necessary for you to have a brilliant affair of honour, which may retrieve your reputation, but without exposing you to any danger—you understand—without exposing you to any danger—and I now arrive at the object of my visit."

Here Lascour paused for a moment. Monsieur Savigny listened, immovable, with his eyes nailed on the ground, as though choked with emotion, except that now and then a big tear rolled down his cheek. And Lascour, balancing himself carefully on his chair, watched his unfortunate patient with an ironical smile. He resumed:—

"I too need an act of courage which will make a noise, and for this reason:—I am an editor, as you know. To live by that business, we must be *piquant*: to be piquant, we must sink the truth, in a measure; we must use personalities and scandal; but I am afraid of those who will take offence at this. I want a brilliant duel as a shield, sheltered behind which, I can attack all my demi-courageous acquaintance, who, if I had never fought, would come to demand satisfaction from me; and when they know I have been out once, will pretend not to have seen the offensive article. When I saw you receive that insult at the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, it occurred to me, at first, to follow you everywhere, to seize the first opportunity to insult you publicly, and to build up a reputation for courage on your cowardice. But, I know not why, I esteem you, spite of that insult. I watched your conduct in that unfortunate dispute, and you are a man of honour: you were angry at yourself; you did all that you could to fight, and it was your nature only that refused. I am sure that you have wept many a night when you thought on that outrage; therefore, I at once gave up my plan of insulting you, and have discovered a means which reconciles everything, which retrieves your reputation, establishes mine, brings about your marriage, and assures my position in society; it is this:—"

Monsieur Savigny, who had not spoken for a quarter of an hour, and sat like a criminal before the inquisition, rallied his trembling limbs, and by a painful effort raised his head abruptly, approached Lascour, and said—

"Sir, I understand and despise you; leave the house!"

Lascour smiled, and answered, in no way disconcerted, "If it was not for my interest as well as for yours to remain, I would not stay a minute longer; but I have need of you as well as you of me, and I will do you a service in spite of yourself."

"Sir," said Savigny, with dignity, yet embarrassed, "you have heard."

"Listen to me," answered Lascour. "I ask your pardon for mentioning Madame de Neville's fortune to you just now. I know that you are above all interested views, but this is what binds you to me; you are in love, passionately in love with Mademoiselle de Neville—have you courage enough to resign her voluntarily?"

"Yes, it is better to resign her than win her by a trick."

"But reflect that you not only lose her, but remain dishonoured in her eyes; that she will always see the mark of insult on your cheek, and will never meet you without saying to herself, 'there is a man who has received a blow!'"

"Oh, 'tis the torture of hell!" said Savigny, and the sweat poured off his forehead.

"Say but a word, and that torture is at an end."

"But after all," said the young man in despair, "what do you intend to do?"

"Listen. Go to the opera this evening, place yourself in the front seat in the balcony, on the left; I will come a quarter of an hour after you, in the middle of the piece; I enter, you approach me, asking me by what right I presume to slander you; I answer you rudely, you call me an impertinent scoundrel; I grow angry, you lay hands on me, the spectators rise and surround us, and when a good many people are collected, I call you by name that all may know it is you, and we make an appointment for the next morning."

"Never, never!" said poor Savigny, panting for breath.

"You do not love Mademoiselle de Neville, then?"

"Not love her! heavens! not love her!" said he, striking his forehead.

"Well, let me go on, then. The next day, that is to-morrow, we go on the ground."

"I tell you I will not go," answered Savigny, with fury, "no, I will not go! Do you know that what you propose would be the eternal torment of my life! What! obtain the greatest blessing of the world; the esteem of my fellow-men, by fraud! Owe the respect I enjoy only to a stratagem, my friends to a trick! to reflect, in the midst of love's purest endearments, that I am stealing them—to see myself looked up to as a man of honour, and to feel that I am the most vile and degraded of created beings. No, sir, no! since I am a coward, I will pass for one, but I will not steal a character for courage; I will not go."

"Very well," said Lascour, coolly, "very well. I'll go and tell Mademoiselle de Neville."

"For mercy's sake, do not name that name," cried Savigny. "What shall I do—what agony—ah, you are my evil genius, Lascour. Marie—dishonour—the world—my conscience—my head is wandering—oh heavens! if I have thirty years more to live, take away five-and-twenty and give me courage!"

"I offer it to you without expense; why do you not except it?"

"Shall I have been the less insulted?"

"I alone saw the insult offered you, I alone make it known; you attack me as having slandered you, and all is blotted out. Listen to me, and let me finish. We go on the ground to-morrow morning; we place ourselves at twenty paces—no, at fifteen, it is more in form. The pistols are loaded; we fire, at the same time, six inches too high, you understand me? six inches too high. After the first fire, the seconds will declare that the laws of honour are satisfied. But you, for I yield up all the glory to you, you declare that the atonement is not sufficient, otherwise it would look like a duel between two deputies. They load; we fire, without touching either; they load a third time; we miss again; then the seconds interpose forcibly; you yield, at the same time declaring, that, if you were in my place, you would not be satisfied. However, we are reconciled, we shake hands, I am a brave man, you are a hero, your reputation is re-established, you marry Mademoiselle de Neville, and I announce it in my paper. What do you say to my plan?"

Savigny did not answer; his hand twisted convulsively in his hair, he seemed devoured by one of those internal conflicts which exhaust ten years of our life in an hour; his knees shook, and his contracted lips showed his teeth firmly set. He remained in this situation before Lascour five minutes, who alarmed himself at the sight of this silent, motionless agony, forgot his selfishness, was silent, and almost turned pale. All at once Savigny removed his hand, rose, said to Lascour in a hoarse voice, "This evening, at the opera!" and fled into his chamber.

CHAPTER III.

At eleven next morning the following scene was enacted in the Carrières Montmartre behind a wall; an open pistol-case lay on the ground, and two men, fifteen paces apart, had their weapons still in their hands. Then one of the seconds, stepping between them, said with a resolute air, "Gentlemen, six shots have been fired; it is enough for your honour, and too much, perhaps, for our consciences: the duel must cease, or I leave the ground." M. Lascour approached Savigny, and requested him to give him his hand.

"I have no right to refuse you, sir," said Savigny, and gave it to him.

"Now, gentlemen," said Lascour, addressing the seconds, "before we part, I will ask you to sign a declaration that M. Savigny and myself have acted like men of honour."

The seconds sat down on a grassy bank, and wrote hastily, in pencil:

"A meeting took place at Montmartre, this morning, between M. Savigny and M. Lascour, principal editor of the ——. Three shots were exchanged on each side, and we declare on our honour that the two combatants proved themselves men of courage."

[Signed] "DELAUNAY, DERCOURT, LENOIR, MORVAL."

This document being finished, M. de Launay, one of Lascour's seconds, drew near Savigny, and said,

"Sir, I earnestly desire that our acquaintance, begun under such unpleasant circumstances, will not end here;

your honourable and spirited behaviour to-day ensures you my friendship for ever. If you will vouchsafe me yours in return, I shall be proud of it, as that of one of the most honourable men of my acquaintance."

Savigny bowed.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Lascour, approaching and taking Savigny on one side, "allow me to say a single word to one who was, a moment since, my antagonist, and who I trust is now my friend. Well! what is the matter with you?—you seem quite anxious, and yet our plan has succeeded beyond my hopes. Do you know that I was afraid for a moment, at your first fire. If you had taken aim and shot me!"

Savigny made an indignant gesture.

"It would have been an original idea, at all events, my dear fellow. Luckily, everything went off as well as could be. Here is our seconds' declaration; I will take it to all the papers; it will be printed this evening, known by all parties to-morrow, at the end of a week we shall have two hundred friends more, and in a month's time we shall not be able to accept half the invitations that will pour in upon us at the *Rocher de Cancale*. Meantime, let us go to breakfast. What say you, gentlemen?—suppose we adjourn to the Pavillon d'Ermenonville—" but seeing Savigny turn pale at the name, he added, hastily, "no, I am wrong, to Gillet's."

"Gentlemen, excuse me for not joining you," said Savigny, "I feel somewhat unwell." And he got into his cabriolet alone, and drove off rapidly.

"What a strange fellow! how cool!" cried Delaunay, as he went away. "Do you know, my dear Lascour, you have had a lucky escape with such an antagonist!"

CHAPTER IV.

It is noon. A young girl in her morning-dress: her hair in disorder and her eyes swollen with weeping, goes incessantly from the door to the window of the saloon; leans as far as she can out of the balcony; stretches her neck out of the window, watching the entrance of the street with fixed gaze: removes the locks which shade her forehead to see the clearer, and then throws herself on a seat again, sobbing and concealing her face in her hands.

"He is dead! he is dead! I am sure he is dead!"

"My daughter; my dear daughter, do not give yourself up to despair in this way."

"And I, who suspected him of cowardice; I, who could think that he had tamely let himself be insulted, when at the same time—"

"He will return my daughter; he will return."

"Oh, if he returns! I will beg him to forgive me; I will throw myself at his feet: he will forgive me; I will repeat so often and so tenderly that I love him, that he will forgive me. But he will not return! and heaven punishes me for having dared to suspect the noblest of men. He is dead! I shall never see him again! Savigny, Savigny, oh, heavens!"

All at once, a slight noise was heard in the adjoining room. "'Tis he!" cried the young girl, and hurried to the door. Savigny entered in fact, very pale, and let himself drop on the first seat he could find. "You are not wounded, are you?" cried she: "no, no, you are not—oh, what happiness! It is he, mother, look, it is he; how I weep! but these are no painful tears; I would be glad to shed such always. Dear Savigny! how kind heaven has been to us. But pray, speak to me, say one word; one single word; I want to hear your voice; say only Marie, and I will understand it. What, still silent? Oh, I know you have heard of what I said, and are displeased with me. Oh, forgive me, my friend; I have been sufficiently punished for it: I have suffered so much. If you were told that your Marie had disgraced herself, you would die with grief; would you not? Well, then, judge of my sufferings, when a man assured me he had seen Savigny put up with an insult; my brave, my pure, my noble-minded Savigny; I ought not to have believed him, and yet he swore to me that he had seen it; and then it is your fault too if I am too nice on the point of honour. Why did you reveal to me all the treasures of your generous and lofty spirit? A drop of water stains the snow. Ah, forgive me; forgive me? What, you do not answer; you turn your head aside—this is cruel in you—I entreat you, look on Marie, who is stretching out her hands to you; you will not refuse me, and then, you know I am of the noble family of Neville; that family in which there never was a coward, and I thought I should have died when I reflected that he whom I loved had been insulted. But how could I believe it—it was a crime in me—an unpardonable crime. Tell me how I must ask your pardon, and I will do so. But look at me—look at your Marie, for if you do, you will not have the heart to be so angry. Oh, what happiness! your hand clasps in mine, your eyes melt with tenderness; I recognise Savigny's features, when he tells me 'I love you!' Oh, mother, mother, let me kiss him!"—and without waiting for her smiling mother's consent, she threw herself in her betrothed's arms, kissed him tenderly, and hid her face in his bosom. M. Savigny embraced her affectionately: kissed her fair locks; let a tear fall on her neck, and said "dear Marie;" then he disengaged himself from her arms, and went away, saying, "I shall return."

An hour afterwards, Madame de Neville received

a letter from Savigny, stained with blood. He had just shot himself. Poor Marie!

CHAPTER V.

"JOSEPH, bring me my chocolate and the papers," said M. Lascour, from his alcove. "Ah, here is the paper. Let me read my own glory. Capital!"

"Yesterday a *rencontre* took place, etc."

"Very well, ah! Savigny's name again! what can that be?"

"Yesterday, about two o'clock, M. Savigny blew out his brains at his own residence. The motive of this horrid action is unknown. M. Savigny was on the point of connecting himself with one of the first families of the metropolis."

"Savigny! I must be dreaming—it is not possible—Savigny—yea, it is he, sure enough; he was on the point of connecting himself—there can be no doubt of it. What a riddle! such courage! This is a very meagre article. Something might have been made out of the close connexion between his duel and his suicide; something fine might have been said about the stern intrepidity of that man, who had risked his life three times that morning already, and yet dared to put an end to it an hour afterwards, not fearing death after having stood so near it! and this strangely brave man, fought with me; and I with him! It does me credit; I will touch the article up. But what could have been the reason? I cannot imagine. He must have been beside himself. With such a wild head he might have revealed our secret, if he had not destroyed himself. Joseph, bring me my chocolate!"

REVIEWS.

The Chinese as they Are. BY G. TRANSCANT LAY. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 342. London: W. B. and Co.

THIS volume affords the reader an insight into the moral, social, and literary character of the Chinese: it moreover gives a new analysis of the language, and succinct views of the principal arts and sciences. It emanates from the pen of the Naturalist in Beechey's Expedition; and the author is moreover a man of a very religious turn of mind. We are therefore astonished to find him advocating the side of the English government, in its diabolical attempt to compel the Chinese to receive a poisonous and deleterious drug, to foster a demoralizing indulgence. The author advises the Chinese to allow the import of opium, and he says in the same breath that "Christianity, with the Bible in her hand, will come to her aid" at the same time. Yes—and Christianity would be received with suspicion when taught by the same lips which recommend the use of opium. What have the English done in other parts of the world? They have sent missionaries, with the Bible in their hands, to savages; and those missionaries introduced intoxicating draughts to those savages simultaneously with the waters from the fountain of eternal hope. Thus was it that the latter were received with suspicion, in consequence of the ravages committed by the former:—in other words, the savages looked with disgust upon men who taught them to be intemperate and the self-denying principle of Christianity at the same time. If the Chinese authorities consider that opium is injurious to the nation, England has no right to insist upon its free introduction into their country:—what should we think if France said to us, "You shall admit my wines, whether you like them or not?" But this author would inculcate a precious doctrine, when he coolly informs us that "when a legislator begins to make laws about morality, he encroaches upon the rights of the governed," and that he becomes a pest to society. What does this author mean? Are not all laws more or less intended to preserve morality? and must legislators think only of enacting statutes in order to see "that every subject has his own?" Of a verity, we are here favoured with a strange doctrine. We are however still more astonished a little farther on, where this lover of the gospel—this religious man writes as follows:—"Mother Church legislated against Heresy, and became herself the sink of everything that is filthy and abominable in false doctrine and practice." But let us leave the author to his own opinions, abandon the prejudiced portions of his work, and cull a few extracts from the narrative or discursive parts:—

"In China, the spendthrift, the man of lewd habits, the drunkard, and a large assortment of bad characters, slide into the opium-smoker: hence the drug seems to be chargeable with all the vices of the country. Opium, doubtless, has her victims in persons who, but for her fascinating lures, might have escaped their ruin; but in the great majority of instances she only adds one stain more to a character already polluted."

And if there be these occasional instances of ruin, effected through the medium of opium, there is sufficient reason to discourage its use. But this author would not banish a cause of misery or crime, unless its effects were universal! Let us hear him again:—

"Many use it in moderation, and are sufficiently masters of themselves to keep on the right side of slavery. But it is a subtle and traitorous inmate; and no one who has once felt the exhilarating effects of it, is sure that he will not one day fall a prey to its delusions. This great metropolis has a choice of degraded sights,

but nothing that I ever see reminds me of an opium-eater."

The moderation-principle is here admitted to be as dangerous in respect to opium as it is in regard to drinking: if there were no opium used, there would be no moderate user thereof; and if there were no moderate user, there would be no intemperate one. The same may be said of drinking. But let us see the author's description of the opium-eater:—

"His lank and shrivelled limbs, tottering gait, sallow visage, feeble voice, and the death-boding glance of his eye, are so superlative in their degree, and so closely blended in their union, that they at once bespeak him to be the most forlorn creature that treads upon the ground."

The author abominates the use of opium, and yet he recommends the free admission of it into the country. Does he suppose that he would cure intemperance in England by taking off the duties on French brandy, and on all alcoholic liquors? Such reasoning is preposterous. He however recommends the establishment of Temperance Societies in China, and expresses himself favourable to the principle. The following extract is not very favourable to Chinese morality:—

"A Chinese is licentious in the general turn of his ideas, and makes a public display of those forbidden pleasures which in many countries are somewhat screened amidst the shades of retirement. The floating abodes for ladies of pleasure are generally of the gayest kind, and are consequently the first thing to attract the traveller's attention as he draws near the provincial city of Canton. These unfortunate women seldom parade the streets, except when they form a part of some public procession; so that here we have something like a regard to what is outwardly decent and fitting. It is a rare thing to see a man intoxicated abroad in the streets, as the time of jollity comes after the business of the day, as the sequel to the meal. By this means the outward graces of good order are preserved in the streets at night; and the evils of excess, when they occur, are not a little softened and subdued. If two men are seen walking hand-in-hand, it is ten to one that they are both flushed with drink:—as they draw near, the face dyed with a deep red, and the eyes gorged with blood in their superficial vessels and set fast in their sockets, demonstrate that the persons have taken more than their usual allowance of strong drink. Redness of eyes, as a sign of intoxication, is very conspicuous in the Chinese, as it was in the days of Solomon amongst the Jews."

The poor appear to be well off in China—much better off indeed in that heathen, barbarian land, than they are in civilised England—in England, the land of Bibles, of arts and sciences, and vaunted liberty! The author of the work under notice, says:—

"When the Corn-laws, and every enactment that has sprung out of the same stingy, short-sighted policy, shall be repealed, and foreigners allowed to sell us their produce freely, the welfare of our poor will increase with their numbers. They owe their present unfortunate predicament to legislation; and they will commence a new era in their happiness when the unstatesmanlike practice of taking from one part of the community and giving to another, shall be forgotten. In China, the lawyers make traps for the rich; but they leave the poor alone. If a man be poor, says the *Shing Yu*, he must not be proud and presuming on that account. Strange caution! yet not unreasonable in a country where the lower orders are permitted to fructify, thrive, and expand, free from all legislative impediment."

We shall conclude this notice with an extract which will recal to mind the case of Hoo Loo, who died in consequence of an operation, in this country, some years since:—

"Persons in the southern parts are subject to tumours of great size and variety. Many of these unsightly appendages, which had attained an enormous magnitude, were removed in the Ophthalmic Institution at Canton; and yet we seldom walk without meeting with some uncouth enlargement on the face, neck, or head of natives. One perhaps hangs pendulous from the ear: another forms a grotesque addition to the general physiognomy by shooting out laterally from under the chin: and a third springs up like a secondary head, as if in mockery of that which gave it birth. I have seen one about the size of a walnut sprouting from the gum, and overhanging the front teeth. From their frequency, I think we may say that they are in some measure endemic, or are occasioned by something in the way of diet, air, or water, that belongs to the spot. The air is wholesome and the watersweet and innocuous;—we are therefore led to seek the cause in their diet: this, though salutary and nutritious, is eaten with an abundance of moisture, and with but a very little salt, by the poorer sort, among whom these tumours chiefly abound. The rich, who can afford it, put salt to their dishes, to render them palatable; but not so the poor."

THE AIR.

THE air, or atmosphere in which we live and breathe, is a thin, invisible, and elastic fluid. It is material and as such must possess weight, and act with a certain determinate pressure on all those bodies which are immersed in it. Various conjectures have been formed

with respect to the height of the atmosphere, and, as we know to a certainty the relative weight of a column of the atmosphere by the height to which its pressure will raise water or mercury in an empty tube, so different calculations have been founded on those data, to ascertain its extent as well as its density at different heights. If the air of our atmosphere were indeed everywhere of a uniform density, the problem would be very easily solved. We should in that case have nothing more to do than to find out the proportions between the height of a short pillar of air, and a small pillar of water, of equal weight; and having compared the proportion which the height these bear to each other in the small, the same proportion would be certain to hold good in the great, between a pillar of water thirty two feet high, and a pillar of air that reaches to the top of the atmosphere, the height of which we wish to know. Thus, for instance, we find a certain weight of water reaches one inch high, and a similar weight of air reaches seventy-two feet high:—this, then, is the proportion two such pillars bear to each other in the small scale. Now, if one inch of water be equal to seventy two feet of air, to how much air will thirty two feet of water be equal? By the common rule of proportion we readily find that thirty-two feet, or 384 inches, of water will be equal to 331,776 inches, which makes something more than five miles, which would be the height of the atmosphere, were its density everywhere the same as at the earth, where seventy-two feet of air are equal to one inch of water. But this is not really the case, for the air's density is not everywhere the same, but decreases as the pressure upon it decreases; so that the air becomes lighter and lighter, the higher we ascend; and, at the upper part of the atmosphere, where the pressure is scarcely anything at all, the air, dilating in proportion, must be expanded to a very great extent; and therefore the height of the atmosphere must be much greater than has appeared by the last calculation, in which its density was supposed to be everywhere as great as at the surface of the earth. In order, therefore, to determine the height of the atmosphere more exactly, geometericians have endeavoured to determine the density of the air at different distances from the earth.

In proof of the great diminution in the elasticity of the air as we ascend from the earth's surface, it may be enough to state that if the common balloon were filled on ascending from the earth, the gas would burst its silken envelop long ere it had attained the ordinary elevation of those flying vehicles. One of the modes of ascertaining by direct experiment the diminished density, consists in filling a flask with air at a given altitude, and then closing the aperture till the experimenter arrives at the earth's surface. The aperture is afterwards opened under water, and the difference between the air above and below is indicated by the quantity of water which enters. A cubic inch of such air as we breathe, would be so much rarefied at the altitude of 500 miles, that it would fill a sphere equal in diameter to the orbit of Saturn.

The light of the sun is visible before its body; and the sun itself appears some minutes sooner above the horizon than it apparently ought to do from astronomical calculations. Twilight is seen long before the sun appears, and that at a time when it is seen several degrees lower than the horizon. There is, then, in this case, something which deceives our sight; for we cannot suppose the sun to be so irregular in its motions as to vary every morning; for this would disturb the regularity of nature. The deception actually exists in the atmosphere: by looking through this dense transparent substance, every celestial object that lies beyond it is seemingly raised up, in a way similar to the appearance of a piece of money in a basin filled with water. Hence it is plain that, if the atmosphere were away, the sun's light would not be brought to view so long in the morning before the sun itself actually appears. The sun itself without the atmosphere would appear one entire blaze of light the instant it rose, and leave us in total darkness the moment of its setting. The length of the twilight, therefore, is in proportion to the height of the atmosphere; or let us invert this, and say that the height of the atmosphere is in proportion to the length of the twilight: it is generally found, by this means, to be about forty-five miles high, so that it was hence concluded either that that was the actual limit of the atmosphere, or that it must be of an extreme rarity at that height.

(To be continued in our next.)

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

DUNDEE.

ON Monday, March 22nd, the funeral rites were performed to the wife of CAPTAIN ROBERT MANN, of the Dundee and London trading schooner *Courier*, by the Rechabites of Dundee, of whose society she was a leading member. From the circumstance of its being the first funeral in Dundee at which females marched in procession to the resting-place, an extraordinary excitement prevailed; and one would have imagined that it was some great public meeting that was about to take place. The crowd was densely planted along the various streets leading to the cemetery. After depositing the remains in the grave, hymns were sung. About

two hundred persons accompanied the funeral to the burying-ground, of whom a hundred and fifty were Rechabites, and the remainder were friends or relatives. They were arranged four deep, two females leaning between the arms of two men. The males had a white satin sash over their shoulders, and the females were attired in black, with black bonnets, sashes, and "weepers." Altogether the sight was most interesting and imposing.

SHREWSBURY.

On the 18th of March, a Teetotal Society was founded at Hopton, a place in the vicinity of Shrewsbury; on which occasion it was unanimously agreed that the Society be named the Hopton Total Abstinence Association, and that Mr. T. CORFIELD (of Berwick House) be the President, Mr. J. PRICE (of Ratt Bridge Ruyton) Treasurer, and Mr. J. C. CHAMBERS (of Holden Wood Cottage) Secretary. "This appointment," says our esteemed Shrewsbury Correspondent, "could not have fallen upon more active or zealous individuals in the cause of Teetotalism."

DEWSBURY.

On Saint Patrick's day, a meeting was held at the Temperance Hotel; and a most respectable audience of Teetotalers and Rechabites assembled, many of whom were natives of the sister island, which may now be truly denominated the "land of temperance." Mr. T. TODD presided over this meeting, which was also addressed by MESSIERS WARD, WORFOLK, CRADTREE, and SHELDRAKE. The Rechabite Tent, lately opened at Dewsbury, is flourishing in a most satisfactory manner, and contains numerous staunch members. We shall always be pleased to insert the notices forwarded to us by our correspondent of this place.

BARNSELY.

The cause of Teetotalism progresses so well in the vicinity of this place, that Societies have been formed at Burton, Silkstone, and Ardsley; and the members of these fraternities have determined to become Auxiliaries to the Wakefield Union. A new committee is to be formed for the Barnsley Association. Mr. WARD delivered a lecture at this place on Wednesday evening, March 24th, to a respectable audience.

SHEFFIELD.

The Teetotalers of Sheffield are active in the cause. Since Mr. JOHN HOCKINGS visited this important town, the principle has received a considerable impulse, and hundreds have been added to the Society. The meetings are all well attended. We wish our Sheffield correspondent would favour us with more frequent communications.

GREAT MARLOW.

On Wednesday evening, March 24th, Mr. MURPHY delivered an impressive lecture at this place. A Temperance Hotel is established in West Street. Mr. HENRY STALWOOD, lately of the United Temperance Association, is the Treasurer to the Marlow Society.

BRISTOL.

At the commencement of the month of January of this year, the "Good Samaritan" Tent, number 350 of the Independent order of Rechabites, was opened at Bristol, by MESSIERS TAIGGS, BAISTOW, NORTH, and WISDEN, the District Officers of Bath. On Wednesday, March 24th, another Tent was opened in the Bodminster district. The Teetotal Society of Bristol boasts of thirteen thousand members; and eight or nine meetings are held every week. It is however to be regretted that their meetings are not held in large and commodious buildings. Mr. WHITTAKER, the agent of the New British and Foreign Temperance Society, has lately been at Bristol; and so has Mr. PARSONS, the author of that excellent work *Anti-Bacchus*; these gentlemen have done much good. A Female Rechabites' Tent is about to be opened at Bristol. We hope that our correspondent, who favoured us with this information, will oblige us with communications as often as convenient.

TOWN NEWS.

WORKING-MAN'S TEETOTAL SOCIETY

On Monday, the 8th of March, a new meeting of this Society was opened at the Temperance Rooms, Black Horse Yard, Gray's Inn Lane. Mr. BOOTH, the Treasurer, presided; and most effective addresses were delivered by MESSIERS HOPKINSON, BETTS, BAYLIS, WOODWARD and BUTEUX. On the following Monday, Mr. SPARKS occupied the chair, and the meeting was addressed by MESSRS. ANDERSON, AARON BARNES, KIRCHIN, and various other able speakers. There appears every prospect of great success following the exertions of the advocates in the densely populated neighbourhood to which their labours are now directed. On the 19th of March, the meeting at Houduras Street was presided over by Mr. HOPKINSON; and amongst the various speakers were MESSRS. BOOTH, EAST, POWELL, CONNELL, CRUMP and BAYLIS. The elo-

quent and effective details given by Mr. Connell of the misery he had brought upon himself by intemperance, and the happiness he had subsequently experienced through Teetotalism, produced a powerful feeling on the minds of the audience; and the convincing and argumentative address delivered by Mr. Powell will doubtless be long remembered. The leading members of the Clerkenwell and Pentonville Youth's Teetotal Association have assisted at the above assemblies in chaunting the hymns at the opening and close of the meetings. At the last committee meeting of the Working Man's Society it was decided that the Eastern Railway and the Islington Societies should be received in connexion with it. Meetings are accordingly now held on Monday evening, in Black Horse Yard, Gray's Inn Lane; Tuesday at Denals's, Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell; Wednesday, South Street, New North Road, Islington; Thursday, Widegate Street, Bishopgate Street; Friday, Houduras Street, Old Street; and Saturday, at Denals's again. This is decidedly one of the most flourishing Societies in London; and we shall always be glad to report its proceedings.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EXCELLENT meetings are held by this Auxiliary every Tuesday and Friday night, at 56, George-street, Chelsea. On Friday, the 19th of March, the audience was most ably addressed by MESSIERS BROWN, FARMILLO, O'LEARY, TARNBY, BASSETT, ARNER, BLAIR, BARRINGTON, and KILPATRICK. There is a Youth's Society established in Chelsea, in connexion with this Auxiliary.

NORTH LONDON AUXILIARY TO THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A FESTIVAL and concert, with dissolving views, are to take place at the Milton Institution, Milton-street, Fore-street, on Good Friday, April 9th. The festival will commence at half past four, and the concert at seven.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

In consequence of the lease of the Aldersgate-street Chapel being a matter of dispute between several parties, the doors of this establishment are closed for the present. The executive committee of the United Temperance Association accordingly determined to take the Milton Institute, Milton-street, Fore-street, City, for weekly meetings, to be held every Monday evening, to commence at a quarter to eight o'clock precisely. This Association has now taken a stand which places it upon a level with any other Teetotal Society in the metropolis; and sincerely do we congratulate the spirited members of its committee upon the important step they have taken in this instance. The Milton Institute is twice as large as the Aldersgate-street Chapel, and will hold nearly two thousand persons: it is, moreover, in a neighbourhood where the chastening hand of Teetotalism is much required. The last meeting held by this Association at the Chapel took place on Wednesday, March 24th;—on Thursday morning, the Chapel was closed, in consequence of the litigation above alluded to; and on Friday evening the executive committee met and decided upon taking the Milton Institution. No time was thus lost; and we sincerely hope that this spirited proceeding will meet with adequate support. We are authorised to state that advocates of all Societies will be welcome at the Milton Institute on Monday evenings; and that a system of reciprocal interchange of advocates will be gladly adopted by the United Temperance Association. It is resolved by the committee of this Society that Teetotalism shall be advocated in its pure and abstract state on the Milton Institution platform, and on no pretence nor occasion connected with either sectarian principles of religion or party political doctrines. Members may sign any pledge, so long as the condition be one of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The committee solicits donations from the philanthropic, in aid of the cause, and will acknowledge them through the columns of *The Teetotaler*, and in its annual Reports. Such donations should be addressed to Mr. EMERSON, the Treasurer, 31, Fore-street.

The first meeting of the United Temperance Association at the Milton Institution was held on Monday evening, March 29th. The great banner was suspended above the chair, and the Union Jacks were hung around the spacious hall. At a quarter to eight the place was crowded to excess; and the audience was most respectable. Indeed, the whole scene was calculated to charm the hearts of all the friends of the cause, and especially those of the United Temperance Association. Had Dr. OXLEY and Mr. J. W. GREEN (of silver-spoon notoriety) been there, they would never have forgotten this triumph on the part of a Society whose interests they on all occasions go out of the way to declare publicly that they have especially at heart.

Mr. BENSTED, upon taking the chair, gave a concise history of the origin, progress, and plans of the United Temperance Association. He said it was formed to suit all classes, and to admit the votaries of all pledges. Its constitution had, moreover, an espe-

cial view to the union of all Teetotal Societies. The only test of membership is total abstinence; and of this rule the Society is rigid in the enforcement. It admits of no excuses—no pleas of ill health for deviating from the principle. He had also great pleasure in stating that this Association had no paid advocates; and that all who exerted themselves in its behalf, were disinterested. The audience would therefore have more confidence in what such advocates might say to those present. He concluded a most able oration with an energetic eulogium upon the principles of UNION!

Mr. CRUMP, the Registrar, said that the last time he was at this Institution was when it was a theatre; and he was then drinking gin with a dramatic author. That was, of course, before he became a Teetotaler; and he would take very good care that he would never drink any more of that soul-destroying poison. He regretted that the progress of Teetotalism was not so rapid in London as it was in the provinces; but the United Temperance Association was now determined to exert itself with renewed energy. He was himself happy in consequence of being a Teetotaler, and wished to impart that felicity by explaining the means of acquiring it. He would appeal to his wife whether he had not been a better husband since he had joined the Society—and to his eight children whether he had not been a better father. In course of time the Teetotalers will build almshouses for their poor and aged. He wound up his excellent speech with some able observations upon the necessity of UNION.

Mr. EDWIN P. HOOD was rejoiced to hear from the chairman that the advocates of this Society were not paid. This circumstance was alone calculated to enable the Society to take the highest stand in the metropolis. The principles of total abstinence were open to and within the reach of all. The greatest spirits of past ages had succumbed to the terrible influence of intoxicating drinks. Especially would he allude to Sheridan, who had once been connected with the present place of meeting, when it was a theatre. There is no danger like that associated with the fascinating powers of strong drink. Virtue and happiness withered beneath its pestilential breath; and all that is bright, beautiful, intellectual, and glorious, faded and drooped into the dust before its whirlwind-away. Mr. HOOD also wound up his eloquent speech with the praises of UNION.

THE REV. Mr. BABAGE said that the aim of the Teetotalers was to make the people happy. "Let them laugh who win,"—and surely the Teetotalers are the gainers by the system. The Publicans made men wretched and miserable; and their liquors destroyed health and undermined wealth. Teetotalism is the only salutary measure to reclaim the drunkard, and arrest the moderate drinker on his career to ruin. He related a most affecting anecdote of the miseries of a family, which was brought from a wealthy and exalted station to one of the most abject misery, by means of strong drink. Teetotalism had done immense good in Wales, where there were now upwards of 200,000 staunch Teetotalers. The Rev. gentleman also sang the praises of UNION!

THE REV. Mr. FAULKNER, of the British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, felt great pleasure in addressing the audience on that occasion. He had lately had an opportunity of witnessing the progress of the cause in Norfolk and its environs, and during his sojourn in that district had himself received 900 signatures. Of these 200 were those of reclaimed drunkards. Great obstacles were thrown in the way of the cause by the obstinacy of the sticklers for moderate drinking. But if by the moderate use of liquors, one individual had gradually been led on to become a drunkard, the fallacy and delusion of the Moderation system became apparent. There was a time when the advocates for the abolition of slavery were laughed at, and treated as visionary theorists; but now much had been done to effect their entire object, and all Britain raised a cry of execration against the system of slavery. The cry of the murdered African had gone up to heaven; and God had heard it. The cry of the dying drunkard echoed to the same eternal realms, and the same Almighty power had heard it. Teetotalism was now doing the same for the slave of strong drinks, as the abolitionists had done for the African.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS expatiated upon the benefits to be received from the Teetotal principle, and denounced the Moderation-doctrine as irrational and absurd.

The chairman then announced that the meetings would be held at that place every Monday evening at a quarter to eight o'clock, and that there would be no charge for admission.

We beg to call the attention of the Reader to the 11th Number of a second Series of Illustrations, which is given gratis with "THE TEETOTALER" of this day.

The Series will be complete in Twelve Illustrations, and will be continued for as many consecutive weeks.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 42.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH MR. SNODGRASS AMUSES HIS FRIENDS WITH CERTAIN EXTRACTS FROM A HIGHLY INFLUENTIAL JOURNAL; AND THE READER WILL ALSO BE REGALED WITH AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE, IN WHICH MR. TUPMAN AND MR. ALFRED JINGLE WERE THE HEROES.

LORD BROUOHAM has very justly defined true greatness to consist in being in advance of one's time; and the poets and philosophers who have found most favour with the world, are those who have been mindful of this plain truth. We should all leave the things which are behind, and reach forward to those which are before. Perhaps the reason why Milton was so little appreciated in his time was to be found in the choice of his subject, as he very coolly went all the way back to the days of the antediluvians. With such a melancholy instance of misapplied genius before his eyes, Mr. Alfred Jingle imagined that it would have been little less than intellectual suicide to have adopted the views and followed the pursuits of the present day: he accordingly devoted himself to those gigantic proceedings which naturally furnished for his discourse an elevation of ideas that was often mistaken for exaggeration, and not unfrequently designated by certain envious and jealous individuals as "deliberate lies."

All this is preparatory to saying that Mr. Jingle astonished the folks, whom he met at the table of Mr. Snodgrass, with the very remarkable incidents he related, especially in connexion with his American travels.

"Well, that certainly is very extraordinary!" ejaculated Mr. Snodgrass, at the termination of one of the aforesaid anecdotes. "But are the Americans good poets?"

"Good poets!" cried Jingle,—"really wonder—man like you—great endowments—vast acquirements—ask the question. American poets—nothing like 'em—write by steam—railroad pace—out-and-outers. Go to New York—see manufactory—poems of all kinds—steam-engine—thousand horse-power—turns 'em out—sixty a day—all epics—ten cantos—each canto thousand lines. Poets starving—manufactory ruin 'em all—no exception—cruel—very!"

"Do you really mean to say that poems are now made by steam in the United States?" demanded the astonished Mr. Snodgrass.

"Honour bright—wouldn't humbug—not for thousands—ready cash."

"And pray are the American ladies very beautiful?" enquired Mr. Tupman.

"Philadelphia—finest girls—can't keep eyes off 'em," answered Mr. Jingle. "Splendid figures—waist so thin—high wind—cuts 'em in halves—right in the middle—bnst falls one way—legs another. Very modest too—no giggling—can't say—bo to goose."

"The Americans are very great sportsmen, I believe—are they not?" asked Mr. Winkle.

"Nothing like them—regular Nimrods—capital sporting too—not like ours—we shoot birds—they hunt Kangaroos. One day—American gentleman—friend of mine—fell in the midst—Kangaroo army—taken prisoner—King of the Kangaroos—very kind—gave him daughter—Miss Kangaroo—in marriage. Soon got tired—Kangaroo life—ran away—came back—told the story. One thing odd though—partner's money—thirty thousand dollars—in his pocket—when he first set out. When he came back—hadn't a doit—left it all—Kangaroos. Became bankrupt—got certificate—ever after rich man."

"Wonderful!" cried Mr. Snodgrass. "But I have a little boy, Mr. Jingle, who is himself a prodigy; and so I can very well believe all that you have told me."

"Ah! American boys—very forward—come into the world—A. B. C.—tip of their tongue;—read Latin—three years old—Greek, five—Hebrew, seven—Chinese, nine—Hottentot, eleven—unknown tongues at thirteen. Wonderful—very!"

"My boy is not so clever as all that," observed Mr. Snodgrass; "but he is very talented. You must know that at the Charter-House they have started a magazine called *The Carthusian*; and so Mr. Wackem, the master of the school to which my little Augustus goes, has started his magazine. It is edited by an association of infants, and manifests the most unflinching courage in contending for their rights. Here is the first number."

Mr. Snodgrass dragged a small pamphlet from his pocket, and requested Mr. Jingle to observe the beauty of the typography, the blackness of the ink, and the admirable texture of the paper.

"It is really very well got up," continued the enraptured Mr. Snodgrass, "and is highly creditable to Mr. Wackem and the editors. My son, Mr. Jingle," added Mr. Snodgrass, speaking as if that were one of the proudest moments of his life, "is the Chairman of the Editorial Board."

It is extremely distressing to be compelled to relate, at this period, that Mr. Jingle burst out into a very loud fit of laughter, as Mr. Snodgrass gravely and solemnly delivered himself of the preceding observations; and that even Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle joined in the mirth of the former gentleman.

"Well—you may laugh," cried Mr. Snodgrass; "but I will just enable you to judge for yourselves. Here are articles of all kinds—political—moral—social—commercial—scientific—and historical. The first paper is on the *Treachery of the Whigs*, and is written by Master Simcox, a youth of seven: the next is on *Trade*, and emanates from the pen of my son. Stay—I will read you a piece of that as a specimen."

Mr. Snodgrass accordingly commenced, in a tone of befitting solemnity and with due emphasis on the most interesting passages, the following article:—

"Trade, during the past week, has been unusually dull. Shop-keepers make great complaints of a falling off in the demand for some articles which are usually, at this season, in great request. A dealer in marbles states that since the last holidays, his sales have fallen off one third, and that the market is literally glutted with alley laws and commoneys. Ginger-bread nuts are, however, in some request, and we have heard of one house doing business with a new stock at the rate of twelve a penny. Hard-bake is freely offered in lots of half an ounce, and holders appear extremely desirous of sales. Hard-boiled eggs remain as they were; but ginger-beer is decidedly lively. Lollipops and bulls'-eyes are firm at quotations; but sugar-candy has experienced a still further decline. An ancient lady, who keeps a portable warehouse under an arch, effected a considerable sale yesterday afternoon of peppermint lozenges; but the terms have not yet transpired. The penny-pie market is brisk, and the dealers speak confidently. As the holidays are approaching, we may confidently look for a return of former prices; and as the quarterly allowance to boys under twelve years will then become due, a considerable amount of pennies will be thrown into circulation, which cannot but have a favourable influence on the dealers in tin-trumpets—a branch of industry which, we are sorry to learn, is labouring under deep depression."

"Admirable!" ejaculated Mr. Tupman, as Mr. Snodgrass terminated this comprehensive and liberal view of the condition of commerce and manufacture.

"Here is a piece of news headed *Ancient Sports*," continued Mr. Snodgrass; "and this

also emanates from the pen of my son. I will read it to you:—

"We are always happy to remark anything like a return to the simple habits and tastes of our ancestors; for although we are strenuous advocates for improvement, it must be nevertheless allowed that our forefathers excelled in certain rural and innocent diversions, in which we of the present age are miserably deficient. Considerable excitement was yesterday occasioned in the play-ground (and no small amusement was the result) by a revival of the ancient custom and manly exercise of jumping in sacks. The performers were two dark gentlemen, vulgarly denominated *sweeps*; and they went through their task with peculiar gracefulness of evolution and agility of limb. We are however bound, as impartial journalists, to declare that the attempt of one to dance a fandango in his sack, was a failure. Taglioni would not have feared a rival in this instance. The two gentlemen were liberally rewarded by the spectators; and as soon as they had issued from their sacks, they explored Mr. Wackem's kitchen-chimney, and chanted an Italian *scena* on the top. Altogether the entertainments were of a character to make a lasting impression upon those present; and we hope that the good old games of our ancestors—such as climbing a greasy pole for a leg of mutton—running after a pig with a soaped tail—donkey-racing—and eating treacle-biscuits, will be revived."

"Better and better!" said Mr. Tupman, rubbing his hands together with ineffable delight. "Really, your boy is quite a prodigy, Snodgrass."

"Wonderful fellow—second Addison—quite a Steele—Johnson in jacket and trousers—giant-dwarf," exclaimed Mr. Jingle, who just woke up from a nap into which he had fallen as Mr. Snodgrass commenced the first article from *Wackem's Infant's Miscellany*.

"I must just read you one more paper," said the delighted Mr. Snodgrass: "it will show you with what unflinching courage and firmness the boys at Wackem's school insist upon the enjoyment of their just rights and privileges."

As no one offered any objection—(because Mr. Jingle composed himself to take another nap, and neither Mr. Tupman nor Mr. Winkle would have wished to annoy their friend)—Mr. Snodgrass read the following memorable article from the journal which he held in his hand, and which, the reader will admit, was an ornament to the press of this great and enlightened nation:—

"A deputation of boys waited upon the master last evening, to demand satisfaction for an affront put upon a child by the name of Tommy Biggins, by the under teacher, Mr. Sopht Soap. The facts of the case are these, as we gather from the chairman of the deputation:—as Master Tommy Biggins was making a scientific experiment in respect to a circle (or, in other words, trundling a hoop) in the play-ground, in the quiet enjoyment of his rights and privileges as a Briton, he chanced to run against the legs of Mr. Sopht Soap, doing, however, no other damage than spattering this gentleman all over with mud; and for this trifling offence, Mr. Sopht Soap had the unparalleled audacity to pull the boy's ears. As soon as the matter became known, a tremendous excitement was the consequence: a meeting was called; the most enthusiastic speeches were made; and several very severe resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice. A committee was immediately appointed, to wait upon Mr. Wackem, and demand the instant removal of the offender. One of the committee was Mr. Sopht Soap's youngest brother, and he was lead in his denunciations against his relation, although only four years old. We have not yet heard

the nature of Mr. Wackem's reply; but as soon as it is received, a supplement will be issued from our office. We are glad to have this opportunity of recording our determination to support our privileges. This same Mr. Sopht Soap lately submitted a plan to Mr. Wackem for dividing the play-ground into two parts, for the big and the little boys; but we fearlessly set our face against the measure. The integrity of the play-ground must be preserved: its dismemberment would lead to the most disastrous results. We live in stormy times; and should guard against all improper innovations. The minds of the school-boys are very unsettled in consequence of these circumstances, and some survey their brethren with distrust. These are the times which try boys' souls. We shall keep a constant eye upon the affair of the play-ground; as, should such a measure be carried into effect, there is no saying where such despotic invasions of our rights will stop."

"Ah—well—that's all—thank heavens—boy's journal—precious stupid—makes one sleepy."

"What did you say, my dear sir?" enquired Mr. Snodgrass, with considerable hesitation.

"Oh! beg pardon—merely dreaming—that is—pleasant reverie—interesting subject—boys' articles—wide awake—uncommon."

And Mr. Jingle yawned fearfully half a dozen times, as he delivered himself of these observations.

"Come," said Mr. Snodgrass, "I will read you something which will really please you. This paragraph occurs in the *Notices to Correspondents* :—

"An opinion appears to be current in society, that the editor of a newspaper is bound to print all the communications that he may receive on any subject, whether the sentiments that they contain be congenial with his own, or not: but such is not the view that we take of the matter. Although we live in an age when a man has a right to do wrong, so free is human will, yet we are not so far advanced in freedom, that any one can be compelled to do wrong to himself, to oblige another. That day may arrive; but it has not yet. We wish that these remarks may be considered by the writers of poetry, of all kinds, as intended expressly for them; and, in an especial manner, for the translators of German doggrel. These latter writers seem to think that as the art of printing is of German origin, the whole force of the press should be devoted to villanous translations of incomprehensible verses out of that language. We have now on hand several large drawers full of Germanic verses, besides an innumerable number of essays on the genius of Goethe. The worst of it is that all these things are written by the youngest children, whose time and talents might be devoted to better purposes. From the above remark *Philo Novalis*; *A. B. C.*, and a score of others, will learn the reason why their effusions have not been printed in our columns."

"A very manly notice!" said Mr. Tupman.

"Very—when we recollect that it was written by Augustus, who is not quite eight yet," cried Mr. Snodgrass.

In such a manner as this did the time pass away; and at half-past nine o'clock a coach came to fetch Mr. and Mrs. Winkle. Mr. Tupman then rose to depart, and Mr. Jingle followed his example.

"Where do you hang out?" demanded Jingle.

"Hatchet's, Piccadilly," was the reply.

"All in my way—walk with you—keep you company—see you safe—come along."

The two gentlemen bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, and commenced their walk.

"Lovely night—quite poetical—silvery moon—flickering stars—solemn silence—and all that. Smoke a cigar?"

"With pleasure," returned Mr. Tupman; "but where shall we get a light?"

"Dear fellow—man of the world—always provided—three things—necessary to existence—civilized country."

"And what are those three essentials to life?" demanded Mr. Tupman.

"Lucifer box—bill-stamp—card case. All the cards—different names—different addresses."

"And what is the bill-stamp for?" enquired Mr. Tupman, as he lighted his cigar by one of his companion's matches.

"Oh! always useful—meet friend—friend good fellow—would lend you money—hasn't any convenient—can give you acceptance though."

"And the cards with the various addresses?" asked Mr. Tupman.

"What—man like you—not wide awake—really thought—friend Tupman—up to snuff. Gay fellow—fond of the girls—make appointments—got cards—all sorts—ready at hand. Well—what's to be done—quite early—not ten yet—go to Adelphi—time for last piece?"

Mr. Tupman assented to this proposal; and Mr. Jingle hailed a cab, into which he and his companion stepped. They continued to smoke their cigars inside the vehicle, much to the annoyance of the driver, who however remonstrated in vain; for all the reply he obtained from Mr. Jingle was the following:—

"Ought to know—much better—interfere—gentlemen—cut along—say another word—punch your head. Touch him up—lame horse—got no raw—snail's pace. All cabmen—sad scoundrels—very."

In process of time the two gentlemen arrived at the Adelphi, and Mr. Jingle sauntered into the hall, leaving his friend (doubtless in a fit of absence of mind) to settle with the cabman. The same mental abstraction will also account for the fact of Jingle's not offering to pay for his admission, and assigning that task to the very accommodating Mr. Tupman. They obtained excellent seats in the stage-boxes, Mr. Jingle having declared that he never went anywhere else.

Both the gentlemen gazed first around the semicircle, which was adorned with all kinds of countenances and all manners of garbs. Youth and age—beauty and wrinkles—natural joy and forced mirth, were all apparent there. An old dowager, with her immense turban, her fan, and her low gown, displaying a disgusting exuberance of bosom,—and a modest girl, with her hair adorned only by a single rose, and with her frock concealing although describing the contours of her form, were seated in the box opposite to the two gentlemen. Alas! consumption, like a worm in the bud, feeds on the damask cheek of that beautiful girl. And yet she knows it not. Light-hearted she frequents the place of merriment, and enters enthusiastically into the spirit of the performance. But she will pass away as doth a leaf, in autumn, or with the milder breath of spring. Her companions will lament her; and they will pluck the garland of the May-queen to pieces, to scatter it upon the grave.

These thoughts are sadly out of place; but grim death will be thrusting his visage everywhere; and there are goblins in every theatre, masquerade, and ball. Close behind those two ladies stood a dandy, in the shape of a merchant's clerk—his legs apart, and forming an isosceles triangle with the ground. He wore straps half a yard long, his trousers being that much too short, and a very vulgar brooch in the false bosom over his shirt. His guard-chain dangled in festoons about his waistcoat. He really thought every body was looking at him; and he shook his head from time to time, and allowed certain expressions to escape his lips, as if involuntarily, in order to impress his neighbours with an idea that he was a good judge of theatricals, and found the present piece execrable.

Down in the pit, sat an old man, holding a beautiful little boy, about four years old, upon his knee, and kindly answering all his questions. Close by him was an unfortunate young man, as thin as grim death—the victim of a tape-worm; and yet he would laugh and shake his lean sides. Thus wise men and fools—the handsome and the ugly—the proud and the unassuming, were mingled in that epitome of the world. Amidst the brightest reminiscences of childhood are those when the theatre was visited for the first time; when the green curtain was down, and the tardy musicians crept one by one from some subterraneous place into the orchestra; and at last the overture was finished, and the bell rang, and the foot lights were raised up to burst upon the scene of enchantment! But the reminiscences of childhood remain, while its joyous realities disappear for ever; and those longing—lingering looks, which are thrown towards the past, are often all that poor suffering mortals possess to soothe the present!

When Mr. Tupman and Mr. Jingle had satisfied their curiosity by gazing around the crowded theatre, they condescended to cast a glance towards the stage.

"Well—upon my word—this is very odd—very odd!" ejaculated Mr. Tupman to his friend, as he examined the proceedings of the performers; "one would really think that the actor who stands

by the table there, was our mutual friend Pickwick."

"By jingo—not far out—meant for him—there he is—walking likeness—gaiters—shorts—bald head—spectacles—admirable hit—very!"

"I really begin to imagine that the performance more or less relates to Pickwick," said Mr. Tupman; and his doubts were now speedily cleared up by the entrance upon the stage of an actor whose part was to personate Mr. Samuel Weller.

Mr. Tupman was perfectly astonished—Mr. Jingle was in an ecstasy of delight. The play proceeded: its plot related to a love affair in which Mr. Pickwick was supposed to have been involved by means of a letter; and in due time, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Weller senior were all introduced—or rather their representations were—into the business of the plot. Mr. Tupman was uncertain what to do—the boxes clapped, the pit roared—and the gallery stamped enough to pull the whole house down. The dilemmas, into which Mr. Pickwick was represented to have fallen, elicited universal applause; and the actors performed their parts, and hit off the characters assigned to them, to perfection. The flush of anger suffused itself upon the countenance of Mr. Tupman; and Jingle saw that it would require but little to induce him to interrupt the whole performance.

At this moment a person appeared at the door of the box and enquired if the gentlemen wanted a play-bill. Mr. Tupman greedily availed himself of this opportunity of clearing up all doubts; and he instantaneously purchased a bill. Passing over all the attractive announcements of the commencement, he looked towards the foot of the bill; and there he saw the words—"THE PICKWICKIANS: a Farce: to be supported by the whole strength of the company."

"I'll strength them," muttered Mr. Tupman between his teeth; and, hearing his own name mentioned upon the stage at this moment, he cast his eyes in that direction. There did he behold himself—his own counterpart—personified by a great, fat, stout, vulgar, red-cheeked fellow, who was dressed in the very fashion so long adopted by the original character!

This was quite enough for Mr. Tupman; or, if it had not been sufficient to provoke his wrath, the enthusiastic applause of pit, boxes, and gallery, would have supplied any deficiency of incitement to immediate vengeance. Mr. Tupman started from his seat, clambered upon the front of the box, lowered himself down with as much prudence as possible, and at length tumbled heavily upon the stage. He however fell in a sitting posture, and did not greatly hurt himself. To rise upon his legs—to rush forward—to seize the actor, who was personifying himself—and to commence pommelling him with all his might and main,—these were all the work of a minute with Mr. Tupman.

"My eyes, here's a go!" shouted a voice in the gallery.

"I wonder whether this here is any part o' the performances," cried another. "If so, that there new comer plays his part very nateral."

"Cut along—keep moving—at him again—brave fellow, Tupman—never say die—peg away—that's it!" ejaculated Mr. Jingle, who enjoyed the scene more than any one present. "Go it again—all fair play—got his head in Chancery—hit him hard—ain't got no friends—capital lark—famous!"

In the meantime the whole theatre was in confusion. Ladies shrieked—gentleman laughed—and blackguards shouted. The orange-peels and nuts showered in volleys upon the stage; and Mr. Tupman continued to inflict personal chastisement upon the offending actor, without relaxation, and without mercy. At first the other actors were too much astonished to interfere, or to know what course to adopt;—but, after the lapse of a few moments, they hastened to the assistance of their comrade. The battle now became general: perukes flew about in all directions—and the volleys of missiles from the galleries added greatly to the interest of the scene. At length Jingle perceived that his friend was likely to come off second best; he accordingly leapt nimbly upon the stage, and hurried to his assistance.

Mr. Jingle speedily forced a passage through the crowd of performers, and laid hold of Mr. Tupman by the coat-tails. In this way he pulled him from the stage, behind the scenes, himself stepping backwards the whole time, to facilitate

the manoeuvre. Thus was Mr. Tupman effecting a retreat, and yet skirmishing with his enemies the whole time. Suddenly Jingle fell backwards down a narrow flight of stairs, against which he had retrograded; and Mr. Tupman fell upon him. They scrambled up in a moment, and found that they had forced open a little door, which afforded them a means of egress by the back of the theatre. Not an instant was to be lost: Jingle suspected that the police was already after them, for the disturbance thus created; and he accordingly urged his companion to escape at once. This advice was fortunately well received by Mr. Tupman, whose indignation had somewhat subsided beneath the weight of sundry huge fists; and he and Jingle succeeded in accomplishing a safe, though rapid retreat from the vicinity of the Adelphi-Theatre.

(To be Continued in our next.)

GLEANINGS FOR TEETOTALERS.

MR. BEAUMONT, the author of an *Essay upon the Nature of Alcoholic Drinks*, says that spirits act peculiarly "by injuring the digestive organs: it is maintained by an eminent physiologist, that they are always hurtful to the inner coat of the stomach, even though there may be no sensible indications experienced at the time. By their anti-septic and astringent properties, they retard and damage the digestive functions. Their stimulating quality is highly prejudicial to the brain and nervous system; and it is the spirit-drinker who is especially liable to the delirium tremens, or the drunkard's mania." The slightest quantity of strong drink is unnecessary and useless; and if people will not follow the directions of medical men to preserve health, how can they have any confidence in them when they are ill? The author just quoted says, "Wines are productive of a class of symptoms which, though similar in some respects, differ in others; and this may arise from their more compound character. Thus, if ardent spirits have the property of producing structural diseases of the stomach, as inflammation, thickening, ulceration, &c., the vinous drinks are more frequently productive of functional derangement in this organ." Sir Anthony Carlisle has declared that long continued and watchful observation has induced him to conclude that the acid qualities of fermented wines are decidedly hurtful. Wines injure also by their stimulating property, and like concentrated spirits, produce an undue excitement of the heart and circulating system. Mr. Beaumont says that "popular opinion is immensely in favour of home brewed beer; and it is a strange and startling heresy in the ears of John Bull to denounce and defame the character of John Barley-corn; and yet, notwithstanding the prevailing opinions and the general practices of all orders of society, it cannot be concealed that even the moderate use of malt liquor has proved injurious to many, whilst an inordinate indulgence in this beverage has brought thousands to an untimely grave!"

The consequences of the odious vice of intemperance are not only perceived in the domestic circle, but also in the felicity and prosperity of nations. Social and political order has no guarantees in a country whose inhabitants are a prey to habits which pervert all the sympathies of human nature, throw a cloud over all the charities and amenities of life, and change the naturally pacific disposition into that of the madman and reckless destroyer. Obstinate individuals may declaim against Teetotalism as a doctrine which requires the drunkard and moderate drinker to abandon the use of intoxicating liquors altogether and suddenly: but would those same reasoners assert that an individual who has long lain in the impure air of a noisome dungeon, must only be removed from it by degrees, or that a man who has fallen into the fire or water should lie there a little while on account of the danger of removing him suddenly? Is it possible to shake off a dangerous habit with too much abruptness, or with too little preparation? Mr. Robert Barker, the surgeon of Bedford, says,—"In the event of disease being induced by the sudden relinquishment of the stimulant, it will be much better for the individual that it should be combated by the medical practitioner, than that the use of the stimulus should be persevered in. It may be a source of some pleasure to the reclaimed drunkard to know that the fluid, water, to which he restricts himself, has been much extolled as a medicinal agent." Dr. Saunders also puts the following observations upon record:—"A more decidedly beneficial use of water as a medicine is in relieving those deranged functions of the stomach and bowels, and biliary organs, occasioned by the most frequent of all causes of disease, especially with men of middle age, and in easy circumstances, a long and habitual indulgence in high food, strong drink, and all luxuries of the table." Van Swieten, in his celebrated commentaries upon the aphorisms of Boerhaave, says:—"When plethoric persons eat and drink too plentifully, especially of spirituous liquors, they are exposed to very great danger. Thus we see after plentiful feasting, the guests have their faces become flushed, turgid, and their eyes red, nay very frequently they

even become sleepy and stupid. This is the reason why so many persons who live intemperately fall down apoplectic, in the midst of their festivities." It is, moreover, well known that seven cases out of ten of the malt-liquor drunkards expire of apoplexy or palsy. The following remarkable account of the liver of Cook, the celebrated actor, will doubtless make an impression upon the reader who is in the habit of regarding such statements with either levity or incredulity:—Doctor Hosack opened his body and found that the liver hardly attained its usual dimensions, was astonishingly hard, and its texture so dense as to make considerable resistance to the knife. The blood-vessels, which in a healthy condition are extremely numerous and large, were in this case nearly obliterated, evincing that the natural circulation through the liver had long since ceased; and tubercles were found throughout the whole substance of the organ.

We cannot refrain from transferring to our columns the following hideous picture of the condition of the intemperate—a description which Mr. Barker, whose work we have before quoted, has drawn—and not over-drawn:—"By the habitual, excessive use of intoxicating liquors, the whole system shortly bears marks of debility and decay. The voluntary muscles lose some of their power, and cease to act so readily under the controul of the will; and hence all the movements become awkward. The body appears tottering and infirm, and the step loses its elasticity and vigour. The muscles, and especially those of the face and lips, are often affected with a convulsive twitching, which produces the involuntary winking of the eye, and quivering of the lip, so characteristic of the intemperate. The extremities are at length seized with a tremor, which is severer after a recovery from a fit of intoxication. The lips lose their significant expression, and become sensual; the complexion assumes a sallow, leaden hue, or is changed to an unhealthy fiery redness, and is covered with red streaks and blotches, which are frequently the surest indications of organic change within the abdomen. The eye becomes watery, tender and inflamed, lacks its intelligence and lustre, and its lids are frequently oedematous. These appearances, with a puffed and bloated appearance of the whole body, which is frequently observed, and a dry feverish skin, seldom fail to distinguish the habitual drunkard. These effects which are external, and obvious to every one, are only the signals which nature holds out, and waves in token of internal distress. At the time the drunkard has been pouring down his oft-repeated draughts, and making merry over his cup, diseases have been making insidious progress within."

The habit of indulging in intoxicating liquors is an acquired practice and not a natural propensity. The first time children taste wine or spirits, they do not like them, but request to be allowed to have the sweet wine and the spirits and water with sugar. This fact proves that the taste does not naturally relish alcoholic liquors; and the most unreasonable will be compelled to admit, that, if nature's habits be good, it is absurd—nay wicked to change or pervert them into evil ones. "Were we to continue to increase the use of these poisons," says the Rev. Mr. Parsons, in *Anti-Bacchus*; "for another century at the rate that we have done for the last hundred years, the chief shops amongst us would be gin-shops and apothecaries' shops; and the chief employments those of the doctor, the undertaker, and the sexton; and poor-houses, hospitals, lunatic asylums, prisons, hulks, and grave-yards would be multiplied and enlarged beyond any present calculation. Thank God total abstinence has already checked the destroying fiend, and is about to step between the living and the dead, that the plague may be stayed!" Sir John Floyer says, that water drinkers are temperate in their actions, prudent and ingenious. They live safe from the diseases which affect the head, such as apoplexies, palsies, pains, blindness, deafness, convulsions, and madness; water resists putrefaction, and cools burning heat. Dr. Mainwaring, in his *Method and Means of Enjoying Health*, says,—"Water is the most wholesome drink, the most suitable for human nature, answering all the purposes of common drinks: it is a drink that is a rule to itself, and requires little caution in the use of it, since none will be tempted to drink more of it than he needs. In the primitive ages of the world, water-drinkers were the longest lived by hundreds of years, and were not so often sick and complaining as we are."

The Rev. W. R. Baker, in his *Curse of Britain*, observes,—"It is well known that the habits of drunken parents have a powerful influence on the physical nature of their children, causing them to be brought into existence with an unhealthy brain, and consequently, with a defective intellect. To attempt, then, the conversion of drunkards themselves, while they are allowed the use of intoxicating liquors, is, in most cases, as irrational as it would be for a physician to endeavour to correct the hallucinations of a madman by the employment of logic, rather than by the use of medicines calculated to restore health to the disordered brain. * * * Intemperance is a civil evil: it is an offence against the good order of society. It undermines the foundation of national prosperity, and may therefore be remedied by measures which, if lawful in themselves, bear no im-

mediate relationship to the moral precepts nor to the sanctifying doctrines of the gospel." In another part of this excellent Essay, Mr. Baker says,—"About half a million sterling may be regarded as the sum actually expended in the support of those benevolent institutions which have won for Britain laurels infinitely more precious than her Nelsons and Wellingtons ever gained; but in contrast with this exhibition of her charity stands the sad memorial of her folly and guilt—the yet uncontradicted statement that she devotes fifty millions per annum to the purpose of perpetuating poverty, disease, and crime; and fifty millions more that the temperate portion of her population may be indulged in the gratification of an unnatural and dangerous appetite." Surely the reader will acknowledge the superiority of Teetotalism, even as a safe and precautionary measure, over the habit of using intoxicating liquors,—surely he will admit that the testimonies here brought forward are not to be regarded with indifference or levity!

PASSAGE FROM A MILITARY JOURNAL.

ON a reference to my journal of the 21st of September, 1812, I find a passage which details an attack upon a Spanish convent; and as the circumstances under which we were enabled to drive the French out of the position may doubtless prove entertaining, I place them at the disposal of the editor of *The Teetotaler*.

At day-break our trumpets broke upon our slumbers, if slumbers, indeed, we were enjoying, with the accustomed "boot and saddle." A few minutes served us all, I make no doubt, for donning our garments, accoutrements, and arms; and, in two more, each man was at his horse's side, ready at the word to spring into the saddle.

"Mount!" was the word; and, at the order, with scabbards and sabres clattering; we placed foot in stirrup, and were instantly on horseback.

"Captain J—," said our Major, "follow up Captain E—: yours is the second troop."

The requisite order was immediately given to the men, who, wheeling round, cantered after the leading troop.

"Do we wait for our supporters, major?" said I, as I reined in my curvetting Bucephalus. "Where are the light bobs and artillery?"

"Ahead—some distance now upon their way; but we shall soon overtake them. You are aware the forcing of this building will fall principally to their account. We are to cover their flanks, protect their advance, and if necessary, cover their retreat. If requisite, we shall also assist in storming all defences we may meet with, cut off all stragglers, and, if taken, spread ourselves around the building. We must part: the last troop is now wheeling into marching order."

"Very good," said I, freeing the reins, and letting my courser prance over the ground.

Our way, for some time, lay through a straggling woody ground, sloping off sometimes, and sometimes rising abruptly. The morning promised to be fine; and the sweet fresh air, impregnated with the clear and sparkling dew of the very early hour, was both invigorating and exhilarating. Just as we emerged from some groups of cork trees, the sun shot redly up over a line of distant mountains, and began to shed a pale lustre through the trunks of the trees over the verdant surface of the ground.

We had ridden two or three miles, when we discovered, some distance before us, the four companies of infantry, with the two pieces of artillery in their flank, halting for us to come up. They were drawn up in open column, and carried their knapsacks. The artillery-men were quietly seated on the gun carriages and tumbrils, and were patiently awaiting the approaching addition to their not very formidable force. In a few minutes we had effected a junction, and our major cantered forward to receive the next commands of the officer entrusted with the direction of the service.

"Major, well met!" said he. "The convent is not more than a league before us. We must now commence our dispositions for attack. Do you advance with your three troops, and clear the ground of advanced parties and stragglers, if you should meet any. The infantry shall, in the meantime, advance in column, headed by the artillery. When we get near the object of our attack, the artillery shall file off to the right, and commence a fire on the building, while our bayoneted men push boldly forward and endeavour to carry the place by storm. When you have beat the ground before us, gather your skirmishers together, and close into our rear. For further movements I will give further orders."

Our commanding officer came back without an answer, and gave the word, "Form into open order! Forward—march!" The clatter of our hoofs was the immediate answer to the mandate. The three gallant hussar troops whisked swiftly by the square of infantry, and were, in a few minutes, a hundred yards in advance of the whole body.

We continued, at a rapid pace, to sweep on for some time. At length, taking the word from the officer in command, the leading troop pranced off in skirmishing order, and, dispersing themselves over the ground, galloped hither and thither, though still in a forward direction. Major B— galloped up to my side. "Did

you observe," said he, "a decent looking old man, in the peasant's usual garb, by the side of Colonel ———, when I joined him to ask further directions."

"I did not," returned I. "I was in the rear of the first company of infantry. Besides, my men stood so close before me that I could only see those on horse-back; and this man that you are speaking of, I presume, was on foot."

"He was," said B——. "Poor fellow! he has lost his daughter. She has been carried off by a villain of a French officer, and is now with him in the convent we are going to attack. Four days since, the village to which the old man belongs was entered by a regiment of French infantry: they plundered the inhabitants of all they thought worthy of carrying away; and, among the rest, marched off with the old man's daughter—an only child—not more than sixteen—and, as her father says, a miracle of beauty. Do you feel knight-errant enough to attempt the rescue of this damsel in distress? I confess I feel inclined myself to lend a helping hand. The old man is inconsolable, as may naturally be expected. He left his village, and betook himself to head quarters, hearing that an attack was meditated upon the building to which his daughter had been conveyed. The colonel has promised to do all he can towards the recovery of his daughter."

"I am glad to hear it," said I.

"Disperse your troops, captain, and beat the ground as if you expected to meet a power of game. Here comes the infantry!"

He galloped off, and I followed his example, together with my troop of hussars.

On a near approach, the nature of the building became apparent. It was disposed in the form of a square, with old Gothic turrets at the angles, rising in several stories, with battlemented parapets, partitions, and little watch-towers. Each tower and turret was crowned with a cone-shaped tiled roof, and adorned with brass crosses. Slips of windows studded these roofs; and the ancient grey walls were variegated with loop-holes. The walls were high, and supported by a number of buttresses of various sizes and appearances. In the centre was an advanced tower, furnished with as many oddly constructed appurtenances as other parts of the erection. A pair of huge gates led under this tower, strongly defended with iron work, and now blocked up with gabions. We could see that the walls were profusely pierced for musketry, and that several light pieces of artillery were mounted on them. How many were planted on other parts of the position we had no means of ascertaining.

But what tended to render the building a stronger situation, was a deep—though not sudden descent on one side of the ground, and a proportionable rise upon that of the enemy. This ditch had undoubtedly once been supplied with water: but, to judge from appearances, it had been dry for some time. Under any circumstances it was an awkward feature, since the enemy could have all the advantage of firing upon us with impunity, while we were descending one side and mounting the other. One consolation was, that the edge of a wood drew so close to the convent on the right that some shelter could be offered from their fire.

The skirmishers had now bent nearly up to the edge of this declivity, but had met no obstacle save those presented by the ground. But we were not permitted to career with impunity much longer before the bristling walls. Some musket-shots were fired, which were the prelude to a more regular discharge. All we could do was to return the defiance with our pistols.

The infantry was now coming up at a quick step, in column. I saw the two pieces of artillery rattled up to the wood on the right, and the artillery-men leap from the guns and tumbrils. The words to "draw up," "halt," and "unlimber," sent the horses and drivers cantering to the rear; and in a moment the sponges were unfastened and handed over, and the company of each gun in their appropriate places. The order was now quickly given for our three troops to close together, and betake themselves, for the present, to the rear of the infantry. So said, so done. All the hussars dispersed about, cantered their chargers once more in rank, and drew up behind the infantry, who were now filing off into a line. While this last operation was being performed, the first report of our artillery broke on the noise of the hoofs and the tramp of the soldiers' feet. It was responded to by the dropping fire of the first company, which was just opening.

Nor were they silent on the other side. A simultaneous discharge of musketry rattled along the face of the building, and the cloud of smoke, which was its consequence, came driving and rolling full in our faces. Directly after, I heard the reports of some pieces of cannon boom out of the smoke; and these were quickly succeeded by the vivacious rattle of successive fire,—now swelling—now sinking,—now ringing with impetuosity, and then dropping into separated shots. I looked out to see the effects of this discharge. Some branches were flying from their stems,—leaves were scattering,—and, in one or two instances, full in the rolling smoke, I could see the figures of our infantry tumbling heavily to the ground. So much for our reception.

The smoke cleared a little away; and the eddies began to course swiftly through the wood on our right. The artillery were still busily employed. I could see the running up with the charges, thrusting them into the pieces, brelling the sponges, ramming in the loadings, momentarily withdrawing from before the guns, bringing down the fatal port-fire, firing, sponging again in a second, and reloading. Our two six-pounders were certainly doing full execution; and I was surprised at the manner in which they were able to keep up their fire. The greater part of the infantry was now ordered to repair to the cover of the trees; and in obedience to this command the soldiers forming that detachment soon wheeled off, and began a desultory fire on the windows, loopholes, and parapets; and wherever they could see a chance of their shots taking effect.

A strong fire of musketry now commenced upon our left. We soon found that the ground on the right of the convent was occupied with a strong body of grenadiers, who, if their fire was successful, plainly intended to charge our left and drive it from the cover of the trees. Our course was plain, and quickly adopted. According to order, all our hussars threw themselves into a column, and, wheeling rapidly round the infantry, dashed into the smoke that was rolling between our line of musketeers and that of the enemy. The rattle of the small arms kept gloriously on, varied at intervals with the bangs of the artillery. Sabres were flashing around me, feathers streaming, accoutrements clattering, and hoofs ringing. Oh! the excitement of a charge! Horse and horsemen sweeping on either side in all the pomp of military pride; plumes, pelisses, sabretashes, scabbards, embroidery, shakoes flitting through the smoke, glittering of steel, snorting of plunging chargers, the roll of the distant conflict, the thunder of distant cannon, clouds of snowy smoke, whiz of shot, and tumble of tough and splintered branch. There is a fierce and intense delight in such a scene as this that carries away all its horror, and stirs up the soul till it transforms us into heroes. The French retreated in good order towards the rear of the convent.

In twenty minutes more we were close upon the building. I looked back, but could see nothing of the declivity, and only a file of grim faces black with the smoke, and darting hasty glances on the walls above, the arrowy track of the balls and the falling forms of their dying comrades. Our musketeers were pressing through with the most glorious alacrity. The fusillade was still kept hard up upon the walls, and many bodies were tumbling down, pierced with balls, or struck with the flying bricks and tiles. The British artillery now ceased their fire, through the fear of injuring their own men under the walls, and storming through the breach. The engineers came up and assailed the gates; and ended by blowing them up. The infantry swept through, bayonets fixed, and in full cry. The hussars were now up both with the breach and gates, and, dispersing themselves about, so as to secure the entrances, cut down a few stragglers who were under the walls, and firing now and then upon the storming party.

The moment we forced the building, the first line of defences was abandoned by the enemy, who betook themselves to the rear of the convent, in hopes by keeping up a fire on us to effect a safe retreat; and, to do them justice, the brave fellows fought like heroes. But they could not prevent the position falling into our hands.

After an interval of half an hour, the firing dropped off into scattered and retiring shots.

"Where is the poor peasant's daughter?" demanded Major B——. "Have you rescued the poor girl and given her up to her father?"

"The first is done; but the second is to do," said I. "I have brought the damsel along with me."

The old man came up at this instant, having heard of our success. The moment his daughter descried him, she ran forwards and fell on her knees, weeping: the tears of sire and daughter mingled together; and the scene, with the stern soldiery looking on in silence, made up a picture which would not have been unworthy the perpetration of an artist. The scene was certainly affecting.

My expectations had been greatly surpassed: she was really and truly beautiful. Her complexion was brilliantly fair; her hair long, silken, and dark as a raven; her eyes large, brilliant, and as black as jet, shaded by long lashes of the same hue; and her figure that of a sylph or fairy. After having for some time given way to the impulses of affection, father and daughter prepared to depart. A bow to the circle of officers from the sire, and a general courtesy with downcast eyes from the daughter, were the signals that they were upon the move. It was with considerable regret that we followed them with our eyes as they slowly retired from the vicinity of the convent.

After mustering the men, we found that there were terrible blanks in the ranks. We returned to the convent, where quarters had been assigned us; and during the remainder of the day I devoted many a thought to the Spanish damsel.

H. J.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.—With the next Number (43) will be concluded VOLUME I. of "The Teetotaler." With Number 43 will be given away a beautiful Plate, containing two Steel Engravings, illustrating "The Drunkard's Progress," and to serve as FRONTISPIECE to Volume I. In the course of a few days will be published, Price Two-Pence, the Title-Page, Table of Contents, and Preface, to Volume I. All who intend to bind their Volume should procure this Supplement.

Number 44 will commence Volume II.; and with the new Volume will begin a Series of Plates, entirely in a new style, and far more costly and attractive than the lithographic designs previously given. The new Volume will also contain several new literary features of attraction.

We have received a very angry letter from *Argus*, calling us to an account for our article upon Edmund Kean. We can only refer him to Barry Cornwall's "Life of Kean" for corroboration of all we stated. We have no idea of sparing a man on account of his talents; and we think that *Argus*, after a reference to Barry Cornwall, will agree with us relative to the character of Kean.

"To the Christian" is a very well written, but is not suited to our columns. We shall be however glad to receive other contributions from its author.

The Editor would be glad to see the writer of the letter which was delivered at the Milton Institution on Monday week, and which is signed *A Working Man*.

The letter from Kendal shall be attended to.

The description of the concluding Plates of the present series of pictorial illustrations will be given in our next.

THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

ALL great reformations and useful changes, either in politics or morals, emanate from the poorer classes. William Tell, the hero of Switzerland, was of humble origin, and tilled his own land in the canton of Uri. Hofer, the patriot of the Tyrol, was a peasant; and a statue is now erected to his memory amid the beloved mountains in which he was born, and which he defended with his gallant arm. The father of Martin Luther was a poor miner; and the son, who was destined to spread the tenets of the Reformation by attacking a church that had successfully opposed the encroachments of the mightiest sovereigns in Europe, and ultimately to work a change next in importance to the introduction of Christianity itself, commenced his career as a humble mendicant. The founders of Teetotalism were also of humble origin: the working classes of the British Islands are the architects who have raised a colossus to which all eyes are turned either in admiration or in wonder. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, endowed though they be with vast wealth in order to encourage all useful and profitable study, conceived not so salutary a principle. The legislature, from which should flow those springs that are calculated to wash away the vices and miseries of the nation, propagated not so efficient a doctrine. The Learned Societies and Institutions of the Kingdom imagined not so admirable a principle. The evils of Intemperance were admitted on all sides: the members of the Universities lamented the degraded condition of the country in their sermons;—the Legislature established fines and correctional penalties to repress the vice;—and the Learned Societies amused themselves with calculating the statistics of crime, poverty, and misery, brought about by the same cause. But neither of these adopted or conceived a measure which was alone calculated to meet the evil universally admitted.

Whence then did the reformation proceed? If it did not emanate from the holy, the rich, the learned, and the powerful, from whom did it come? From those who pretended not to possess the refinements of an elegant education, but who were contented with the simple manifestation of the plain, sound sense which the conception of the system of Teetotalism evinced. This reformation originated with the working classes; and, in order to make the triumph complete, it was self-reformation that set so high and glorious an example. The founders of Teetotalism did not preach a doctrine which they did not embrace: they reformed themselves, and then, strengthened in their opinions by their own experience, they began to reform their fellow-creatures. They thought of Teetotalism, and they tried it; they perceived its excellence, and they adhered to it; they were not selfish, and they imparted it. They have set an example which peers, sages, and divines may be proud to imitate. They have successfully combated against prejudice and habit: they have cast down time-ho-

noured customs; they have trampled under foot usages which their ancestors had handed down to them. They found that the excellence of the cause made them eloquent; and the artisan, the mechanic, and the labourer were suddenly vested with capacities to overcome the sophism of the learned, the mystification of the practised speaker, and the plausible assertions of the educated. Boldly did they grapple with all difficulties: the good cause made them strong; and all opposition gave way before them. Such was the origin of Teetotalism!

And now let us glance around us. Theatres are converted into Temperance Halls;—the wretched are made happy—the naked are clothed—the hungry are fed—the diseased are cured—the insane are restored to the use of their intellects;—society is changed—useful institutions are springing up on every side—the working man is an ornament to society, as well as an important member of it;—the causes of crime, distress, premature death, and a thousand ills, are rapidly disappearing from the face of the country;—the temples of the ALMIGHTY are well attended—the streets are comparatively purged of sickening, revolting, and demoralizing sights;—and all these grand effects have sprung from that glorious moral reformation which the working classes have alone effected. Should not a nation's thanks—a country's gratitude be bestowed upon those who have accomplished such mighty results, and introduced so beneficial a change in our moral atmosphere? Teetotalism has raised myriads from the rags and filth to which Intemperance had conducted them,—has placed many a bright intellect and naturally good genius on the road to honour and to fortune,—has conquered the turbulent passions of many a misdirected mind,—and has made the hearts of wives and children leap for joy, by restoring to them husbands and fathers. It has taught thousands to peruse that volume whose contents soothed even Bacon, the great confidant of nature, fraught with all the leaning of the past, and almost prescient of the future, yet too wise not to know his weakness, and too philosophic not to feel his ignorance,—it has enabled hundreds to comprehend the speculations of Newton, whose star-like spirit shot athwart the darkness of the sphere, too soon to re-ascend to the home of his nativity,—and it has prepared the intellects of all to follow the reasoning of Locke, whose pure philosophy only taught him to adore its source, whose warm love of genuine liberty was never chilled into rebellion with its author. Yes—Teetotalism improves alike the moral and the intellectual condition of its votaries, and evokes into action those powers of thought which the humbly-born possess in unison with the proudly-descended. *Virtus est sola nobilitas*—"virtue is the only nobility;" and they are Nature's superior offspring who adhere the most faithfully to Nature's wholesome laws!

History records many noble instances of devotion to country. What sublimer spectacle can be pointed out than the self-immolation of the Roman senate, at the irruption of the Gauls into their city? All brave means had been tried, and had failed; seated in their ivory chairs, each one a throne, clothed in their robes of state, adorned with the badges of honourable deeds, they awaited their fate with unshrinking fortitude. Their beards swept their breasts, and majesty sat upon their brows. In them Rome perished; and when the impious Gaul plucked one of them by the beard, an indignity was offered which could not be atoned for by the death of the barbarian. Contentment would have been disgrace: they themselves atoned for all indignities, and consecrated the ruin of their country by the devotion of their sacrifice. What pillaging of temples, what mutilating of shrines, what desecrating of altars, can compare with this sacrifice towards such estimable patriots? In early times it was deemed "good for a man to die fighting for his country, and falling in the front of the battle." Incited by their poets, urged by the examples of their fathers and the lessons of their mothers, death on the battle-field was embraced as a privilege. Decius, arrayed in his pontifical robes, rode into the midst of the enemy, and fell, fighting, a sacrifice for his country. The tide of battle was turned in favour of the Roman arms; this was esteemed an offering to the gods; and, like prayer, the offering begat the blessing. The act was a patriotic one—why call it a superstition? Brutus "slew his best lover for the good of Rome." This act would honour any time!

Thousands of other examples of ancient patriotism may be quoted: we have however alluded to sufficient for our present purpose. We are anxious to remind our readers of the disinterested conduct of those who loved their country in days of yore, and to ask whether in modern times we shall suffer the same noble feelings to slumber in inactivity. Will none now sacrifice his friend to Rome? Yes—the true patriot of these days—he, who seeks to reform his fellow-countrymen by means of his own example of self-denial—is worthy of occupying a niche in the temple dedicated to Patriotism. The working classes have manifested a true and sincere love for their country, and have embraced and taught a principle which alone can regenerate the inhabitants of these islands.

Those, who cannot help the Teetotalers with their oral advocacy, may aid them with their purse; and those, whose pecuniary means are circumscribed, can afford the cause the assistance of their example. There is scarcely an individual who has not some relative or friend that will be materially benefited by the doctrines of Teetotalism. The vice of intemperance is so general, that every family exhibits at least one instance of its demoralizing and degrading tendency. Hence is it the bounden duty of all to patronise a doctrine which will serve to reclaim a brother, a relative, or a friend. Or, if there be an individual who is so isolated in the world that he has neither relatives nor friends, at least he cannot close his eyes to the condition of his neighbours. If he glance around him, he will behold thousands beggared, cast down, and ruined by the influence of strong liquor. Surely his sympathies—all isolated though he be—must extend to that human family of which no one will dispute his membership. There is, consequently, no living creature in the British empire whom the principles of Teetotalism will not benefit either in a direct or in a remote degree. It is a doctrine in which all are really interested, however they may close their eyes to their immediate or distant connexion with it. It therefore deserves the support of the wise, the rich, the learned, and the powerful, as well as the countenance of the humble, the poor, the simple-hearted, and the unpretending.

Behold the condition of those families into whose bosom the principle has been received, and where it is now nourished with enthusiastic attachment. Teetotalism is the poor man's treasure—the philosopher's stone, which supplies him with a competency—the elixir of life, which retains him in health—the alchemical discovery, which constitutes happiness as perfect as men in this world can know. The humble cottage is the scene of joy and contentment: happy children play around the door, to welcome their father home from his daily toils; and the thrifty housewife prepares the substantial meal within. That cottage—which once was dark, gloomy, and almost denuded of the necessities of life—is now the peasant's palace, and possesses charms which regal splendour cannot comprehend. Oh! that the deluded drunkard would but take notice of the results of the great moral movement that agitates around him,—oh! that he would cast off the chains which link him, like a galley-slave, with Misery—a companion from whom he can only separate by means of the Temperance reformation! Are the pangs of an evil conscience, the aspect of a wife's tears, and the cries of children clamouring for bread,—are these to be preferred to a contented mind, the smiling countenance of an affectionate help-mate, and the healthy looks of amiable little beings, who receive their adequate supply of wholesome food? Can hours of noisy dissipation at the public-house compensate for all the hideous and appalling misery which exists at home? Does man prefer the fawning landlord's smile to that of his tender wife? and will he rob his innocent offspring of their bread in order to secure the fulsome applause of pot-house companions? The drunkard is a fool to himself and a ruffian to his family; the Teetotaler is the being calculated to justify the maxim of Pope—"An honest man's the noblest work of God!" The drunkard feels his shame, and knows that he is pointed at even by those who affect to be his admirers and friend: the very landlord himself abuses him behind his back. But the Teetotaler goes forth, with head erect, to his daily avocations, looks all whom he meets in the face, and walks with the satisfaction of a man who knows that he is a good husband, a good father, and a worthy and useful member

of society. The drunkard is a blot in the sphere of human existence: the Teetotaler is a proof of the high state of intellectual and moral superiority to which rational man may aspire. The drunkard is a loathsome object—either emaciated or bloated—presenting a living spectacle of accumulated disease and corruption to the eye—pestilential in breath and in moral example—idiotic in discourse, and liable to terrible ebullitions of passion—and shuddering each time he passes the workhouse, the hospital, or the spot where the gibbet is usually erected on the occasions of public executions, because in one of these he beholds the termination of his own infamous career. But the Teetotaler is endowed with the glow and hues of health consistent with the wholesome principle he adopts; he is even and placid in his temper, and free from sudden bursts of furious emotions; he trembles not, when he beholds the dwellings of misery and crime, because they point at no moral in his own perspective history; and he performs all his avocations with ease and profit to himself, and to the satisfaction of those with whom he is connected.

ELLEN MAXWELL.

A TALE.

"I say Jem, do you see that queer light to windward?" asked the boatswain's mate of the *Thunderer* of a brother seaman.

"Yes, I spied it out a minute ago; I can't make it out, t'aint the flying Dutchman, is it, d'ye think?"

"It's just as like the flying Dutchman as them yon fore haulyards is to that capstan bar, I've a notion."

"Jem Harris, lend a hand to cut these ropes," sung out the officer of the watch.

"Ay, ay," and away went Jem.

The night had closed in, calm, quiet, and cool; the sailor's friend, the young bright moon, was smiling on the still ocean, as if she loved to look upon her beauty in the splendid mirror; and the soft mild refreshing breeze played with the sails like a happy child: the vessel was gliding through the waters as gently and as steadily as if some invisible power towed her beneath, and the song of the helmsman floated through the clear elements and seemed to cheer her on her way. Close up to the side stood Jack Bennet looking at the strange light which appeared to windward; sometimes the glow was high and of a bright colour, then it sank and changed to a deep-livid red, but it was so far distant on the horizon's extremest verge, that he could not determine what it was. Just as he turned to seek some officer and tell him of the appearance, the look-out man sang out—

"Ship on fire to windward!"

The words echoed through and through the vessel; up from his cabin came the captain followed by his officers, and in an instant every glass was pointed in the direction of the light.

"I don't think it's a ship," said Captain Leslie; "here, Morton, take my glass, and run up to the mast-head and see what it is."

Fast up the ropes, as if gifted with wings, went the young seaman.

"It is a ship, sir," and as he spoke, the boom of a gun came faintly to their ears.

"Answer the signal! all hands to set the sails! Quick, quick, my lads!"

The *Thunderer*, although a merchant-ship, was a fast sailer, and in an incredibly short time, she was rushing through the waves on her errand of mercy; still rapid as was her course, it was not swift enough for her crew's wishes; guns came quicker and quicker from the blazing vessel, and they longed to be with her.

"Shorten sail now, and lower the boats."

"Ay, ay, sir," and the men cheered their order.

"Mr. Howard, take the command of the long boat, and let Morton go with you; he'll be of service if there is anything to do."

"Thank your honour," said Morton, touching his hat.

"Now, lads, bear a-hand," and following the officer, the men jumped into the boat.

"Give way, give way, my men," shouted Howard, who stood a-head; almost flat to their oars laid the men, and the boat seemed to fly, but as the shrieks and guns came to their ears, the men pulled like furies; a groan, but not of pain, from one of the rowers immediately behind him startled Howard; he turned, it was from Morton.

"Gently, gently, Morton; you'll do yourself a mischief."

"No, no, sir, but those screams! shall we ever reach them? The boat seems to stand still! there! there, again!" and as the wild shrieks passed them, he bent lower to the oar.

"Lord have mercy upon us! look at the flames, look Morton, look," said the man next him.

"I dare not; in the sea lead that we make no way!"

They were nearing the vessel fast, and the sea was red with the intense glow. The *Thunderer* was making easy sail to receive those whom the boats should save, but the freshening wind now blew the flames

so far and wide, and the danger of her blowing up was so great, that Captain Leslie dared not risk his ship too near.

"Shout, shout, my lads, that they may know we are coming!"

A loud buzza that shook the boat the men gave, and it was answered by a cheer from the burning ship.

"One more pull and altogether."

Morton dashed past his officer, climbed up the fore-chains, and in an instant was upon the quarter-deck; the sight was awful: sailors, killed by the fall of the burning masts, lay everywhere around; embers, ashes, blazing wood mingled with the senseless forms that covered the deck. The boats were quickly filled with those whom wounds, smoke, and terror had not bereft of their senses, and with their living freight the boats put off. When they returned, the flames burnt (if possible) more intensely, and the heat was suffocating. Morton, like one gifted with supernatural power was everywhere. At last the officer called out, "Quick, my men, to the boats, we must stay no longer; the vessel will blow up directly, we have saved all those who are sensible!"

"Morton, where's Morton?" shouted one of the boat's crew, as they put off.

"Morton, Morton, Morton!"—the calls were unanswered.

"He must have fallen overboard!"

The crackling timber warned the lieutenant of impending danger.

"Heavens forbid! give way, my lads, or we shall not get out of the way before she blows up!"

Harry Morton had forced and crept his way through the burning masts and fragments of rigging down again to the cabins. All were deserted, and he was returning when a sound of low sighs stopped him; they evidently came from one of the ladies' cabins. He darted to the spot, forced open the door, and entered. On the bed lay an elderly female, dead; and kneeling by her, was a young lady, whose hair was hanging dishevelled; her dress was burnt and torn; and her tearless eyes were fixed upon the body with an agonizing expression. Morton went gently up to her.

"Come with me, pray come," he said in a subdued voice.

"Will you take her too?" she murmured; "I know she is dead, but I will not leave her."

"I cannot; but I will save you?"

"No, no, I cannot leave her, dear, dear aunt!" and she rose and wept passionately upon the corpse. Morton let her do so as long as he dared, and then whispered,

"Your aunt is dead, you cannot recal her by staying here; if she were alive, her first wish would be that you should save yourself!"

"You are right," she sobbed, raising herself; "I will go!" She went half way to the door, then turned and flung herself upon the body, crying, "I cannot leave her—go, go, save yourself. I will stay here; God bless you, sir, go, go!"

"And leave you here? Never! If you remain, so will I."

"No, no; wherefore should you perish? Go!—"

"While you stay here, I will not stir, though I well know five minutes longer is certain death."

"Are you so firm?" she asked, as she slowly rose and gazed upon his face; "then I will not be a murderer! Come, come," and she caught his hand saying, "take me now, now."

He wound his arm around her, and crawled and crept through the smoke and timber back to the deck. He laid her against the capstan and rushed to the side to see if the boats were gone—they met not his eyes! His heart stood still—he turned to look at the fainting girl, and shuddered for her fate: no thought was wasted upon himself!

"What's to be done?" he involuntarily exclaimed.

"What more has happened?" she asked, rising from the deck.

"Nothing, nothing—do not be frightened."

"I see—I am not frightened—the boats are gone—well, all chance is over!" and she smiled and laid her hand upon his arm.

"No, no—I can swim; come, dear lady, come!"

"Brave, generous man, no; singly you may save your life; I have perilled it enough already. Go, if you would give me peace!"

He seized her hand; "Off—off! It is in vain, I will not go with you—go, go, do you not hear the flames crackling, they will reach the powder room—do not make me a murderer!"

"Dare you hold this rope steady for me to slide down by?" said he, pointing to one which he had just fastened to the capstan and thrown over the bow of the ship.

"Yes, yes, make haste!" and she bent to it.

"Forgive me!" and he caught her round the waist, and holding her tightly, grasped the rope and slid down. Once in the water he bore her up with one arm and swam with the other. "Hold fast for your life," he said as he struggled through the waves.

"I will, I will, but it is vain; you cannot support my weight much longer, and you will die too!"

"Don't be so downhearted, my lass—ma'am—I beg your pardon—I meant no offence."

"I have taken none; you are brave, I am helpless; you have saved me, and we are more than equal."

"God bless you," said Morton, fervently; and as the words had left his lips, a crash, an explosion, that seemed to rend the very sky and sea, told that the devoted ship had blown up—huge fragments of timber swept through the air, and clove the waters to a fearful depth. Morton grasped the shrinking girl closer, as if that could save her, and she wound her arm round him, and tried to pray.

"God protect us!" he exclaimed, as a blackened mass of wood groaned in the darkened sky, and opened the sea in a frightful abyss about ten yards to their right. Splash, splash, all round came pieces of the wreck; and in spite of his gallant heart, Morton cowered as they fell before and behind him. At a distance he saw his own dear ship and the guiding light that were hung out as beacons to any who might have been roused from stupor by the concussion, and thrown upon the ocean. "Cheerly, cheerly," cried Morton, as the destructive shower ceased, "the worst is over now!"

She did not reply: she was stupified with fear; and her long, full dress, now thoroughly wetted, clung a dead weight to him, and terribly impeded his action. They had been now upwards of a quarter of an hour in the water, the arm that bore her up was perfectly benumbed, they were still at a tremendous distance from the ship, and he was already wearied and exhausted.

"You are sinking, fainting, and I am the cause of it! for God's sake let me go, you cannot save me, it is impossible!"

"Never, while I have life! God will not desert so innocent a being as you are; you will be my protector, not my hindrance," and again the gallant fellow struggled with the waves; the wind had freshened—the sea, though it did not run high, yet weakened and retarded poor Morton still more. His nerveless arm fell slower and slower, and she who hitherto required consolation, now strove to give it.

"How very far you have brought me; we shall be saved; see how much nearer we are; do not despair."

"I do not," he gasped; "but I can swim no more;" and he vainly tried.

"My brave, kind, kind friend! and I have killed you!"

"No, no," he exclaimed with a desperate effort, "you have not, dear lady. The ship! the ship—comrades!—forgive me. I can't go on;" in another moment his senseless body floated on the ocean.

The middle watch had just begun; and the sea, far and wide, looked as still and quiet as if unconscious of the fearful gulf it had been to many a wretched being; but the moon no longer shone as brightly as before: thick white fleecy clouds scudded faster and faster across her disk; and the wind had become cold.

"What a bad job this has been to-night; how's ever it's a blessed mercy as there's so many of the poor things saved; my dear eyes, what a sight the blowing up of that 'ere ship was, I never seed anything so terrible like in my life."

"Ay, it was a tarnation fire to be sure, but they might all ha' gone to Davy Jones's locker if it hadn't ha' been for poor Harry Morton. How he did pull at them oars; 'twasnt like a man's grip, poor fellow, I'd no fancy it was his last tug!"

"He was the boldest hand, and merriest heart in this here craft, though he was so larned spoken sometimes. What a rare favourite he was with the officers, surely! Hark! what's that?"

Both the men bent eagerly over the vessel's side, and every now and then, a faint, struggling cry, seemed to rise from the waters close by, but the moon's light was so dim and irregular that they could see nothing.

"What's the matter, my men?" asked the officer of the watch.

"Something like a signal of distress overboard, your honour; but the light's so confounded skulking, I can't see."

"There! there! don't you hear it?" cried the other as the wail was repeated.

"Ay, ay, lights out directly, lower a boat, somebody from the wreck," sang out Mr. Forrest.

As is always the case in a well-disciplined ship, the orders were scarcely given than executed, and with lanterns fixed to poles the boat was out and searching all round; but the cry was still, and the men had no guide.

"It must have been fancy," said Mr. Howard, as the boat swept round for the fourth time. Just then a shout from the ship reached their ears; a sailor standing aft had heard something grate by the ship's side; he looked down; it was an immense piece of timber, and something white clinging to it.

"Body alongside!"

In a moment three men jumped overboard, and lights were let down to assist them; as they disengaged the body, a cry burst simultaneously from all—

"It's Morton and a woman!"

"Alive?" asked Captain Leslie, anxiously.

"Can't say!—gently, lift him gently!" and Morton and the lady were hauled on deck as tenderly as if the rough hands were women's, and the tarred ropes, silk;

his arm was round her still, and it was difficult to release it. As Morton was raised to be carried below, the surgeon exclaimed, "Good heaven, he's wounded; and terribly; look here!" and he pointed to his back.

The jacket and shirt were cut completely through, and the flesh beneath frightfully opened from shoulder to waist, and jagged pieces of wood were sticking in

the wound. It appeared that when he jumped from the wreck with the lady, that a piece of the mast, splintered lengthwise caught him below the arm, and tearing upwards, left this dreadful wound. The agony was intense; but the brave heart never gave a groan to tell it, but struggled and buffeted on, though every movement of the arm, for it was the one he swam with, gave a pang of suffering so excessive, that as the waves dashed, though gently, on his back, the splinters swayed to and fro in the gash, till he fainted with the pain, but not before, with a last effort, he had caught hold of a rope hanging to a monstrous piece of wood that floated by, and, twining it round his body and that of the lady, trusted to Providence to guide it to his ship.

After two hours incessant exertion he was recovered; his first words were, "Where is the lady?"

"Safe below."

"God be thanked, and thank you all."

In a week he was allowed to come upon deck for a short time, and every officer from the captain to the middies vied with each other in paying him attention. He was a singularly handsome young man, with sunburnt cheek and splendid hazel eyes. His appearance was that of extreme muscular power, but there was blended with it more than a common grace and elegance, and even the dark ringlets, that sailor-fashion hung at the side of his face, were beautiful. Not a stranger crossed the white decks of the Thunderer, without gazing long and earnestly at Harry Morton. His was the quickest hand to reef the sails, the nimblest foot to mount the rigging, the boldest heart, and dauntless spirit at the guns, the cheeriest voice to echo orders in the storm, the gentlest touch to tend the sick, and the best disciplined seaman to his officer. Twice at his life's hazard he had saved his captain's, and when he made his first appearance upon deck, Leslie went forward and greeted him with a father's welcome to his son.

"I ought to have been the first, Captain Leslie," said a young lady coming forward: "my brave preserver!" she would have taken his hand, but his glazed hat was off; and as she met the full glance of those magnificent eyes, her extended arm fell nervelessly by her side, and a deep quick blush rushed to her face.

"It was one of the proudest days of my life, madam, and not the first time I've thanked God he made me a sailor."

She looked up, there was something in the words and manner beyond a common seaman; yet, there he was clad in the checked shirt and coarse blue jacket of the crew. Could there be a mystery?—no, for he gloried in his calling, and Captain Leslie had told her that Harry had been with him from boyhood, and always the same bold, frank creature; he was then superior in words and deeds to all around him.

In two months the Thunderer arrived at Madras; and Ellen Maxwell (who had been proceeding thither to join her father, who was the commander of the British forces there) was set ashore.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THE fatal effects of the terrible vice of intemperance cannot be better developed to the public, than by recording the biographies of those who have principally suffered from so fertile a cause of degradation and misery. The subject of this memoir was one of those whose prospects were ultimately blighted by the course of dissipation which was too greedily and systematically pursued; and no speculation can determine to what eminence Sheridan might have risen, had he not lent too ready an ear to the fascinating whisper of dissipation, and extended too eager a hand to the genius of intemperance.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin, in the year 1751. He was the son of Thomas Sheridan, who was well known as an actor and as a lecturer upon oratory. His mother was distinguished for her beauty and literary acquirements, and was the authoress of several popular works. Richard was sent to Harrow, at the age of eleven; and even at that early period did he exhibit that wildness of disposition and attachment to wine which paved the way for his eventual downfall. At that age, Richard was careless about his own interests—always witty, facetious, and entertaining—and often so indolent that he seemed actually to have lost, rather than to have suspended, his powers of action. He frequented the principal taverns at Harrow, and expended nearly all his pocket-money in gratifying his favourite passion—an indulgence in wine. When he arrived at a proper age, he entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, and supported himself by his literary occupations, still, however, frequenting taverns and scenes of dissipation, and indulging largely and frequently in all the excesses of London dissipation and intemperance.

At an early age, he had manifested a peculiar affection for the stage, and was a constant visitor of the theatres, at which resorts he encountered individuals and formed acquaintances that were far from being calculated to lead him into a correct sober path of life. It was on the stage he first saw and heard Eliza Lindley, at an oratorio; and he immediately fell in love

with her. About the same period his drunken brawls led him to fight two duels with a Mr. Mathews—one at a tavern, in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden; and the other at Kingsdown, near Bath. Shortly after these occurrences he espoused the object of his affections, without having the means of ensuring a meal from one day to another. He obstinately refused to allow his wife to return to the stage; and he still maintained an expensive establishment in Orchard-street, Portman Square.

He determined to exert his literary acquirements to obtain a livelihood for himself and his young wife; and he aspired to the dramatic art of composition. He accordingly produced *The Rivals*, which laid the foundation of his future eminence in this line of literature. *Saint Patrick's Day* followed this piece, and gratified the galleries amazingly. The Comic Opera of *The Duenna* was produced in 1776; and his reputation reached the summit of dramatic fame;—still his fortune had experienced but little increase. Gay, dissipated, and hospitable to excess, his table was open to all who were ready—and those were many—to sponge upon him. His intemperate habits were a considerable drawback to his pecuniary progress; inasmuch as his literary labours were only pursued at long intervals, and for short periods at a time. He however contrived to obtain a share in Drury-lane theatre, and *The Trip to Scarborough* and *The School for Scandal* filled the house and the treasury.

In the year 1780, Sheridan was returned for Stafford; and he contrived with much difficulty to borrow the money to cover his electioneering expenses. All the proceeds of his plays had been wasted in dissipation and riotous living. In 1782 he became Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, under his friend Mr. Fox; and in the following year he was appointed Secretary to the Treasury. It is not however our intention to follow Mr. Sheridan in his political career: suffice it to say, that he was the warm and staunch friend of liberty—that, as to his political conduct, no man in England was ever less impeachable than he—that he defended the French Revolution against Edmund Burke—that he aided in bringing the infamous Warren Hastings to an account—and that he put on record this memorable opinion,—“It is in the nature of Kings to love despotism, and in the constitution of standing armies to obey Kings.”

The charms of Sheridan's conversation were accompanied with a sort of witchery that enchanted all his companions, and generally prolonged the debauchery of the festive board until broad day-light. He was a constant companion of the voluptuary the Prince Regent, and not only visited Carlton House, but also entertained his Royal Highness on several occasions at his own residence. He indulged in all the dissipation to which that prince was himself so deeply attached; and involved himself in pecuniary difficulties to return the hospitality (so called) that he received from others. His intemperate habits now became almost proverbial; and it was generally supposed that his most celebrated witticisms emanated from his lips at those times when his brain was influenced by strong liquor. For instance,—when he suddenly received the news that Drury-lane theatre was on fire, he proceeded to the spot; but before he began to take thought of the plans to be adopted to arrest the progress of the devouring element, he entered a public-house opposite the theatre and ordered a glass of brandy and water. A friend reproached him for his apparent apathy. “Well,” exclaimed, Sheridan, “it is a devilish hard thing that a man can't drink a glass in peace by his own fire-side!”

On another occasion, Sheridan was returning home from a party, in a dreadful state of intoxication, and he fell down the area of a house near his own residence. A watchman appeared, and asked him who he was, accompanying the demand by an endeavour to raise him from his unpleasant and disgraceful posture. “What am I?” stammered Sheridan.—“Yes,” said the watchman; “what are you?”—“Why, a member of Parliament, to be sure,” was the answer.—“And pray who are you then?” asked the watchman, now using very rough means to drive Sheridan up the steps of the area.—“Oh! you will by force, will you?” drawled Sheridan, in the drunkard's half unintelligible language, and alluding to the violence with which the watchman endeavoured to drag him up the steps.—“What, Wilberforce in this state!” shouted the watchman; and on the following day all London rang with the rumour that the famous advocate for the abolition of the slave-trade had been picked up drunk in an area. Sheridan enjoyed the joke, and did not clear up the mystery until it had been well circulated.

It is however painful to record this prostration of a fine intellect, as a sacrifice to the altars of the God of Wine. The splendid genius of Sheridan was calculated to place him in a situation in which he would have conferred real and permanent good upon his fellow-countrymen; but the weakness of the man, in respect to one dread failing, proved his ruin. Let not those, who are opposed to the reforming doctrines of Teetotalism, declare that these pictures are overdrawn; and that intemperance alone never works such a complication of evil results. Does not dissipation ruin individuals and empires—persons and nations—single

people, and myriads of men? And of what does dissipation consist? is not intemperance its principal ingredient? and does not the love of wine lead its votary on to all kinds of excess, and all species of debauchery? Intemperance prepares the way for gambling—and gambling leads to meanness—and meanness is followed by dishonesty—and the next step is crime!

Intemperance was the ruin of Sheridan—both mentally and bodily. To such an extent did he become the prey of strong liquors, that when he was thrown out of Westminster and returned for Ilchester, his intellects were already more or less impaired. He no longer distinguished himself by the ardour of his attacks, the brilliancy of his replies, the pertinacity and promptness of his questions. In short, he now seldom attended the House, and was usually found in the haunts of dissipation and debauchery.

The first Mrs. Sheridan having died of a decline in the year 1792, the subject of this memoir espoused a Miss Ogle two or three years afterwards; and by this second marriage he acquired some property. Dissipation, however, soon undermined this regeneration of his fortunes; debts and difficulties pressed upon him in all directions; and the greater portion of his property was seized by his creditors. At length as had been long expected by all around him, disease began to threaten his life. Intemperance had completely sapped the foundation of a strong constitution, and paralysed all his physical powers and energies. At this critical and alarming period, he was attended by Dr. Baillie and Dr. Baines; and it is said to be attributed to their firmness alone that the myrmidons of the law did not seize upon his body, as they had done upon his effects. The dissipation of forty winters had alone spared his memory; and this was powerful almost to the very last. Sheridan was interred in Westminster Abbey; and his funeral obsequies were attended by many persons of senatorial rank, headed by one of the royal dukes.

Had Richard Brinsley Sheridan pursued a sober and prudent course of life, he might have risen to the highest offices of the state, and acquired an immense fortune: but he followed the wrong path—he pursued a career of debauchery and dissipation which terminated in utter ruin; and the overwhelming torrent of intemperance swept away all the mighty fabrics of glory, renown, and wealth which his talents built up.

REVIEWS.

The Rechabites. A Sermon. By the Rev. W. Morgan, B. D. Incumbent of Christ Church, Bradford. Bradford: Priestly and Co.

THIS admirable discourse, which is now printed, was preached in Christ Church, in Bradford, Yorkshire, on Christmas Day, 1846. The reverend author is himself a member of the Independent Order of Rechabites, and belongs to the “Good Intent” Tent, Number 30. The following extract is taken from the notice prefixed to the sermon:—

“The Author of this Sermon, in the early part of his Ministry, upwards of thirty years ago, witnessed with great pain the effects of Benefit Clubs holding their meetings in Public Houses. The advantages of these excellent Institutions were frustrated by the habits of Intemperance to which such practices naturally, and almost inevitably, led them. To remove these evils, he, in connexion with the other Clergy, formed, in 1809, a ‘Friendly Society,’ holding its Meetings in the Vestry of the Parish Church of Wellington, Salop, in none of which were any intoxicating drinks allowed. This Society was lately, and no doubt is still, in a flourishing condition. But it is a lamentable fact that such sober societies did not become general until the happy system of Teetotalism was so generally adopted. The members therefore of Entire Abstinence Societies very justly considered it their duty to form themselves into a Society for the support of each other in distress and sickness, without running into the danger of being entangled again with the galling yoke of the Drunkard's bondage, and with a view of saving their hard-wrought earnings from being spent on useless and pernicious Drinks.”

The ensuing extract gives an account of the Rechabites of ancient time, whose doctrines are revived with so much benefit and effect in modern days:—

“They were descended from the Kenites, that is, from Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, who was a Midianite, and so not naturally, but spiritually, of the seed of Abraham, being of the same faith as Proselytes.

“Herein they were emblems and types of the Gentile Church, even of all Believers in Christ, the adopted children of Abraham, whom therefore St. Paul calls ‘the wild olive tree, grafted into the true.’ Rom. ii. 17. Of the Kenites we read in Judges i. II: that ‘they went up out of the city of Palm Trees, with the children of Judah, into the wilderness of Judah.’ We find them separated from the Amalekites in the time of Saul. 1. Sam. xiii. 6. One family of these Kenites had their denomination from Rechab, whose son was Jonadab, remarkable for his wisdom and piety. He flourished in the days of Jehu, nearly 900 years before the birth of Christ, and 300 years before the time of Jere-

miah. These Rechabites were preserved in all the confusion and judgments of the Jewish Nation, from age to age, according to the promise of God in this chapter. Great numbers of them lived in the time of our Saviour; they were the chief hearers and followers of Christ; and they were the first and readiest embracers of his gospel. They were then called by way of distinction the poor, and also the good. The Rev. Dr. Wolff, a converted Jew, a Clergyman of the church of England, now living in this county, found their descendants near Mecca, and they gave this account of themselves to him:—‘we drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed, and live in tents, as Jonadab our father commanded us. Hobab was our father too. Come to us and you will find 600,000 in number, and you will thus see the prophecy fulfilled, therefore thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.’”

The following passage is a powerful appeal from a staunch observer of the doctrines of total abstinence to the drunkards and the drunkard-makers:—

“How invaluable is such an example! How strongly and irresistibly does it prove that for the sake of a greater good even a lawful gratification may be denied! We are continually told by our opponents, that entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks is not commanded us, and that we may drink them in moderation. Why should Jonadab say, ‘Drink no wine?’ Did he not see that the prohibition was wise and good? Did they not consider it so? Did not God approve of it? Why, then, do many among us condemn total abstinence from such drinks? One should suppose that the Scripture had commanded their use, by such repeated attacks on our principles. Our Parents, or our Superiors have happily and providentially discovered that the Total Abstinence pledge has produced a glorious Reformation among us, which Moderation could never produce; we therefore, like these Rechabites, say, ‘Thus have we obeyed the voice of Jonadab the son of Rechab our Father, in all that he hath charged us, to drink no wine, all our days, we, our wives, our sons, nor our daughters.’ We follow their good example; and by our example, we are determined, by the help of God, to recommend the same practice to others. Is not this effort, at least, blameless? Is it not highly useful for preserving the young and unwary from drunkenness, and in reclaiming the miserable drunkard from the error of his ways?”

We shall conclude this notice of a most excellent discourse with an extract calculated to explain the utility of the Society of Rechabites, whose principle is the same as that of the ancient Rechabites:—

“The members of this Institution propose to themselves all the advantages of other benevolent and friendly Societies, and avoiding the dangers to which such Societies are exposed by the use of intoxicating drinks. It is not necessary for us to repeat the many evils of Intemperance. Remove these evils, and also the temptations to them, and you are in a fit condition for improvement in health, in resources, in good of every kind. The ‘Laws and Regulations’ of this order are founded on the sound Basis of Reason, Religion, and Experience. And it is pleasing to observe that the plan, during the last five years, has so far commended itself to the judgment of the public, that there are at this time probably no less than 300 different Tents, in the several districts of the kingdom. Supposing each tent to contain fifty members, we shall then have a total amount of fifteen thousand persons who are sober, industrious, kind, and friendly; engaged to support themselves, their families, and each other ‘in sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity.’ In proportion as such members increase, crime, poverty, and degradation decrease. Poor rates will be lessened; education will advance; honesty will prevail; industry will be rewarded; religion will flourish. In short, as Intemperance is the source of so many evils, so such Institutions as these will be of incalculable good, by laying the axe to the root of those evils, and by fostering the growth of what adorns the human character and enlarges the boundaries and efficiency of the Christian Church.”

We are delighted with this opportunity of recording our sentiments relative to the Society of Rechabites: we believe that there are several fraternities or unions of this order; but we do not hesitate to pronounce them all excellent, in respect to the principle upon which they are based. We shall always be delighted to record the progress of the Rechabite Societies in all parts of the kingdom; and, as we consider that an organ of Teetotalism should be also the vehicle of Rechabitism, we shall henceforth pay more attention to the latter subject than we have hitherto done. The sermon, which we have just noticed, is a credit to its author, and a valuable acquisition to sacred literature.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

THE PROCESSION.

Our Leading Article of last week, relative to the Procession, has been responded to by a host of letters from town and country correspondents, all strenuously up-

ing the necessity of the measure. Our Manchester Correspondent, MR. WILLIAMS, the Secretary of the District Society, writes to us as follows:—

"If I can spare time from business, I shall be with you in London, for your Annual Procession. I suppose you will insert the time of its taking place in your valuable periodical."

MR. DRAPER, the Secretary of the Fitzroy and North West London Auxiliary to the N. B. and F. Temperance Society, addresses us in the following manner:—

"In reading your valuable journal of the 3rd instant, I was greatly pleased to find that the Leading Article was devoted to the necessity of the Procession on Whit-Monday; as I had just before been reading with some surprise the objections raised against it in two other Temperance publications. If there be no Procession, we give our opponents an opportunity of stating that our cause is on the decline, and that we dare not show our numbers. I trust that the proper demonstration will take place on the usual day; and we shall shake the soul-destroying traffic to its foundation. For this purpose, let every sincere Teetotaler echo the cry of the 'Procession!' that we may convince our opponents that the little spark has now kindled into a great flame!"

A most influential member of the Teetotal world, who does not wish his name now to appear, has written to us a long letter on the subject, and from which we quote the following:—

"The Teetotalers of London and the suburbs are most anxious for the Procession; and it is preposterous to think of disappointing them. I should not object to a Gala, as elsewhere suggested, at some Park; but it would be shameful to allow one or two Societies to profit by the pecuniary returns thereof, as on the occasion of the Dyham expedition. Neither should a few men in power pretend to controul the wishes of the great majority of Teetotalers. I am delighted to see that there is some chance of the United Temperance Association taking up this affair in a spirited manner. Be assured that if any one Society will set the example, the masses of the Teetotalers will gladly follow it. It is ridiculous to talk of the expense of a Procession, and recommend a Gala as a substitute. Will not the same expenditure be incurred by the latter, as by the former? But if the London Teetotalers have neither, they will be far behind their Irish brethren in Ireland and in all the great towns, where Processions took place on Saint Patrick's Day. The publicans will moreover rejoice, and declare that the cause is nearly extinguished. Surely, matters can be so arranged as to prevent the Committees of the various Societies from being involved in debt. Tickets for the carriages can be issued a sufficient length of time before to ascertain how many vehicles are to be provided; and I do not see why any more expenses should be incurred by a Procession than by a Tea-Meeting. Former experience, which, I admit, has been dearly purchased by the Committees, will enable them to 'order these things better' in future. At all events, do not let us give the publicans an opportunity of triumphing over us; and if the Teetotalers cannot afford to ride in procession, then let them walk; but let them display their numbers some how or another on the ensuing Whit-Monday!"

Another letter contains the following remarks, which we also submit to our readers:—

"In the name of common sense, what are the London Teetotalers about? Will they be in all things behind the Teetotalers of Ireland and of the English provinces? Where is the enthusiasm—where is the ardour which ought to characterize them? If they abandon the idea of the Procession, they will manifest a lukewarmness in the cause which will be really distressing!"

THE CHARTIST TEETOTAL ASSOCIATIONS.

THE friends of Teetotalism generally will be pleased to bear of the progress of the cause in any direction; and under the influence of any sect or party. It appears that the Chartist Teetotal Associations are flourishing in London, and in many of the great provincial cities and manufacturing towns. Several Christian ministers have joined their ranks; and many very influential persons at Hull, Sheffield, Oldham, Chester, Bolton, Manchester, Birmingham, Northampton, Preston, Ashton-under-Lyne, Kettering, Leicester, &c., have followed the example. MR. HENRY VINCENT has lately been lecturing, with considerable success at Northampton, Kettering, and Leicester, and has enrolled numerous converts beneath the banners of Teetotalism. The following is the pledge of these Associations:—

"I, A. B., voluntarily pledge myself to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks: that I will neither use them myself, nor offer them to others; and that I will do all in my power to discourage their use. And I further pledge myself to use all lawful and constitutional means to cause the People's Charter to become the law of the land."

Without at all interfering with, or even alluding to the political tenets of these Societies, we consider it to be our duty to record the progress of Teetotalism in all places and under all influences, without reference to particular friendships.

COUNTRY NEWS.

IRELAND.

THE cause of Teetotalism is progressing with astonishing rapidity in Ireland. The REV. MR. MATHEW is unwearied in his exertions to regenerate his fellow-countrymen. There are now but few cases of relapse; and those instances are followed by a return to the principle, with deep and bitter regret for the backsliding. Numerous Tea-Festivals followed Saint Patrick's Day in Dublin, Cork, &c.; and several are still in contemplation, especially with a view of encouraging Irish manufactures. Crime has diminished in a most extraordinary degree in Ireland; and there are now many large and populous towns without a single public-house in them.

BARNARD CASTLE.

THAT admirable Temperance periodical, the *Border Herald*, published by Mr. Hudson Scott at Carlisle, contains the following paragraph, which has been communicated to the columns of that journal by the Secretary of the Barnard Castle Teetotal Society:—

"We have been favoured with a visit from MR. F. R. LEES, of Burmoodtop Hall, Leeds. Our object in bringing Mr. Lees was to discuss the subject of Total Abstinence with the REV. W. S. L. PRATMAN, independent Minister, who has lately advanced topics from his pulpit, and in a printed circular, inimical to our cause, to the effect that wine and strong drinks are commanded and recommended by God for the use of man. The reverend gentleman having been waited on, declined a discussion; MR. LEES, however, delivered three lectures in the Union Hall, to prove that teetotalism is in accordance with divine revelation, and is well calculated to benefit mankind physically, morally, and spiritually, which he did in a manner highly creditable to himself, and satisfactorily to crowded audiences. The cause is steadily advancing in this town and neighbourhood. We number upwards of 500 members, amongst whom are fifty-one reclaimed characters, many of whom are joined to Christian churches."

CARLISLE.

TEETOTALISM is progressing favourably in Carlisle and its environs. A grand festival lately took place at the Rechabite Tent Room, Castle-street, for the purpose of affording the friends of MR. RICHARD DUNCAN, a staunch Teetotaler of Carlisle, an opportunity of expressing their admiration of his conduct in the cause, previous to his departure for America. MR. H. LOWES, publisher and bookseller, presided; and several effective and animated speeches were delivered. "After a neat speech from the chairman," says the *Border Herald*, "the meeting separated, both delighted and deeply affected at parting with 'so worthy' a member of the Teetotal Society." Would such scenes as these take place in the sphere of the drinking world?

MANCHESTER.

THE Secretary of the Manchester District Temperance Society requests us to correct an error or two which crept into our Report, under the head of *Manchester*, in our Number of March 27th. The Procession took place upon the 17th of March (Saint Patrick's Day), and not on the 12th. We should also have stated that "the sick Clubs were not so numerous as they used to be, and that the Procession of Teetotalers was larger than on any previous Saint Patrick's Day."

On Friday evening, April 26th, MR. RALPH HOLKER delivered a lecture in the Temperance Meeting Room of the Peter-street Branch, which was well filled. Many signatures were received. MR. GEORGE LOMAX continued his lectures upon his "twenty-one reasons for becoming a Teetotaler," at the meeting-room of the Tabernacle Branch. The Independent Order of Rechabites is weekly adding to its members. In the Rules of the Manchester District Temperance Society, we find the following paragraph:—

"That while a distinct and unequivocal avowal be made of the establishment of this Society on Christian principles, sectarian theology and party politics shall be strictly avoided in all its meetings and discussions."

TOWN NEWS.

FITZROY AUXILIARY TO THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THIS spirited Society is now actively employed in raising subscriptions for a new banner and union-jacks, and for the purpose of hiring a band for the Procession on Whit-Monday.

UNITED KINGDOM TOTAL ABSTINENCE LIFE ASSOCIATION.

ON Monday evening last, a meeting was held at the Temperance Hall (late the Theatre), Broadway, Westminster, for the purpose of explaining the object and principles of this Insurance Company. On Tuesday, the 13th instant, a meeting, for a similar purpose, will be held at the School-room, Stratford.

KENT WARD BURMOODTOP BRANCH.

A MEETING was held on Sunday morning, March 28th, at the Working Man's Chapel, Dockhead, MR. LUCAS in the chair. The meeting was most ably addressed by this gentleman, and by MESSIEURS SNEAD, GLOVER, M'CARTHY, &c. These assemblies will take place every Sunday morning, at the same place; and MR. DAVIS, the Secretary, informs us that Teetotal advocates of all Societies will be welcome. When MR. DAVIS last communicated with us, this Branch only consisted of 900 members: at that period the Branch was divided;—it is now however united, and consists of two thousand members, who are all staunch to the principle, and active in its interests.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of this Society has been compelled to alter its arrangements with regard to the TEA-FESTIVAL on Easter Monday. This Festival will take place at the MILTON-STREET INSTITUTION, at five o'clock precisely, on Easter Monday. Cards of Admission, one shilling each, may be obtained of MR. EMBERTSON, the Treasurer, 31, Fore-street, City.

The Executive Committee of the United Temperance Association meets ever alternate Friday evening, at eight o'clock, at Hart's Temperance Hotel, Aldersgate-street. The members of this Committee are Messieurs Embertson, Pocknell, Crump, Benstead, Kalmier, Johnson, Clark, G. W. M. Reynolds, Baylis, Trounce, Kulpe, Sims, Glennie, Grimsshaw, Parkins, Betts, Farmilo, and Dowling. On Monday evening last, the meeting of this Society took place at the Milton-street Institution.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS took the chair, and detailed the adulterations practised by the brewers and publicans in respect to their beer.

MR. BENSTED said that strong drink was absolutely unnecessary for man, as it neither gave him vigour to perform his manual labour, nor energy in the pursuit of his intellectual avocations. The Pledge is a voluntary obligation, which Teetotalers impose upon themselves in the same manner as the vows of marriage or baptism are taken; and it is no more a symbol or condition of slavery than either of those religious ordinances. The Pledge is a crutch by which the frail in resolution may support themselves; and if it be really an emblem of slavery, then (said Mr. Benstead) is such slavery the most enviable condition of existence.

MR. MEE observed that he had not much pity for the drunkard; but he decidedly pitied the poor wife and famished children, who were the principal sufferers by his depravity. The degradation of the working classes had been effected by strong drink; and Teetotalism could alone elevate them again to their proper level. The "double stout" makes the brewer stout, and the publican stout, and their wives and children stout; but it makes the deluded drunkard very—very thin! In most great moral reformations, some sacrifices are required;—but could total abstinence from certain poisons be deemed a sacrifice?

MR. W. DONALDSON said that he had been six years a Teetotaler, had tried both sides of the question, and was enabled to give his experience in favour of the principle of total abstinence. The testimony of all who have tried it, is favourable to the principle; and even those who relapse acknowledge its efficacy.

MR. HART said that the previous speakers had given strong drink such a bad character, he hoped that if the said strong drink were a friend of any one then present, the acquaintance would be cut as speedily as possible. One of the principal excuses for not becoming a Teetotaler, was because one's companions would ridicule the act. But will not a man consent to a little ridicule when he knows that he is performing a good action?

MR. POWELL said that he was indebted to Mr. Hart for the enjoyment of the blessings he had derived from the principle of Teetotalism.

MR. BAYLIS said that he had beheld the advantages of Teetotalism in public and in private, and especially in the home of the poor man.

MR. PACE observed that Teetotalism was now looked upon with a more attentive and favourable glance in the higher circles than it was wont to be.

MR. BIDDLE detailed the personal benefits he had derived from the principle of Teetotalism.

MR. CRUMP said that much as he wished to see the upper classes teetotalized, his sympathies were more especially enlisted in favour of the working men, who had so long been degraded and debased by the use of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Crump then expatiated upon the advantages which would accrue to the cause of Teetotalism by a general Union, and said that there were several great Societies now in the metropolis, of which one of the principal was the United Temperance Association.

METROPOLITAN ROMAN CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

THIS flourishing society will hold a grand meeting at Stratford on Tuesday next to form an Auxiliary at that place. We shall give further details next week.

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THE TEE TOT TALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 43.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AWE-INSPIRING NARRATIVE OF A TRIAL FOR MURDER IS COMMENCED BY MR. WELLER IN THIS CHAPTER.—SINGULAR INTERRUPTION OF THE TALE.—THE USE OF FIGURES IN POETRY IS NOW FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

MR. SAMUEL WELLER was seated alone, in the kitchen of his master's villa at Dulwich. It was ten o'clock in the evening—or at night (whichever the gentle reader may please to denominate the hour);—Mr. and Mrs. Pickwick had retired to rest; Mrs. Samuel Weller and the little ones had also ascended to their boudoir; and old Mr. Weller, who was at that moment his son's guest at the villa, was snoring manfully in a test-bed which had been fitted up for him in the back kitchen.

It was, then, ten o'clock at night. Sam had about an hour previously commenced the perusal of a volume containing many marvellous tales of ghosts, extraordinary occurrences, remarkable coincidences, &c.; and so intent was he upon these soul-stirring narratives, that he heard not the clock strike; neither did the nasal melody created by his father in the back kitchen make any impression upon him. The narrative which at the hour of ten was especially occupying Mr. Weller's attention, was so very absorbing in its interest, that we shall not hesitate to lay it before our readers. It is supposed to be related by an individual who was present at the scene which he describes:—

"The day of the trial dawned. The evidence relative to the murder was altogether of a circumstantial character; but the prejudice against the prisoner was extremely strong; and no one doubted that a conviction would be the inevitable result of the trial. I arrived in the court just as the proceedings had commenced. It was a dark and tempestuous day; and the height of the buildings which surrounded the court-house added to the gloominess of the scene. The prisoner was ushered in, and placed in the dock. There was a serenity in the expression of his countenance that at once prepossessed me in his favour. I had learned from my experience that the countenance was indeed the mirror of the heart; and that it is hard for the face to assume a virtue, if the soul hath it not; and I saw at once, from the calmness of the accused, the cool and collected gaze with which he returned the scowls and frowns of the multitude, that there was a consciousness of innocence. The accused was arraigned; and the trial proceeded.

"The evidence disclosed that the deceased and the prisoner had been drinking together, and had quarrelled; that the prisoner had struck the deceased; that he had sworn he would be the death of him; that, through the intercession of the bystanders, a patched-up reconciliation had taken place, willingly on the part of the deceased, doggedly on that of the accused; that the deceased had started to go home by his usual route, and that the prisoner had immediately followed him, although his home was in a contrary direction; that sounds of strife were heard very shortly after; that the deceased had never again been heard of; that suspicion having fallen upon the prisoner, his steps on the night in question had been traced; that marks of a struggle had been found upon the earth, and drops of coagulated blood; and that the accused, having been asked to account for the deceased, denied that he had ever seen him after the moment that he left, on the night alluded to. The previous quarrel—the threat—the evident unwillingness of the accused to become reconciled to the deceased; the fact that he followed him—the noise of the conflict

supposed to have subsequently taken place—and the indications of strife and blood-shed that the path afforded, joined to the sudden disappearance of the deceased, all combined to fix the crime of murder upon the prisoner. No importance was given to the fact that the body had not been found, as a deep and rapid river flowed immediately by the spot, and wended its way to the ocean;—and into the river the body was supposed to have been thrown.

"Such was the case for the prosecution; and it increased the excitement against the unfortunate individual at the bar. But he still retained the appearance of perfect calmness; and his counsel proceeded to address the jury in his defence. He said that all the matters that had been testified to, were doubtless true, but that they gave no evidence of the prisoner's guilt; that it was true he had quarrelled with John Grimes, the individual whom he was alleged to have murdered, and that he had struck him; that the threat he made was but the idle declaration of a man who was excited by liquor; that he had become reconciled to him unwillingly, because he had no faith in his overtures; that he had followed Grimes that night, because he had business with a neighbour in the direction of Grimes's house; but that Grimes having walked faster than himself, he had lost sight of him immediately, and had not seen him again that night.

"While the counsel for the defence was speaking, it was evident to me that, although his arguments had their weight upon the judge, they had none upon the jurors or by-standers. The jury had especially made up their mind to the prisoner's guilt, and were determined that his life should be taken. The counsel for the prisoner called witnesses to character, and the neighbour to prove that he had business with him on the night in question; and then the counsel for the prosecution rose to deliver the rejoinder. He dwelt with bitter and burning eloquence upon the crime of murder;—he spoke of the cool and deliberate manner of the prisoner, and reproached him as one who, like a cannibal, could glut over the mangled remains of his victim: he dwelt with great minuteness, clearness, and ingenuity, upon the train of circumstances 'which could not lie'; and he threw a web of guilt around the prisoner that no one doubted would involve him in destruction. But still the prisoner quailed not. The judge summed up the case to the jury, narrating the circumstances, and unfolding the law: he admitted that the facts were very strong against the accused, but that one material link was wanting;—it had not been proved that Grimes was dead! He concluded by admonishing them that they should not convict unless they had sufficient evidence of that fact. But the caution was thrown away upon the excited feelings of the jury. The counsel for the prosecution had so worked upon them by his clamour for a conviction—his anxiety to prove the prisoner guilty—his torturings, his writhings, his almost prayers to accomplish that end,—that a prejudice was excited against the unhappy individual in the dock, and neither reason nor justice could crush it. The jury, without retiring, delivered a verdict of *Guilty*; and the judge was about to put on the black cap, when the prisoner spoke as follows:—'I ask permission of the court to call a witness who, I think, will relieve me of this diabolical charge; who will prove that my hands are not red with blood; who will shew the impropriety and danger of a conviction upon circumstantial evidence; in short, who will satisfactorily convince the malignant and demon-like heart of the counsel for the prosecution, that I am innocent of this crime.'

"The judge asked the counsel for the prosecution if he had any objection to the production of this witness. 'None,' replied the counsel

with a bitter sneer; 'but if he wishes to convince me, and to save his neck from the gallows, he had better produce John Grimes himself!'—'That is precisely the witness I intend to introduce,' said the prisoner very coolly; and, elevating his voice, he cried, 'JOHN GRIMES!'

"This proceeding created great excitement. Some of the by-standers laughed aloud: others heaped bitter execrations upon the prisoner; and the counsel for the prosecution sneeringly asked him 'if he would have John Grimes called again?' The judge was now evidently fast changing his favourable opinion of the prisoner, who, he thought, was using an unpardonable frivolity with the court. I turned towards the prisoner, and was amazed at the terrific change which had taken place in his countenance. Its placidity and composure were gone: it was covered with livid spots, and immense drops of perspiration were rolling rapidly from his brow;—the eyes gleamed with an unnatural brightness, and the hair stood up with that unerring indication of great bodily fear or mental horror.

"'Call him again—in God's name!' shouted he, at the top of his voice.

"The crier of the court repeated the call. At that moment the storm, which had been slumbering for a short time, burst forth with tenfold violence. The rain beat furiously upon the skylights;—the wind howled and moaned like a damned spirit; and several of the tiles fell from the roofs of the adjacent buildings into the street, with a tremendous crash, startling the already excited inmates of the tribunal. It was an awful scene without; it was a still more awful one within. The unearthly appearance of the prisoner—the sudden and awful change that had taken place in him—his solemn adjuration—and his earnest manner,—all had deeply affected the spectators; and many looked as if they really expected to see the murdered man rise at the invocation. All were agitated—save the implacable counsel for the prosecution, who sat scowling at the accused, with a look of triumph and fiendish exultation upon his countenance. The judge rallied himself, and put on the black cap, preparatory to pronouncing the awful sentence of death upon the prisoner; and already had he begun his solemn address, when suddenly an individual rose, no one knew from precisely which spot, and striding to the witness' box, and throwing off a huge cloak which enveloped his form, disclosed to the horror-stricken and amazed crowd, the pale and wasted features of JOHN GRIMES!

"The effect was electrical. The judge turned ghastly pale; and several of the by-standers rushed out into the storm. The counsel for the prosecution fainted. At last order was in some measure restored. Grimes proceeded to say that, on the night of the supposed murder, he had gone but a short distance when he was accosted by an individual; and just at that moment—

And just at this moment—just as Mr. Samuel Weller was arriving at the most pithy part of this narrative of death, blood-ahed, and torture—he happened to raise his head—a strange noise had aroused him from his application to the book—and, to his horror and alarm, a dreadful form stalked slowly and majestically into the kitchen!

Mr. Samuel Weller started from his chair—and at that moment the clock struck eleven. The candle had not been snuffed for some time, and the light it threw around was most gloomy and dull. It was really an awful moment—and still the strange figure drew nearer and nearer. It is impossible to say how Mr. Samuel Weller would have acted, had not a closer inspection of the mysterious figure somewhat allayed his fears.

"Vell, I'm blowed if this here midnight visitor

isn't come to call upon me in a blanket!" ejaculated Sam. "But venders never cease—"

"That was the observation, Samivel, which was made by the overseer's wife when her husband came home sober after a wasty dinner."

"And wot are you a-doin' at this here time o'night, gettin' up and v'alkin' about like a somnambulist?" cried Sam, with a smile, as he surveyed the jolly red countenance of his respected father developing itself amidst the ample folds of an immense blanket.

"I tell 'ee wot it is, Samivel," said the old gentleman, seating himself upon a chair near the kitchen-fire, which was burning cheerfully; "I've bin a-dreamin' of a tidy young 'ooman, of about forty-two year o'age, as I've fell in with lately, and as is wery likely, Sammy, to make your old father change his intentions with respect to perpetual silly-busy."

"Silly-busy! wot's that?" demanded Sam.

"Avoidance o' the marriage state, Samivel," replied his father.

"Ah—calibacy!" cried Sam: "I understand now! But why should that there hidea make you get out o' your bed, and go prowlin' about the house like a old ghost?"

"I don't know how it was, Sammy," answered the old gentleman; "but I awoke up wery sudden, and belhought me o' doin' as a great many of them fellers that are called poets does, sich is committin' my reflectshuns to paper. I sees a light in the kitchen, I gets up, I throws this here flannel horse-cloth about my old carcase, and I've just brought a bit o' paper along with me to draw up a sort o' poetic valentine."

"Wot a old goblin it is!" cried Sam.

"Now, don't talk nonsense, Samivel," said the old gentleman: "but just take and write down wot I shall tell 'ee. The later the hour, the more sentimental the business, as the house-breaker said ven he got in at the old lady's Beavinder."

"And who is this here flame o' your'n?" demanded Sam, eyeing his father with a comical expression of countenance, while the old gentleman himself sat solemnly wrapped up in the blanket.

"Never do you mind, Samivel," was the reply: "she ain't a viddy—that's von thing!"

As he uttered these words, old Mr. Weller produced a piece of paper which he had hitherto held beneath his blanket; and requested his son to enact the part of his secretary. Sam was willing to oblige the old gentleman and to divert himself, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; and he accordingly procured pen and ink to commence his task. On close inspection, he found that the paper was ruled as if for accounts, viz., across with blue lines, and rectangularly near the outer edge with red for the pounds, shillings, and pence.

"Wery good!" cried Sam, as he noticed this circumstance to his father; "I've often heard it said that figures is allowed in poetry; and now I'm blowed if I don't understand how to introduce 'em. It never struck me afore."

So, instead of being in bed by twelve, Mr. Samuel Weller sat down to court the *Vine*: his father fell into the idea of using figures in the projected effusion; but as he shortly fell into a nap also, and then nearly into the fire-place, Sam was left, almost undisturbed to compose the following verses, which we have rescued from the ambiguous condition of orthography and meaning in which they were left by their author; and which we are now enabled to present to our readers in an intelligible form:—

Thou canst not hope, O nymph divine,
That I should ever court the
Or that when passion's glow is done,
My heart can ever love but
When from hope's flower exhales the dew,
Then Love's false smile retreats to
Then Fancy's light begins to flee,
And life is robbed of all the
And Sorrow, sad, hot tears must pour
O'er cheeks where roses bloomed so

Yes—life's a scene all dim as Styx;
Its joys are dear at these and
Its sorrows fly so quickly hence,
They scarcely cheap at
Oh! for the dreams that may arrive
When we shall come to
The breast no more is filled with heaven
When years it numbers
And yielded unto manhood's
About the age of
Then the world's end, and the end of days

The above lines were followed by others which detailed, in a similar strain, the attachment of the sender to the receiver, and, as soon as Mr. Samuel Weller had brought the composition to a finish, he awoke his father, and read it to him. The old gentleman was however so drowsy, that he could not be induced to comprehend the meaning of the effusion; and the second reading was accordingly postponed until the following day.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PROGRESS OF INEBRIETY.

DEVELOPED IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.

PLATE IX.—Behold our hero enlisted in the Spanish Legion! He is not to be recognised in that dashing officer who, sword in hand, is leading on his squadron to the conflict: but he is to be seen on the left flank, in a line with the other privates of the corps. Strange vicissitudes has this young man seen! Released from the Debtors' Prison by means of the Insolvents' Court, he found himself penniless. He turned to the right and to the left—he looked before and behind him—and he saw no avenue of escape from the pinching poverty which had overtaken him. He applied to his friends who had sworn to "stick by him till death;" and so far from coming even close enough to him to stand the remotest chance of there being any sticking in the matter, they eluded him as if he were a peripatetic pestilence. Like the associates of Nonreddin, in the story of the "Fair Persia" in the "Arabian Tales," he found himself avoided by all those whom he had once made welcome to the abode of his wealth. The same blast which hurled down the fabric of mortal fortunes, chilled also the heart of friendship. Reduced to despair—unable to dig, and to beg ashamed—he seized the first opportunity of obtaining bread that presented itself. He enlisted in the Spanish Legion, and embarked for a foreign land, to fight the battles of a sovereign whom he cared nothing about, against a Pretender the merits of whose case he did not understand. He was now exposed to the most dreadful hardships,—compelled to endure the most fatiguing marches, and to eat provisions which hunger alone on many occasions urged him to touch,—and glad when, bivouacking in the midst of some desert place, or deep forest, he could obtain a ration of some meat cut from some miserable bullock not half an hour killed, and yet warm and quivering. The Chapelgorris, or Guerrillas, employed in the Queen's service, invariably obtained the best quarters and the choice of provisions; and the miserable foreigners, who gave their experience, their discipline, and their energies to the Queen's cause, were treated with every indignity by their Spanish comrades. At times our hero was exposed to all the dangers of the battle-field; and on many occasions did he dare peril more alarming than even the aspect of the enemy, to obtain a supply of that liquor, the taste for which still pertinaciously controlled all his actions. At length he was compelled from a severe wound in his left arm to retire from the active business of the Legion; and he shortly afterwards embraced an opportunity of returning to England. He arrived in the metropolis without a farthing in his pocket, and without a friend to apply to in the hour of his deep distress.

PLATE X.—Still does the fatal propensity, which has brought about his ruin, pursue him. On his arrival in London, he sought the office where the arrears of pay were to be settled, and he was told that no instructions had yet been received. Although famishing with hunger, he made away with some article of apparel to procure drink. He did not as yet know that this same strong drink had ruined him, as it ruined and still ruins millions of others. It would be impossible to say how he subsisted for some weeks. Penury and want were his constant companions: misery and distress haunted him like spectres; he saw everything through the medium of his own misfortunes. He looked with a jaundiced eye upon the prosperity of the wealthy, and did not reflect upon the probable origin and cause of the fortune which he envied. He sought to drown his cares in strong drink; and so long as he could obtain a sufficient supply of that, he abandoned all ideas of exerting himself to obtain a livelihood. And now behold him—a mendicant in the streets; not knowing when he rose in the morning, where he was to sleep at night; and as often slumbering beneath the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge as elsewhere—always starving; and yet always contriving to obtain his fill of strong liquor. It is really astonishing how the intemperate can find means to pander to their depraved taste, at times when they cannot procure bread: but it is nevertheless a fact that they do so contrive. Each day did our hero repair to the office where the arrears were to be paid; and each day did he depart without having his just claims satisfied. And, on each occasion, was there a crowd of miserable, wounded, starving wretches, like himself—collected round the doors of the same office—and compelled to gaze the same anguish of disappointment. And in the central remnants of their uniforms, they seemed not to be Christians in a Christian land; they rather resembled the remnants of wretched beings in some degrading garb which their misery had closely worn to rags. But they

had supported all the fury, and had fought foremost in the ranks of the army; and yet they were even denied the price of limbs which they had lost in the service of the ungrateful foreigners. At length our hero is driven to desperation; for once he has failed to obtain his usual supply of intoxicating liquor;—he visits the office—no satisfactory tidings yet,—and, in a moment of despair, he dashes to the ground the bottle which he had repaired to that place, as a last hope, to seek the means to fill.

PLATE XI.—The fragments of the bottle lying upon the ground, opened a new current of ideas in his mind. He suddenly began to think that all his miseries had originated in his attachment to that bottle. He cast a retrospective glance over his life, and he readily traced all the various episodes of misfortune, which characterized it, to his habits of dissipation and intemperance. He had heard something about Teetotalism; and he remembered that he had often laughed at and ridiculed the idea. He now began to give it his sober and serious consideration. He reflected that so long as he drank moderately he was in danger; but that were he to abstain altogether, he should be safe. All good feelings were not destroyed in his mind; and he resolved that evening to repair to some place of Teetotal meeting, and hear the arguments advanced in favour of the system. He felt satisfied with this resolution: and as he walked along the streets, he met a friend who advanced him a small loan. It seemed that Providence absolutely smiled upon his good design; and he procured a wholesome meal—at which he drank water! He now returned a blessing to Heaven for that meal; and this was the first time he had ever done so. A sensation of contentment and happiness cheered him; and he felt that his long drooping courage was reviving within him. In the evening he proceeded to an assembly-room where a popular Teetotal advocate was lecturing. The arguments he heard confirmed him in his good resolutions: wisdom seemed to dictate every word which fell upon the ears of our hero—a film fell from his eyes—he saw, and he believed. One circumstance particularly struck him:—he could easily recognise the Teetotalers who were present, because he had only to separate the cleanly, respectable, and well-dressed portion of the audience from the miserable, dirty, and ragged beings who thronged near the door. Many of those Teetotalers had once been equally dirty and ragged as the idlers at the entrance; but when they abandoned the ways of intemperance, they soon found themselves well-dressed and anxious to appear respectable. Our hero no longer hesitated;—he seized the pen, and gladly appended his name to the pledge, which lay upon the table.

PLATE XII.—And he was not deceived, nor disappointed;—for Providence indeed smiled upon him; and, as if to afford him another chance of doing well in this world, that same all-wise and merciful Providence again placed a fortune at his command. He received a legacy from some rich relative; and, guided by his former bitter experience, was enabled to turn this sum to good account. He persisted in his career of total abstinence from the fertile cause of evil, and found that sobriety was the architect of fortunes, as intemperance was their demolisher:—he espoused a lovely girl, whose love he won by his exemplary conduct;—and we now behold him and his beautiful bride sitting contentedly in each other's society, perusing *The Teetotaler* journal.

OF WORDS AND LANGUAGE.

A word is a sound, of which no part of itself is significant; but a sentence has all its parts significant. Brutes do not possess speech in so high a degree as man, and yet they seem to possess it in some degree, but that only in respect to their passions: for instance, a hen has a particular note to call her chickens together; a dog has a particular sound to express his anger by, as barking, and another and different one to express pain by, as yelping. The cause why brutes do not possess speech in so high a degree as man is owing in some measure to man's having the power of making articulate sounds. But it is not altogether owing to that, for there are many birds that may be taught to make articulate sounds distinct enough. Now, language consists chiefly of general names; the ideas of which are got by abstraction, which faculty brutes do not possess, and therefore cannot use general names with propriety; and this is seen by experiment; for instance—if you get a parrot, you may teach it proper names, such as *Tom*, *William*, &c., but can never get it to use general names, such as *man*, *horse*, *cow*, &c. properly, which is the chief reason why brutes do not possess language in so high a degree as man.

Words are not the names of things, but the signs of our ideas. The word *gold*, when written or when uttered, does not, as some people imagine, denote the substance itself, but the idea in the speaker's mind, which differs in different persons, though the substance itself remains the same. A person shows you a piece of money, which you call a *sovereign*; but *sovereign* is not the name of the piece of money; it is the name you give to the idea you have of that piece of money. Thus, if two persons were to see that piece of money, they would both call it a *sovereign*. But suppose you would

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ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

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M.DCCC.XLI.

ing the necessity of the measure. Our Manchester Correspondent, Mr. WILLIAMS, the Secretary of the District Society, writes to us as follows:—

"If I can spare time from business, I shall be with you in London, for your Annual Procession. I suppose you will insert the time of its taking place in your valuable periodical."

Mr. DRAPER, the Secretary of the Fitzroy and North West London Auxiliary to the N. B. and F. Temperance Society, addresses us in the following manner:—

"In reading your valuable journal of the 3rd instant, I was greatly pleased to find that the Leading Article was devoted to the necessity of the Procession on Whit-Monday; as I had just before been reading with some surprise the objections raised against it in two other Temperance publications. If there be no Procession, we give our opponents an opportunity of stating that our cause is on the decline, and that we dare not show our numbers. I trust that the proper demonstration will take place on the usual day; and we shall shake the soul-destroying traffic to its foundation. For this purpose, let every sincere Teetotaler echo the cry of the 'PROCESSION!' that we may convince our opponents that the little spark has now kindled into a great flame!"

A most influential member of the Teetotal world, who does not wish his name now to appear, has written to us a long letter on the subject, and from which we quote the following:—

"The Teetotalers of London and the suburbs are most anxious for the Procession; and it is preposterous to think of disappointing them. I should not object to a Gala, as elsewhere suggested, at some Park; but it would be shameful to allow one or two Societies to profit by the pecuniary returns thereof, as on the occasion of the Dyrham expedition. Neither should a few men in power pretend to controul the wishes of the great majority of Teetotalers. I am delighted to see that there is some chance of the United Temperance Association taking up this affair in a spirited manner. Be assured that if any one Society will set the example, the masses of the Teetotalers will gladly follow it. It is ridiculous to talk of the expense of a Procession, and recommend a Gala as a substitute. Will not the same expenditure be incurred by the latter, as by the former? But if the London Teetotalers have neither, they will be far behind their Irish brethren in Ireland and in all the great towns, where Processions took place on Saint Patrick's Day. The publicans will moreover rejoice, and declare that the cause is nearly extinguished. Surely, matters can be so arranged as to prevent the Committees of the various Societies from being involved in debt. Tickets for the carriages can be issued a sufficient length of time before to ascertain how many vehicles are to be provided; and I do not see why any more expenses should be incurred by a Procession than by a Tea-Meeting. Former experience, which, I admit, has been dearly purchased by the Committees, will enable them to 'order these things better' in future. At all events, do not let us give the publicans an opportunity of triumphing over us; and if the Teetotalers cannot afford to ride in procession, then let them walk; but let them display their numbers some how or another on the ensuing Whit-Monday!"

Another letter contains the following remarks, which we also submit to our readers:—

"In the name of common sense, what are the London Teetotalers about? Will they be in all things behind the Teetotalers of Ireland and of the English provinces? Where is the enthusiasm—where is the ardour which ought to characterise them? If they abandon the idea of the Procession, they will manifest a luke-warmness in the cause which will be really distressing!"

THE CHARTIST TEETOTAL ASSOCIATIONS.

THE friends of Teetotalism generally will be pleased to hear of the progress of the cause in any direction; and under the influence of any sect or party. It appears that the Chartist Teetotal Associations are flourishing in London, and in many of the great provincial cities and manufacturing towns. Several Christian ministers have joined their ranks; and many very influential persons at Hull, Sheffield, Oldham, Chesterfield, Manchester, Manningham, Northampton, Preston, Ashton-under-Lyne, Kettering, Leicester, &c., have followed the example. Mr. HENRY VINCENT has lately been lecturing, with considerable success at Northampton, Kettering, and Leicester, and has enrolled numerous converts beneath the banners of Teetotalism. The following is the pledge of these Associations:—

"I, A. B., voluntarily pledge myself to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks; that I will neither use them myself, nor offer them to others; and that I will do all in my power to discourage their use. And I further pledge myself to use all lawful and constitutional means to cause the People's Charter to become the law of the land."

Without at all interfering with, or even alluding to the political tenets of these Societies, we consider it to be our duty to record the progress of Teetotalism in all places and under all influences, without reference to parties or fraternities.

COUNTRY NEWS.

IRELAND.

THE cause of Teetotalism is progressing with astonishing rapidity in Ireland. The REV. MR. MATHEW is unwearied in his exertions to regenerate his fellow-countrymen. There are now but few cases of relapse; and those instances are followed by a return to the principle, with deep and bitter regret for the backsliding. Numerous Tea-Festivals followed Saint Patrick's Day in Dublin, Cork, &c.; and several are still in contemplation, especially with a view of encouraging Irish manufactures. Crime has diminished in a most extraordinary degree in Ireland; and there are now many large and populous towns without a single public-house in them.

BARNARD CASTLE.

THAT admirable Temperance periodical, the *Border Herald*, published by Mr. Hudson Scott at Carlisle, contains the following paragraph, which has been communicated to the columns of that journal by the Secretary of the Barnard Castle Teetotal Society:—

"We have been favoured with a visit from Mr. F. R. LEES, of Burmoodtop Hall, Leeds. Our object in bringing Mr. Lees was to discuss the subject of Total Abstinence with the REV. W. S. L. PRATMAN, independent Minister, who has lately advanced topics from his pulpit, and in a printed circular, inimical to our cause, to the effect that wine and strong drinks are commanded and recommended by God for the use of man. The reverend gentleman having been waited on, declined a discussion; Mr. LEES, however, delivered three lectures in the Union Hall, to prove that teetotalism is in accordance with divine revelation, and is well calculated to benefit mankind physically, morally, and spiritually, which he did in a manner highly creditable to himself, and satisfactorily to crowded audiences. The cause is steadily advancing in this town and neighbourhood. We number upwards of 500 members, amongst whom are fifty-one reclaimed characters, many of whom are joined to Christian churches."

CARLISLE.

TEETOTALISM is progressing favourably in Carlisle and its environs. A grand festival lately took place at the Rechabite Tent Room, Castle-street, for the purpose of affording the friends of Mr. RICHARD DUNCAN, a staunch Teetotaler of Carlisle, an opportunity of expressing their admiration of his conduct in the cause, previous to his departure for America. Mr. H. LOWES, publisher and bookseller, presided; and several effective and animated speeches were delivered. "After a neat speech from the chairman," says the *Border Herald*, "the meeting separated, both delighted and deeply affected at parting with so worthy a member of the Teetotal Society." Would such scenes as these take place in the sphere of the drinking world?

MANCHESTER.

THE Secretary of the Manchester District Temperance Society requests us to correct an error or two which crept into our Report, under the head of *Manchester*, in our Number of March 27th. The Procession took place upon the 17th of March (Saint Patrick's Day), and not on the 12th. We should also have stated that "the sick Clubs were not so numerous as they used to be, and that the Procession of Teetotalers was larger than on any previous Saint Patrick's Day."

On Friday evening, April 26th, Mr. RALPH HOLKER delivered a lecture in the Temperance Meeting Room of the Peter-street Branch, which was well filled. Many signatures were received. Mr. GEORGE LOMAX continued his lectures upon his "twenty-one reasons for becoming a Teetotaler," at the meeting-room of the Tabernacle Branch. The Independent Order of Rechabites is weekly adding to its members. In the Rules of the Manchester District Temperance Society, we find the following paragraph:—

"That while a distinct and unequivocal avowal be made of the establishment of this Society on Christian principles, sectarian theology and party politics shall be strictly avoided in all its meetings and discussions."

TOWN NEWS.

FITZROY AUXILIARY TO THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THIS spirited Society is now actively employed in raising subscriptions for a new banner and union-jacks, and for the purpose of hiring a band for the Procession on Whit-Monday.

UNITED KINGDOM TOTAL ABSTINENCE LIFE ASSOCIATION.

ON Monday evening last, a meeting was held at the Temperance Hall (late the Theatre), Broadway, Westminster, for the purpose of explaining the object and principles of this Insurance Company. On Tuesday, the 13th instant, a meeting, for a similar purpose, will be held at the School-room, Stratford.

KENT WARD BERMUDSEY BRANCH.

A MEETING was held on Sunday morning, March 28th, at the Working Man's Chapel, Dockhead, Mr. LUCAS in the chair. The meeting was most ably addressed by this gentleman, and by MESSIEURS SNEAD, GLOVER, M'CARTHY, &c. These assemblies will take place every Sunday morning, at the same place; and Mr. DAVIS, the Secretary, informs us that Teetotal advocates of all Societies will be welcome. When Mr. Davis last communicated with us, this Branch only consisted of 900 members: at that period the Branch was divided;—it is now however united, and consists of two thousand members, who are all staunch to the principle, and active in its interests.

UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of this Society has been compelled to alter its arrangements with regard to the TEA-FESTIVAL on Easter Monday. This Festival will take place at the MILTON-STREET INSTITUTION, at five o'clock precisely, on Easter Monday. Cards of Admission, one shilling each, may be obtained of Mr. EMERSON, the Treasurer, 31, Fore-street, City.

The Executive Committee of the United Temperance Association meets ever alternate Friday evening, at eight o'clock, at Hart's Temperance Hotel, Aldersgate-street. The members of this Committee are Messieurs Emberson, Pocknell, Crump, Benstead, Kalmier, Johnson, Clark, G. W. M. Reynolds, Baylis, Trounce, Knipe, Sims, Glennie, Grimshaw, Parkins, Betts, Farmilo, and Dawling. On Monday evening last, the meeting of this Society took place at the Milton-street Institution.

Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS took the chair, and detailed the adulterations practised by the brewers and publicans in respect to their beer.

Mr. BENSTED said that strong drink was absolutely unnecessary for man, as it neither gave him vigour to perform his manual labour, nor energy in the pursuit of his intellectual avocations. The Pledge is a voluntary obligation, which Teetotalers impose upon themselves in the same manner as the vows of marriage or baptism are taken; and it is no more a symbol or condition of slavery than either of those religious ordinances. The Pledge is a crutch by which the frail in resolution may support themselves; and if it be really an emblem of slavery, then (said Mr. Benstead) is such slavery the most enviable condition of existence.

Mr. MEE observed that he had not much pity for the drunkard; but he decidedly pitied the poor wife and famished children, who were the principal sufferers by his depravity. The degradation of the working classes had been effected by strong drink; and Teetotalism could alone elevate them again to their proper level. The "double stout" makes the brewer stout, and the publican stout, and their wives and children stout; but it makes the deluded drunkard very—very thin! In most great moral reformations, some sacrifices are required;—but could total abstinence from certain poisons be deemed a sacrifice!

Mr. W. DONALDSON said that he had been six years a Teetotaler, had tried both sides of the question, and was enabled to give his experience in favour of the principle of total abstinence. The testimony of all who have tried it, is favourable to the principle; and even those who relapse acknowledge its efficacy.

Mr. HART said that the previous speakers had given strong drink such a bad character, he hoped that if the said strong drink were a friend of any one then present, the acquaintance would be cut as speedily as possible. One of the principal excuses for not becoming a Teetotaler, was because one's companions would ridicule the act. But will not a man consent to a little ridicule when he knows that he is performing a good action?

Mr. POWELL said that he was indebted to Mr. Hart for the enjoyment of the blessings he had derived from the principle of Teetotalism.

Mr. BAYLIS said that he had beheld the advantages of Teetotalism in public and in private, and especially in the home of the poor man.

Mr. PECK observed that Teetotalism was now looked upon with a more attentive and favourable glance in the higher circles than it was wont to be.

Mr. BIDDLE detailed the personal benefits he had derived from the principle of Teetotalism.

Mr. CRUMP said that much as he wished to see the upper classes teetotalized, his sympathies were more especially enlisted in favour of the working-men, who had so long been degraded and debased by the use of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Crump then expatiated upon the advantages which would accrue to the cause of Teetotalism by a general Union, and said that there were several great Societies now in the metropolis, of which one of the principal was the United Temperance Association.

METROPOLITAN ROMAN CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

THIS flourishing society will hold a grand meeting at Stratford on Tuesday next to form an Auxiliary at that place. We shall give further details next week.

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THE TEETOTALER.

FOUNDED BY THE UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "ROBERT MACAIRE," &c. &c.

VOL. I., No. 43.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1841.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PICKWICK MARRIED.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AWE-INSPIRING NARRATIVE OF A TRIAL FOR MURDER IS COMMENCED BY MR. WELLER IN THIS CHAPTER.—SINGULAR INTERRUPTION OF THE TALE.—THE USE OF FIGURES IN POETRY IS NOW FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

MR. SAMUEL WELLER was seated, alone, in the kitchen of his master's villa at Dulwich. It was ten o'clock in the evening,—or at night (whichever the gentle reader may please to denominate the hour);—Mr. and Mrs. Pickwick had retired to rest; Mrs. Samuel Weller and the little ones had also ascended to their boudoir; and old Mr. Weller, who was at that moment his son's guest at the villa, was snoring manfully in a tent-bed which had been fitted up for him in the back kitchen.

It was, then, ten o'clock at night. Sam had about an hour previously commenced the perusal of a volume containing many marvellous tales of ghosts, extraordinary occurrences, remarkable coincidences, &c.; and so intent was he upon these soul-stirring narratives, that he heard not the clock strike: neither did the nasal melody created by his father in the back kitchen make any impression upon him. The narrative which at the hour of ten was especially occupying Mr. Weller's attention, was so very absorbing in its interest, that we shall not hesitate to lay it before our readers. It is supposed to be related by an individual who was present at the scene which he describes:—

"The day of the trial dawned. The evidence relative to the murder was altogether of a circumstantial character; but the prejudice against the prisoner was extremely strong; and no one doubted that a conviction would be the inevitable result of the trial. I arrived in the court just as the proceedings had commenced. It was a dark and tempestuous day; and the height of the buildings which surrounded the court-house added to the gloominess of the scene. The prisoner was ushered in, and placed in the dock. There was a serenity in the expression of his countenance that at once prepossessed me in his favour. I had learned from my experience that the countenance was indeed the mirror of the heart; and that it is hard for the face to assume a virtue, if the soul hath it not; and I saw at once, from the calmness of the accused, the cool and collected gaze with which he returned the scowls and frowns of the multitude, that there was a consciousness of innocence. The accused was arraigned; and the trial proceeded.

"The evidence disclosed that the deceased and the prisoner had been drinking together, and had quarrelled; that the prisoner had struck the deceased; that he had sworn he would be the death of him; that, through the intercession of the by-standers, a patched-up reconciliation had taken place, willingly on the part of the deceased, doggedly on that of the accused; that the deceased had started to go home by his usual route, and that the prisoner had immediately followed him, although his home was in a contrary direction; that sounds of strife were heard very shortly after; that the deceased had never again been heard of; that suspicion having fallen upon the prisoner, his steps on the night in question had been traced; that marks of a struggle had been found upon the earth, and drops of coagulated blood; and that the accused, having been asked to account for the deceased, denied that he had ever seen him after the moment that he left, on the night alluded to. The previous quarrel—the threat—the evident unwillingness of the accused to become reconciled to the deceased; the fact that he followed him—the noise of the conflict

supposed to have subsequently taken place—and the indications of strife and blood-shed that the path afforded, joined to the sudden disappearance of the deceased, all combined to fix the crime of murder upon the prisoner. No importance was given to the fact that the body had not been found, as a deep and rapid river flowed immediately by the spot, and wended its way to the ocean;—and into the river the body was supposed to have been thrown.

"Such was the case for the prosecution; and it increased the excitement against the unfortunate individual at the bar. But he still retained the appearance of perfect calmness; and his counsel proceeded to address the jury in his defence. He said that all the matters that had been testified to, were doubtless true, but that they gave no evidence of the prisoner's guilt; that it was true he had quarrelled with John Grimes, the individual whom he was alleged to have murdered, and that he had struck him; that the threat he made was but the idle declaration of a man who was excited by liquor; that he had become reconciled to him unwillingly, because he had no faith in his overtures; that he had followed Grimes that night, because he had business with a neighbour in the direction of Grimes's house; but that Grimes having walked faster than himself, he had lost sight of him immediately, and had not seen him again that night.

"While the counsel for the defence was speaking, it was evident to me that, although his arguments had their weight upon the judge, they had none upon the jurors or by-standers. The jury had especially made up their mind to the prisoner's guilt, and were determined that his life should be taken. The counsel for the prisoner called witnesses to character, and the neighbour to prove that he had business with him on the night in question; and then the counsel for the prosecution rose to deliver the rejoinder. He dwelt with bitter and burning eloquence upon the crime of murder;—he spoke of the cool and deliberate manner of the prisoner, and reproached him as one who, like a cannibal, could glut over the mangled remains of his victim: he dwelt with great minuteness, clearness, and ingenuity, upon the train of circumstances 'which could not lie,' and he threw a web of guilt around the prisoner that no one doubted would involve him in destruction. But still the prisoner quailed not. The judge summed up the case to the jury, narrating the circumstances, and unfolding the law: he admitted that the facts were very strong against the accused, but that one material link was wanting,—it had not been proved that Grimes was dead! He concluded by admonishing them that they should not convict unless they had sufficient evidence of that fact. But the caution was thrown away upon the excited feelings of the jury. The counsel for the prosecution had so worked upon them by his clamour for a conviction—his anxiety to prove the prisoner guilty—his torturings, his writhings, his almost prayers to accomplish that end,—that a prejudice was excited against the unhappy individual in the dock, and neither reason nor justice could hush it. The jury, without retiring, delivered a verdict of *Guilty*; and the judge was about to put on the black cap, when the prisoner spoke as follows:—'I ask permission of the court to call a witness who, I think, will relieve me of this diabolical charge; who will prove that my hands are not red with blood; who will shew the impropriety and danger of a conviction upon circumstantial evidence; in short, who will satisfactorily convince the malignant and demon-like heart of the counsel for the prosecution, that I am innocent of this crime.'

"The judge asked the counsel for the prosecution if he had any objection to the production of this witness. 'None,' replied the counsel

with a bitter sneer; 'but if he wishes to convince me, and to save his neck from the gallows, he had better produce John Grimes himself!'—'That is precisely the witness I intend to introduce,' said the prisoner very coolly; and, elevating his voice, he cried, 'JOHN GRIMES!'

"This proceeding created great excitement. Some of the by-standers laughed aloud: others heaped bitter execrations upon the prisoner; and the counsel for the prosecution sneeringly asked him 'if he would have John Grimes called again?' The judge was now evidently fast changing his favourable opinion of the prisoner, who, he thought, was using an unpardonable frivolity with the court. I turned towards the prisoner, and was amazed at the terrific change which had taken place in his countenance. Its placidity and composure were gone: it was covered with livid spots, and immense drops of perspiration were rolling rapidly from his brow;—the eyes gleamed with an unnatural brightness, and the hair stood up with that unerring indication of great bodily fear or mental horror.

"'Call him again—in God's name!' shouted he, at the top of his voice.

"The crier of the court repeated the call. At that moment the storm, which had been slumbering for a short time, burst forth with tenfold violence. The rain beat furiously upon the skylights;—the wind howled and moaned like a damned spirit; and several of the tiles fell from the roofs of the adjacent buildings into the street, with a tremendous crash, startling the already excited inmates of the tribunal. It was an awful scene without; it was a still more awful one within. The unearthly appearance of the prisoner—the sudden and awful change that had taken place in him—his solemn adjuration—and his earnest manner,—all had deeply affected the spectators; and many looked as if they really expected to see the murdered man rise at the invocation. All were agitated—save the implacable counsel for the prosecution, who sat scowling at the accused, with a look of triumph and fiendish exultation upon his countenance. The judge rallied himself, and put on the black cap, preparatory to pronouncing the awful sentence of death upon the prisoner; and already had he begun his solemn address, when suddenly an individual rose, no one knew from precisely which spot, and striding to the witness-box, and throwing off a huge cloak which enveloped his form, disclosed to the horror-stricken and amazed crowd, the pale and wasted features of JOHN GRIMES!

"The effect was electrical. The judge turned ghastly pale; and several of the by-standers rushed out into the storm. The counsel for the prosecution fainted. At last order was in some measure restored. Grimes proceeded to say that, on the night of the supposed murder, he had gone but a short distance when he was accosted by an individual; and just at that moment—"

And just at *this* moment—just as Mr. Samuel Weller was arriving at the most pithy part of this narrative of death, blood-shed, and torture—he happened to raise his head—a strange noise had aroused him from his application to the book—and, to his horror and alarm, a dreadful form stalked slowly and majestically into the kitchen!

Mr. Samuel Weller started from his chair—and at that moment the clock struck eleven. The candle had not been snuffed for some time, and the light it threw around was most gloomy and dull. It was really an awful moment—and still the strange figure drew nearer and nearer. It is impossible to say how Mr. Samuel Weller would have acted, had not a closer inspection of the mysterious figure somewhat allayed his fears.

"Vell, I'm blowed if this here midnight visitor

isn't come to call upon me in a blenkit!" ejaculated Sam. "But vonders 'll never cease—"

"That was the observation, Samivel, vich was made by the overseer's wife ven her husband come home sober arter a westry dinner."

"And wot are you a-doin' at this here time o'night, gettin' up and valkin' about like a somnambulisk?" cried Sam, with a smile, as he surveyed the jolly red countenance of his respected father developing itself amidst the ample folds of an immense blanket.

"I tell 'ee wot it is, Samivel," said the old gentleman, seating himself upon a chair near the kitchen-fire, which was burning cheerfully; "I've bin a-dreamin' of a tidy young 'ooman, of about forty-two year o'age, as I've fell in with lately, and as is very likely, Sammy, to make your old father change his intentions with respect to perpetuall silly-busy."

"Silly-busy! wot's that?" demanded Sam.

"Aavoidance o' the marriage state, Samivel," replied his father.

"Ab—celibacy!" cried Sam: "I understand now! But why should that there hidea make you get out o' your bed, and go prowlin' about the house like a old ghost?"

"I don't know how it was, Sammy," answered the old gentleman; "but I avoke up wery sudden, and bethought me o' doin' as a great many of them fellers that are called poets does, sich is committin' my reflekshuns to paper. I sees a light in the kitchen, I gets up, I throws this here flannel horse-cloth about my old carcase, and I've jist brought a bit o' paper along with me to draw up a sort o' poetic valentine."

"Wot a old goblin it is!" cried Sam.

"Now, don't talk nonsense, Samivel," said the old gentleman: "but jist take and write down wot I shall tell 'ee. The later the hour, the more sentimental the business, as the house-breaker said ven he got in at the old lady's vinder."

"And who is this here flame o' your'n?" demanded Sam, eyeing his father with a comical expression of countenance, while the old gentleman himself sate solemnly wrapped up in the blanket.

"Never do you mind, Samivel," was the reply: "she ain't a vidder—that's von thing!"

As he uttered these words, old Mr. Weller produced a piece of paper which he had hitherto held beneath his blanket; and requested his son to enact the part of his secretary. Sam was willing to oblige the old gentleman and to divert himself, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; and he accordingly procured pen and ink to commence his task. On close inspection, he found that the paper was ruled as if for accounts, viz., across with blue lines, and rectangularly near the outer edge with red for the pounds, shillings, and pence.

"Wery good!" cried Sam, as he noticed this circumstance to his father; "I've often heard it said that figures is allowed in poetry; and now I'm blowed if I don't understand how to introduce 'em. It never struck me afore."

So, instead of being in bed by twelve, Mr. Samuel Weller sate down to court the Nine: his father fell into the idea of using figures in the projected effusion; but as he shortly fell into a nap also, and then nearly into the fire-place, Sam was left almost undisturbed to compose the following verses, which we have rescued from the ambiguous condition of orthography and meaning in which they were left by their author; and which we are now enabled to present to our readers in an intelligible form:—

Thou canst not hope, O nymph divine,	
That I should ever court the	9
Or that when passion's glow is done,	
My heart can ever love but	1
When from hope's flower exhales the dew,	
Then Love's false smile deserts us	2
Then Fancy's light begins to flee,	
And life is robbed of all the	3
And Sorrow, sad, her tears must pour	
O'er cheeks where roses bloomed be	4

Yes—life's a scene all dim as Styx;	
Its joys are dear at three and	6
Its raptures fly so quickly hence,	
They're scarcely cheap at	18
Oh! for the dreams that may survive	
When we shall come to	25
The breast no more is filled with heaven	
When years it numbers	27
And yields it up to manhood's fate	
About the age of	28
Finds the world cold, and dim, and dirty	
Ere the heart's annual count is	30

The above lines were followed by others which detailed, in a similar strain, the attachment of the sender to the receiver; and, as soon as Mr. Samuel Weller had brought the composition to a finish, he awoke his father, and read it to him. The old gentleman was however so drowsy, that he could not be induced to comprehend the meaning of the effusion; and the second reading was accordingly postponed until the following day.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PROGRESS OF INEBRIETY.

DEVELOPED IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.

PLATE IX.—Behold our hero enlisted in the Spanish Legion! He is not to be recognised in that dashing officer who, sword in hand, is leading on his squadron to the conflict: but he is to be seen on the left flank, in a line with the other privates of the corps. Strange vicissitudes has this young man seen! Released from the Debtors' Prison by means of the Insolvents' Court, he found himself penniless. He turned to the right and to the left—he looked before and behind him—and he saw no avenue of escape from the pinching poverty which had overtaken him. He applied to his friends who had sworn to "stick by him till death;" and so far from coming even close enough to him to stand the remotest chance of there being any sticking in the matter, they eluded him as if he were a peripatetic pestilence. Like the associates of Nonreddin, in the story of the "Fair Persian" in the "Arabian Tales," he found himself avoided by all those whom he had once made welcome to the shade of his wealth. The same blast which hurls down the fabric of mortal fortunes, chills also the heart of friendship. Reduced to despair—unable to dig, and to beg ashamed—he seized the first opportunity of obtaining bread that presented itself. He enlisted in the Spanish Legion; and embarked for a foreign land, to fight the battles of a sovereign whom he cared nothing about, against a Pretender the merits of whose cause he did not understand. He was now exposed to the most dreadful hardships,—compelled to endure the most fatiguing marches, and to eat provisions which hunger alone on many occasions urged him to touch;—and glad when, bivouacking in the midst of some desert place, or deep forest, he could obtain a ration of some meat cut from some miserable bullock not half an hour killed, and yet warm and quivering. The Chapeigorris, or Guerillas, employed in the Queen's service, invariably obtained the best quarters and the choice of provisions; and the miserable foreigners, who gave their experience, their discipline, and their energies to the Queen's cause, were treated with every indignity by their Spanish comrades. At times our hero was exposed to all the dangers of the battle-field; and on many occasions did he dare peril more alarming than even the aspect of the enemy, to obtain a supply of that liquor, the taste for which still pertinaciously controlled all his actions. At length he was compelled from a severe wound in his left arm to retire from the active business of the Legion; and he shortly afterwards embraced an opportunity of returning to England. He arrived in the metropolis without a farthing in his pocket, and without a friend to apply to in the hour of his deep distress.

PLATE X.—Still does the fatal propensity, which has brought about his ruin, pursue him. On his arrival in London, he sought the office where the arrears of pay were to be settled, and he was told that no instructions had yet been received. Although furnishing with hunger, he made away with some article of apparel to procure drink. He did not as yet know that this same strong drink had ruined him, as it ruined and still ruins millions of others. It would be impossible to say how he subsisted for some weeks. Penury and want were his constant companions; misery and distress haunted him like spectres; he saw everything through the medium of his own misfortunes. He looked with a jaundiced eye upon the prosperity of the wealthy, and did not reflect upon the probable origin and cause of the fortune which he envied. He sought to drown his cares in strong drink; and so long as he could obtain a sufficient supply of that, he abandoned all ideas of exerting himself to obtain a livelihood. And now behold him—a mendicant in the streets; not knowing when he rose in the morning, where he was to sleep at night; and as often slumbering beneath the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge as elsewhere,—always starving; and yet always contriving to obtain his fill of strong liquor. It is really astonishing how the intemperate can find means to pander to their depraved taste, at times when they cannot procure bread: but it is nevertheless a fact that they do so contrive. Each day did our hero repair to the office where the arrears were to be paid; and each day did he depart, without having his just claims satisfied. And, on each occasion, was there a crowd of miserable, wounded, starving wretches, like himself—collected round the doors of the same office—and compelled to endure the same anguish of disappointment. And in the tattered remnants of their uniforms, they seemed not to be Christians in a Christian land: they rather resembled the outcasts of earth, dressed in some degrading garb which their misery had already worn to rags. But they

had supported all the fury of the Pretender's forces, and had fought foremost in the ranks of the Queen's army; and yet they were even decried the price of the limbs which they had lost in the service of the ungrateful foreigners. At length our hero is driven to desperation; for once he has failed to obtain his usual supply of intoxicating liquor;—he visits the office—no satisfactory tidings yet,—and, in a moment of despair, he dashes to the ground the bottle which he had repaired to that place, as a last hope, to seek the means to fill.

PLATE XI.—The fragments of the bottle lying upon the ground, opened a new current of ideas in his mind. He suddenly began to think that all his miseries had originated in his attachment to that bottle. He cast a retrospective glance over his life, and he readily traced all the various episodes of misfortune, which characterized it, to his habits of dissipation and intemperance. He had heard something about Teetotalism; and he remembered that he had often laughed at and ridiculed the idea. He now began to give it his sober and serious consideration. He reflected that so long as he drank moderately he was in danger; but that were he to abstain altogether, he should be safe. All good feelings were not destroyed in his mind; and he resolved that evening to repair to some place of Teetotal meeting, and hear the arguments advanced in favour of the system. He felt satisfied with this resolution: and as he walked along the streets, he met a friend who advanced him a small loan. It seemed that Providence absolutely smiled upon his good design; and he procured a wholesome meal—at which he drank water! He now returned a blessing to Heaven for that meal; and this was the first time he had ever done so. A sensation of contentment and happiness cheered him; and he felt that his long drooping courage was reviving within him. In the evening he proceeded to an assembly-room where a popular Teetotal advocate was lecturing. The arguments he heard confirmed him in his good resolutions: wisdom seemed to dictate every word which fell upon the ears of our hero—a film fell from his eyes—he saw, and he believed. One circumstance particularly struck him:—he could easily recognise the Teetotalers who were present, because he had only to separate the cleanly, respectable, and well-clad portion of the audience from the miserable, dirty, and ragged beings who thronged near the door. Many of those Teetotalers had once been equally dirty and ragged as the idlers at the entrance; but, when they abandoned the ways of intemperance, they soon found themselves well-dressed and anxious to appear respectable. Our hero no longer hesitated:—he seized the pen, and gladly appended his name to the pledge-book which lay upon the table.

PLATE XII.—And he was not deceived, nor disappointed;—for Providence indeed smiled upon him; and, as if to afford him another chance of doing well in this world, that same all-wise and merciful Providence again placed a fortune at his command. He received a legacy from some rich relative; and, guided by his former bitter experience, was enabled to turn this sum to a good account. He persisted in his career of total abstinence from the fertile cause of evil, and found that sobriety was the architect of fortunes, as intemperance was their demolisher:—he espoused a lovely girl, whose love he won by his exemplary conduct;—and we now behold him and his beautiful bride sitting contentedly in each other's society, persuing *The Teetotaler* journal.

OF WORDS AND LANGUAGE.

A word is a sound, of which no part of itself is significant; but a sentence has all its parts significant. Brutes do not possess speech in so high a degree as man, and yet they seem to possess it in some degree, but that only in respect to their passions: for instance, a hen has a particular note to call her chickens together; a dog has a particular sound to express his anger by, as barking, and another and different one to express pain by, as yelping. The cause why brutes do not possess speech in so high a degree as man is owing in some measure to man's having the power of making articulate sounds. But it is not altogether owing to that, for there are many birds that may be taught to make articulate sounds distinct enough. Now, language consists chiefly of general names, the ideas of which are got by abstraction, which faculty brutes do not possess, and therefore cannot use general names with propriety; and this is seen by experiment; for instance—if you get a parrot, you may teach it proper names, such as *Tom*, *William*, &c., but can never get it to use general names, such as *man*, *horse*, *cow*, &c. properly, which is the chief reason why brutes do not possess language in so high a degree as man.

Words are not the names of things, but the signs of our ideas. The word *gold*, when written or when uttered, does not, as some people imagine, denote the substance itself, but the idea in the speaker's mind, which differs in different persons, though the substance itself remains the same. A person shows you a piece of money, which you call a *sovereign*; but *sovereign* is not the name of the piece of money; it is the name you give to the idea you have of that piece of money. Thus, if two persons were to see that piece of money, they would both call it a sovereign. But one person would

leave out of his idea some property really existing in the object, such as malleability, solubility in nitromuriatic acid, &c.; and another would take into his idea some properties not existing in the object, as, for instance, its power of attraction by the magnet. For which collection of ideas, then, would the word *sovereign* stand? Certainly for neither of them; but for the different ideas of the two persons.

In order to prove still further that words are the explanations of our ideas, and not the names of things, and that the same word often stands for different ideas in the minds of the different speakers, we may observe the three following definitions of *gold*:—I. A child's idea of gold is something bright and yellow; II. The peasant's idea, a bright yellow metal; and III. The chemist's, a bright, yellow, malleable, soluble, ponderous metal, &c.

People, in their disputes, often seem to agree, when in reality they differ as much as possible. For instance, a Papist and a Protestant may dispute about the Church. The Papist says that the Church has the power of ordaining rites and ceremonies. The Protestant assents to it. Here they seem to agree; but in fact they differ; for by *Church*, the Papist means the church at Rome with the Pope at the head of it; and the Protestant means that each church, or religious sect of people, has the power to ordain rites and ceremonies for itself.

People seem to differ, when in fact they agree. For instance, a Methodist and a sober Protestant may dispute about their religion. The Methodist says that faith alone is sufficient to salvation: the Protestant denies the assertion, declaring that we are saved by faith and works. Here they seem to differ, when they in reality agree; for the Methodist means by *Faith* the practical persuasion of a thing, which produces a corresponding behaviour in our actions, and consequently means by *Faith* what the Protestant means by *Faith and Works*. The Protestant understood by faith the bare simple assent to the truth of the Christian Religion, which alone is not sufficient.

From the above examples we may infer that things may be expressed by different names, and yet have the same meaning. Thus, the same kind of behaviour is by one called *frugality*, and by another *covetousness*, which are different names, and yet express the same behaviour. Again, things may be expressed by the same name, and yet be essentially different; for instance, *Post* means a piece of wood in the ground, a letter-carrier, a situation, &c. People frequently reckon things the same, merely because they go by the same name; or consider them different, because they go by different names; whereas there is no more reason for calling *cold lead* and *hot lead* the same thing, and *ice* and *water* different things, but only in the one instance they go by the same name, and in the other by different names.

The knowledge of names is frequently taken for the knowledge of things. Thus, if a person asks a botanist the name of a plant, and he tells him, then the person says he knows it; and when he sees a plant of the same kind again, he says he shall know it. Yet he knows not more of its properties than he did before; he only knows its name: and yet he says and thinks he knows the plant. Again, a person asks another, why there are no venomous animals in some countries? The other tells him because there are some anti-venomous qualities in the earth. He goes away satisfied, and says that he now knows why there are no venomous animals in some countries; yet he only knows a certain property in the soil.

Names, in process of time, lose or change their primitive signification. Thus *Knave* signified once "an industrious servant;" and Saint Paul, in old translations of the New Testament, is called "the Knave of Jesus Christ." *Villain* signified "a copyhold tenant;" *dame*, a "woman of distinction;" *ballad*, an "epic poem," &c.

Abstract terms are not predicable one of another, because they are each distinct:—a man is an animal; but it would be nonsense to say *humanity* is *animality*. In the English language, contrary expressions sometimes excite the same ideas;—for instance, a *shameful* and a *shameless* fellow; a *famous* and an *infamous* rascal, &c.

The imperfection of language is owing to several causes. For instance, when people are discoursing about *honour*, *faith*, *sacrilege*, *grace*, *church*, *charity*, &c., mistakes may occur, because the meaning of these words may not be held the same in the mind of each person. The mode of speech is made up of several simple ideas; and it is probable that the hearer will insert some property or properties which the speaker does not take into his idea, or leave out some which the speaker does take in his meaning. When a person wants to convey an idea to another, the word he makes use of should excite exactly the same idea in the mind of the hearer, which it stands for in his own mind. But in such words as those quoted above, it frequently happens otherwise, and frequent mistakes and misconceptions are the consequences. In some cases there are visible standards to adjust the meaning of words by: thus, if two persons were disputing about the metals *bismuth* and *zinc*, should one say he does not know what bismuth and zinc are, the other directly pulls some out of his pocket, which action immediately settles the dispute. But when persons are

disputing about *glory*, *charity*, &c., the argument could not be settled by pulling either glory or charity out of the pocket: therefore it is evident that there is no visible standard always to adjust the meaning of words.

Many words are used without any ideas at all. Thus, if you ask a man the reason of his unexpected promotion in his profession, he will perhaps say that it was *good luck*; or if a person be asked why the trees bud in spring-time, he will probably reply that it is *their nature*. But if we were to ask either of those persons what they mean by *luck* and *nature*, they would not be able to explain themselves, for they have no settled meaning in their minds annexed to these ideas. The reason of this abuse of language is because we learn words like parrots, without ideas. If we were to learn ideas before we learned their names, it would then be impossible we should have words without ideas to them, which would be a prevention to one species of abuse of language.

Another imperfection in language arises from the unsteady application of words, by persons using them sometimes in one sense, and sometimes in another;—for instance, a clergyman in his sermon uses the word *Repentance* in two distinct ways,—I. As "a concern for past offences;" and II. as "an amendment of future life." There is another reason for the abuse of language, and this is the supposition that words have evident meanings, and therefore not defining them. This very often causes mistakes; for, though a word be very common, and a person would think it a rudeness to be asked for a definition of it, it sometimes happens that the word, never being sufficiently understood, stands for different ideas in the estimation of different persons. Two physicians were once disputing whether there was any liquor in the nerves. The dispute ran high, till a third person asked one of the disputants what he meant by liquor in that instance? The physician was surprised, and thought there was no need of a definition of so common a word. The other physician, who was a cool deliberate man, explained what he meant by it; and when they had both defined it, it appeared that they had very different ideas of it, and that the whole of their dispute had been about the word *Liquor*, which they thought not worth while disputing about. Again, two persons may dispute whether a plant has life, or not; but they do not think that the word *Life* needs any explanation; and so they go on wrangling and disputing without coming any nearer to the point. Amongst naturalists it is a dispute whether a caterpillar in its state of insensibility, when it is changing from a caterpillar to a butterfly, is alive or dead; but the argument entirely depends upon the definition given to the word *Life*, concerning which they never trouble themselves.

Another dangerous abuse of language exists in taking words for things; that is, supposing the things actually exist merely because we hear their names. In Hydrostatics everything is accounted for by Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; in Electricity we hear of the *electric effluvia*; in Magnetism, of the *magnetic medium*, &c.; and so, by frequently hearing of these things, some people are apt to imagine that they really exist, when they have no other reason for thinking so but merely hearing the names. Thus, again, in Botany everything is accounted for by the *vegetative soul*. In medical etiology, diseases are accounted for by the words *irritation*, *spasm*, *contagion*, *metastasis*, &c.; and for all these we have no clear ideas; in the same way as thousands read *Higgaion* and *Selah* in the Psalms, without having any ideas in their minds annexed to those words.

When people are talking in a language we do not understand, they always seem to speak quick, although the language be very slow in reality, such as German or High Dutch. The reason of this is because, in a language which we understand, every word, or at least every cluster of words, excites an idea in our mind; and thus, the better we understand a language, the faster our ideas are excited. Therefore, in a language we understand, we have more ideas excited than in one we do not. And time appears long or short according as there are more or less ideas remembered to succeed in our minds. Therefore time appears short, when a person speaks an unknown language; but a person seeming to speak quickly, is only his seeming a short time in speaking. Where the channels of our ideas are worn quite smooth by constant use and rapid excitement, the current is often too impetuous for the mind to follow it:—there are English persons who understand what they read in Latin or French better than in English (their mother tongue), because it requires some degree of thought and time merely to construe the language.

To those who are accustomed to public speaking, especially upon argumentative subjects, and those in which a great deal depends upon correct definitions, we recommend the study of the preceding observations, which we have endeavoured to convey in the most simple and intelligible manner possible.

THE AIR.

[Concluded from page 327.]

In every part of the earth there is a certain elevation in the atmosphere, different according to the proximity to the equator, at which the thermometer never rises above the freezing point,—and this limit is called the

level of perpetual congelation. It appears, therefore that the same low temperature may be met with at the equator as at the poles, by rising to find it; and we see why the snow-capped mountains are not the tenants only of high northern and southern latitudes. It is this truth which renders many parts of the tropical regions of the earth not only tolerable abodes, but as suitable as any on earth.

No surprise need be expressed that the wind, or air, blowing down from a snow-capped mountain should be warm or temperate. The truth is, there is just as much heat combined with an ounce of air on the mountain top, as in the valley; but above, the heat is diffused through a space perhaps twice as great as when below, and therefore is less sensible. It may be the same air which sweeps over a warm plain at the side of a mountain, which then rises and freezes water on the summit, and which in an hour after, or less, is again found among the flowers of another valley, as a gentle and warm breeze.

The animal body is made up of solids and fluids, and the atmospheric pressure affects it accordingly. One has difficulty at first in believing that a man's body should be bearing a pressure of fifteen pounds on every square inch of its surface, while he remains altogether insensible to the influence: but such is the fact. Reflection discovers that his not feeling the fluid pressure, is owing to its being perfectly uniform all around. If a pressure of the same kind be even many times greater, such, for instance, as fishes bear in deep water, or as a man supports in a diving-bell, it must equally pass unnoticed. Fishes are at their ease in a depth of water where the pressure around will instantly break or burst inwards almost the strongest empty vessel that can be sent down; and men walk on earth without discovering a heavy atmosphere about them, which, however, will instantly crush together the sides of a thick iron boiler, left for a moment without the counteracting internal support of steam or air.

The fluid pressure on animal bodies, thus unperceived under ordinary circumstances, may be rendered instantly sensible by a little artificial arrangement. In water, for instance, an open tube partially immersed, becomes full to the level of the water around it, and the water contained in it is supported by what is immediately below its mouth: now, a flat fish resting closely against the mouth of the tube, would evidently be bearing on its back the whole of this weight—perhaps 100 pounds; but the fish would not thereby be pushed away, nor would it even feel its burthen, because the upward pressure of the water immediately under it would just counterbalance, while the lateral pressure around would prevent any crushing effect of the mere upward and downward forces. But if, while the fish continued in the supposed situation, the 100 pounds of water were lifted from off its back by a piston in the tube, the opposite upward pressure of 100 pounds would at once crush its body into the tube, and destroy it. At a less depth, or with a smaller tube, the effect might not be fatal; but there would be a bulging or swelling of the substance of the fish into the mouth of the tube. In air, and in the human body, a perfectly analogous case is exhibited. A man, without pain or peculiar sensation, lays his hand closely on the mouth of a vessel containing air; but the instant that the air is withdrawn from within the vessel, the then unresisted pressure of the air on the outside fixes the hand upon the vessel's mouth, causes the flesh to swell or bulge into it, and makes the blood ooze from every crack or puncture in the skin.

These last lines closely describe the surgical operation of cupping, the essential circumstances of which are the application of a cup or glass with the smooth blunt lip to the skin of any part, and the extraction, by a syringe or other means, of a portion of the air from within the cup. The human mouth applied upon a part becomes a small cupping machine, and formerly, in cases of poisoned wounds, was used as such. It may be proper to add that the timely application of a cupping-glass prevents the spread of contagion either in cases of poison or hydrophobia.

The power of flies and other insects to walk on ceilings and surfaces presented downwards, or upon smooth panes of glass in an upright position, is said to depend on the formation of their feet. This is such that they act as suckers, excluding the air between them and the ceiling on which they are walking, and the atmospheric pressure keeps the animal in its position. In the same manner the hydrostatic pressure attaches fishes to rocks; and that giant of the vasty deep, the walrus, supports itself by a sort of air-pump apparatus on its feet.

The atmosphere may be considered an universal solvent; and, though itself inodorous, it is the medium of all smells, and, dissolving the different odours of fluvia, is charged with all the emanations of the various substances it sweeps. Amongst the principal causes of some of the phenomena of the atmosphere is electricity, to which may be principally attributed the lightning, the aurora-borealis, and the other igneous meteors. Heat is another cause of the phenomena of the air, and raises and suspends evaporated waters invisibly in the atmosphere, until some more powerful attraction dissolves the union, and the deserted moisture, exposed to view, falls again to the earth in the various forms of clouds, mist, dew, snow, hail, sleet, and hoar-frost. Heat is also the cause of those aerial

currents familiarly termed *winds*, and which are caused by the dilation or contraction of the air.

The air is not an element: it is merely an exhalation. It does not exist of itself, but springs from the earth and water:—consequently it cannot be denominated an element.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Harnsley Teetotal Society should establish a Visiting Committee, to call upon the Members, and collect one penny from each.

The wish of R. L. (Bristol) shall be complied with.

The *Anonymous Letter* (from the Queen's Bench Prison to a Minister) is not suitable to our columns, or it should be inserted.

We have heard of the conduct of a Temperance Coffee-house keeper relative to Mr. Gay, and shall enquire farther into the matter.

Mr. Mingay Syder will commence his Spring tour in a few days. He proceeds first to Hull, where all letters should be addressed to him by provincial Secretaries, at the Temperance Coffee-house.

It is the intention of the EDITOR of "THE TEETOTALER" to visit in the course of this spring and summer, the principal cities and towns of England in which large Teetotal Societies are established. He will visit one city or town every week, returning after each visit to London, to conduct the Journal. Private answers have already been returned to the Secretaries of the several provincial societies, who have invited the EDITOR to the scene of their labours.

The next Number commences Volume II: and with that Volume will begin a Series of Steel Engravings, executed in the first style of the art, and calculated to please all classes. Give your orders early.

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THE TEETOTALER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17th, 1841.

A REFERENCE to the proceedings in the Court of Excise will convince our readers that the adulteration of spirits, wine, and beer, is practised by all the venders of those liquors, without any exception. Several publicans have admitted not only that adulteration is a general rule, but that it is also a necessity to which even the honest landlord must submit, in consequence of the extent of competition and rivalry which exists in the trade, and in order to derive an adequate amount of profit from the retail of articles which are originally charged by the wholesale seller at a heavy price. It is therefore hopeless to expect that throughout the United Kingdom there will be found one public-house which does not deal in adulterated liquors. The existence of such an establishment is an impossibility, in respect to the present order of things; and the most honest publican, as well as the most rascally, is compelled to adopt the usual processes to substitute an artificial compound for the genuine liquor, at a reduced price.

If it be urged that beer can be made without such deleterious admixtures as *coccus indicus*, headings, lime, opium, Bohemian rosemary, &c., we do not hesitate to reply that the absence of these articles would produce an entirely different beverage—different in flavour, different in appearance, and different in its effects. The liquor would then cease to be that which is denominated beer; and the more really wholesome it was made (if alcoholic liquor could ever be entitled to the epithet) the less palatable would it become. The intoxicating qualities of beer are to be ascribed as much to the drugs used in its manufacture, as to the alcohol which it contains; and the cause of some beer being more "heady" than another species, is to be accounted for in the amount of such drugs used in the brewing of each. Alcohol, in its essence, is the same in beer as in wine, or ardent spirits; and yet beer stupifies, whereas wine and spirits produce a maddening species of intoxication. The influence of beer is somniferous; that of wine and spirits exhilarating and active. This difference arises from the fact, that the beer is elaborately adulterated with poisonous drugs and mineral substances, which produce those stupifying and brutalizing effects upon the frame; and in wine and spirits the true and usual influence of alcohol is recognised. Were nothing of an intoxicating quality but malt used in the manufacture of beer, the brewer would be compelled to treble the price of the liquor; and thus is it shown that the work of adulteration is one to which the most honest venders, whether wholesale or retail, of the beverage are obliged to submit.

Were the art of brewing one of simplicity, where would exist the necessity for the multitudes of Brewers' Guides, and other publications which teach the infernal scheme of adulteration. Human ingenuity seems to have been racked to its utmost extent to discover the means of lessening the expenses attendant upon brewing, by substituting

all the noxious drugs and substances which can be thought of for those ingredients that are usually supposed to form the essence of malt liquors. Even those Guides which are intended for the domestic economy of private families, and which set many a housewife brewing instead of mending her husbands' and children's clothes, recommend the use of capsicum, *coccus indicus*, salt of Tartar, slaked lime, copperas, alum, ginger, Leghorn juice, and other deleterious, if not poisonous, ingredients. When these receipts for brewing are coolly and quietly recommended to private families, the reader will feel convinced that our former assertion is correct, and that "beer would not be beer" unless those schemes and plans were adhered to.

The necessity of the artifices of adulteration in respect to malt liquors may be explained in a few words. The alcohol is produced by the sugar obtained from the malt: but the brewer, as before stated, cannot afford to use malt in a sufficient quantity to produce enough alcohol to strengthen his beer;—he accordingly supplies the deficiency by means of pungent or powerful ingredients, such as cassia-buds, capsicum, ginger, vitriol, and Bohemian rosemary. The two last mentioned articles are deadly poisons. Then, again, the brewer cannot afford an adequate supply of hops to produce the bitter taste which is deemed one of the essential qualifications of malt liquor: but he finds a substitute for hops in wormwood, aloes, gentian, bitter oranges, and other articles calculated to afford an artificial bitter to the liquor. These articles, which are only used medicinally by prudent persons, operate in a most destructive manner upon the membranes of the stomach, and ruin the digestive powers. The liquor, at this stage, is thin and poor, in consequence of the absence of malt sugar; and the brewer now uses treacle, liquorice, and decoction of flax-seed, to thicken it. The liquor is however light in colour, and requires to be made dark and almost black. Tobacco-juice or other poisonous colouring-matter is now introduced. It is thus thickened and tinged according to the wishes of the brewer: but it is still in an imperfect condition;—it must be made almost transparent. The object is effected by means of oil of vitriol—a deadly and quick poison. The liquor is now nearly prepared for barrelling; but the brewer still adds a few articles to complete the peculiarity of taste which the beverage must possess to suit the consumer. When poured into the barrel, it is dull and vapid; and headings, compounded of copperas and alum, must be employed to infuse into this infernal concoction the slightest sign of vitality. Such is the process adopted by every brewer, whether honest or otherwise; and habit has rendered the manufacturers of malt liquors and the writers of the Guides so accustomed to the process, that the infamy of the system ceases to be recognised or thought of. Familiarity with any particular plan or mode of procedure, will speedily lessen the admiration of the excellence or abhorrence of the turpitude attached to it; and thus is it that the brewers now adopt the scheme of adulteration as "a matter of course," without ever taking the trouble to examine the principles of that adulteration.

So much for the manufacture of beer! We fancy that we already hear our readers exclaiming that they will never drink another drop of such a diabolical compound, and expressing their regret that a drop of it should have ever passed their lips at all. And surely enough has been already done with the malt liquor in the brewery, without subjecting it to any farther inflictions. Stay—gentle reader: there is much more yet to explain; and the worst is probably yet untold! We have hitherto only described the adulteration effected by the brewers: we now come to the period when the malt liquor is delivered in the cellars of the publicans.

The brewer sells his beer to the publican at a price which would leave the latter no profit at all, and, on the contrary, entail upon him a considerable loss, were he to retail it in an honest manner,—that is, at the current prices, and without adulteration. The publican must however live—must support his family—must pay his rent—and must sustain all the rivalry of competition. It is also necessary, to suit the present order of things, that he should embellish his establishment in a most costly and expensive style, and conduct its domestic arrangements upon a scale of considerable liberality. To enable him to do all this, he must necessarily derive immense profits from the sale of his liquors. He is therefore imperatively urged

to adopt some method to increase the quantity of his beer, and to change its quality by artificial means. If he would lose by retailing a butt of beer honestly,—and if he would only obtain a small profit by converting that butt into *two*,—he must devise a scheme to make it fulfil the duties of *three*. And he does so. In the first place he deluges the beer with a requisite quantity of coloured water; and the result is, that the compound is vapid and flat, and in a state of "disease," rendering it totally unfit to drink. Its pungency—its thickness—its taste must be restored; and artificial means must be employed to render it palatable, and to give it, as much as possible, the appearance it had when it first came from the brewers. The want of alcohol must be supplied—the want of sugar must be supplied—the want of bitterness must be supplied—the want of alum must be supplied: then, the muddiness must yield to transparency—the vapid condition must be remedied—an appearance of age must be given to it—it must be made astringent—and a froth must be raised. Here is a catalogue of remedies to be effected, and wants to be supplied; and yet all these aims are accomplished by the skilful adulterator. The same means adopted by the brewer, are had recourse to by the publican;—the same poisons are again called into use;—the same drugs are administered to the liquor with an unsparing hand. Oil of vitriol, henbane, Bohemian rosemary, alum, liquorice juice, *coccus indicus*, salt, salt of tartar, extract of poppies, black extract, and other diabolical concoctions, decoctions, or natural products are liberally dispensed in this second and more complete adulteration of the malt liquor. The *coccus indicus* is a substitute for the malt and hops, and arrests the progress of fermentation, which, if not thus checked, would run into the acetous and then into the putrefactive state. *Coccus indicus* is a berry; and so extraordinary is its intoxicating power, that in India it is used by fishermen and anglers, who cast it upon the water to intoxicate the finny inhabitants of the river, and render them an easy prey to those who seek them. The Bohemian Rosemary, to which we have ere now alluded, is a herb which, in the smallest quantity, will produce a delirious and maddening species of intoxication, calculated to overthrow the empire of reason for ever, and produce an excitement which would prove more fatal to the constitution than years of uninterrupted debauchery and intemperance. Black extract is the concentrated essence of the *coccus indicus*; the juice of tobacco is as fatal as the poison of a viper; the powerful narcotic and emaciating effects of opium and henbane are well known; copperas is also a poison; and yet all these are the principal ingredients used by both brewer and publican in the manufacture and adulteration of their malt liquors!

The profession of "beer-doctor" and "brewers' druggist" is practised, said Cobbett, as of only as that of "bug-man" and "rat-killer;" and when we consider that these individuals are employed by the whole fraternity of beer-manufacturers and beer-sellers, we are justified in entertaining a suspicion that numerous other and probably far more poisonous and deleterious drugs than those which we have enumerated, are used in the processes which require such agency. It is terrible to contemplate a picture, which, so far from being over-drawn, is not, probably, sufficiently highly coloured. Let our readers only exercise their common sense, and judge for themselves the amount of injury that must be sustained by the frames of those who partake of such detestable poisons.

It is customary to denominate that beer the best, which is the strongest. Now the strongest beer contains the greatest amount of poisons; and many publicans have been vile enough to superadd to the ingredients already detailed, that fiery liquid called "spirit of Maranta," in order to produce an extra "strong beer." It by no means follows, either, that the strongest beer contains the greatest quantity of nutriment:—no beer contains one hundredth part as much nutriment as vulgar error and deliberate misrepresentation have asserted; and, as the amount of spirit in the beer is totally unconnected with the quantity of nutriment, it is evident that those malt liquors, which are called "strong," are by no means the most nourishing. The amount of nutriment in any fluid is to be decided by the proportion of solid substance to which that fluid can be reduced, since it is only this solid substance which can supply the waste perpetually going on

in the human frame, and minister to the cravings of nature. A gallon of beer is therefore only nutritious to the amount of the solid substance to which it can be reduced, or to which it is equivalent; and experience has proved, that there is more sustenance in a penny loaf than in a gallon of any malt liquor ever manufactured.

It is preposterous to imagine that beer may be drunk with comparative impunity, and that wine and ardent spirits should be rejected. Many advocates of the Moderation principle acknowledge the efficacy of abstinence from wine and spirits, but declaim against "depriving the poor man of his beer." Now, if we *must* drink something in the shape of intoxicating liquor, beer should be the very last which we ought to choose. When intoxicating liquor arrives in the stomach, the process of digestion separates the alcohol from the other fluids or compounds; and the alcohol of one intoxicating liquor is precisely the same as the alcohol in another. The spirit is the same—it is only the compounds or admixtures which were different. The alcohol, then, of beer effects the same injury and produces the same effects as the alcohol of wine or spirits; and in addition to its alcohol, beer possesses a dozen other poisonous and destructive qualities which we have previously described. It is therefore useless to suppose that because the alcohol of beer goes into the stomach shrouded and enveloped in so many other compounds, it is robbed of any portion of its pernicious effects: the moment that combination of ingredients, which is denominated beer, is subjected to the powerful influence of the gastric juices, the alcohol is separated; and that alcohol produces the same results as if it had been drunk in a pure, or raw state!

If an individual wish to take a wine-glass full of brandy, for instance, diluted with water, it matters not whether he drink that quantity of brandy in a tumbler full or only half-full of water: the shape or the guise in which he takes the spirit, does not alter the effects produced by that amount of spirit when it arrives in the stomach;—that amount is still the same, whether in a large or a small quantity of water; and that spirit is speedily separated from the water by the operation of the gastric juices. This explanation will convince our readers that no disguise—no admixture—no modification will succeed in combatting or diminishing the pernicious effects of alcohol. It is therefore ridiculous to delude one's self with the idea that there are ways and means of drinking alcoholic liquor without prejudice; and that a compromise may be beneficially effected by deluging the alcohol, or spirit, with water. The stomach knows no such compromise—recognises no such means of evasion: its laws are immutable—its operations ever the same;—its use is to separate the ingredients of compounds, and dispose of each in various parts of the human frame, according to the plan laid down by the Great First Cause; and thus is it, that the smallest drop of alcohol, however inhibited, will be seized upon by the gastric juice—drawn from its concealment, even though it be enveloped in the folds of a gallon of water—and placed in a separate and distinct division of the human frame, there to work out its destroying aims with as much success and facility as if it had been taken in a pure and unmixed state into the stomach!

Beer will not nourish a healthy man, because there is little or no nourishment in it; it will not quench the thirst of a thirsty man, because it will create fresh thirst in a very short time—and this is a peculiar characteristic of all alcoholic beverages, as common experience has shown and still shows beyond all possibility of contradiction; and beer will not sustain the strength of the invalid, because it is devoid of nutritious powers, is exciting, and thus accelerates the waste of the human frame, and is a poison which will undermine the constitutions of the most robust, much more the shattered health of the sickly. Beer is not useful to mothers suckling, because it creates an unnatural abundance of milk; and this milk is not only poor and thin, but is also impregnated with alcohol and with poisons, which are thus transfused into the system of the frail and delicate babe. Beer is not a necessary concomitant to our meals, because hunger is the best sauce, and thirst can be quenched by water: no one, moreover, thinks of taking beer with his breakfast, but contents himself with tea or coffee, and yet makes a hearty meal; and thus is it shown that beer is not necessary for dinner or supper.

Medical men have recommended malt liquors

to their patients, in many cases, under the impression that they are nourishing and strengthening. Those medical men, who have given themselves the trouble to investigate the nature of malt liquors, or who have had that nature explained to them, have been shocked at the delusion under which they were labouring, and have immediately abandoned the system of recommending compounds which are calculated rather to cause or provoke a continuation of ill-health than to act as a remedy. It is only necessary to destroy the delusion, in order to promote abstinence from malt liquors. Our opponents may ask how it is possible that medical men could have so long clung to such an egregious error? We will reply, that medical men are fallible as well as other mortals, and that no system undergoes such important and frequent changes, as the course of medical practice. One single case will illustrate this fact. When Lady Montague introduced the plan of inoculation for the small-pox into England, all the medical men denounced it as something much worse than an absurdity:—they pronounced it a crime. In process of time opinions changed; and inoculation was almost universally adopted. The system, however, again changed. Vaccination was introduced; and now medical men again denounce inoculation as dangerous and impracticable as a general system. Within the last few years, a law has been enacted to forbid inoculation, and establish the system of vaccination;—and all this in consequence of the changes which took place in medical opinion! We therefore see that medical men are as liable to delusion and to erroneous notions as other individuals; and one of those delusions was the idea that malt liquors were useful or beneficial to the human frame. That delusion is now rapidly dissipating; and medical testimony turns in favour of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

ELLEN MAXWELL.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 334.)

Ellen Maxwell had not seen either her parents or her brother since she was six years old; she had been left in England under the charge of her maternal aunts, who thought the shy, beautiful child was not likely to find much care and attention from her haughty parents, who lavished all the little feeling pride and fashion had left upon their heir. The eldest of these aunts was dead, and Sir Robert and Lady Maxwell having heard much from English arrivals of the beauty and grace of their half-forgotten child, wrote to beg she might come to them, accompanied by her protectress. With a heavy heart Lady Mowbray had consented to leave her country; but she was a widow; had no ties, save local ones to keep her there, and she dreaded to send her beautiful Ellen undefended to her heartless family. She accordingly determined to accept their formal invitation and accompany her niece. Her fate was awful; alarm had killed her before the ship blew up, but her body found its grave in the blue ocean.

Once before the Thunderer left the port, Ellen saw young Morton. Many and earnest had been the entreaties she had made to see her brave preserver, and after a long time her haughty father consented.

Morton came, accompanied by Captain Leslie. Ellen was alone when they were announced, and both thought as she advanced to meet them, that her exquisite beauty had never been equalled.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "Captain Leslie, this is very kind of you," and she shook the veteran's hand. After some time she said, "I shall not be able to see you again before you sail: may I," and she turned to Morton, "venture to ask you to take charge of this packet of letters for me to be put into the post when you reach dear, dear happy England; they are to old friends, and I dare not—I mean I—" she stopped: Leslie looked at her; he knew enough by report of Sir Robert Maxwell's stern pride to guess that the gentle girl was wretched; and he was right. She dared not write openly to her childhood's friends; she had been forbidden to hold intercourse with them.

"Thank you for the trust: depend upon their being safely delivered, Miss Maxwell; and if you can think of any other thing I can do, pray, pray give me your commands."

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times; but I have nothing else to do, except this;" and she brought a parcel from an inner room: "it is a present to the crew of your noble vessel; it is the English flag! I have worked at it day and night to finish it, and now I beg you to present it to them with my gratitude and respect; tell them I have not forgotten their kindness and gentleness to me when I was ill, and a burthen on their provisions and accommodation; bid them remember Ellen Maxwell, and if ever money or her aid can serve them, let them command her utmost power. To you, Morton, I dare offer no reward: you saved my life in fearful peril, and no offering that I can tender can

pay the debt:—I only ask one thing. When your ship sails, may these colours be flying over her stern; and let all know that your hand has placed them there."

They parted; and back to his ship in moody silence went Harry Morton. Two days after, as Lady Maxwell and Ellen, with a large party, were on the shore; they saw the Thunderer setting sail and getting under weigh. All hands were busy on board.

"What a splendid ship!" said one of the party. As he spoke, the vessel moved majestically from her moorings.

"Good heaven," cried another; "look at that man! what has he got?"

Ellen looked, and saw Harry Morton climbing up the mizen shrouds, with her flag in his hand; he fastened it to its place and waved his hat. The whole ship's crew and officers were on deck; and as he gave the signal, three distinct cheers came upon the air, and the name of Ellen Maxwell echoed in each.

"How is this, miss?" asked her ladyship; "how dare those low wretches presume to name you?"

"I gave them that flag, madam; and it is hoisted to-day for the first time; their parting cheer I did not expect, nor deserve; but I am very grateful to them for it. There is not a man on board that gallant vessel to whom I am not indebted; and most of all to him who has placed those colours in their proud elevation."

Ellen spoke firmly; and, enraged as Lady Maxwell was, she was too politic to produce a scene.

Sir Robert and Lady Maxwell had two idols which they devoutly worshipped—rank and wealth; and to the possessor of these advantages, though a man of brutal mind and displeasing person, they wished to sacrifice their child. Lord Marshcroft was five and forty, loose in principle, and excessively proud. He was the colonel of a cavalry regiment, and his harsh, relentless nature, found ample scope in torturing and oppressing the wretched natives. Such was the man poor Ellen was to wed, to the last she held out, but she had no friends near her, no support, and at last she consented, but not without a desperate hope that something might occur to save her.

Ellen had now been three years in India, and her affianced husband became more fervent than ever for their marriage; but more than ever the poor girl shrank from the union; for tales of his brutality were rife at Madras. At last the day was fixed. They were to be married at Lord Marshcroft's splendid bungalow, where Ellen, her parents and friends, arrived two days previous to the one appointed.

Ellen was frightened at the sullen looks and significant smiles of all around. That there was some project in agitation she was convinced; and that the household servants were concerned in the plot she was also certain. Even Sir Robert, stern and proud as he was, noticed it to his lordship.

"Oh!" he cried, "if they mean mischief, I'll hang up a few of them on hooks, for the musketos to play with!"

"Great God!" said poor Ellen, as she rushed from the room; "is this monster to be my husband? Oh, never, never!"

Shrieks and screams the next day proclaimed that his threat had been executed. Ellen hid her head in the cushions of the sofa, and tried, with convulsive efforts, to shut out the horrid cries. Still with demon force they pierced the down, and she heard them more piteously. At last she started up, and was rushing out of the room, when a slave entered with a letter just arrived by express from Madras. She had not half perused it when in rushed a poor aged woman and her daughter.

"Save us, save us!" they cried, as they threw themselves on their knees and clung wildly round her.

"I will, I will," said Ellen. "What is the matter? Do not fear."

"Oh, save us, save us!" they shrieked again, clinging closer to her as the doors opened, and two slave drivers entered.

"I will," said Ellen, advancing with dignity to the men. "What is your business here?"

"We want those two natives who have escaped; but, by Heaven, they shall smart for this;" and coming forward to seize them, they flourished their whips, while the poor wretches crouched on the ground.

"Back, ruffians!" exclaimed Ellen; "these are my apartments, these women have taken refuge here, and they are safe! touch them at your peril. If your master has authorised this presumption, tell him, from me, it will not be suffered: if he has not, you shall bitterly repent it; this brutality and intrusion shall be amply punished. No reply—but instantly quit the room."

Confused and alarmed, the men withdrew.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Ellen. "Now, my poor people, what can I do for you?" Long was the conference between them, and when it was over, Ellen wrote a long letter and sent it off by express to Madras—then leaving the women locked up in her room, she went to her father, who was with Lord Marshcroft.

"My lord," she said, "since I have been here I have been made wretched by the misery of all around me; my very apartments have not been sacred from your brutal followers. I have been maddened by the screams of agony, frightened by your own language, and in-

sulted by your own ferocity. You have been twice refused by me, and only now accepted to free myself from cruel persecution. Hear me, my lord, if these tortured slaves are not instantly released, I will suffer death before my hand takes yours at God's altar. I have already taken means effectually to protect the wretched natives you so recklessly murder, by apprizing the English government of the savage rule you hold. I am a weak woman, my lord, but a firm one;" and, bowing with lofty dignity, she quitted the astonished pair.

The chapel was brilliantly lighted: the clergyman was there, and he waited for Lord Marshcroft and Ellen. At last they came. Ellen cast an almost frenzied look around as the ceremony went on, and once she murmured, "They will not come!" Just as Lord Marshcroft was about to place the ring on her finger, the slaves without the building gave a loud shout, and rushing in with gleaming knives fell upon the bridegroom.

"Oh, do not kill him, for mercy's sake—for my sake!" shrieked Ellen, as she threw herself in her pity before him,—and they fell back.

As she knelt there in her spotless bridal robes before that dark and ferocious man, she looked like a pleading angel.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted a multitude of voices. Ellen's head turned giddily round. "Hurrah, hurrah!" and with these words, in rushed a body of English seamen, and Ellen saw but one. She rose and staggered, and faintly said, "Morton!"

"Miss Maxwell—Ellen!—my Ellen!"—and she fell into his arms.

Sir Robert came angrily forward, and aimed a blow at Harry Morton. Ellen caught it.

"Shame, shame," my father; "would you strike your daughter's preserver?"

"Base-born wretch!" he exclaimed.

"Father—no, Sir Robert Maxwell, hear me! When a child you left me to the care of others, neglected and forgotten. After long, long years of absence, during which you never even wrote to know whether I were alive or dead, you called me home. I came—you forbade all intercourse with those who loved and cherished your deserted child; and, against my will—my prayers, you tried to force me to a marriage with a ruffian. Only that my life is stubborn, you had long since deprived me of it by misery. You have neither loved, nor reared, nor protected me. What duty do I owe you? None. I am free—I am of age—thus I use my liberty. Morton then, there is my hand—we have loved each other long. I am not portionless—I shall be no burthen to you—for I have ample means."

"Hold, or my curse—" "Give it—it will not injure me," returned Ellen, calmly.

"Vile girl!" ejaculated Sir Robert.

"Proudly I confess, I am no child of yours! I learned yesterday, for the first time, that I am an orphan. Your child has long been dead, and I am the only child of Lady Mowbray's deceased husband. Ah! dear, dear aunt, I little knew she was my mother-in-law. Sir Robert Maxwell, your rule over me is past. If you doubt my assertion, I have papers that will amply satisfy you that I am the heiress of a prouder house and fortune than yours."

"And will you bestow this peerless hand on me? Dearest Ellen, I am far beneath you, although now the captain of the ship in which I was but lately a common sailor."

"But a brave one." "Our ship sails to-morrow, dearest Ellen. Shall she bear you back to England?"

Ellen glanced round, and placed her hand in that of Harry Morton. He pressed it passionately to his lips, and led her up to the altar; then while his comrades circled round them, she knelt, and in a few minutes rose the bride of the sea-captain.

MERRY ENGLAND!

"MERRY England!" Such is the denomination given to this country by old poets; and even modern writers frequently adopt the phrase. But—heavens! what a mockery is it! Can England be merry while the most hideous poverty is the lot of half her population; while her workhouses are crowded with miserable beings, who must for ever resign all hope or idea of again enjoying the comforts of "home;" while the streets are filled with loathsome wretches, clad in filthy rags, which nevertheless barely cover them—shivering with the cold, or fainting beneath the intolerable heat—and spurned from the doors not only of the rich, but also of the very officers appointed to relieve distress; while the poor mother, maddened with the idea of her own destitution and houseless condition, presses her famishing child to her breast, which yields no milk, and then rushes in desperation to consign the innocent being to the waters of the nearest stream; while the wretched father stifles his children that he may hush for ever in their throats the cry of "Bread! Bread! Bread!"—that vain and useless cry, to which he cannot respond; while hundreds of thousands know not when they rise in the morning, how they shall obtain food throughout the day; while young children, innocent babes, and prattling infants bear upon their countenances and exhibit in their attenuated frames all the traces of the dread and agonizing pangs of a constant gnawing—

craving—never satisfied hunger; and while hundreds are literally dying around us of starvation and absolute want.

"Merry England!" Who re-echoes the cry. Not the individual who surveys the dread effects of crime in this guilty and blood-stained land; not the unhappy youth who is dragged from family, kindred, parents, and home, and sent to the distant colonies, there to toil in chains for the remainder of his existence, or during the brightest and best portion of that little span; not the shoeless urchin who, never having had aught save an evil example in his parents before him, was taught to steal from the moment of his birth, and who is now serving a portion of his criminal apprenticeship at the tread-mill; not the fashionable gentleman, upon his trial on a charge of forgery; not the tradesman whose long-honoured name must at length figure in the *Gazette*; not the clerk, detected in plundering the employer who placed illimitable confidence in him; and not the wretched malefactor who lies in the condemned cell, while the din of the hammers preparing his scaffold are ringing in his ears, and while the gory spectre of a murdered victim stands by his side, and reminds him of the eternal tortures of which his earthly pangs are but a foretaste!

"Merry England!" What a hideous blasphemy is it to exalt the voice in such a strain, so long as the howlings of the maniacs echo through the vast asylums of the insane; so long as the brightest ornament which God has bestowed upon man—intellect—is disfigured and misused; so long as the groanings, the imprecations, the anathemas, the curses, and the ravings of the mad disturb the silence of the night, and mingle with the hum of the busy day; so long as the symmetry of the human form is distorted in horrible writhings and convulsions; and so long as the human eye glares fearfully with maniac and unearthly expression!

"Merry England!" Oh! it must be in derision that this phrase is circulated from lip to lip, or that it remains upon the written page! Why—it is drowned in sighs as it issues from the mouth, and is moistened with tears as the ink traces it upon the paper! Its falsehood is proclaimed by the funeral processions of those who are hurried to premature graves; by the horrible diseases that carry multitudes to the hospital and the charitable asylums for the invalid; by the emaciated frames of men, women, and children; by the leaden eyes—the tottering steps—the shaking limbs—the haggard countenances—the feverish brows—the parched lips—the dry and furred tongue—the hot and pestilential breath—and the tremulous voice of myriads of human beings; by the apoplexy—the palsy—the delirium tremens—the enlarged liver—the ossified heart—the impaired digestion—the yellow jaundice—the cancerous stomach—and the dropsy; by the broken limbs—the fearful accidents—and the gushing wounds; and by the hereditary maladies, which are handed down from father to son.

"Merry England!" What! is England joyous, then, when the shops of the pawnbrokers thrive royally upon the immense interest wrung from the very vitals of the poor; when the gaols, the hospitals, and workhouses are more numerous than the churches; when the hulks are swarming with convicts pent up in frightful floating dungeons, amidst a fœtid atmosphere; when the streets throng with unfortunate girls, who ask to be redeemed from an appalling traffic, but who see no avenue of escape from their loathsome calling; when the voice of starvation, the voice of crime, the voice of madness, and the voice of disease, echo up to Heaven, and form a chorus such as could scarcely be expected to meet the ears beyond the precincts of hell; when strife, agitation, danger, violence, and alarm prevail; and when the tears of the fatherless, the widow, and the outcast, moisten the earth!

"Merry England!" Oh! no—no—the phrase is a mockery—a derision—a blasphemy—an absurdity—a delusion! While all the dread scourges are now enumerated afflict the land, it is the conduct of a madman or of a wicked one to say that the country is happy. Is it not making himself "merry" at a prostrate nation's expense, to apply the epithet to her? Rather let us say "wretched—oppressed—enslaved—miserable—degraded—demoralized—criminal—blood-stained—hapless England!"

But what is the cause of those dread and awe-inspiring results? what is it that has rendered a joyous epithet an absurdity—a crime, when applied to England? The answer is ready! STRONG DRINK! It is strong drink that has filled those gaols—those hulks—those asylums for the wretched, the diseased, and the insane, of which we have spoken. It is strong drink that has called forth sighs and tears—shortened existence—perpetuated family diseases—and fostered maladies of all species and kinds. It is strong drink that has placed the criminal in the condemned cell, and reduced the hapless girl to barter her charms for bread. It is strong drink that has robbed the church of its votaries, and prepared them for present misery and eternal torment. It is strong drink, in a word, which has strewed the land with old rags and bleaching bones!

And yet the poets and the novelists write of "Merry England!" Oh! it is merry—it is merry, indeed, to witness the malefactor expiring upon the gibbet—to catch the dying cry of the wretch who expires through want—to behold the loveliest of England's daughters degraded to the dust—to see nothing but misery,

misery, misery, around, above, and below! If these be joyous scenes, then, of a surety, is England merry indeed; if man can dance to the music of that dying cry, he may dance long and heartily—for the wail never ceases, being constantly taken up by a new victim; if poverty excite felicitous sensations within him, heaven knows he need never be sad; if crime bring smiles to his lips, his countenance need never wear a melancholy aspect; and if he can slake his thirst in the heart-wrung tears of human agony, he need never step out of his way to look for a fountain or a spring. In this light, England is indeed merry; for the observer of human nature, as he walks through the crowded streets, is jostled and hemmed in by all the gaunt and hideous forms that bear the denominations and wear the characteristics of Crime—Poverty—Disease—Madness—and Sorrow!

"Merry England!" These words may alone be inscribed upon the banners of Teetotalism, and can alone be uttered when the task of the Teetotalers is completed. Even to the happiness of the Teetotalers is the misery of their fellow-countrymen a drawback. But the time shall come—and that time is not now far distant—when the aspect of the country shall be changed, when the countenances of Albion's sons shall wear a smiling expression, and when, through the philanthropic and generous agency of Teetotalism, it will not be either absurd or improper to speak of this regenerated nation by the name of "Merry England!"

REVIEWS.

The Grammar of the English Language truly made Easy and Amusing by the Invention of Three Hundred Moveable Parts of Speech. By GEORGE MURIE. London: J. Cleave.

THE work before us develops an entirely novel and delightful mode of teaching grammar. It is adapted for the use of schools or private families, and of adults whose knowledge of grammar may be defective: these may speedily become self-instructed, with the aid of this admirable work, which is alike creditable to author and publisher. We may moreover observe that the author was formerly Editor of the *Sun* newspaper, and therefore presents additional guarantees for his competency to undertake the task of instruction, besides the reputation he has acquired by his "Illuminated Temple of Letters." Mr. Cleave, the publisher, whose aims are universally devoted to forward the happiness and prosperity of his fellow-countrymen, has brought out this work in a liberal manner, and therefore may expect a large sale. In the Preface to the "Grammar," the author says:—

"In developing my method, I have aimed, in the first place, at enabling my pupils to acquire, by the shortest road possible, a clear, intelligible, and distinct perception of the nature and uses of the different parts of speech. * * In smoothing and making plain the course for my youthful followers, I have aimed at leaving not a single cart-load of the rubbish which I found upon the ground. In carrying out my purpose, I not only employ the plainest and most familiar language (discarding all thought of displaying my own knowledge of technicalities and subtleties which are unintelligible to the pupils, and the very mention of which, therefore, could have no tendency but that of filling them with discouragement and dismay); but I avail myself of the use of Sensible Signs and Representations, and of moveable pieces of the Parts of Speech and even of Colours, in order to facilitate or rather to form the illustrations."

It is here necessary to observe, that joined with the volume itself, is a box, or recess, containing a number of small cards, with the "sensible signs and representations" printed upon them. This compartment is so fixed in the volume itself, that, when closed with the clasps, the existence of such a recess is not perceived. The whole is very neatly arranged. By means of these cards, the author, "instead of abstract rules respecting the words and the laws by which the words are governed, shows his Pupils the *Parts of Speech* themselves, and the *grammatical laws* actually working upon and amongst the parts of speech, sensibly moving, and changing, and controlling the latter, in the most simple and intelligible manner, before the eyes of the delighted, the attentive, and the rapidly improving learners, who thus rapidly obtain the very substance of the grammatical knowledge with which it is sought to imbue them." The system is really excessively ingenious, and will doubtless be almost universally adopted in primary schools, as soon as the existence of the work which teaches it shall be duly made known. The invention is calculated to upset the ancient and laborious method of teaching, and to substitute a new, simple, easy, and amusing plan in its place. The great success of the scheme will be realized by the circumstance of the author having combined amusement with instruction:—the method is itself as diverting as a puzzle or a moveable map; and thus the great art of enlisting the interest of the pupil in the object of his study, is here fully worked out. We will endeavour to explain the mode of procedure. The master places before him cards expressing the words *An Apple*; a little farther off he places other cards expressing *A Pear*. He then tells his pupils

that he will join those phrases—or rather the *apple* and the *pear* together. A card, with the word *And* upon it, is now placed between those phrases; and the use of the conjunction is thus practically explained,—it being “a grammatical joint or hinge used for joining or connecting different sentences or parts of sentences.” All this explanation is given and worked out in an easy and familiar style, which puts to shame the old grammars that are so over-laden with technicalities which the masters themselves do not always comprehend.

Mr. Mudie has devoted particular attention to grammar, and has considered the subject in all its lights and bearings. He places upon record the following observations, which, as he remarks, will startle many, but the truth of which we immediately recognised:—

“All the words in a Dictionary are in reality Nouns while they remain in the Dictionary. It is only when they come to be employed in the structure of sentences, that, by what we may call a sort of grammatical alchemy or transmutation, they become imbued with and acquire one or other of the different properties and powers of the various parts of speech. Even then they never lose their essential character and quality of Nouns, as becomes evident at the moment that they are separately named and considered, or that they are employed as nouns in the construction of a sentence.”

This fact simplifies the teaching of language, inasmuch, as the author observes, “the science of Grammar is thus ascertained to regard a single element, subject to only a small number of modifications.” The theory thus advanced is worthy the attention of all grammarians.

We are aware that *The Teetotaler* enjoys a considerable circulation among schoolmasters and others who are connected with the education of youth. This patronage it has acquired in consequence of the vast amount of useful information its columns always contain, the pure morality its pages inculcate, and its attention to subjects and books relating to domestic and national education. We therefore feel that we should be particularly cautious how we recommend to this portion of our patrons any work connected with the all-important subject of education—especially elementary instruction: but so convinced are we of the excellence of the volume now before us, that we do not hesitate to advise all tutors, school-masters, and parents to avail themselves of so unexceptionable and so successful a means of familiarising children with the rudiments of grammar—that is, of language. A clown in a few weeks may be taught to speak correctly by the aid of Mr. Mudie's *Grammar*, and to comprehend the precise meaning and utility of the words which he uses.

Those fathers of families, who have succeeded in weaning themselves away from the use of alcoholic liquors, and who have embraced the salutary doctrine of Teetotalism, will now begin to think of bestowing upon their children that education which probably they themselves received not at their outset in life. Education is the fertile parent of many virtues, as ignorance is the origin of many crimes. Education is moreover essentially connected with human happiness; and the only way of glorifying God through his works, is to learn how to comprehend them. But in early youth, much valuable time has hitherto been lost in poring over the mystifications of Grammars long in use; and truly indebted should society consider itself to him who simplifies those first steps to education. It is with these impressions in our mind, that we can conscientiously recommend the work which Mr. Mudie has now issued to the public.

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS. No. VII.

[BY JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM.]

To resume the journal of our route. After having travelled all the morning in the bed of the ancient canal, but without being able to discover a vestige of anything like masonry, or indication of the sluices by which its waters were said to have been regulated, we had lost at noon, all traces of its course, though we continued our direction still northerly, inclining two or three points to the west, until we gained the site of the Bitter Lakes, as they were called by the ancients, and named the Salt Marshes, in more modern maps. We traversed in every direction, the desert, for a diameter of ten miles, having fleet trotting dromedaries beneath us, without finding the least portion of water, although it had evidently been the receptacle of an extensive lake, and has its bed at this moment below the level of the sea at Suez. The soil here differs from all around it. On leaving the last traces of the canal, we had entered upon a loose shifting sand; here we found a firm clay mixed with gravel, and though perfectly dry, its surface was incrustated over with a strong salt.

On leaving the site of these now evaporated lakes, we entered upon a loose and shifting sand again, like that which Pliny describes when speaking of the roads from Pelusium across the sands of the desert, in which he says, unless there be reeds stuck in the ground, to point out the line of direction, the way could not be found, because the wind blows up the sand and covers the footsteps.

The morning was delightful, on our setting out, and

promised us a fine day; but the light air from the south had increased to a gale. The sun became obscure; and getting every hour into a looser sand, it flew around us in such whirlwinds, with the sudden gusts that blew, that it was impossible to proceed. We halted, therefore, for an hour, and sheltered ourselves under the lee of our camels, who were themselves so terrified as to need fastening by the knees, and uttered, in their moanings, but a melancholy symphony.

I know not whether it was the novelty of the situation that gave it additional horror, or whether the habit of magnifying evils to which we are unaccustomed had increased its effects; but certain it is, that fifty gales of wind at sea appeared to me more easy to be encountered than one among those sands. It is impossible to imagine desolation more complete. We could see neither earth, nor sun, nor sky. The plain at ten paces distant was absolutely imperceptible: our animals, as well as ourselves, were so covered with the sand as to render breathing difficult. They hid their faces in the ground, and we could only uncover our own for a moment, to behold this chaos of mid-day darkness, and wait impatiently for its abatement. Alexander's journey to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, and the destruction of the Persian armies of Cambyses in the Lybiau Desert, rose to my recollection, with new impressions made by the horror of the scene before me; while Addison's admirable lines, which I also remembered with peculiar force on this occasion, seemed to possess as much truth as beauty:

“So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden the impetuous hurricanes descend;
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away:
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smothered in the dusty whirlwind dies.”

The few hours we remained in this situation were passed in unbroken silence. Every one was occupied in his own reflections, as if the reign of terror forbade communication.

The fury of the desert gale spent itself, like the storms of ocean, in sudden lulls and squalls; but it was not until the third or fourth interval, that our fears were sufficiently conquered to address each other; nor shall I soon lose the recollection of the impressive manner in which that was done. “Allah kereem!” “God is merciful!” exclaimed the poor Bedouin, although habit had familiarized him with these resistless blasts. “Allah kereem!” repeated the Egyptians, with terrified solemnity; and both my servant and myself, as if by instinct, joined in the general exclamation. The bold imagery of the eastern poets, describing the Deity as avenging in his anger, and terrible in his wrath, riding upon the wings of the whirlwind, and breathing his fury in the storm, must have been inspired by scenes like these.

It was now past sun-set, and neither of us had yet broken our fast for the day. Even the consoling pipe could not be lighted in the hurricane, and it was in vain to think of remaining in our present station, while the hope of finding some bush for shelter remained. We remounted our camels, therefore, and departed. The young moon afforded us only a faint light, and all traces of the common road were completely obliterated. The stars were not even visible through so disturbed an atmosphere, and my compass was our only guide. The Arabs knew a spot, near Sheick Amedid, where banks and trees were to be found; and confiding in my direction for the course thither, we resumed our journey.

After a silent ride of five tedious hours, this garden of repose appeared in sight; and, bleak and barren as it was, in truth, fatigue and apprehension gave it the charms of Eden. Here we alighted, fed our weary animals, and like sailors escaped from shipwreck, rejoiced in that delightful consciousness of security, which is known only in the safety that succeeds danger.

REPORT OF TEETOTAL NEWS, PROGRESS, AND MEETINGS.

COUNTRY NEWS.

IRELAND.

THE REV. MR. MATHEW has addressed a letter to a gentleman in the county of Galway, expressing his deep regret that “the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, who is so anxious to promote the prosperity of his country, should suffer himself to be prejudiced against the Total Abstinence Society.” It appears that during the late Temperance tour, the Archbishop forbade the administration of the pledge in the archdiocese of Tuam. The Archbishop is urged by most unworthy motives thus to interfere with the patriot who has regenerated his country, his Grace being desirous of establishing a Temperance system of his own and driving a handsome trade by the sale of medals, &c. FATH R MATHEW had moreover very properly refused to subscribe to the monastic schools set up by Dr. M'HALE in opposition to those established by the National Board of Education.

SCOTLAND.

THE *Scottish Temperance Herald*, an excellent provincial periodical, contains the following information:—

“MR. JOHN A. COLLINS, the talented anti-slavery delegate from America, has been residing in the neigh-

bourhood of Glasgow for the last few weeks, during which time he has delivered several most eloquent and heart-stirring addresses on total abstinence in Glasgow, which could not fail of doing good. MR. WM. CRUTCHSHANK, late of Dundee, and who, ten years ago, was so popular while an advocate of the old temperance (moderation) society, has been labouring for the last six or seven weeks as an agent of the Western Scottish Temperance Union, in Glasgow and the surrounding country. The first soiree of the Glasgow Highland Total Abstinence Society was held in Spruell's Court Chapel, on the evening of Monday, 22nd March, MR. DONALD MACINTYRE in the chair. After tea a portion of that delightful sacred song, the 23rd Psalm, was sung in Gaelic by the whole company standing. Several excellent addresses, both in Gaelic and English, illustrative of the evils of intemperance, were delivered in the course of the evening, and at intervals an abundant supply of fruits, &c. were handed round by the active stewards. After prayer, the large assembly broke up about 12 o'clock, all seemingly well pleased with the entertainment of the evening. Our friends in Aberdeen are prosecuting the work with much zeal, and considerable success. They appear to be well-supported by several influential men. At Castle Douglas the chieftain of teetotalism, which, we are disposed to conceive, is, under Heaven's sanction, destined to be of essential service in crushing to inanition, in its magnificent career, the demon of intemperance, is rolling modestly, steadily, yet with beautiful rapidity, towards the goal of our wishes.” The Teetotal Society of Castle Douglas now consists of eight hundred staunch members. At Maxwellton-of-Kilbride a publican offered to give up his license upon receiving a sum of money from the Teetotal Society of that place.

LEICESTER.

Our esteemed friend, the *Temperance Messenger*, reports favourably of the South Midland Association. Two hundred and fifty persons have signed the pledge at Leicester during the past three months; and amongst these are many respectable tradesmen. The Leicester meetings are held on Monday and Saturday evenings. On Saturday evening, select pieces upon philosophy, history, chemistry, &c. are read, and questions proposed and answered, and practical experiments made in chemistry, &c., interspersed with singing and music.

NOTTINGHAM.

THE *Temperance Messenger* for April informs us that a splendid Festival was to take place at Nottingham at Easter, and a Bazaar was to be opened in aid of the funds of the Society.

HUDDERSFIELD.

THE Annual Conference of the British Association is to be held at Huddersfield, in July, when a Bazaar will be opened.

LOURBOROUGH.

THE *Temperance Messenger* for April contains the following paragraph:—

“The cause at this important town is on the advance. Our friends are active and persevering; and their numbers increase. There are three societies in the town:—the one established on general principles, the Catholic, and the Chartist. The Independent Minister is a teetotaler of long standing, and has recently come out to the aid of our friends.”

BARNSELY.

On Tuesday evening, April 6th, the meeting at this place was addressed by two commercial travellers, one of whom stated that there were now about thirty Teetotal travellers “on the road” within his own knowledge. MR. LISTER gave a phrenological lecture towards the close of the business of the evening.

SHREWSBURY.

IN our last Report under this head, several grievous errors crept into our statements, which we will now correct. MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERS EDWARDS is the Secretary to the Hopton Teetotal Society; and Ratt Bridge should have been printed Platt Bridge. We are happy to state that Teetotalism still makes its way successfully at Shrewsbury.

BURY (LANCASHIRE.)

SEVERAL popular advocates have lately visited this place,—such as MR. LIVESLEY (of Preston), MR. ROSS (of Manchester), MR. BIRCH, the REV. W. ROAF (of Wigan), &c. We regret to state that the richer classes do not demonstrate any favour towards the cause at Bury; but they will speedily be compelled to yield to the moral agitation which must eventually crown the principle of Teetotalism with success. There are a thousand staunch members at Bury. We hope to hear more frequently from our Bury correspondent.

ALRESFORD.

MR. J. S. CUNZNER has lately delivered a lecture at Northampton, in Hampshire. He writes from Alresford to state that the cause is progressing well in that town and its vicinity, and that the subject of pledges

alone impedes the more rapid career of Teetotalism towards the goal of perfect success. Mr. CUZNER'S lectures are illustrated by diagrams, &c.

WINDSOR.

On Thursday evening there was a grand meeting of the Teetotalers of Windsor at the Town Hall. Nearly four hundred guests sat down to an excellent Tea, Mr. WALKDEN, of Pinner Park, in the chair. Numerous addresses were delivered by London advocates, in the evening.

TOWN NEWS.

NORTH LONDON AUXILIARY TO THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

The great annual Tea Meeting of this Auxiliary took place on Good Friday at White Conduit House, Mr. J. S. BUCKINGHAM in the chair. Eight hundred persons sat down to an excellent repast, after which the meeting was most effectually addressed by the Chairman and by MESSIEURS SPENCH (of Southampton), MAC-CURDY, &c., DR. TOWNSEND (of Ohio), the REV. DR. ANDREWS, the REV. C. STOVEL, DR. ONLEY, &c. MR. GREEN read the Annual Report, from which it appears that this powerful Auxiliary consists of three thousand members.

NORTH LONDON AUXILIARY TO THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A TEA-FESTIVAL and Concert were held by this Society at the Milton Institution on Good Friday. The Festival was well attended; and the Concert attracted a large audience afterwards.

FITZROY AND NORTH WEST LONDON AUXILIARY TO THE NEW BRITISH AND FOREIGN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A FESTIVAL and meeting were held by this Auxiliary on Good Friday, at Lawson's Assembly Rooms, Gower-street, New Road. Two hundred and thirty persons sat down to Tea. The meeting was most ably addressed by MESSIEURS MILLER, CURRIE (of Chelsea), R. HICKS (the surgeon), REV. J. H. HINTON, MRS. GROSJEAN, KNIGHTON, DAVIS, DRAPER, MANN, WILD, and CONWAY.

WORKING MAN'S TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Committee of this admirable Society, April 12th, Mr. HOPKINSON in the chair, it was moved by Mr. THOMPSON, seconded by Mr. BATEUX, and carried unanimously, that "the most sincere thanks of the Society are due and be hereby given to the Editor of *The Teetotaler* for his kindness in frequently inserting notices of the Society's progress in his columns, and for the great interest he invariably exhibits in its welfare." Resolved also, that "a copy of the foregoing resolution be forwarded to the Editor of *The Teetotaler*, signed by the Secretary, in the name of the Committee." These Resolutions were signed by Mr. R. P. BATGER, and duly forwarded to Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, who takes this opportunity of acknowledging his gratitude to the Working Man's Teetotal Society for the honour it has done him, and of assuring its members that the columns of *The Teetotaler* are always open to the Reports of the progress of so excellent and influential an Association.

CLERKENWELL AND PENTONVILLE YOUTHS' TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

MR. W. SARVENT, Director and Lecturer of the Teetotal Instructive Institute, will deliver a lecture on Thursday evening, April 22nd, at Eagle Court Chapel, St. John's Lane, West Smithfield, on Natural History, for the benefit of the Clerkenwell Youth's Society. On Thursday, April 29th, a member's meeting of this Society will take place at the same Chapel.

CHELSEA AUXILIARY TO THE NATIONAL UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION

On Tuesday, April 6th, an excellent meeting was held by this Auxiliary at its Hall, 56, George-street, Chelsea, Mr. FARNILO in the chair. This gentleman was followed, in able addresses, by MESSIEURS DOWLING, HUNT, ROGERS, &c. On Good Friday, the Chelsea Auxiliary had a grand Breakfast, which was well attended.

EAST LONDON AUXILIARY TO THE B. AND F. SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Second Anniversary Festival and Tea-Meeting of this Auxiliary took place at the Mariners' Church, Well-Close Square, on Easter Monday. MR. DUNN presided; MR. CURRIE (of Chelsea) and several other popular advocates addressed the meeting.

NATIONAL UNITED TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

IMPRESSED with the necessity of forming a Grand National Union of the Teetotalers, the Executive Committee of the United Temperance Association has prefixed the proper and expressive epithet, connected with this view, to the name of the Society. It is to be hoped that country Associations will respond to this first step towards a National Union, and that those Committees, that approve of the design, will communicate their

ideas upon the subject to the Secretary, Mr. POCKNELL, Corsitor-street, Chancery Lane. Those Teetotalers in London, who have courage and spirit enough to think and act for themselves, are sincerely requested to enrol themselves beneath the banners of the National United Temperance Association. All pledges are allowed by this Society, so long as the principle be that of entire abstinence from all intoxicating liquors; and the most influential of those individuals, who may come forward to aid in the design of establishing a National Union, will be proposed members of the Executive Committee. We may again observe that the Milton-street Institution, the largest and most important place of meeting in the metropolis, is thrown open every Monday evening by the National United Temperance Association, for public advocacy of the principles of Teetotalism, admission free. This place of assembly is beautifully fitted up: the chair is elevated to a considerable height upon the platform; and the speakers ascend a tribune or pulpit, in front of the platform. The house forms a complete semicircle, and is disposed in pit, boxes, and gallery, like a theatre. Advocates from the country, visiting London, will be welcomed upon the platform of this Institution.

The Grand Annual Tea-Festival of this Association took place at the Milton Institution, on Monday evening last. The pit of the Institution was fitted up for the purpose; and at half-past five o'clock a numerous and most respectable company sat down to an excellent repast, supplied by the United Temperance Coffee-house in the same street. MR. EMERSON (the Treasurer), MR. POCKNELL (the Secretary), and MR. CRUMP (the Registrar), superintended the arrangements of the Festival; and great credit is due to these gentlemen for the manner in which those arrangements were conducted.

After the Festival, the doors were thrown open, and a public meeting was held. In the absence of Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, MR. CRUMP took the chair, and explained the objects of the National United Temperance Association in a manner which carried conviction to all of the necessity of Union amongst the Teetotalers.

MR. JOHNSON said that no principle, which had ever yet been disseminated, had done so much good as Teetotalism. It was the duty of all to live not for themselves only, but for each other, and to leave the world better than they found it.

MR. SMITH (of Stratford) recommended the perusal of the Temperance publications to those who were not as yet acquainted with the nature and benefits of the principle.

MR. MINGAY SYDER said that the efficacy of total abstinence was no longer a matter of doubt or theory, as experience had tested the doctrine in all conditions and all climes, and found that alcoholic liquors were both injurious and unnecessary. Mr. Syder said that he had been requested by many Teetotal Societies to join them; but he now preferred publicly connecting himself with the National United Temperance Association, whose pledge-books he should sign that evening. He then expatiated upon the necessity of Union.

MR. BARRAGE said that the advocates of this Society were remunerated for their services in the cause by the beneficial effects which they succeeded in producing amongst their fellow-countrymen.

MR. GINNS (the Editor of the *Aylesbury News*) stated that he was a Teetotaler for two reasons—firstly, to benefit himself; and, secondly, to give the aid of his example to the progress of so good a cause.

On Monday evening, April 19th, the MEMBERS' MEETING of the National United Temperance Association will take place at the Milton Institution, at seven o'clock precisely, for the purpose of renewing cards, &c. It is particularly requested that all members will attend. The public meeting will commence at eight precisely, as usual.

FABLES.

THE DROP OF WATER, THE BROOK, THE RIVER, AND THE OCEAN.—A drop of water, that sparkled like a jewel in the sun, once fell from the clouds, into a little mountain-stream, and, ere it lost its identity, exclaimed, in all the anguish of dissolution, "Alas! what a catastrophe—I am swallowed up in immensity." The little stream laughed, as it leaped down the mountain side, at the lamentation of such an insignificant thing as a drop of water, and, vain of its consequence, continued brawling its crystal way, in all the pride of conscious superiority, until, at length, with a sudden plunge, it fell headlong into a mighty river, and, like the drop of water, was lost in a moment, crying out, in its last agonies, "Oh, fate! who would have thought a brook of my size could be swallowed so easily?" The river murmured its contempt for the little foolish stream, and continued its course, gathering strength and pride, breaking through mountains, tearing the rocks from their seats, and coursing, in a thousand graceful meanders, through flowery meadows, until it found its way to the vast and melancholy ocean, in whose boundless waste it lost its being, like the drop of water, and the little mountain-stream. "Is it possible?" exclaimed the mighty river, "that I have been thus collecting tribute from half a world, only to become nothing at last?"

'Tis thus with thee, oh man! Thou beginnest in insignificance, like the drop of water; thou becomest a

laughing, leaping, brawling thing, like the brook; thou waxest proud and great, like the mighty river; and ere thou canst say, in the vanity of thy heart, "What an illustrious mortal am I," thou art lost in eternity.

THE MOLE-HILL AND THE MOUNTAIN.—A towering mountain reared its head to the skies, on one side of a wide and deep valley; on the other a little mole-hill lay basking in the sun. As it contemplated the distant mountain, shooting its snow-capped brow into the regions of boundless space, far above the clouds, and beheld the gilded glories of its distant summit, the mole-hill became discontented and unhappy. It contrasted its own insignificance with the awful and majestic outlines of its mighty neighbour; it wished a thousand times it could raise its head above the clouds; it sighed at the thought that it could never become a mountain, and impeached the justice of the gods, for having made it only a mole-hill, to be trodden upon by man, and crawled over by the most contemptible insects. In short, it pined itself into wretchedness, and sacrificed all the comforts of its own littleness to the desire of becoming great.

As it one day lay gazing upward at the distant object of its envy, a storm suddenly gathered around the summit of the mountain; the lightnings leaped with forked tongues, the thunder rolled, the tempest lashed its lofty sides, and the torrents poured down, tearing their way, and ploughing deep ravines in their course, while all beneath remained perfectly quiet, and the little mole-hill lay basking in the sunbeams of a summer morning. Scarcely had the storm passed away, when the earth began to rock and tremble, as with an ague; a rumbling and appalling noise raged in the bowels of the mountain, which suddenly burst, throwing volumes of smoke, and showers of fire into the peaceful skies, that turned from blue to glowing red. Rivers of burning lava gushed out from its sides, coursing their way towards the valley, and scathing the verdure and the woods into black smoking ruins. In a few hours the majestic mountain seemed as it were disembowelled, and, having nothing to sustain it, fell in, with a crash that shook the surrounding world, and hid the ambient skies in a chaos of dust and ashes. The mole-hill had all this time remained quiet and safe in its lowly retreat, and when the obscurity had become dissipated, and it beheld the great object of its envy crumbled into a mass of smoking ruins, it became all of a sudden the happiest of mole-hills. "Body o' me!" it cried, "but it is a great blessing to be little. Oh, terra! I thank thee that thou didst not make me a mountain!"

THE REVENGE OF THE BEASTS.—One day a number of animals that had been highly aggrieved by the tyranny and injustice of man, resolved to petition Jupiter for satisfaction. "Oh, Jupiter!" exclaimed the camel, "revenge me on this indolent tyrant, who, instead of carrying his own burthens, claps them on my back, and drives me into the desert, where I travel whole days without a drop of water." "Oh, Jupiter!" cried a great fat green turtle, "revenge me on this glutton, who kidnaps me while I am sleeping in the sun—starves me for weeks on board of a ship, and eats me afterward, though he gives me nothing to eat." "Oh, Jupiter!" squeaked the pig, "he stuffs me first, and then stuffs himself with me afterward;" and, "Oh, Jupiter!" brayed the ass, "he loads me with panniers of liquor and delicious fruits, and gives me nothing but water and thistles; I beseech thee to revenge us!" "Behold," answered Jupiter, "thou art revenged already! Dost thou see that turbaned wretch yonder, chewing opium, and dozing away a miserable existence? And dost thou see yonder christian, in his nightgown and slippers, taking doses of physic and making wry faces! And dost thou see that wretch, reeling along, with his blood-red face and carbuncled nose? The one is a martyr to indolence; he is thy victim, oh, humpbacked camel; he is reaping the fruits of making thee bear his burthens, instead of carrying them himself. The physic-taking mortal is paying the forfeit of your wrongs, oh, pig, and turtle! And the reeling wretch is securing to himself a life of guilt, misery and disgrace, by means of the liquor thou carriest on thy back, oh, most unreasonable donkey! Go thy ways in quiet, for again I say thou art amply revenged." The petitioners departed, but the camel, being a quadruped of great gravity, and somewhat of a philosopher, could not help thinking to himself, neither he nor the rest of the beasts were much the better for this species of vengeance. It is thus with man. He persuades himself that revenge will redress his wrongs and assuage his sorrows, and when he hugs it to his heart, finds only the fangs of the serpent distilling venom into his wounds.

TEMPERANCE.—The delights of temperance are so very obvious, that men are often puzzled to discover the cause of that fearful infatuation by which many are tempted into its opposite. The vigour, the elasticity, the sweet tranquillity of soul, which the temperate alone know and feel, cannot surely be equalled by any enjoyments that excess affords.

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THE
TEETOTALER.

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GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS,
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